

JULIE
EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING

Is this the beginning?
Or, what precedes this?

Describe the bedroom at first - set the scene.

Is Wind prominently featured later in the story?

1. Eva

"My father had a horse named Wind," Eva tells the beautiful, kind woman. "We children

rode on his back or ran, barefoot, alongside him. We fed him grass and carrots, stolen from a

farmer's field, and I liked the brush of his teeth when he ate from my hand."

Sighing, she adds, "When he died, from a cloud in the lungs that my father could not

heal, we cut him into four parts, crying, and buried him facing north, south, east, west. That way, my father said, he would learn of our hour of need, wherever we were, and come to us."

Eva lies back against her pillows, spent from remembering.

"Wind," murmurs the beautiful, kind woman, taking Eva's hand. "A lovely name for a horse."

The afternoon light, streaming through the high windows, illumines her finely drawn features, and Eva can read them, like lines on a palm. Her name is Naomi. An official of the Oral History Project, she has been ill — but is no longer? Eva keeps her insights and questions to herself.

The pale young man, the project's college student intern, looks up from scribbling in his notebook. "What is the gypsy word for wind?" he asks.

Eva's eyes narrow and she withdraws her hand. The gadze, the outsiders, use that word, "gypsy," and they don't mean well by it. But these two have asked questions, listened politely,

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and taken notes. Too many notes. *or a conjunction here?* Why must the gadze write everything down? After all, the tape recorder is running.

She sits up again, to instruct them.

“Balwal,” she says in her cracked old voice. “But say ‘Romani,’ not ‘Gypsy,’” she adds, brushing back wisps of white hair with a shaking hand. “We are not Egyptians. Although ‘Gypsy’ is all right, if you spell it with a capital letter. Then it stands for a people and is not a slur.”

Make up your mind.

phrasing?
True? The Naomi woman says, in surprise, “You know about spelling, about capital letters. I thought the Gypsies — forgive me, Eva, the Romanies — of your generation did not learn to read and write.”

Eva closes her eyes, struggling to find the words these gadze can understand.

“Many of my people shun schooling,” she eventually acknowledges, with a weary sigh.

“They are afraid of spiritual pollution.”

“Spiritual pollution?” asks the pale young man, whose name is Richard.

*Name him earlier.
Awkward here.*

“They are afraid of contamination by outsiders,” she says. “They are afraid that others’ ways will drain their spiritual energy or damage them in some way. ~~And not just in a spiritual way.~~ Our people have reason, especially, to be suspicious of writing.”

redundant

Shaking an arthritic finger, the better to make her point, she says, “The written word has harmed us.”

Do these gadze understand what she means? Orders for deportation and violation and death? Can they? It is beyond anything they have ever known, safe in this America, in this hamlet near the big city, in this small stop on the eternal road. She touches her amulet of shells

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for protection, even though she is so many years and an ocean away. One is shaped like a thunderbolt and has special power — although it came to her too late.

“But I can read,” she tells them. “I learned to read in Auschwitz.” It’s a hard word to wrap her tongue around. It burns her mouth. ↓+

“In Auschwitz?” asks the college-boy Richard. “You learned to read in Auschwitz?” She *can see his raised eyebrow* and can almost hear a raised eyebrow in his voice. *to match his actual one*

“Yes,” she says, frowning. His skepticism rankles. “In Auschwitz. A Jewish girl taught me my letters,” she adds. “Her name was Anne. In spite of everything, she, at least, was good at heart.” *Almost direct Anne Frank quote.*

Eva feels her mouth twist into a smile. It is an old mouth and she cannot always control it. Sometimes it says and does things it should not.

“Anne?” Naomi asks, rising from the chair beside Eva’s bed, her voice rising as well. “Eva, do you mean...?”

Realizing what she’s hinted, Eva tries to take it back. “Do you think there was only one girl called Anne?” she says with a bitter smile. “There were hundreds, thousands.”

She had demanded to be interviewed in her bedroom, like a queen — it is a large room, a bed-sitting room taking up the top floor of the house that her long-dead gadzo husband, Marty, had built just for her — and now retreats under her bird-of-paradise quilt, blazing with color, stitched by her daughter-in-law Rosalie’s clever hands and arrayed on the bed for the visitors’ sake. *Why would she marry a gadzo?*

“Go away,” she says, her voice muffled. Though she is under the covers, she can sense the pair standing, tense, hesitant.

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“Can we come back, Eva? Tomorrow?” Naomi asks. ^{I sense that} “You have so much to tell us. We have so much to learn.”

