

NOVEL CRITIQUE BY SIMON FOR JH TEFRY:

DATE: 3/4/2010

Strong points of the material. I was impressed by the poetic intensity of the author's words. (Ex: "The sun is limp in the eastern window, between the blinds. It has been floating around my room for so long that my teeth can feel it swirling around them, liquidly, milky...") The writing felt like a ~~series~~^{series} of dream images, images in which the author conveyed feelings ^{of} being lost and adrift. In the beginning, the narrator states, "I need to take ahold of something. I have my eyes open, but nothing retains." This impression of hopelessness weaves its way throughout the chapter, as I, the reader, grasped at complexly woven images but was unable to hold onto them. The writing felt like a dream to me, but like a dream, it was difficult for me to relate the scenes ~~by~~^{to} one another or to link the impressions which each unique paragraph gave to me.

I feel the author has a striking gift for the creation of poetic images and scenes. But as a story, or as a chapter in a story, I felt a lack of plot and action. I would have liked the story to be told to me as a combination of poetry and action, creative description woven into the life of a character or characters who are moving towards a goal or a destiny, or who are taking some sort of action to resolve the conflicts ~~they~~^{they} feel within themselves.

In the last paragraph, the narrator says, "I need to set aside a day that makes a nick in my life that others will fall into. How do I do that?" In essence, this is the question the author as storyteller is asking himself: How do I create a story that ~~reads~~^{reads} moves me and that others will be able to relate to as well? The answer lies, I believe, in simplifying things. Creating a story with a character that makes choices and takes action. Within this story, and subservient to it, and thereby elevating it, the author will find himself weaving the poetry and emotion he knows and loves so well. Together, the two forces, the action and the poetry, will be able to create powerful drama that will move us, the story's readers.

I need to take ahold of something. The sun is limp in the eastern window, between the blinds. It has been floating around my room for so long that my teeth can feel it swirling around them, liquidly, milky, sending me back into sleep and rising me back through itself every so often to think about rolling over, readjusting the pillows, or counting the shades of paint bruises on the wall. I will lay here and the light wont change. It will get dark then later again will get light. It wont change color. When it is barely light and the brick wall outside my window is silver, I can almost see through it. It would continue the color of the sky, and my room is silver. It is damp for a moment at sunrise and then becomes desert dry. In those silver seconds I have my eyes open but nothing retains. Images wander.