

Sheep, Tigers & Lamb Samosas

- an exegesis

Abstract:

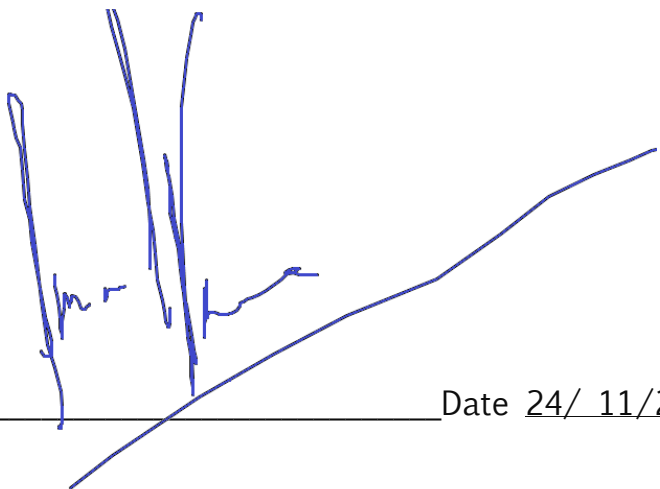
The exegesis explores diverse themes, as it probes into the magical realism of ghosts and dreams, negotiates with the dead, understands how writing is a form of narrative therapy, stretches the English language, relates the immigrant experience and is a narrative on the narrative of *Snakes, Cows and Avocado Sandwiches*, which is, a collection of short stories and poems inspired by a mother's life and paradoxically written after her death in a bid to keep the family history up-to-date and, a therapeutic indulgence on the author's part, an incidental/occupational hazard of autobiographies.

Contents

Attestation of Authorship	3
Acknowledgements	4
Cast of Characters	5
When the first person becomes the third person	6
The Psychology of Writing	13
<i>Writing as a therapy</i>	14
<i>Narrative therapy</i>	16
<i>Racism: Struggle between political correctness and anger</i>	17
Negotiating with the dead	18
Conclusion	20
Bibliography	27
Songs :	28
Films:	28
Appendices	21
References	26

Attestation of Authorship

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the acknowledgements), nor material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several vertical strokes and a long horizontal stroke that curves upwards at the end.

Signed _____ Date 24/ 11/2010

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank the community of highly talented and intelligent writers in AUT's Master of Creative Writing Class of 2010, who freely and willingly shared their great knowledge with other students. Thank you to the tutors: James George, Stephanie Johnson, Mike Johnson and Paul Mountfort. Especially huge thanks to my Masters mentor - Mike Johnson and voluntary supervisor James George. Thank you for your outstanding effort and input!

Special mention must be made of Jodie, Sue, Melanie, Alana and Julie for reading my stories and Steph for recording sessions and helping me out. A special thanks to my editor-cum-proof-reader Liana Cathie.

Thank you to my creative writing teachers through the years – Mike Johnson, Tusiata, M. Leggott, Lisa Samuels, Lynn Davidson, Ingrid Horrocks, John Muirhead, E. Perkins, Brian Walpert, Thom Conroy and my friend Justin Joe.

Cast of Characters

James George – who said that short stories are closer to poems than novels and forgot to announce why, because I forgot to remind him, which he had asked me, to remember to remind him, in case he forgot.

Stephanie Johnson – who said writing with a pen, or at least a computer without the internet, yields better results. She's right.

Mike Johnson – my mentor, part-time guru and part-time gardener.

Paul Mountfort – the doctor who should not be defined just enjoyed.

Liana Cathie – text therapist

Jodie, Sue, Julia, Alana – advisors cum fellow students

Emily Perkins, Margaret Atwood, Hemmingway – Inspirers

Michelle Leggott, Lisa Samuels and Lynn Davidson – Tutors.

When the first person becomes the third person

The stories begin in Ahmedabad, which, besides being the birthplace of my mother, was also the birthplace of my mother's cultural roots, religious beliefs and traditional mores. The picture on the cover is not a picture of snakes and cows but a picture of sheep and tigers and is a mere stunt to prove the power of suggestion (besides being the obvious title of the sequel). There are still twenty stories and forty poems that I have not used in this collection for thematic, unity of ideas and conceptual reasons. Before I became a copywriter, I wrote a novel, using poetry, called *Love, War and Computers* and the power of three has stuck with me. It is the age-old idea of saying 'one, two and three'. It is often used in ads and titles, the popular example being *Sex, Lies and Videotape*.