Eva can almost taste her eagerness. It’s clear and sharp, like the vinegar Rosalie uses to clean windows. From under her covers, she says — there speaks that hasty mouth again, without her permission — “Bring some pastries.” ✓x

“It would be my pleasure,” Naomi says. “What kind of pastries would you like?”

“The little snails.”

“I know — schnecken,” pale Richard says, in the language she hates.

“Schnecken it is,” Naomi says. “We’ll be back tomorrow, Eva. With lots of pastries.”

Eva does not answer, nor does she emerge from her covers.

“Leave the door open,” Naomi whispers ^{before} as they make their way down the stairs. [Eva is settled now, living in a house with her son and daughter-in-law, but oh, she misses the road]. MOVE

“I’ve been told they don’t like closed doors.”

“I don’t believe anything she says,” the college boy grumbles. “She’s just making up stories.”

Eva would send a curse his way but ^{lacks} ~~has not~~ the strength. “Anne,” she says into her pillow when she can no longer hear them, or they her. “Anne.”

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Remembering Anne has brought her back to Auschwitz, with its burning and smoke, its terrible, terrible smell. “Please,” she cries, “Devla” — as her people call O Del, God, when they speak to Him — “I do not want to be here.”

O Del answers, “You cannot have Anne without Auschwitz.”

“Then let me die now, in my bed.”

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“As you wish,” He says — and shows her a glimpse of the next morning, with Rosalie wailing and she herself dead. Rosalie is not really her daughter-in-law, her bori, nor Emil her son (nor Luca her grandson, though she loves him more than a million tongues can tell), but they have been good to one another, a family, and she doesn’t want Rosalie to cry.

“Thank you for the vision,” she tells o Del. “I’ve changed my mind.”

“About Auschwitz?” He asks.

“No,” she says, “about dying. I’m not ready yet, Devla. Not yet. Not for dying and not for Auschwitz.”

His laugh is larger than mountains. “You shall have your pastries,” He says. “But you know that Auschwitz is waiting, when you are ready to remember — and ready to tell. And, my shey, my daughter, be grateful that they’ve come to ask; the time is short for telling.”

The season is on the cusp of change. It is cooler today, after yesterday’s warmth, and Rosalie hurries to take their coats and show the pair to Eva’s room. Richard, as yesterday, is in the uniform of the young, jeans and a T-shirt.

SEGUE
she shakes her head to dispel the morbid thoughts.

You need a topic sentence when Naomi and Richard arrive the next morning, ex. Naomi hesitates to ring the bell/knock at the door. She opens the bag of schnecke in her hands and inhales deeply to ground/steal herself.

important here?
mention that on p. 1 when introduced.

THIS HAS GREAT POTENTIAL. REMINISCENT OF SCHEHERAZADE’S CLIFF-HANGER STORY TELLING. I, TOO, AM WRITING A HOLOCAUST NOVEL AND ANOTHER ONE IN WHICH A CHARACTER SHARES GLIMPSES OF THE PAST. INVITE YOUR READERS TO CARE ABOUT YOUR CHARACTERS EVA, NAOMI, AND RICHARD. YOU WANT THEM TO BE INVESTED. WHY DOES EVA REQUEST PASTRIES WHEN THERE HAS BEEN NO INDICATION OF WARMTH OR INTIMACY BETWEEN THEM AND HER?

Jenni's Comments

1. Eva

"My father had a horse named Wind," Eva tells ^{Naomi} the beautiful kind woman. "We children rode on his back or ran, barefoot, alongside him. We fed him grass and carrots, stolen from a farmer's field, and I liked the brush of his teeth when he ate from my hand."

Sighing, she adds, "When he died, from a cloud in the lungs that my father could not heal, we cut him into four parts, crying, and buried him facing north, south, east, west. That way, my father said, he would learn of our hour of need, wherever we were, and come to us."

Eva lies back against her pillows, spent from remembering.

"Wind," murmurs ^{Naomi} the beautiful kind woman, taking Eva's hand. "A lovely name for a horse."

The afternoon light, streaming through the high windows, illumines her finely drawn features, and Eva can read them, like lines on a palm. ^{- what do they say?} Her name is Naomi. ^{is} An official of the Oral History Project, ^{she is kind and beautiful but ill -} she has been ill — but is no longer? Eva keeps her insights and questions to herself. ^{why a question?}

^A The pale young man, the project's college student intern, looks up from scribbling in his notebook. "What is the gypsy word for wind?" he asks.

