



Hoan Phan

*Patchwork Girl*

English  
56B

By

Shelley

Jackson

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SHELLEY  
JACKSON

***Skin***- A Short Story whose individual words are split up in the form of tattoos on the bodies of participants. A complete copy of the novel is only shown to these participants.

- **My Body**-Shelley's second Hypertext Novel....describes the development of a young girl through body sections, such as "Breasts," and "Arm"

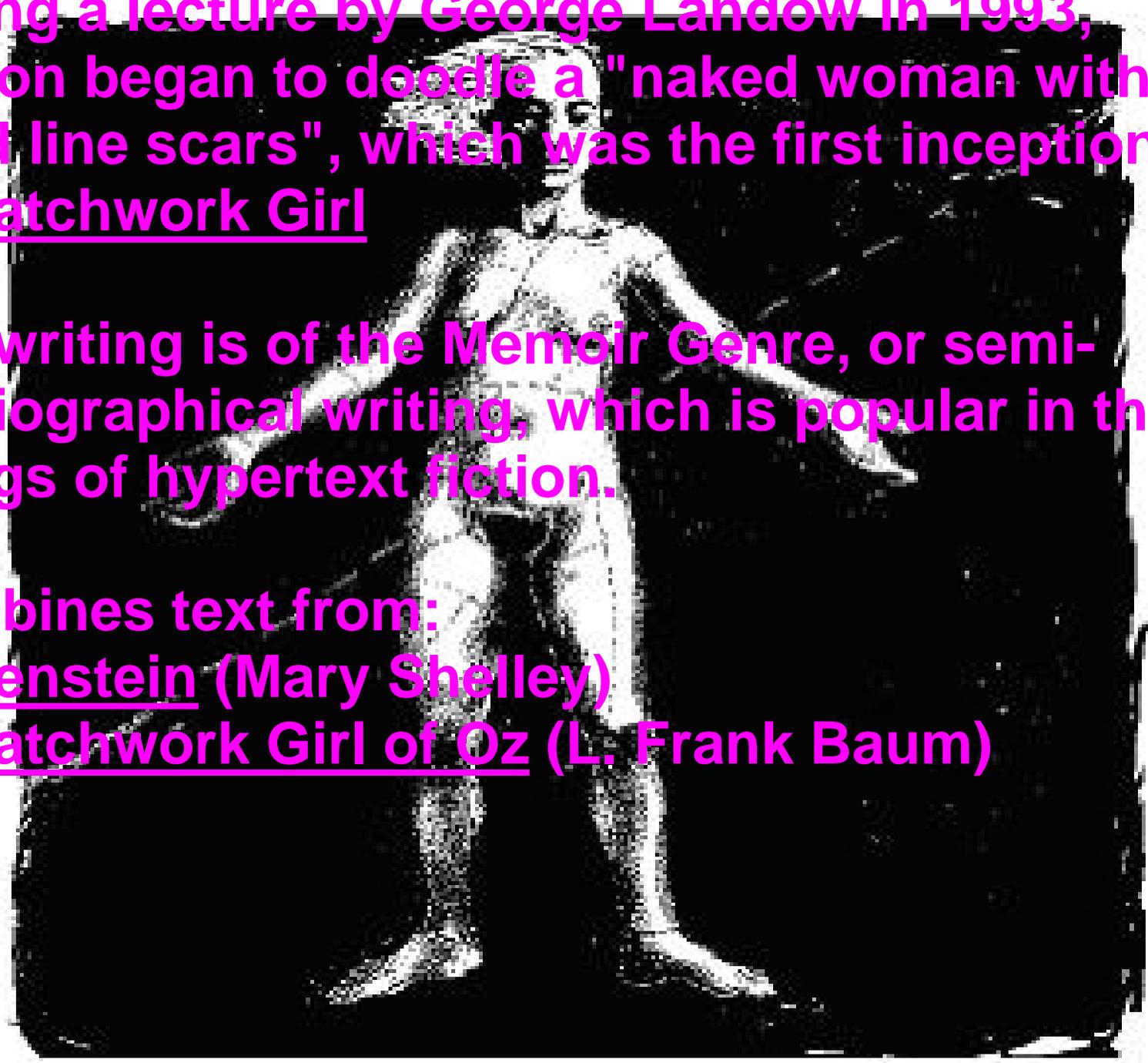
- **The Doll Games**-Written with her sister Pamela, it explores the role that dolls play in the life of a developing young girl. Seperate from Patchwork Girl and My Body in that it contains many links to photos as well as text.