Strange as it may sound, not a single story in this collection was written before the title came into being, which in turn was a working title called *Tale of Two Cities*, riding on the popularity of Charles Dickens' book. What was originally meant to be a poetry collection, comparing two cities in two different countries: Auckland, later changed to Wellington, and Bombay, that were metaphors for my experiences in New Zealand and India and thus, with New Zealanders and Indians. As an immigrant to Aotearoa, which I learnt to say on the very first day of my arrival, to this beautiful country that was clean and green, I must confess my liking for this country had a lot to do with the fact that it was a sunny day when I arrived here. I have read immigrant accounts where the weather makes a lot of difference to the first impression,

which is of course, the lasting impression. But, along the way, something happened, and everything changed, forever.

The death of my mother was neither sudden nor a shock and, if anything, I was grateful that she left in peace without suffering the pain that was an on-going crisis for her. My mother's youngest sister asked me to write a eulogistic piece about my mother. A letter I had written to my grandfather, a day before his death, that he had seen coming, even in his hale and hearty condition as he called the *parivaar* (family or whanau) and informed them that he would die *tomorrow*. The magical realism that ran through my life as an Indian, and being born in a rather intuitive family, made me realise that a piece could not even begin to do justice to my family's stories, that started with my dad's history, my mom's culture, and ended at my experiences in New Zealand. I was now the custodian of family history, the keeper of home recipes and the guardian of our culture and tradition. I was the third person, following Dad and Mom.

The title Snakes, Cows and Avocado Sandwiches came to me, along with the realisation that Mom's death had snapped me out of my inherent laziness. I was ready to write the history of my family. The backdrop of ghosts, dreams and the immigrant experience in New Zealand was more of a cowboy comic book for me, rather than a sad story of a struggling foreigner who could not speak the language properly and was abused by locals. It is a story of a man who decides that he is going to embrace his warrior past, and use it to overcome petty racism and ignorance. This was a land of cows, which we had worshipped in India, but were paradoxically eaten here, and avocado

sandwiches were something that my pakeha girlfriend swore by, and snakes were part of my 'baggage' from India. Snakes were the metaphors for my set cultural ideas, whereas cows were the middle ground, since they belonged to both cultures, and the concept of 'avocado sandwiches' was the immersion into the kiwi experience, on the far end of the spectrum. It was also my re-embracing of my vegetarian roots and having pride in my heritage.

My mother's death made writing a very therapeutic experience for me. One of the early things I learnt was that, in New Zealand you did not have a ready-and-available friend to talk to. I was used to being surrounded by people who had known me well all my life. After I broke off with my pakeha girlfriend, I realised pretty fast that, if one needed to talk to a friend, then one had to go to a counsellor.

In New Zealand, there were other cultural nuances I quickly learnt about. I was introduced early to the tall poppy sentiment, and learnt that Kiwis have a real fear of taking any credit or praise, and a fear of being impolite in the slightest. Indians, especially the Punjabis have gone and made an utter nuisance of themselves on the other hand and are known to be loud. Also, most things I spoke about, especially feelings, were considered 'intense' here and, while I found the kiwi reservedness charming and Lilliputian, I also found myself frustrated at not being able to decode the language. Actually, I *could* decode the language, having spoken English since I was five, but felt unable to speak straight in some cases. Living in New Zealand, I discovered I was as prejudiced about pakeha New Zealanders, as some Kiwis were about Indians, indulging in vast stereotyping and generalisations, as I blamed them to be. In my

stories, I have attempted to bring my relative narrow-minded views out into the open. I also use many examples of Indianisms in English, such as the constant use of too many ‘ands’, using ‘rains’ instead of ‘rain’, and the obvious gerunding of everything by adding ing to it, besides using poetic licence in words like ‘humbler’ and ‘differentier’. The first story, ‘The Stone Ottla’, is filled with Indian words that you get an understanding of, only if you were to constantly refer back to the glossary on the last page. ‘Cloudy’ is a story in which the narrator is cloudy, sleepy, asleep and groggy, and thus there have been sleepy errors in the language. ‘Kshatriya’ on the other hand gets into the South Indian jumping of tenses as it enters the southern end of the country. [See Appendix 3].