Eva's eyes narrow and she withdraws her hand. The gazde, the outsiders, use that word, "gypsy," and they don't mean well by it. But ^{these two} these two have asked questions, listened politely, ^{he & Naomi}

why is Naomi ill, she is lying down?

who? Eva or Naomi?

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and taken notes. Too many notes. Why must the gadze write everything down? After all, the tape recorder is running.

She sits up again, to instruct them.

"Balwal," she says in her cracked old voice. "But say 'Romani,' not 'Gypsy,'" she adds, brushing back wisps of white hair with a shaking hand. "We are not Egyptians. Although 'Gypsy' is all right, if you spell it with a capital letter. Then it stands for a people and is not a slur." *(So the word can only be used in writing, not spoken?)* *(And then only with a capital letter?)*

The Naomi woman ^{asks} ~~says~~, *in surprise*, "You know about spelling, about capital letters? I thought the Gypsies — forgive me, Eva, the Romanies ~~of~~ of your generation did not learn to read and write."

Eva closes her eyes, struggling to find the words these gadze can understand.

"Many of my people shun schooling," she eventually acknowledges, with a weary sigh.

"They are afraid of spiritual pollution."

"Spiritual pollution?" asks the ~~pale~~ young man, whose name is Richard.

"They are afraid of contamination by outsiders," she says. "They are afraid that others'

ways will drain their spiritual energy, or damage them ~~in some way~~. And not just ~~in a~~ spiritually .

way Our people have reason, especially, to be suspicious of writing."

Shaking an arthritic finger, the better to make her point, she says, "The written word has harmed us."

Do these gadze understand what she means? Orders for deportation and violation and death? ~~Can they?~~ It is beyond anything they have ever known, safe in ~~this~~ America, in this hamlet near the big city, in this ~~small~~ stop on the eternal road. She touches her amulet of shells

Watch the word echo

Never

Nazi Perhaps mention Nazis here to solidify what she means

Where is it? Is it a necklace?

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for protection, even though she is so many years and an ocean away. One is shaped like a thunderbolt and has special power — although it came to her too late.

away from what? shall

what powers? protection?

“But I can read,” she tells them. “I learned to read in Auschwitz.” It’s a hard word to wrap her tongue around. It burns her mouth.

“In Auschwitz?” asks the college boy, Richard. “You learned to read in Auschwitz?” She can see his raised eyebrow — and can almost hear a raised eyebrow in his voice.

“Yes,” she says, frowning. His skepticism rankles. “In Auschwitz. A Jewish girl taught me my letters,” she adds. “Her name was Anne. In spite of everything, she, at least, ^{remained} was good at heart.”

(which alphabet? Hebrew?)

why? Remembering Anne?

Eva feels her mouth twist into a smile. It is an old mouth and she cannot always control it. Sometimes it says and does things it should not.

“Anne?” Naomi asks, rising from the chair beside Eva’s bed, her voice rising as well.

“Eva, do you mean...?”

the would she really jump right to the assumption it was Anne Frank?

Realizing what she’s hinted, Eva tries to take it back. “Do you think there was only one girl called Anne?” she says with a bitter smile. “There were hundreds, thousands.”

She had demanded to be interviewed in her bedroom, like a queen — it is a large room, a bed-sitting room taking up the top floor of the house that her long-dead ^{gabze} gadzo husband, Marty, had built just for her. ^{she} and now retreats under her bird-of-paradise quilt, ~~blazing with color,~~ stitched by her daughter-in-law Rosalie’s clever hands and arrayed on the bed for the visitors’ sake.

More this up in the story to establish setting sooner.

“Go away,” she says, her voice muffled. Though she is under the covers, she can sense the pair standing, tense, hesitant.

is her head under the covers? when did that happen?

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← Move this sentence to after she speaks.

“It would be my pleasure,” Naomi says. “What kind of pastries would you like?”

“The little snails.”

“I know ~~in~~ schnecken,” pale Richard says, in the language she hates.

- German?

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Eva does not answer, nor does she emerge from her covers.

“Leave the door open,” Naomi whispers as they make their way down the stairs. Eva is settled now, living in a house with her son and daughter-in-law, but oh, she misses the road.

Is the road part of her old life?

“I’ve been told they don’t like closed doors.”

“I don’t believe anything she says,” the college boy grumbles. “She’s just making up stories.”

Eva would send a curse his way but has not the strength. “Anne,” she says into her pillow when she can no longer hear them, or they her. “Anne.”

