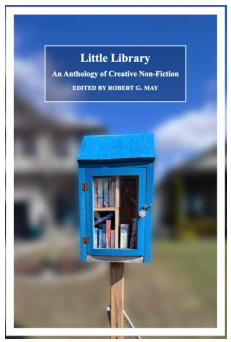
E-Book Title and Cover Contest!



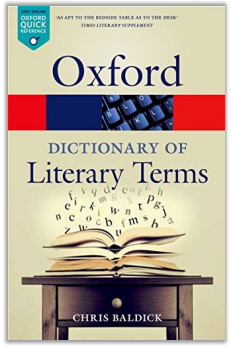
- Dr May is now soliciting submissions for the **cover and title** of the e-book anthology!
  - **Are you an artist?** Submit an original photograph or work of art for the e-book cover
  - **Do you have a way with words?** Submit a suggestion for the e-book title
- E-mail your submissions to Dr May at **mayr@queensu.ca**

queensu.ca/academia/drrgmay/e-books

Writing Creative Non-Fiction

Unit 1 Defining CNF	**Unit 1a** What Is Creative Non-Fiction?	**Unit 1b** Truthfulness	**Unit 1c** Ten Writing Recommendations
Unit 2 Striking Balances	**Unit 2a** Public vs Private Writing	**Unit 2b** Research and Immersion	**Unit 2c** Narrative and Narrators
Unit 3 Building Blocks	**Unit 3a** Reading and Readers	**Unit 3b** Scenes	**Unit 3c** Information
Unit 4 Finishing Touches	**Unit 4a** Recreation and Reconstruction	**Unit 4b** Hook, Frame, and Focus	**Unit 4c** Revising Creative Non-Fiction

poetic licence



- the freedom allowed to a writer to manipulate the language according to their needs in the use of figurative speech, archaism, rhyme, syntax, etc.
- the ends must justify the means
- when a writer departs in some way from the standard conventions of language to achieve some deliberate effect
- the reader implicitly understands this departure is occurring and grants the author a figurative "licence" to do so (Baldick 282)

Recreation and Reconstruction

research

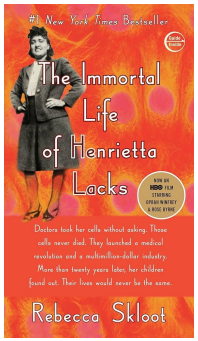
- the use of "existing documents" to recreate and reconstruct a narrative in a compelling yet truthful way
- e.g., McCullough, *The Epic Story of the Building of the Brooklyn Bridge* (2001) (Gutkind 186-87)

immersion

- the use of "personal interviews" to recreate and reconstruct a narrative in a compelling yet truthful way
- e.g., Rebecca Skloot, *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* (2010) (Gutkind 187-88)

"We're certainly never limited to writing about things we see with our own eyes. Seventy-five percent of reporting is [recreating and] reconstructing things we don't see" (John Sack, qtd. in Gutkind 202).

Henrietta Lacks (1920-1951)



- born in Roanoke, VA; worked as tobacco farmer from early age
- raised by her maternal grandmother following the death of her mother in childbirth
- became an unwitting donor of cells during a cervical cancer biopsy in 1951
- "HeLa" cells reproduce indefinitely and are thus of enormous research importance
- became a powerful symbol of patient privacy rights (*Wikipedia*)

Outlines

	Scene	Information	Immersion	Research
¶1	David waits for Henrietta outside the hospital with three of his children	**Description:** Main entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital	**Interview:** Henrietta's husband David	**Archival Research:** What the hospital looked like in 1951
¶2	Henrietta reports to the receptionist at the gynaecology clinic	**Description:** Gynaecology clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital	**Interview:** Henrietta's husband David	**Archival Research:** What the gynaecology clinic looked like in 1951
¶3	**Flashback:** Henrietta discusses her pain with friends and relatives	-	**Interview:** Henrietta's cousins Margaret and Sadie	-

