

Ouachita Baptist University

## Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

---

Scholars Day Conference

Virtual Scholars Day 2020

---

May 1st, 12:00 AM - 12:00 AM

### Editing the Editor

Adeline Goodman

*Ouachita Baptist University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/scholars\\_day\\_conference](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/scholars_day_conference)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

---

Goodman, Adeline, "Editing the Editor" (2020). *Scholars Day Conference*. 5.

[https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/scholars\\_day\\_conference/2020/honors\\_theses/5](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/scholars_day_conference/2020/honors_theses/5)

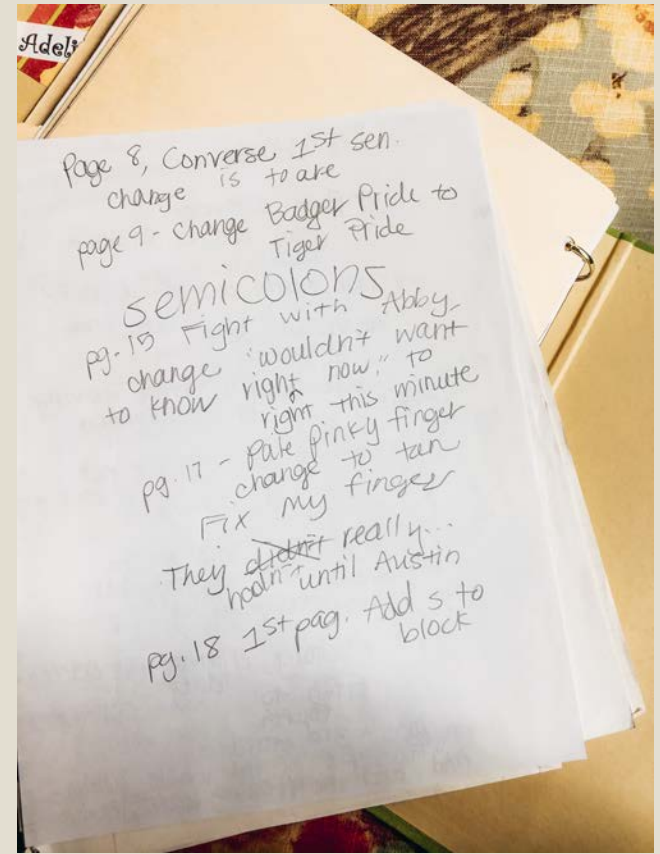
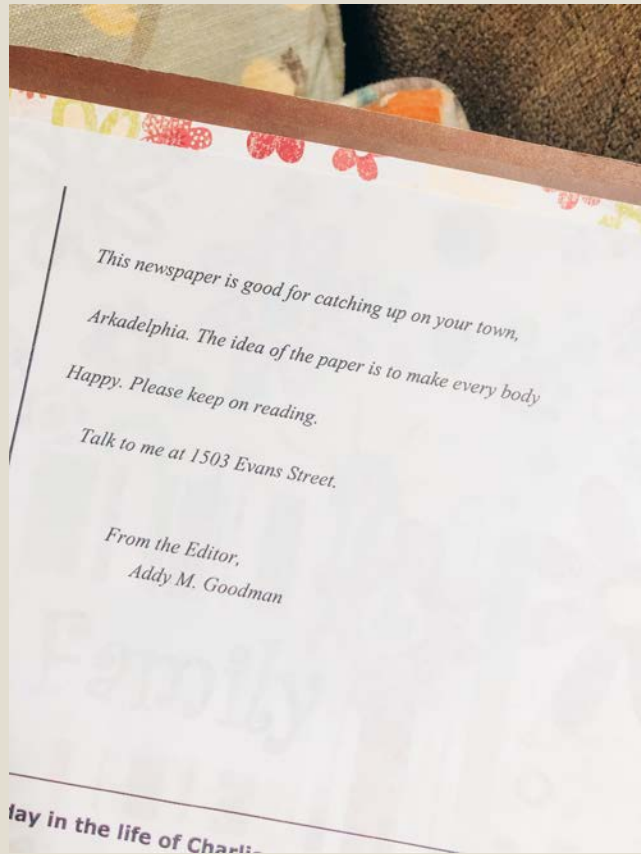
This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Carl Goodson Honors Program at Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. It has been accepted for inclusion in Scholars Day Conference by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. For more information, please contact [mortensona@obu.edu](mailto:mortensona@obu.edu).