The book, though it is called a collection of short stories and poetry, is actually a collection of vignettes, travel writing and prose poetry. It does not quite become the novel it was meant to turn into, but is a unified whole, made up of individual stories that tell the story of my family’s journey through many generations and different hemispheres. It does not have any three act structure and, though the stories depend on each other, not all have a clear-cut sequel, like ‘Yellow Tails’, that ends as a slice of life story and the poem ‘A Fish called Karma’. The individual stories do finally come together in the last few pages in ‘Letters to Mom’. It originally seemed like too ambitious a project to take on, but luckily, I had already carefully preserved some of these family memories and stories through my blogs and emails. I felt inspired and “mused” to do justice to my parents’ lives and myself.

The narrative aspect of the stories is huge. By narrative aspect, I mean the narrative therapy that we will go into later. The stories start off before my mother was born, in Ahmedabad, as my grand-aunt gets demonically possessed, along with her sister-in-law. It takes my great grandmother's faith and my grandfather's courage to see us through the story. The story has an earthy, rustic, Indian village feel that I strove for, by using land icons and descriptions of the temple and dust and rust and earthen pots since language is the only tool I had in order to convey the atmosphere. The main criticism would have to be that the first story, which has a foreign word in it in the title itself, can be luring yet off-putting. All the foreign words might make it a hide and seek affair with the glossary. Like travelling in India, some might enjoy the exotic adventure, others might be tempted to throw the book away. I do personally like the 'ghost trail' that goes from 'The Stone Ottla', through to the poem, 'sleeping next to you in the Marae', that talks of death and love, through to the stories that feature letters to my dead dad, the last train in a deserted railway station, Dad's ghost stories, 'Black': the tale of an extra-marital affair and subsequent curse, snakes, cows and avocado sandwiches, and ginseng. The magical realism gathers momentum. The travel stories in Kerala, India, Auckland and Northland have a cowboy adventurous flavour to them, as the protagonist; fights narrow-minded people, his mother's pain, and takes on life in general, as a grandson to a self-made man on one side and a warrior on the other. The fight that he takes on, in life and in New Zealand, is a continuation of the struggle of the crossing over from Pakistan to India by his father and uncle in the gruesome partition in India, his grandfather facing fear

in the desert, his great-grandmother's religious powers that fought against snakes and scorpion bites. The cowboy, in turn, meets up with transvestites and ghosts at bus-stops and train stations at midnight, the only two fictional pieces in the entire collection.

In this collection, no connection is overt and I've really struggled to keep it subtle throughout the pages, and avoided telling and tried showing. My success is only relative and there was an absolute dilemma between keeping the flow, and adhering to the principles of 'show-don't-tell' and first, second and third person narrations. Emulating Hemingway really helped me in this regard. While I do not completely claim the success that Hemingway had, with brevity, he served as a model and influence, albeit unconsciously. This shows up in 'Ginseng', 'Hunter's Corner', 'Last train from Churchgate' and 'Red', more clearly than others.

The immigrant experience continues in 'Mana', 'Mangere', 'Manurewa', as it does in 'Yellow Tails', 'Ode to Winston Peters', the black and white dog poem, and other poems like 'Fish called Karma', 'Green bird', and concludes at 'Cloudy'. The placement of texts, which juxtapose against each other, and the seventeen odd pictures, are meant to keep the book interesting and, what starts pictorially on a bright, sunny day, ends with the picture of the ghost cowboy on a black night. There are fifty pieces of writing in the collection, thirty two stories and eighteen poems, which does not include the two letters. As for the poems, eighteen of them are stand-alone poems, the rest are included in the two letters to my mom and dad. Thus, we start the exegesis sacrificing academic language for narration and interest; after all, this is Master in Creative Writing.