Outlines

scene via immersion *information via research*

On January 29, 1951, David Lacks sat behind the wheel of his old Buick, watching the rain fall. He was parked under a towering oak tree outside Johns Hopkins Hospital with three of his children—two still in diapers—waiting for their mother, Henrietta. A few minutes earlier she'd jumped out of the car, pulled her jacket over her head, and scurried into the hospital, past the "colored" bathroom, the only one she was allowed to use. In the next building, under an elegant domed copper roof, a ten-and-a-half-foot marble statue of Jesus stood, arms spread wide, holding court over what was once the main entrance of Hopkins. No one in Henrietta's family ever saw a Hopkins doctor without visiting the Jesus statue, laying flowers at his feet, saying a prayer, and rubbing his big toe for good luck. But that day Henrietta didn't stop. (qtd. in Gutkind 189)

Rebecca Skloot. *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks*. Crown, 2010.

Author Biographies

Lorna Crozier

- Vancouver-Island-based writer and educator
- distinguished professor in the Writing Department at the University of Victoria
- award-winning writer of many genres, incl. poetry and memoir
- "Dark Water" first appeared in *My Wedding Dress: True-Life Tales of Lace, Laughter, Tears, and Tulle* (2007) (389, 401)

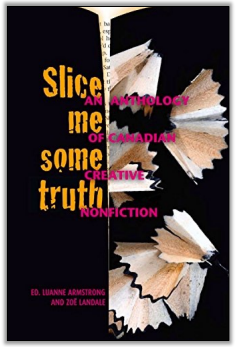
www.lornacrozier.ca

Sharon Butala

- born in Nipawin, Saskatchewan; now lives in Calgary, Alberta
- attended the University of Saskatchewan; taught English in numerous provinces
- has written over twenty books of fiction, non-fiction, poetry, etc.
- author of *The Girl in Saskatoon: A Meditation on Friendship, Memory, and Murder* (2008) (388)

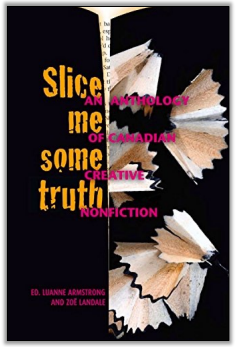
www.sharonbutala.com

🕮 Lorna Crozier, "Dark Water"



The advantage always lies with the person who tells the story. It's possible I've exaggerated the fluidity and beauty of my mother's dress and the stiffness of mine. Maybe she regretted the colour and would call it sooty if I asked her. Maybe the inside lining made her itch. It could have been a hot day … the dress, close and heavy, clinging to her skin. With the perspective of distance … I saw my mother's dress through a young girl's eyes, not a grown woman's, but I think I've described it as truly as I can. (199-200)

🕮 Sharon Butala, "Boredom"



The stories were disjointed, didn't always make sense entirely, left out important parts, nor did their timelines always work. What was truly coherent were vignettes, anecdotes, isolated instances in the middle of the longer narratives I was barely following. But I was always interested, it was as if he'd distilled his experiences down to the ones that played best, or somebody had coached him on what would best hold a writer's interest…. (204)

🕮 Sharon Butala, "Boredom"

action *narrative* *dialogue* *intimate details*

beginning

In early December I received a phone call that worried me, that excited and intrigued me. I did nothing about it, though. Christmas was coming and I expected house guests in a few days and had people coming for dinner. I might have been working on something, too, I can't remember; I might have had a deadline. So, I said, "This isn't really my kind of thing, you know," and took the caller's number telling him I'd phone back after Christmas. I wrote it in pencil on the margin of a newspaper that was lying beside the phone. Of course, by the time I was thinking about returning the call—January by then—the number had long since vanished, and just as I was about to try to locate it (I wasn't absolutely sure I'd be able to) the phone rang, and it was my caller again. (201)

middle

end

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