# EDITING THE EDITOR

*A Senior Thesis by Adeline Goodman*

# The story behind the work...





# *Then*

In the eighth grade, I was given the opportunity to write, edit, and publish a book in my English class. This is the project that inspired me to pursue writing when I got older.



DUE: 1/09/13

## Concept Form

Author Iddy Goodman

Book Title Jane

Genre Historical Fiction

25  
23

### Brief Description

Set in 1911, Jane just came of age, now to be presented at court in order to be introduced to an eligible young man, perverably a future earl of an estate. Her sister, Katharine, is ten years old and desires to be older like Jane. Her brother Charlie, marries an American heiress from New York.

What will be or cause the "tension?"

around in my seat to catch a glimpse of Alice. The townspeople waved <sup>freshly painted</sup> banners and cheered at the progression of cars, All <sup>they all wore their</sup> the <sup>children in</sup> <sup>bright white</sup> <sup>frocks, the</sup> <sup>women in tiny</sup> <sup>feathered hats,</sup> <sup>and the men in</sup> <sup>tailored tweed</sup> <sup>and the jackets.</sup> while, Alice sat perfectly still, her face beaming. Mother and Father waved at the

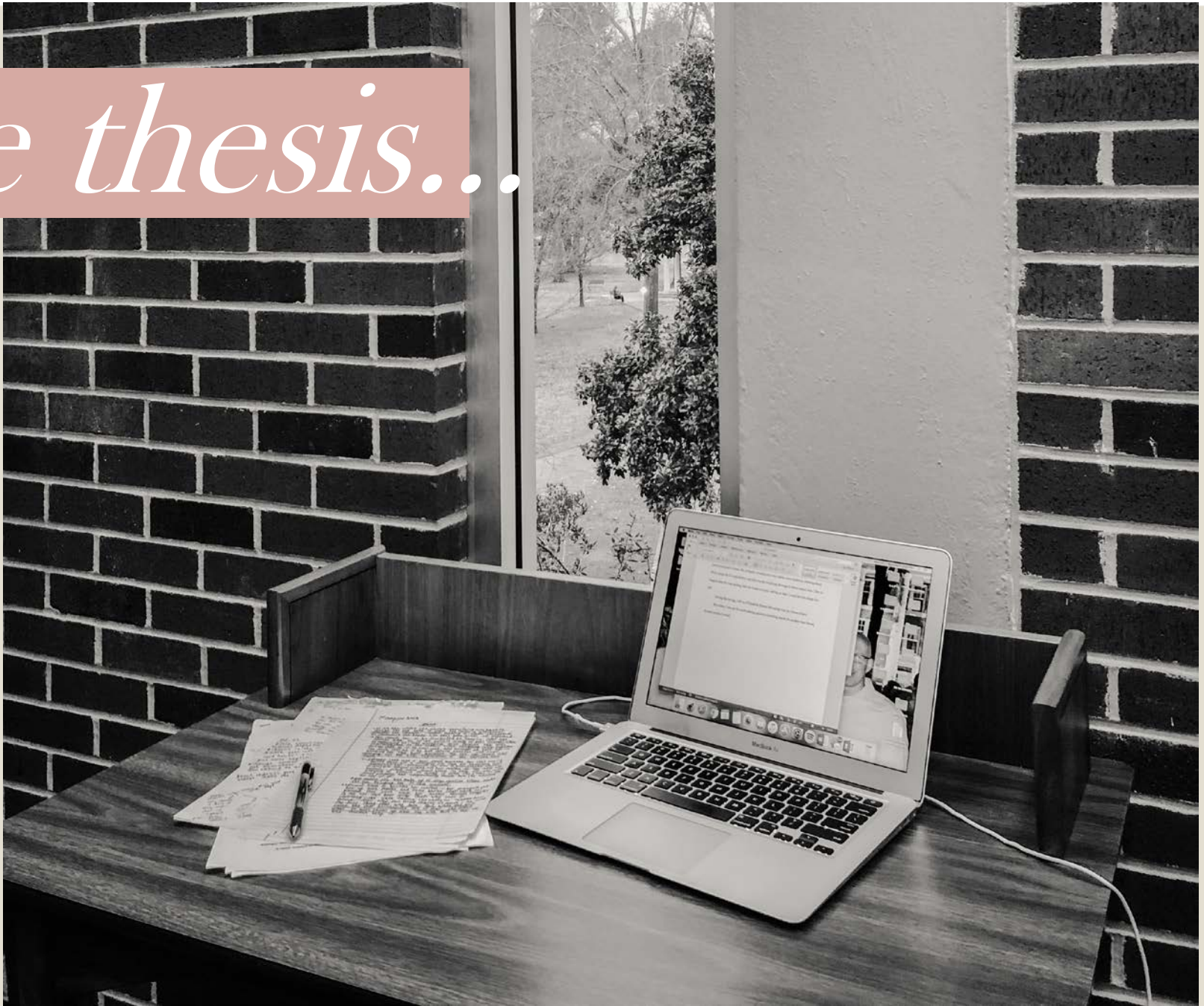
people as we drew closer to the church, I saw a group of children with scuffed shoes and ruffled socks, handmade The <sup>kites</sup> <sup>flying</sup> <sup>over their</sup> <sup>heads.</sup> cheers grew into roars of and praise when the cars pulled up to