Doctor Paul Mountfort says that an exegesis should not be a narrative on the narrative. I say everything is a narrative even grocery lists and rap songs. Any time a communication happens and information is translated, exchanged or projected from one person to another, the narration becomes inevitable, a necessary evil.

The Psychology of Writing

Snakes, Cows and Avocado Sandwiches did not begin as an overambitious project and to be quite frank, did not even have any focal point or direction. The decision to jump from writing a poetry collection to a collection of short stories, was helped by the lack of enthusiasm and wild excitement in the class of creative writers as the poetry project, quite frankly, confused them. After speaking to a few people at Borders, Whitcoulls, Unity and Wendy's Burgers, I came to the decision that no one gives a damn about poetry and universities have their favourite clique of poets (read: friends, ex-lovers and fellow teachers) that they shamelessly promote. I realised that I was not even from this country and was lucky to be in this course, because most employers would just throw my CV in the bin (read: Head Hunter's Bible) since it had a foreign name. So, a poetry collection from an unknown, foreign-sounding author, in a country where some cannot even pronounce or spell Aotearoa properly? No.

Thus, I first decided on a title and then went for it. This "go for it" is my unique strategy, obviously due to my unique psychological make-up (which we will get into soon), where I just go after a story like a maniac and tutors like Miss Johnson, Mr Johnson and James George have always encouraged me to do so.

Nothing prepares you for your mother's death not even your father's death and when I realised that somewhere she had died for me, I also realised that I must live for her. *Snakes, Cows and Avocado Sandwiches* is my dedication to my mother and has the new immigrant

with the voice of a cowboy going through his life as if it was a wild west adventure, the magical realism that includes ghosts and dreams, family history and the element of narrative therapy.

Writing has always been therapeutic for me from the time I was twelve and got my heart broken by any girl that I deemed fit for the job. I do believe like my Mormon brethren, that families are forever and know that dead people act as muses and literally push us to tell their stories. There was no stopping me and I went for it. Within thirty days I had fifty stories and a hundred poems, and for a change there was sense of focus in this collection. This was brilliant and killed a few birds with one stone. I could eulogise my mom, tell the strange and funny tales and pretend it was fiction, I could be in touch with my mom who has been my psychic twin and I could heal. Above all, I could heal. The stories became a collection of the childhood misadventures. *a la* Mark Twain, the 'less is more' lethal blow from Hemmingway, the show don't tell and just tell, the slice of life, a touch of Emily Perkins' second person and rejection of closure, but more than anything they became a therapy.

Writing as a therapy

According to Wikipedia, Writing Therapy is a form of expressive therapy that uses the act of writing and processing the written word as therapy as writing one's feelings gradually eases pain and strengthens the immune system and can take place individually or in a group, and can be administered in person with a therapist or remotely through mailing or the Internet (2010). This was precisely how I started writing as an individual, in a group and, behind the internet once I moved to

Wellington. An old Maori saying says that *I learn more about myself as I hear myself speak*. Well, I remembered more, that in turn, triggered more, by other connecting memories. Coleridge said imagination is better than perception, which, even though it sounds flattering tries my logic. There can be no imagination if there is no perception and I would go with imagination anyway, because of an inherent bias that imagination and intuition are one of the many senses we have. We are more often than not limited by our five senses, since there are more senses than we can paradoxically sense. Woolston, C, (2000) talks about how writing has helped people: Vietnam veteran John Mulligan who was a homeless man wracked with flashbacks and numbed by post-traumatic stress disorder, as Mulligan wrote about a horrific scene from the war: his buddies turning their weapons on a water buffalo for fun, sport, and misplaced revenge and how Mulligan, now a 49-year-old novelist, left the workshop elated - "whistling and skipping."

Water Buffalo features in my 'Letters to a Dead Father' and is a metaphor for our fear and love for our father. James George himself recounts in his interview with Siobhan Harvey, in the NZ Listener, how his life changed the day his mother died and how he found himself confronting his own mortality resulting, in him moving from the corporate world to face the characters that always carry ghosts: things that happened in the past. That is exactly what I believe, that ghosts are muses and muses are ghosts [See Appendices 1 and 4 on ghosts] as I take the curious case of Mary Stanley in the next chapter.

