

Ann's Historical Fiction

08/25/23

Progress on edits and beta reads

*Thanks to all who have
volunteered*

Thank you everyone who has offered to beta read one of my novels. I am truly appreciative. If you have offered, and not yet received a novel to read, that's because I started looking it over and realized it needed a lot of work. I'll keep you posted.

Regarding that need to rewrite, I have learned a lot in this editing/beta read phase. The first thing I've learned is that even my second drafts are pretty dreadful. In some cases, it's just a matter of having learned a lot more about what constitutes good writing. It's not that my writing was (all) awful—it just broke too many of the accepted that are currently in vogue.

Then there are the other novels. These also broke the rules, but also need fairly drastic changes to the basic storylines. It's amazing what one learns rereading one's own work. If I find it boring, it's a pretty good chance that others will, too.

For my fellow writers, I am happy to return the favor. It may just take a while for me to get your novel read.



How you received this

Using Mailster

I discovered the Mailster app working with the nonprofit Chemists Without Borders. Check them out at chemistswithoutborders.org

I decided to adopt Mailster for these newsletters for two reasons: 1) it makes it easier for you, the recipient, to unsubscribe if you wish to; and 2) I wanted to better automate the process so I could spend more time writing and working with my nonprofit and CWB.

Please let me know what you think. And if you are interested, I can talk to you about what I have learned using Mailster. I am not in any way paid by that company to make these comments.

Genre: Historical fiction, with a bit of fantasy thrown in for good measure.

Veracini and the Jacobites

Once considered one of the best violinists in Italy, Francesco Maria Veracini, born in 1690, led a colorful, if not happy life. He was despised by his fellow musicians. He married but left his wife in Italy while he lived in London. They had no children, and she died during his first stay in England.

In Dresden, earlier in his career, the other members of his orchestra set him up in a prank. In one version of the story, they suggested he enter a contest to determine the best violinist and put him up against a relative nobody—someone new to the orchestra. The judges were in on it and ruled that the new man was the better violinist. At a party afterward, they confronted Veracini. Instead of facing them, he jumped out of an upper story window. He walked with a limp for the rest of his life.

Sometime in 1745 or a bit later, Veracini, leaving London, survived a shipwreck. In the process he lost two Stainer violins, considered quite valuable at that time.

That last fact alone would not be interesting, were it not for these two others. The first is that the last Jacobite uprising occurred from August 1745 to April 1746. The second is that Veracini left all his money to an English woman.

It's entirely possible that these facts are unrelated. In my story, though, they are. A good friend said she would beta read this novel, and I am in the process of fixing it up to get ready for that.

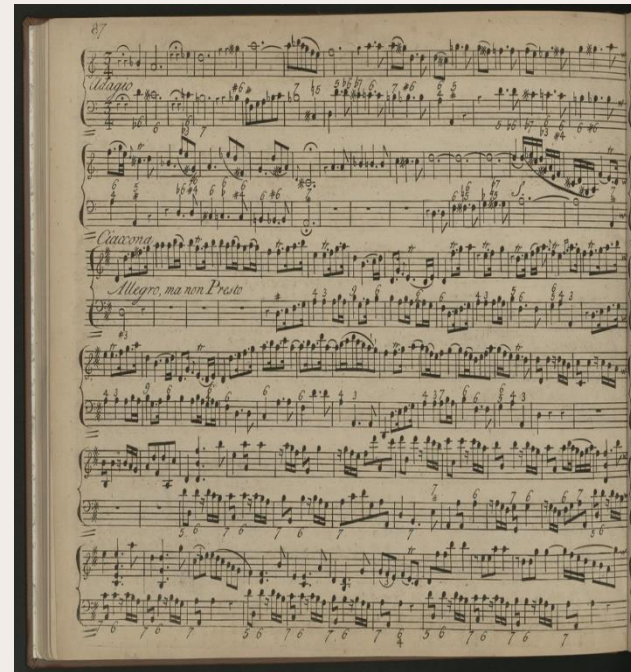
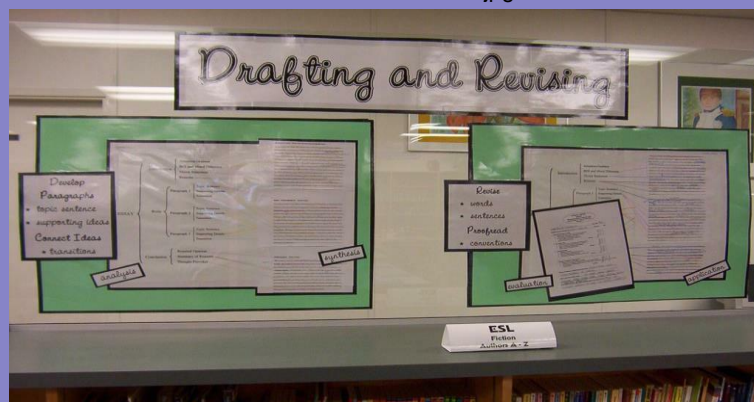