**Half Life**-Shelley's most recent work, a novel, concerning two sisters, who due to nuclear fallout are conjoined at the neck, one of whom being in a coma.

--During a lecture by George Landow in 1993, Jackson began to doodle a "naked woman with dotted line scars", which was the first inception of The Patchwork Girl

--The writing is of the Memoir Genre, or semi-autobiographical writing, which is popular in the writings of hypertext fiction.

--Combines text from:  
Frankenstein (Mary Shelley)  
The Patchwork Girl of Oz (L. Frank Baum)

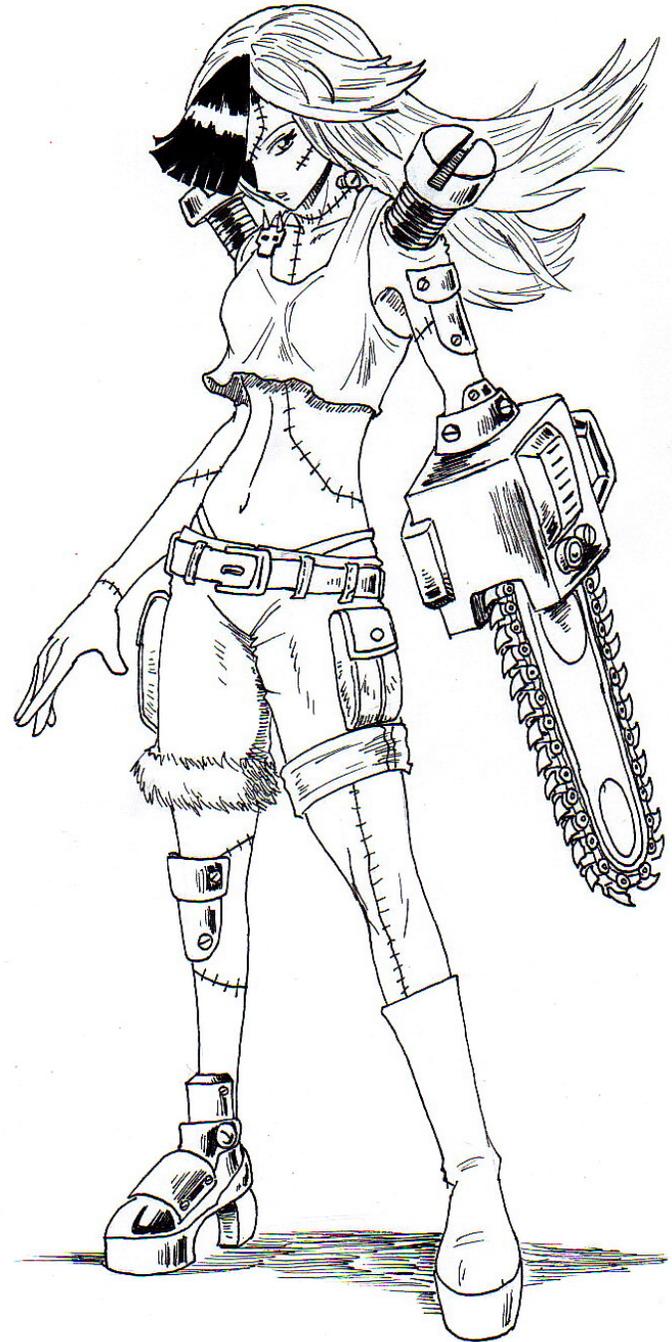


# HYPertext

Hypertext started some time in the 1980s and grew very popular.

... which means it was around before the Internet!

Published using specific software - *Patchwork Girl* uses software called Storyspace.



ZORK I: The Great Underground Empire

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Revision 88 / Serial number 840726

West of House

You are standing in an open field west of a white house, with a boarded front door.

There is a small mailbox here.

> **examine mailbox**

The small mailbox is closed.

> **open mailbox**

Opening the small mailbox reveals a leaflet.

> **get leaflet**

Taken.

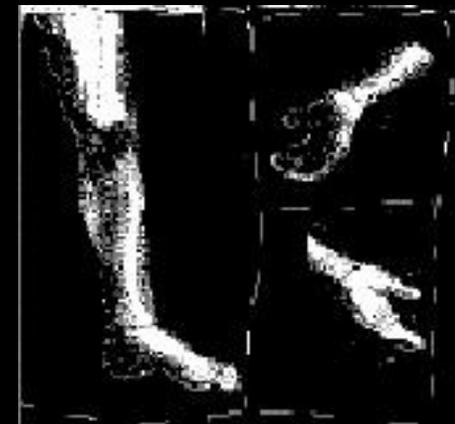
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Shared much of the appeal found in text-based adventure games; the reader chooses where the story starts and finds a unique path through the work.