The reason I have used first person, second person and third person voices is to make the narration less monotonous, just like I have used pictures [See Appendix 6 – Pictoria, the PowerPoint presentation on pictures]. In Narrative therapy you cannot have a preconceived notion before the client enters the room. If you have a bias too early, it could impinge or compromise even sacrifice the client's wellbeing. In this case the client is me and the therapist is also me. My poems according to my tutors Mike Johnson, Leggott and Lynn Davidson have a strong narrative bent in them, a la Allen Ginsberg. I have used that to my advantage and when Lisa Samuels, another tutor who normally advocates rejection of closure, diaxisis, memesis and artifice of absorption, said that 'A Fish called Karma' was a complete poem, complete in its unity and internal rhythm, I knew I had found my style, at last, after thirty years of writing poetry.

Narrative Therapy, according to Massey University, is premised on the idea that the lives and the relationships of persons are shaped by: the knowledge and stories that communities of persons negotiate and engage in to give meaning to their experiences: and certain practices of self and of relationship that make up ways of life associated with these knowledge and stories (2010).

As a narrative therapist to myself I assisted myself to resolve problems by writing better stories about myself and not impoverishing and subjugating myself. I re-authored my life, which thanks to my pathologically optimistic warrior mind [See Appendix 5] churns out happy

thoughts or brutal warfare, rather than morose self-sympathy, as I take on racism, discussed in the next chapter.

Narrative therapy, according to Massey University (2010) has particular links with Family Therapy and those therapies which have a common ethos of respect for the client, and an acknowledgement of the importance of context, interaction, and the social construction of meaning. This has been true for me as even after the death of my parents I could heal my relationship with them and others by writing therapeutic letters to them.

Racism: Struggle between political correctness and anger

I would like to think that my stories have been honest and do not spare anyone. I often turn into an unreliable narrator and speak vociferously against rednecks, skinheads, Brahmins, me and my prejudice against illegal immigrants in India; with equal flourish. I seek a reaction that may or may not be positive, depending on who you are. My justification being someone has to speak out and take on the Winston Peters of this world from the immigrant corner. The immigrants don't really have a voice and now, they are losing their jobs. It's not all hatred and dog-eat-dog, actually, I am hoping it is a whole lot of fun. And all I am saying is that if everyone is polite and proper than who will bell the cat?

Negotiating with the dead

It leaves me totally drained as I finish writing a book that jumps cities, time, voices, continents and character and am ready to have a big cry aided by the closure of a big year. A year when I finished a huge collection of short stories, reconnected with my family members, relived my childhood and last but not the least, when my mom died. I don't know about you but I hate endings. I cried when school came to an end. I cried when I finished reading my first book *Five go to an Island*. I cry when books and movies haunt me long after they are over and the characters are lost. Well, these were not characters; these were real people: my childhood, my land and my mom.

Margaret Atwood has written a book that is a writing on writing. The book is called *Negotiating with the Dead*. I read the cover and decided that I am all the above as a writer – a prophet, a high priest of art and a court jester (Atwood, 2003). My dreams [See Appendix 2] were a prophecy and my telepathic psychic connection with mom still exists as eulogised in *Cloudy* in a rather anti-grammatical foggy manner. The high priest in me confronted another high priest in Kerala and bragged about his royal heritage. How racist was that! The court-jester counteracted a racist in *Fishy Chips* by being an ageist and used humour as a weapon. Atwood reiterates that writing has to do with darkness, and a desire or perhaps a compulsion to enter it, and, with luck, to illuminate it, and to bring something back out to the light (2003). I could not agree more. There is some black humour in my collection tackling pain, racism and love in areas of family, immigrant

experience and death. My dark side becomes evident in the last section, in the letters to Mom and I bring her love out in the light.