Remembering Anne has brought ~~her~~ ^{Eva} back to Auschwitz, with its burning and smoke, its terrible, terrible smell. “Please,” she cries, “Devla,” ~~as~~ as her people call o Del, God, when they speak to Him. ~~“I do not want to be here.”~~

So Devla is o Del who is God?

O Del answers, “You cannot have Anne without Auschwitz.”

“Then let me die now, in my bed.”

Why? So she can be with Anne w/o Auschwitz?

Washes read as interruptions or them sparingly

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“As you wish,” ^{he or is it capitalized because he is God?} He says ~~he~~ and shows her a glimpse of the next morning, with Rosalie wailing ^{after finding her} and she herself dead. Rosalie is not really her daughter-in-law, her bori, nor Emil her son, ~~nor~~ Luca her grandson, though she loves him more than a million tongues can tell, ~~but~~ they have been good to one another, a family, and she doesn’t want ^{to cause Rosalie sadness.} Rosalie to cry.

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^{Summer}
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Great Beginning! Fascinating premise.

Ed

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1. Eva

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- whose point of view is this supposed to be from?

Why does the story start with this?

- everyone actually knows everyone else's name, so no matter whose P.O.V. this is, we should know too

where and when is this?

I think the structure of the scene could be established earlier. The beautiful kind woman (Naomi) and the pale young man are interviewees. Eva.

who?

↳ but it's Eva who's lying down

- lack of detail: where, when
- setting?
- unnecessarily complicated

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thought the Gypsies — forgive me, Eva, the Romanies — of your generation did not learn to read and write.”

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“Many of my people shun schooling,” she eventually acknowledges, with a weary sigh.

“They are afraid of spiritual pollution.”

“Spiritual pollution?” asks the pale young man, whose name is Richard.

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Shaking an arthritic finger, the better to make her point, she says, “The written word has harmed us.”

Do these gadze understand what she means? Orders for deportation and violation and death? Can they? It is beyond anything they have ever known, safe in this America, in this hamlet near the big city, in this small stop on the eternal road. She touches her amulet of shells

so Eva is old

she sounds
whiny here:
how about a
memory of
m's treatment

insult?
slur.”

↳ she can tell he spoke it without a capital letter?

— Naomi know
about them, so
why make
mistakes?

we learn his name

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“In Auschwitz?” asks the college-boy Richard. “You learned to read in Auschwitz?” She can see his raised eyebrow — and can almost hear a raised eyebrow in his voice.

“Yes,” she says, frowning. His skepticism rankles. “In Auschwitz. A Jewish girl taught me my letters,” she adds. “Her name was Anne. In spite of everything, she, at least, was good at heart.”

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German

quote

lots of detail crammed in here

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"It would be my pleasure," Naomi says. "What kind of pastries would you like?"

"The little snails."

"I know — schnecken," pale Richard says, in the language she hates.

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"Leave the door open," Naomi whispers as they make their way down the stairs (Eva is settled now, living in a house with her son and daughter-in-law, but oh, she misses the road).

"I've been told they don't like closed doors." — *again, Naomi knows things; why insult her?* *Really in parentheses*

"I don't believe anything she says," the college boy grumbles. "She's just making up stories."

Eva would send a curse his way but has not the strength. "Anne," she says into her pillow when she can no longer hear them, or they her. "Anne."

Remembering Anne has brought her back to Auschwitz, with its burning and smoke, its terrible, terrible smell. "Please," she cries, "Devla" — as her people call o Del, God, when they speak to Him — "I do not want to be here."

Wait: she hates German why use the German name for the place?

O Del answers, "You cannot have Anne without Auschwitz."

"Then let me die now, in my bed."

I like having God as a character!
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Dave

FASCINATING -
THE CHARACTERS RING TRUE - THE BACK STORY
IS HINTED AT. I'M CURIOUS -

1. Eva

WILL
"My father had a horse named Wind," Eva tells the beautiful kind woman. "We children rode on his back or ran, barefoot, alongside him. We fed him grass and carrots, stolen from a farmer's field, and I liked the brush of his teeth when he ate from my hand."

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TOO MANY PROLOGUES TO KEEP THE CHARACTERS IN ORDER

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React to the slur comment.

The Naomi woman says, in surprise, “You know about spelling, about capital letters. I thought the Gypsies — forgive me, Eva, the Romanies — of your generation did not learn to read and write.”

Eva closes her eyes, struggling to find the words these gadze can understand.

“Many of my people shun schooling,” she eventually acknowledges, with a weary sigh. “They are afraid of spiritual pollution.”