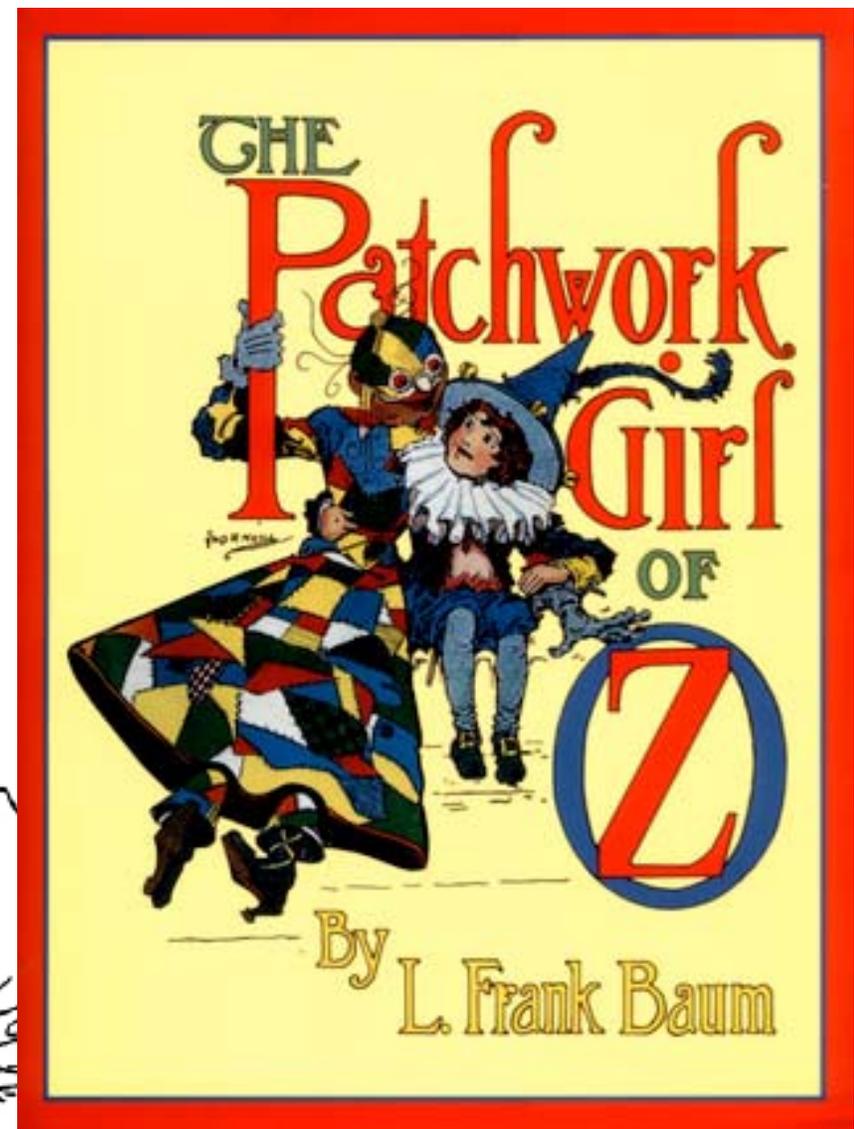
# STRUCTURE



- Patchwork Girl is non-linear
  - This opens it up for exploration.
    - However, this also gives a lack of CLOSURE.
    - No sense of place = no sense of progress.