Atwood says dead people persist in the mind of the living even though they refuse to talk about it in certain societies and no society believes that the dead disappear (2003). That is the difference between me and my brother in the stories, as I become the unreliable narrator and blame him for leaving her alone for a while, whereas, I did not attend her funeral and am willing to kill or die for her as an ultimate act of martyrdom. Atwood also says that the dead want their stories to be told and we are in constant negotiation with them about how their stories will be told (2003). I have experienced this obsession as stories come to me and I obsessively write them at savage speed, making sure that I represent them rightly and they are not lost in annals of history. And thus, the first person became the third person. Most of these tales are mostly true. I recorded them as the tales started coming, one by one. This is not new to me, this time the muse was my mother and I have found whenever I write about the dead, as I did in another paper for Mary Stanley's war hero late husband Brian, I kept going, as if I was possessed, as if I had to responsibly portray a person and I was open to suggestions from ghosts, dreams and spirits.

Only this time it was not someone I had never met – it was my mother, who read every thought I had and vice-a-versa. “In order to fabricate, I always need the trampoline of reality” said Mario Vargas Llosa (in Hunnewell and Setti, 2010).

Conclusion

Hudson says that that while a poem may be more direct and to the point, a short story can draw itself out to last longer and the language used in the short story is easier to comprehend (2006). I feel that while in my collection the poetry has a strong narrative voice, it is equally cryptic and thus they complement each other. On the superficial side there are 67 pages in the collection and that was done on purpose which, besides the obvious ecological reason of saving paper, is also the year I was born in.

Atwood says, “And so it is with all happy endings of all books, when you come to think about it. you can't go home again, said Thomas Wolfe; but you can, sort of, when you write about it. But then you reach the last page. A book is another country. You enter it, but then you must leave: like the Underworld, you can't live there” (2003).

And Taylor says it on the backcover of his book “You *are* your stories....They have shaped how you see yourself the world, and your place in it. Your first great storytellers were home, school, popular culture, and perhaps, church.” 1996.

I must now leave you, sad that this journey is over. A huge journey, bigger for me than anyone else with the first poem I wrote in Auckland (Appendix 7), the first and last paragraphs (Appendix 8) of the three-article Eulogy and first blog entry in the course (Appendix 9). Read them and play a war bugle as the sun goes down and the birds sing their summer song. I have a tear coming. It's been a long, long time.

Appendices

can be all found on - <http://anexegesis.blogspot.com>

Videos - <http://mcwideos.blogspot.com/>

Appendix 1 Ghost

Appendix 2 Dreams

Appendix 3 Liberties in Languages

Appendix 4 Do you believe in ghosts

Appendix 5 Audio Commentary -

<http://www.fileden.com/files/2010/11/25/3024242/ex.mp3>

Appendix 6 Pictoria PowerPoint Presentation -

<http://www.blackberrycats.com/pictoria.ppsx>

Appendix 7

in a city of a million strangers

The small white bridge at Freeman's bay or is it Shelley's beach, Tali; next to the mansion

where my Muslim friends had a party on IDD with Hummus and BabaGhoush
does not sparkle in the sunlight after rains though

Emma bought her wheatfree bread from the fields next to helipad and the round barn

and though Matheson and Warkworth had an old tractor under a bright red tree on a summer's morning

Emma pleaded there was nothing romantic about tractors that were rusted

we did not take a boat that had a glass bottom but she held my hand bravely as the Northshorians watched

but then halfmoon bay under the moon is a different story and though Mission sands reacted better to chookie

since she was the tungatawhino of the land, humid nights did not bother me either and Northshore has a secret beach

that the boyracers annexed along with the museum grounds on nights that had no moon just hash browns and green tea

and when I and Justin Joe drove in from the North Shore the city looked like New York

and the drive along K Road was purely anthropological...we wouldn't even talk to them

and on Mount Roskill was a cross made out of tubelights and on Mount Eden, I touched Shelly the first time

and the ghosts of Waitakere and the spirits of Parnell and the graves of Symonds street

but these days the grass has turned to hay and the sheep have disappeared and Aotea square is ruptured with bulldozers and in the middle of the night the seagulls screech

in a city of a million strangers

in a city of a million friends

Appendix 8

The first and last paragraphs of three articles on Mom.

Beginning

My search for Buddhahood began on the day I was born. It was an early December morning, on the fifth floor of a hospital on Bombay's southern shores that faced the sapphire Arabian Sea. The "Here he comes" Kodak moment happened when Mom regained consciousness and she wanted to see her first-born: me!

