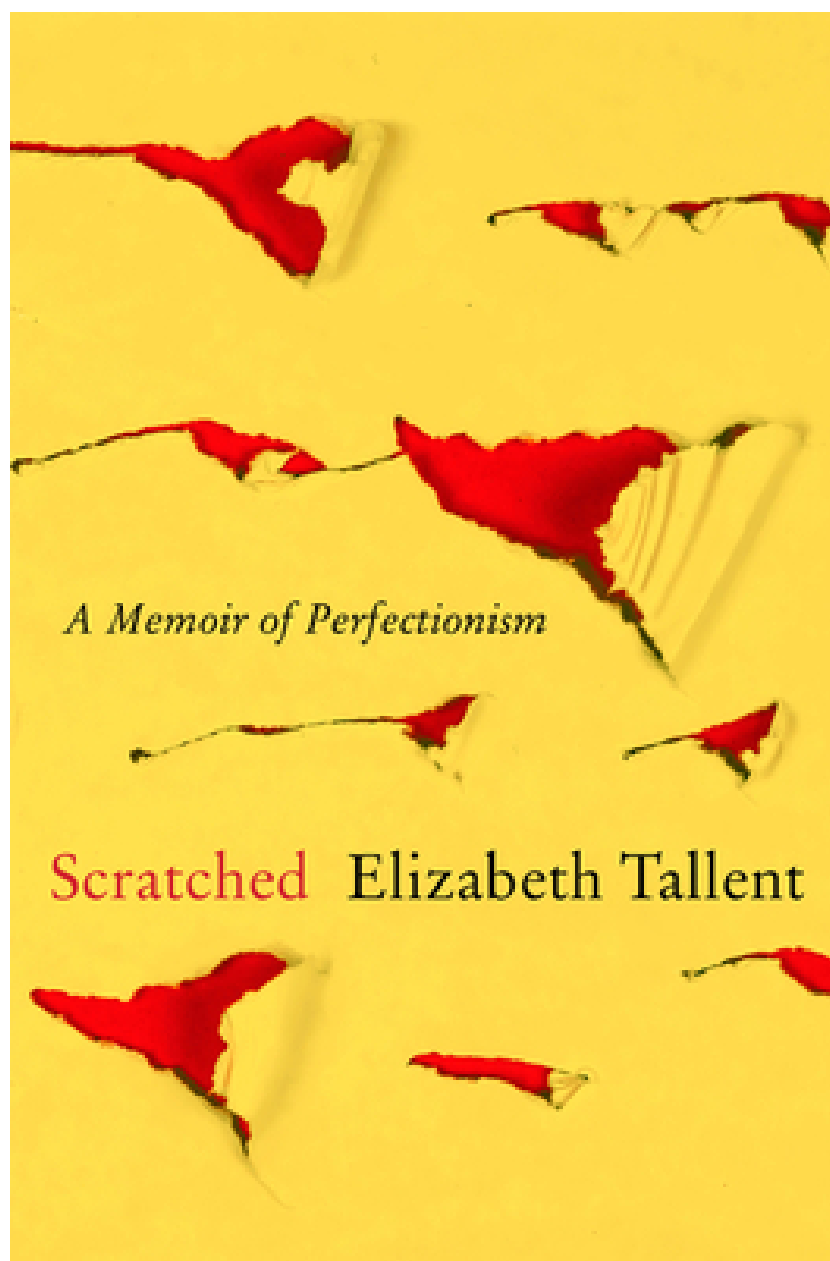


Scratched: A Memoir of Perfectionism Book PDF Download



By:
Elizabeth Tallent

DOWNLOAD SCRATCHED: A MEMOIR OF PERFECTIONISM BOOK PDF - BY: ELIZABETH TALLENT

[Download: Scratched: A Memoir of Perfectionism Book PDF Full Version](#)

Scratched: A Memoir of Perfectionism Book PDF Summary -

Are you looking for Ebook Scratched: A Memoir of Perfectionism by Elizabeth Tallent? You will be glad to know that "Scratched: A Memoir of Perfectionism" Book PDF is available on our online library. With our online resources, you can find Applied Numerical Methods, All Books by **Elizabeth Tallent** or just about any type of ebooks, for any type of product.

We suggest you to search our broad selection of eBook in which distribute from numerous subject as well as topics accessible. If you are a college student, you can find huge number of textbook, paper, report, etc. Intended for product end-users, you may surf for a whole product manual as well as handbook and download them for free.

Our library is the biggest of these that have literally hundreds of thousands of different products represented. You will also see that there are specific sites catered to different product types or categories, such as

[Download: Scratched: A Memoir of Perfectionism Book PDF Full Version](#)

YOU MAY ALSO LIKE TO READ BOOKS LISTED BELOW:

What people Say:

Huyen Chip

Professor Tallent was one of my favorite writing professors. It was great reading her memoir and understanding where she came from.

Shannon Pufahl

If you read only one book in 2020, make it this one. Scratched is a book so unique, so profound and moving, so precise in both its descriptions of the physical world and the emotions we attached to and draw from that world -- it can only be the work of a singular, brilliant mind. I was deeply moved and changed by this book.