Photo credit:
<https://cdn4.picryl.com/photo/2015/11/25/sonate-academiche-a-violono-sole-e-basso-deicate-alla>

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Music notes: happy about a lament

Playing by ear

I have learned all the classical music I play by reading the notes on the sheet music—sight reading. Playing traditional Irish music is different. While it is possible to sight read, known as using the dots, it's not the preferred method. One doesn't get the feel of the music with just the dots. In addition, sight reading and learning by ear use two different parts of the brain. It makes a difference.

Traditional Irish music is also typically played in sessions, usually in a pub. People playing different instruments sit in a (rough) circle, taking turns leading tunes. It's really fun and I am honored to play and be friends with so many talented people.

During the pandemic, the people I typically played with held sessions outside, and, once we felt a bit safer, in people's homes if the weather was bad. We still play outside when we can.

At a session I went to recently, they played a beautiful lament I had never heard before. I texted my teacher (the one leading that tune) right away asking if he would teach me the tune. It's been about three months, but I now know it.

It's the Lament of the First Generation, by Liz Carroll. Here's a [link to her playing it with Steve Cooney](#).

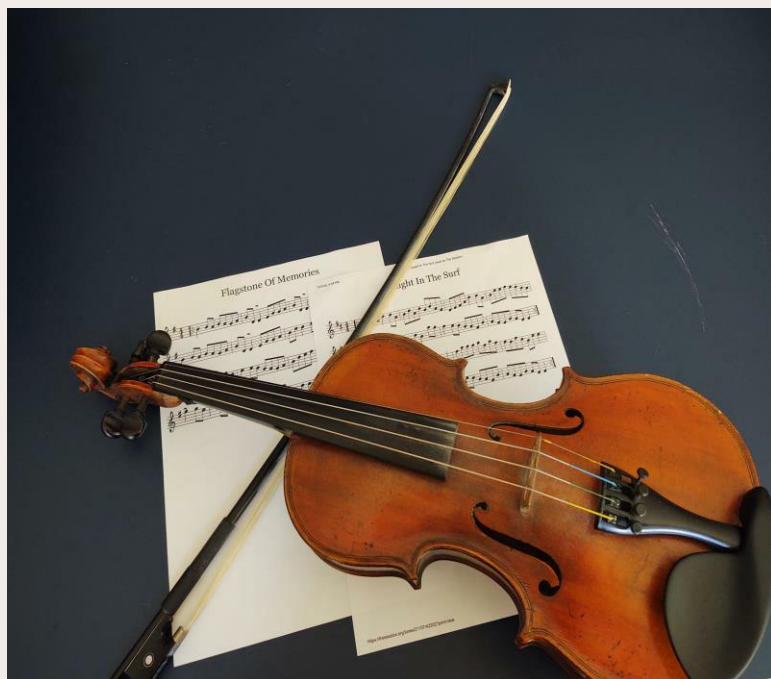


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