# INSPIRATION!





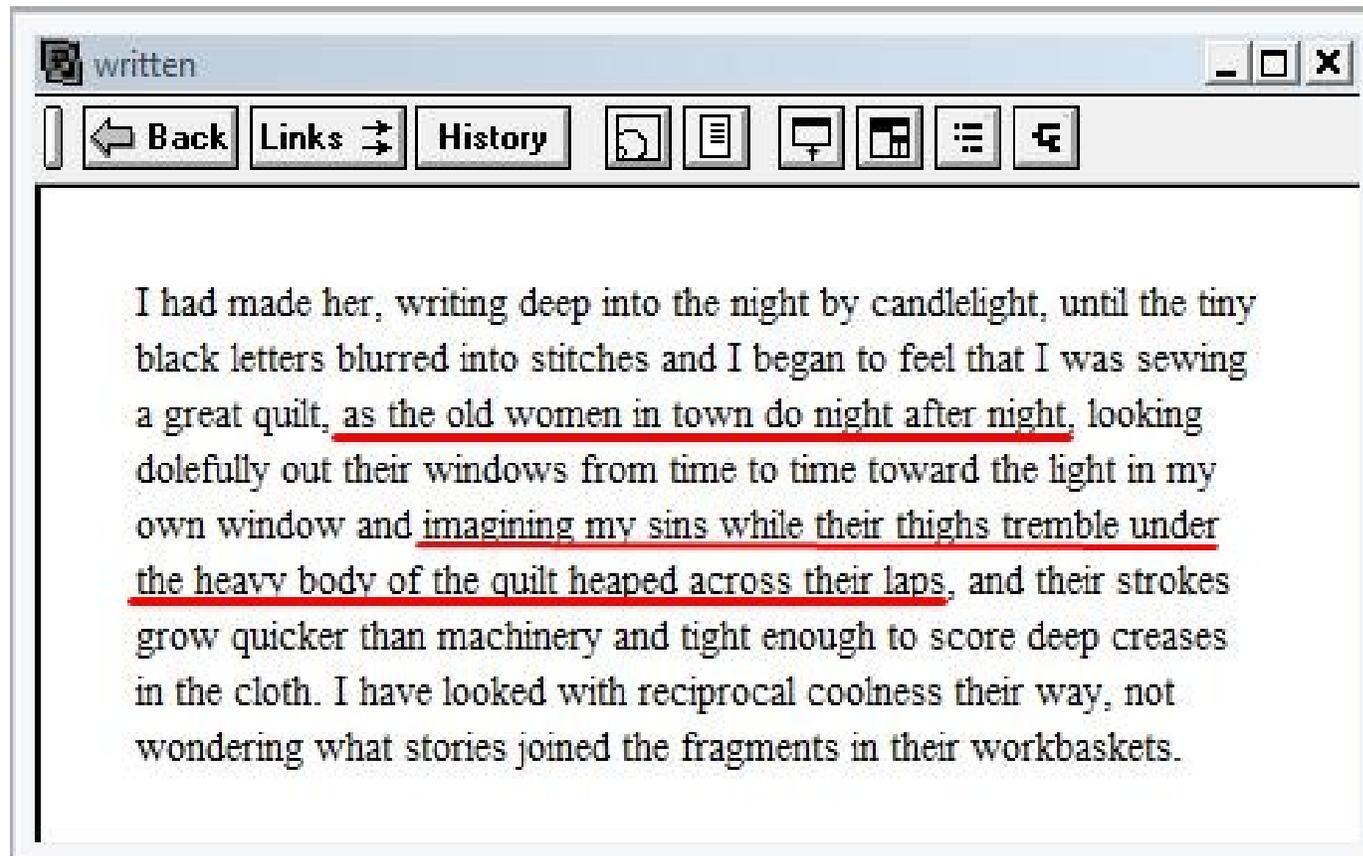


# QUILTING

References in the text  
Analogy of layout

Represents...  
domesticity  
repressed sexuality

Seen in Journal Section





# Transition... from England to America from old to new ideals



## FEMININITY

My most conservative organ remembered, and brought with her an entire portmanteau of elegant, though slightly antiquated ladylike gestures, like musty lace handkerchiefs, scented with lavender and hyssop. Despite this dowry, I was not a success as a lady. I was more like a caricature of one. for those gestures, with their delicacy, sat quite strangely on my oversized figure. (I thought of them as a kind of embroidery in space. delicate and small in scope: eyelets and scallops, posies and chains traced in the air.) Either they kept their small size and my hands seemed to shake in a fierce palsy, for the twitches and circlings of my fingers and wrists looked pathological, or I expanded them to suit my larger scale, and swung my heavy arms around in vast, sportsmanlike gestures that threatened to dislodge hats, wigs, spectacles.

Then too my conservative organ did not have full dominion over my body. Many organs work in secrecy, uncalibrated by the conscious mind, and in this manner signs of unrest—twitches, wriggles, smirks—would wedge themselves between one accomplished gesture and the next. Whenever I wasn't sure what I was doing or who I was, someone else would flash into view, like the side of a fish under the surface.