the towering front doors of the chapel. The footman jumped out of his seat and pulled the door open. Mother and Father stepped out, careful not to slip on the rocks.

"My dear Jane, you'll be at your own wedding before you know it." Father held my hand as I stepped out.



# *The thesis...*





# "Kicks in the Chin"

pg. 116 — I said Andrew

## Major Things

### Character Development

\* Differentiate between Jane and Kate: they are unrecognizable.

→ servant interest — what's her role?

- Ending**  
**the choices on**  
**Chapters**  
**cut**
- \* DIVE INTO JANE — why does Philip think she's interesting? She literally has done nothing — what is Jane's inner turmoil? So many things don't match... she wants to stay at Highland, but she doesn't enjoy the customs of it. (like complaining about the dresses yet admiring hers!) → she's at a breaking point — nostalgic for her childhood, yet fearful of leaving. why?
  - \* Give Philip depth, why does Jane immediately feel drawn to him. There has to be something about him that draws her to him.
  - CAN'T IMMEDIATELY be romantic. They don't know each other yet for heaven's sake! We need to see more of their relationship so it's believable
  - \* Confused by Mother. so many conflicting scenes, varying attitudes toward her.
  - ↳ Mother could shift to extreme and then that would give way for more opportunity for me. Brought on to have purpose
  - \* More contemplative + developing scenes — give the readers insight!
  - \* Does the narrator need always be Jane?
  - \* Her relationship w/ Charlie. doesn't make sense now. (pg. 103)
  - \* pg. 114 — what does that even mean?

## Chapter Notes

### Jane

At an age where she knows everything will have to change. she will have to take the steps in whichever direction she chooses — either making a name for herself or continuing the happy life she's been given at Highland.

→ This causes her to be frustrated at Charlie (who has always been 1/3 of the multi-trinity of best friends) when he announced he was marrying Alice. Because this was something they, as the eldest, were struggling with together. And she feels as if he was rash and because he left her in the dark, felt as if he had chosen another life over knowing her. This hurt because the life she loved was changing w/o her say, regardless of the choices she made.

↳ maybe Leah was a new maid because her last maid moved away got a secretary job. Then Mr. Hamilton had announced his retirement he was a grandfather figure to her. Her mother picked out her clothes for her and her smiters... while Jane found home in this life, she was grasping at straws to make it stay the same so she could properly and independently decide how she wanted her life to go.

\* Her entire life was made up of tiny choices others made for her, bringing her to this moment.