“Spiritual pollution?” asks the pale young man, whose name is Richard.

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important

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POV CHANGE AUTHORITY

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POV CHANGE

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DEVOURING

Need to
STAY IN ENA'S Head

for protection, even though she is so many years and an ocean away. One is shaped like a
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me my letters,” she adds. “Her name was Anne. In spite of everything, she, at least, was good at
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“Eva, do you mean...?”

Realizing what she’s hinted, Eva tries to take it back. “Do you think there was only one
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She had demanded to be interviewed in her bedroom, like a queen — it is a large room, a
bed-sitting room taking up the top floor of the house that her long-dead gadzo husband, Marty,
had built just for her — and now retreats under her bird-of-paradise quilt, blazing with color,
stitched by her daughter-in-law Rosalie’s clever hands and arrayed on the bed for the visitors’
sake.

“Go away,” she says, her voice muffled. Though she is under the covers, she can sense
the pair standing, tense, hesitant.

EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING

“Can we come back, Eva? Tomorrow?” Naomi asks. “You have so much to tell us. We have so much to learn.”

Eva can almost taste her eagerness. It’s clear and sharp, like the vinegar Rosalie uses to clean windows. From under her covers, she says — there speaks that hasty mouth again, without her permission — “Bring some pastries.”

“It would be my pleasure,” Naomi says. “What kind of pastries would you like?”

“The little snails.”

“I know — schnecken,” pale Richard says, in the language she hates.

“Schnecken it is,” Naomi says. “We’ll be back tomorrow, Eva. With lots of pastries.”

Eva does not answer, nor does she emerge from her covers.

“Leave the door open,” Naomi whispers as they make their way down the stairs (Eva is settled now, living in a house with her son and daughter-in-law, but oh, she misses the road).

“I’ve been told they don’t like closed doors.”

“I don’t believe anything she says,” the college boy grumbles. “She’s just making up stories.”

Eva would send a curse his way but has not the strength. “Anne,” she says into her pillow when she can no longer hear them, or they her. “Anne.”

Remembering Anne has brought her back to Auschwitz, with its burning and smoke, its terrible, terrible smell. “Please,” she cries, “Devla” — as her people call o Del, God, when they speak to Him — “I do not want to be here.”

O Del answers, “You cannot have Anne without Auschwitz.”

“Then let me die now, in my bed.”

wonderful addition of
mystical & mysticism -

EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING

“As you wish,” He says — and shows her a glimpse of the next morning, with Rosalie wailing and she herself dead. Rosalie is not really her daughter-in-law, her bori, nor Emil her son (nor Luca her grandson, though she loves him more than a million tongues can tell), but they have been good to one another, a family, and she doesn’t want Rosalie to cry.

“Thank you for the vision,” she tells o Del. “I’ve changed my mind.”

“About Auschwitz?” He asks.

“No,” she says, “about dying. I’m not ready yet, Devla. Not yet. Not for dying and not for Auschwitz.”

His laugh is larger than mountains. “You shall have your pastries,” He says. “But you know that Auschwitz is waiting, when you are ready to remember — and ready to tell. And, my shey, my daughter, be grateful that they’ve come to ask; the time is short for telling.”

The season is on the cusp of change. It is cooler today, after yesterday’s warmth, and Rosalie hurries to take their coats and show the pair to Eva’s room. Richard, as yesterday, is in the uniform of the young, jeans and a T-shirt.

Terrific
The story & not switch
Needs to stay in Eva's head
Back & forth from EVA to author

Sue

EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - *THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING*

1. Eva

"My father had a horse named Wind," Eva tells the beautiful, kind woman. "We children rode on his back or ran, barefoot, alongside him. We fed him grass and carrots, stolen from a farmer's field, and I liked the brush of his teeth when he ate from my hand."

Commented [s1]: I took out commas here. In this case, I think the author has some play with that. My note is that it definitely affects how the reader reads the sentence.

Sighing, she adds, "When he died, from a cloud in the lungs that my father could not heal, we cut him into four parts, crying, and buried him facing north, south, east, west. That way, my father said, he would learn of our hour of need, wherever we were, and come to us."

Eva lies back against her pillows, spent from remembering.

"Wind," murmurs the beautiful, kind woman, taking Eva's hand. "A lovely name for a horse."

Commented [s2]: I was a little confused at the beginning. I had a hard time understanding who was Eva and who was the beautiful, kind woman. I had to re-read the beginning a couple of times. I think adding a line or two of setting at the beginning would help with this

Formatted: Highlight

The afternoon light, streaming through the high windows, illumines her ~~see note-not sure~~ at first who "her" is] finely-drawn features, and Eva can read them, like lines on a palm.