I would have done better adopting the easy athleticism of the girls of the era I was coming up on, but my body memories of femininity were from a more formal time. So I practised. I walked, with as much grace as I could muster, from one end of the deck to the other. Or you could say I promenaded, with a

feminine arts to a dark end, dealing in flesh and horror, puncturing the skin with her quilting needle. I see the needle forced through the robbed whorled skin of the palm of the hand, stitching it neatly to the wrist. Techniques of cut and stitchery come in handy for fiercer things too. Oh, don't suppose that a warm bed is all those quilting women thought about, while they frowned down at sharpened steel and shredded coats! Never mind that I've never been so fond of quilts, except to sleep under. Or that I don't adore an art so stuck on family and dowries and keeping the girl's hands from the devil's work, and mothers passing their soporifics down to daughters. All the same I strutted and posed, a quilt too big for the hope chest and too unruly for the honeymoon bed, a quilt with a vote and an attitude. I think I scared some of the attendees; anyway their stitches got a little out of line.



Breakdown between domesticity and quilting

Empowering call for suffrage

Completing the transitional arc



## Sewing into existence

sewn

Back Links History

I had sewn her, stitching deep into the night by candlelight, until the tiny black stitches wavered into script and I began to feel that I was writing, that this creature I was assembling was a brash attempt to achieve by artificial means the unity of a life-form—a unity perhaps more rightfully given, not made; continuous, not interrupted; and subject to divine truth, not the will to expression of its prideful author.

Authoress, I amend, smiling.

Life through writing  
(Jane Eyre)

written

Back Links History

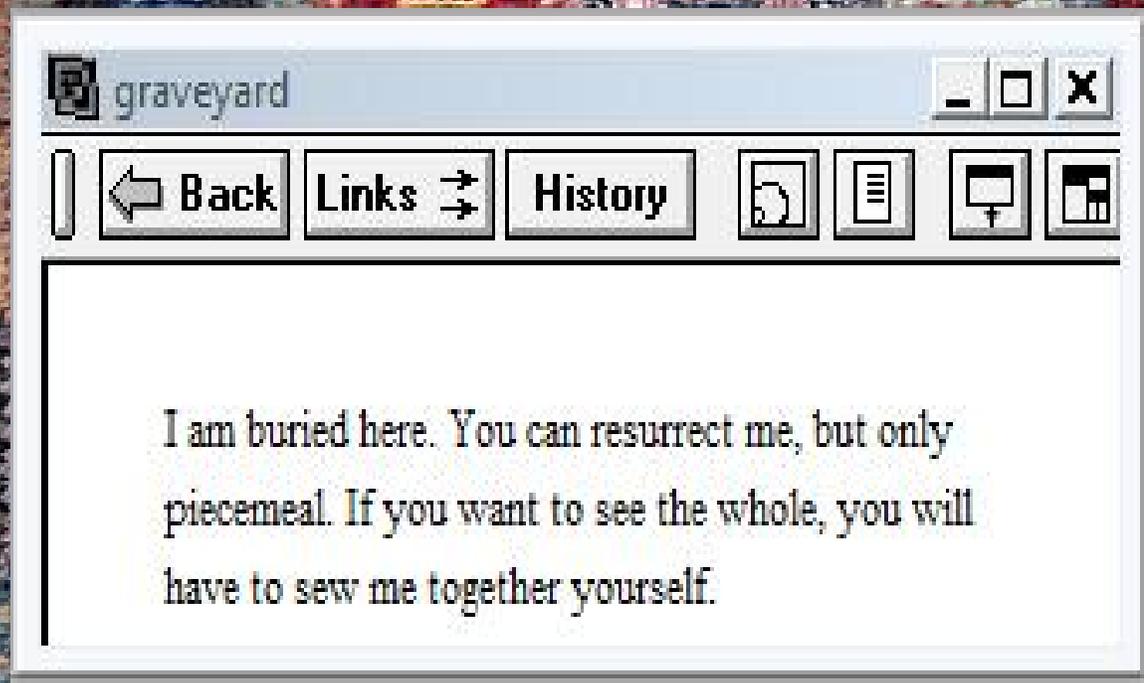
I had made her, writing deep into the night by candlelight, until the tiny black letters blurred into stitches and I began to feel that I was sewing a great quilt, as the old women in town do night after night, looking dolefully out their windows from time to time toward the light in my own window and imagining my sins while their thighs tremble under the heavy body of the quilt heaped across their laps, and their strokes grow quicker than machinery and tight enough to score deep creases in the cloth. I have looked with reciprocal coolness their way, not wondering what stories joined the fragments in their workbaskets.