↳ Don't want to become her mother — her parents set her up with Robert, and Jane knows that while her parents love each other, her mother always struggles in the life she'd been given. That's why she's so controlling — she likes calling the shots, no matter how small. Also why she loved Charlie so much; he was the first thing that was hers. But when the girls came, she felt disconnected out of fear... she didn't want to miss them up like she was. But in this life... she couldn't help it.

① Addie,  
 In French criticism, there is a stair motif: if a character is standing in the middle of a staircase, then she shows indecision. For example, in the 1<sup>st</sup> season, last episode of Maddie, the wife leaves, she leaves with her husband sitting in the middle of the staircase. That's the final shot.

① stood by the staircase, alone.  
 The air was still. The smell of day old red roses permeated the familiar smell of the old house. The only sound to be heard was a faint and muffled laugh coming from below in the servant's quarters.  
 I wondered what they were laughing at. Perhaps the cook dropped something again. Or maybe the new footman flirted with Leah despite her obvious unattraction. There were so many reasons why they could have been laughing, yet I knew I would never know.

I shifted my weight to the other foot, eyeing the red velvet couch sitting so welcomingly against the wall. I subconsciously felt myself begin to make my way over to the cushioned rest, but I heard clicks from the top of the stairs, making me stop mid-footstep. I immediately straightened my back and smoothed my skirt down.

"Jane?" whispered a soft voice, ~~but~~ I knew only to belong to Kate. My shoulders dropped, and I sighed.

Oh, Kate. My sister, my playmate, my friend. She was younger in age, but older in wisdom, or at least that was what I always told her. I was five years her senior, but I never noticed any age difference. I never really noticed any difference between any of us Kensington children... Charlie, Kate, and myself.

We were one and the same.

And yet, this day still arrived.

→ The day one of us abandoned the others. So much better than announcing the wedding at once!

"Yes, Kate?" I began to walk up the stairs. Kate, despite her nagging desire to be a proper lady at the age of thirteen, was always finding a way to snag her ladyship. Once, she had ripped an entire dress straight down the middle, exposing her shift in front of over twenty houseguests one snowy Christmas Eve. She also had nearly caught her hair ribbons on fire with a candle as she tried a dramatic head flip (over dinner to prove a point.)

"I believe I've made a problem."

I reached her at the top of the stairs and took in what seemed to be a flower crown of a catastrophe.

"Come now, let's get you fixed up before Mother sees," I said with a smile, guiding her down the hall and into my room. My bed was made, my windows drawn, and my dresser straightened. My maid Leah wouldn't be back up to the living quarters until after the wedding service, so I knew we wouldn't be interrupted.

Kate sat down on my dressing stool in front of the tall mirror standing in the corner of the room. She folded the green fluffy pleats of her dress onto her lap and sighed. "I thought the floral tiara didn't match everything else. It made me look like a child."

"You are a child, though." I pulled the pristine white gloves off my hands, one finger at a time, attempting to maintain the smooth fabric Leah worked so hard on steaming this morning. I paused and glanced at Kate's reflection in the mirror, studying her eyes for a reaction.

She was still. Pouting. Her eyes were fixed on the pearls sewed to the hem of her dress. I went back to work. Her hair was soft to my touch, curly and the color of creamy cocoa during the holidays. Pieces of stray leaves and tips of petals were woven deep into her mane, almost as if she had been born that way. A sort of garden fairy child.

"Kate, I do agree. No thirteen-year-old lady should have to attend her brother's wedding with a garden on her head." I wanted to extend my empathy, let her know I was on her side. I

② go through your manuscript to cross out adjectives and adverbs. Based on them from ACTIONS.

Excellent actions to slow tone!

③ You could put your wedding like that if it was a funeral?

Nice!

→ lost earrings

The tea was cold. It was a murky brown, which struck me as odd ~~against the white fine-~~  
china it rested in. I had always enjoyed morning tea...but it was the warmth I found comfort in.  
It never had arrived so lukewarm, so I suppose I'd never really tasted tea for tea's sake until this morning.

This dreadful morning, I closed my eyes.