Just at the exact moment when I was placed by my mother's side, the earth rocked viciously, to the tune of the powerful Koyna Quake. My Mom had not even had a glimpse of me and the Richter scale jumped to seven. The first words I heard from my Mom were Buddhist words, when she turned to the nurses after the few minutes of rock-n-roll, and said, "If the earthquake strikes again, leave. Don't worry about me, just take my baby and run out of the building." This innate Buddhahood that came from my mother reeked of compassion.

The End

Two days after Mum died, my friend gave me her gold ring. She said that during chanting, Mom asked her to do so. Both my brother and I had been waiting for a sign (as Mom had promised). We had won an impossible fight: a peace for ourselves. I came out alive after my Mom's death, and so did she! Because not only did she go in peace but she never died at all.

Appendix 9

The Parnell Cafes

The ghosts from Parnell have taken a respite and the Gemini woman is safe in Whangarei. I walk through the endless lines of food places and know today is a big day. On one end there will be advance poetics and then there is the master's class with 12 wonderful writers and three crazy tutors. I open a Janet Frame book of stories and fiction and the blue octopus leaps at me and takes me to childhood. We are at the Juhu beach, four adolescent boys looking for adventure as we come upon an octopus that looks like a dead plastic bag. Initial reaction being fear and then intrigue and a pledge was made to write diaries and record adventures like Hardy Boys and to live a more fruitful life in arts, words and loves or rather infatuations to taller girls with no breasts.

References

Atwood, M. 2003. *Negotiating with the Dead. A writer on writing.* Virago press.

Harvey S (October 14-20 2006). "The ghosts of my life". NZ Listener
http://www.listener.co.nz/issue/3466/artsbooks/7235/the_ghosts_of_my_life.html

Hudson A. 2006. Short Stories vs. Poetry. Downloaded from
http://www.eportfolio.lagcc.cuny.edu/scholars/doc_fa05/eP_fa05/Aaron.Hudson/AaronHudson/ENG102/Poem%20vs.%20Story.doc

Hunnewell and Setti. 2010. Mario Vargas Llosa, *The Art of Fiction* No. 120. Paris Review. Accessed on 24/11/2010 from
<http://www.theparisreview.org/interviews/2280/the-art-of-fiction-no-120-mario-vargas-llosa>

Massey University (2010), *Narrative Therapy*. Accessed on 24/11/2010 from
<http://www.massey.ac.nz/~alock/virtual/narrativ.htm>

Taylor, D. 1996. *The Healing power of stories. Creating yourself through the Stories of your Life.* Millenium Books.

Wikipedia (2010). *Writing therapy*. Accessed on 24/11/2010 from
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Writing_therapy

Woolston, Chris (2000-03-16). "Writing for therapy helps erase effects of trauma". CNN.
<http://archives.cnn.com/2000/HEALTH/03/16/health.writing.wmd/>

Bibliography

The Selected Stories of Janet Frame (2009)

The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway

Not Her Real Name - Emily Perkins

The Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield (1945, 1974), ISBN 0-14-118368-3

La Vita Nuova by Allegra Goodman

http://www.newyorker.com/fiction/features/2010/05/03/100503fi_fiction_goodman

Alice Munro Selected Stories – 1996

Mike Johnson – Dumbshow

Stephanie Johnson - Drowned Sprat and Other Stories (Random House, 2005)

James George – Ocean Roads. Huia (2006)

Patricia Grace Selected Stories (Penguin [NZ] Ltd., 1991)

Friedrich Nietzsche, On Truth and Lie in an Extra Moral Sense

Terry Eagleton, Rise of English

Charles Olson, Projective Verse

Stanley Fish, How to recognise a poem when you see one

Lyn Hejinian, The Rejection of Closure

Ron Silliman, The New Sentence

Lisa Samuels, Eight justifications for canonising my life

Leslie Scalapino, The Front Matter, dead souls

Charles Bernstein, The Artifice of Absorption

John Kinsella, The Hybridising of a Poem

Albert Wendt, The Book of the Black Star

Songs :

Guns N Roses November Rains

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8SbUC-UaAxE>

Films:

Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café

Pulp Fiction