So often a book is described as re-inventing such and such: the novel, the memoir, the essay, the modern conception of truth, the idea of love or fate or childhood. As a

If you read only one book in 2020, make it this one. Scratched is a book so unique, so profound and moving, so precise in both its descriptions of the physical world and the emotions we attached to

and draw from that world -- it can only be the work of a singular, brilliant mind. I was deeply moved and changed by this book.

So often a book is described as "re-inventing" such and such: the novel, the memoir, the essay, the modern conception of truth, the idea of love or fate or childhood. As a selling point, these descriptions suggest our strong, enduring desire for those things to be reinvented, to encounter, as readers, new forms of literary performance and feeling. We needn't search far to understand why: Most books perform the same rituals of plot and character, they use prosody and lyricism to influence readerly feeling around dramatic standbys such as conflict, stasis, and catharsis. We actually like this far more than we will admit, since much of what we hope for when we read is to find our own ideas echoed back to us, in language we did not know or could not access, and to find in the rhythms of drama the cleansing and the usefully moving. There is nothing wrong with this. Our obsession with newness is a product of a 20th century literary culture that valued innovation, that saw innovation as the only conceivable response to a world gone crazy. Our 21st century literary culture seems to value the late capitalist appraisal offered by the unseen, the final newness that will sate our endless desire. That we still look to the literary to solve these problems seems to me a mostly very good thing.

But real reinvention is painful, rare, and glorious, and it serves no "cultural" purpose. *Scratched*, which is one of the best books I've ever read, asks the tired old memoir form to accommodate the irony at the center of the book's existence: The narrator could not, for many years, allow any of her work to be published, because a desire for perfection so profound enthralled her. Enthralled is the right word, I think, because she is not stopped by this desire but trapped by it, and she thus makes, as prisoners and writers must, a glory and a phrenic object of the thing that traps her. And yet (and so), this book, about that entrapment, exists.

In asking the memoir form to accommodate this irony, the memoir is, in actual fact, reinvented. The first dazzling section, about the moment of the narrator's birth, offers an understanding of a mother's painful rejection of her own child (the narrator) that relies not on common notions of cruelty or entitlement, but on the mother's own enthrallment to beauty and perfection. It would be easy for the writer to see this as implausible, because such empathy may seem to readers of the common memoir, lives of the common life, acrobatic and only literary. Instead, the writer illuminates something we only vaguely understood to be in darkness at all: Our own enthrallment to beauty, the way a desire for it embanks us behind narcissism and prevents our connection to others.

The sections that follow offer some of the best and most insightful writing I've read about childhood. Like Annie Dillard's *An American Childhood* (one of the very best memoirs), there is no pity or blame here, but an enduring, robust, athletic desire to understand. To watch an adult mind at work in this way is to give the lie to most writing about childhood, and to remake what we think childhood is -- a thing to be mourned, to be investigated only for its relevance to the adult life. Instead we understand childhood to be a continuation of the human need for beauty, which carries

through a family and a life and into the next.

A singular and very brilliant book.

Vincent Scarpa

In a word: perfect.

Ammara

This is a deep dive into the authors life and struggles with perfectionism, which is more destructive than many realize. The book is a little difficult to read but there are some excellent insights into the authors issues that kept her from completing and publishing for two decades. Some of the issues hit a little too close to home, but Im glad I gave this a shot.

This is a deep dive into the author's life and struggles with perfectionism, which is more destructive than many realize. The book is a little difficult to read but there are some excellent insights into the author's issues that kept her from completing and publishing for two decades.

Some of the issues hit a little too close to home, but I'm glad I gave this a shot.

Cor T

It feels mean to criticize an author who writes to explain why she couldn't write a book for 22 years due to perfectionism. Part I had such a meandering beginning that I couldn't get my bearings until this sentence:

We learn how the authors

scratches marked her as imperfect and that her mother refused to hold her at the hospital as a newborn. Later we get more on this key incident:

It feels mean to criticize an author who writes to explain why she couldn't write a book for 22 years due to perfectionism. Part I had such a meandering beginning that I couldn't get my bearings until this sentence:

We learn how the author's

scratches marked her as imperfect and that her mother refused to hold her at the hospital as a newborn. Later we get more on this key incident:

Even though it was never discussed between mother and daughter, it's the origin story at the center of the book.

Part II has some of the best writing as Tallent describes 1950s suburban America as an incubator

for replication, imitation, and suppression of individualism:

This part also has a section on perfectionism as a trait that again, I thought could have gone earlier (a theme for this review):

Part III has Tallent emerging as a writer and parent, describing her path through therapy, marriages and jobs, to her current career as a writing teacher where sheâ€™s â€œlearned to extend a welcome to mishaps, failures, rifts, smudges, to effortfulness in general, to what Iâ€™d call, in talking with my students, process, is to conceal a thousand, ten thousand, eruptions of repudiation.â€• And ultimately, she's learned to â€œtry to love this incarnation.â€•