My plate was decorated with jam slathered crumpets, a cup of steamy poached eggs. All things my older brother Charlie had always swooned over. My Kate and I followed suit, claiming to enjoy all that he claimed first. Therefore, it downstairs would have probably assumed this was the Dawson children's favorite meal.

As soon as I opened my eyes and glanced at the cold tea and the plate of before me, I felt a tinge of queasiness. Charlie had already eaten apparently...that had been the reason for the cold tea. The maids must have brought it up earlier than upset by any means; the problem was that only hot tea sounded appetizing at the time. I picked up my fork and cut lines in the egg until it was completely burst.

"Jane."

I looked up and carefully slid my fork onto the plate. My father peered at the newspaper. The paper was inky, and I could see where Mr. Hamilton, our butler a moment too long. Dark letters spelled out the date of yesterday's paper, April 1910. The words were terribly small, so Father's spectacles edging on the end of his nose were fitting.

Random  
Traces?

add a detail from paper (an ad perhaps?) could use it for her to be childish (cloudy, gum, etc)

began patting my dress. I could feel her hands shaking and beads of sweat forming on her forehead and upper lip.

"What is your name?" I asked, motioning her back.

She threw her hands behind her back and jumped back. "I...I...my name is Rose, milady. I started here at the start of the month. I've only served three times. I still am working on my balancing."

I pushed my chair back and stepped toward her. "Rose, there is no reason to be all up in a tizzy. Mr. Hamilton will tend to this. For now, I'm going to go freshen up. You just begin picking up the dishes from breakfast. I'll be sure nothing happens on your behalf." I touched her elbow, trying to comfort her.

She avoided eye contact and nodded quickly. "Yes ma'am." She broke the conversation by hurrying to my place setting and gathering the silverware.

As I left the dining room, I tried to think of how I could fix the issue at hand.

→ go into exploring her relationship w Charlie. A memory perhaps. "when she had been here..." "feeling chilled by the spid by the top of stairs" brings us back

→ trying to be useful

Advice needs to gush more "American child"

Jane has. I'm literally thinking maybe just add like a word or two. She's also at the bottom of the staircase so maybe you could mention that)

The air was still. The smell of day old red roses permeated the familiar smell of the (my old house. The only sound to be heard was a faint and muffled laugh coming from below, servant's quarters. (I love the tempo of this part. Its short and choppy. It explains how she g at the moment—anticipatory and kind of annoyed.)

I wondered what they were laughing at. Perhaps the cook dropped something again. Or the new footman flirted with Leah (Maybe go ahead and say just say "my maid") despite obvious unattraction. (After reading the first chapter, I come back to this part where Jane is Leah as unattractive. It just doesn't seem like Jane! Maybe I'm wrong.) There were so many reasons why they could have been laughing, yet I knew I would never know. (But does she are to know?)

I shifted my weight to the other foot, eyeing the red velvet couch sitting so welcomingly against the wall. (What room is this... the living room? Parlor? I love the red inference. The day of passion (wedding) and frustration about the wedding. Lovely color psychology) I unconsciously (I think maybe you could say naturally or something; if it's in the subconscious I't feel it) felt myself begin to make my way over to the cushioned rest, but I heard clicks (heels maybe? Maybe here you can begin to research what people wore in the 1920's. end of shoes?) from the top of the stairs, making me stop mid-footstep. I immediately turned around and smoothed my skirt down. (What Kind of Skirt) Give me those fashion tips. "My red leather skirt" lol but you get what I mean



# *What I learned...*

- Editing is more than the black-and-white. It is everything in between – revision, rewriting, honesty and self-criticism – not just the occasional adjustment of a comma.
- Editing and writing as creative work is hard, but a good editor and author should continually pursue learning how to produce inspired work, even on a deadline. This includes knowing how I work best, where I work best, and what to find inspiration in. I am inspired by how my father, David Goodman, does this as a florist.
- So much of writing itself comes from the experiences, conversations, relationships, and growth a writer is given throughout their lifetime. My writing is inspired by what I've lived and who I've loved. This means I can only get better!



*now to revisit jane...*

ay

ABOUT YOU