Commented [s3]: I don't understand what this means.

Formatted: Highlight

Her name is Naomi. An official of the Oral History Project, she has been ill — but is no longer?

Eva keeps her insights and questions to herself.

Commented [s4]: Confusing phrase

The pale young man, the project's college student intern, looks up from scribbling in his notebook. "What is the gypsy word for wind?" he asks.

Eva's eyes narrow and she withdraws her hand. The gadze- the outsiders- use that word, "gypsy," and they don't mean well by it. But these two have asked questions, listened

- ① make up setting
- ② (Ed+Sue) more sympathetic
- ③ technicals
- ④ good premise

EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - *THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING*

politely, and taken notes. Too many notes. Why must the gadze write everything down? After all, the tape recorder is running.

She sits up again, to instruct them.

“‘Balwal,’” she says in her cracked old voice. “But say ‘Romani,’ not ‘Gypsy,’” she adds, brushing back wisps of white hair with a shaking hand. “We are not Egyptians. Although ‘Gypsy’ is all right, if you spell it with a capital letter. Then it stands for a people, **and is** not a slur.”

The Naomi woman says, in surprise, “You know about spelling, about capital letters. I thought the Gypsies — forgive me, Eva, the Romanics — of your generation did not learn to read and write.”

Eva closes her eyes, struggling to find the words these gadze can understand.

“Many of my people shun schooling,” she eventually acknowledges, with a weary sigh. “They are afraid of spiritual pollution.”

“Spiritual pollution?” asks the pale young man, whose name is Richard.

“They are afraid of contamination by outsiders,” **she Eva** says. “They are afraid that others’ ways will drain their spiritual energy, or damage them in some way. And not just in a spiritual way. Our people have reason, especially, to be suspicious of writing.”

Shaking an arthritic finger, the better to make her point, she says, “The written word has harmed us.”

Do these gadze understand what she means? Orders for deportation and violation and death? Can they? It is beyond anything they have ever known, safe in this America, in this hamlet near the big city, in this small stop on the eternal road. She touches her amulet of shells

Commented [s5]: Instead of telling us “in surprise” — show us. Maybe she raises her eyebrows or puts her pen down and stares before speaking.

Commented [s6]: Is Eva insulted by this?

Commented [s7]: Tell us his name when he is first introduced on the previous page.

Formatted: Indent: First line: 0"

EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - *THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING*

for protection, even though she is so many years and an ocean away. One is shaped like a thunderbolt and has special power — although it came to her too late.

Commented [s8]: A necklace?

“But I can read,” she tells them. “I learned to read in Auschwitz.” It’s a hard word to wrap her tongue around. It burns her mouth.

“In Auschwitz?” asks the college-boy Richard. “You learned to read in Auschwitz?” She ^{the expression} can see his raised eyebrow — and can almost hear a raised eyebrow in his voice.

Commented [s9]: Because it’s hard to pronounce, or because of the feelings it provokes? In my opinion, there should always be reaction around the mention of Auschwitz. Either her body freezes, or she becomes quiet, or she feels angry...something.

“Yes,” she says, frowning. His skepticism rankles. “In Auschwitz. A Jewish girl taught me my letters,” she adds. “Her name was Anne. In spite of everything, she, at least, was good at heart.”

Commented [s10]: Because there’s another woman in the room, I think you should specify “Eva.”

Eva feels her mouth twist into a smile. It is an old mouth and she cannot always control it. Sometimes it says and does things it should not.

“Anne?” Naomi asks, rising from the chair beside Eva’s bed, her voice rising as well. “Eva, do you mean...?” ^{good physical tag}

Commented [s11]: Don’t put this sentence here. The sentence after should follow immediately from the “Her name was Anne...” sentence to have the greatest impact.

Realizing what she’s hinted, Eva tries to take it back. “Do you think there was only one girl called Anne?” she says with a bitter smile. “There were hundreds, thousands.”

Commented [s12]: good

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“Then let me die now, in my bed.”

Commented [s13]: I wouldn't write "pale," since she can't see him while he's under the covers.

Commented [s14]: How can Eva, an old woman, hear them from under the covers when they're retreating down the stairs?

EPISODE 14: LITERARY NOVEL EXCERPT - *THE TELLING: A NOVEL OF THE GREAT DEVOURING*

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good premise - gypsy in Holocaust
not enough sympathy