Life through sewing  
(Shelley's Monster)

# Text as a whole

Each text box is a piece of fabric

The reader becomes the quilter



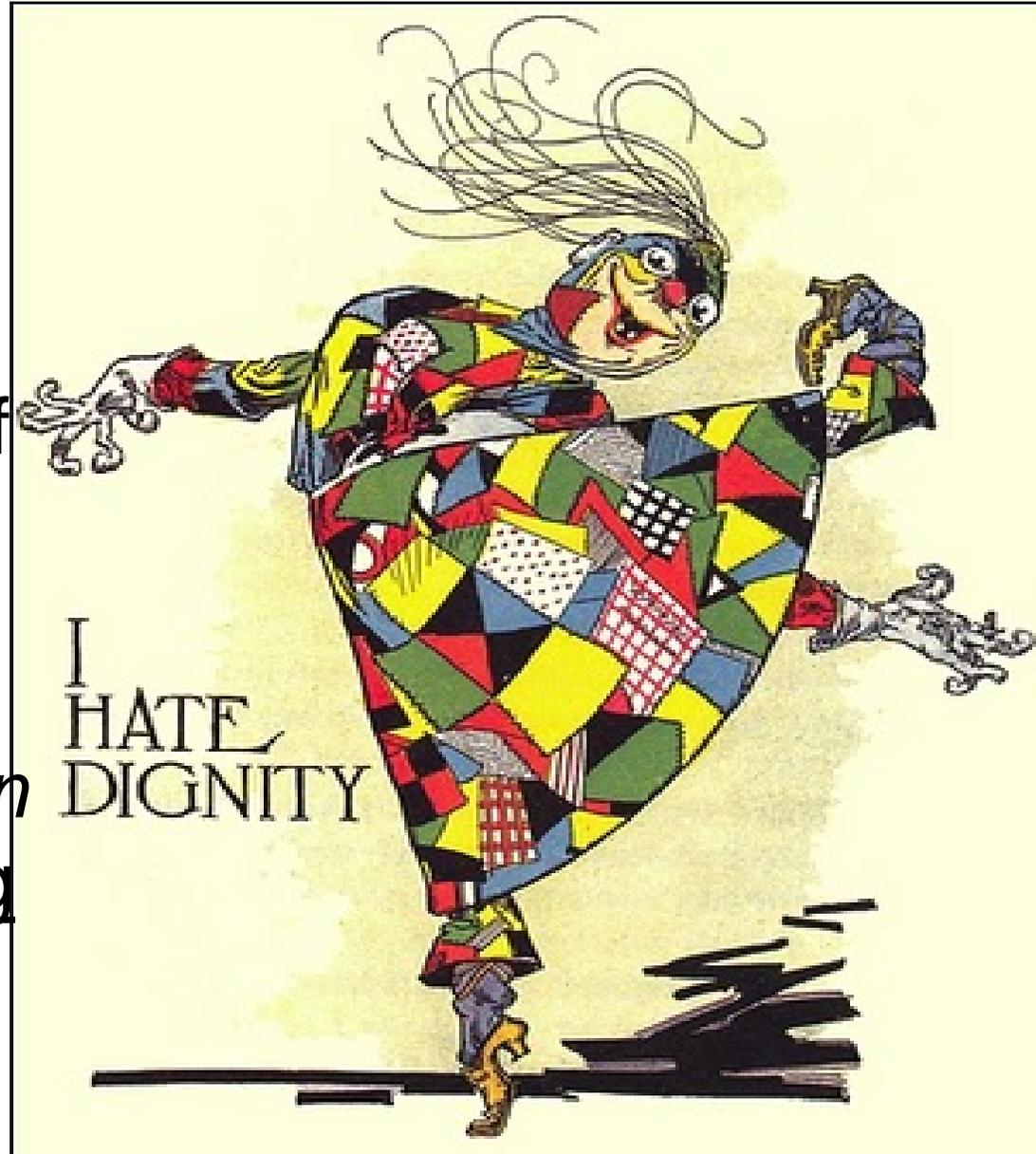
# Crazy Quilt indeed!

Each text box is a block in a quilt

-----  
Complete with seams!

Each block is made up of smaller "scraps" of literature

**The seams of which *can be seen in the Scrap Bag***



# Questions?

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