An

Introduction

to

Literature (۱)

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An Introduction to Literature (١)
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A NOTE TO TEACHERS AND INSTRUCTORS

The book in hand called "An Introduction to Literature (١)" is intended to be a self-study book initially for a two credit course of the same title. It is written for the students of English Language and Literature, of Translation and of other concerned branches of major courses. Nevertheless, the public who are interested in studying Literature (fiction) may also benefit from it.

Instructors may follow their own part-arrangement of the book according to page number or parts division in order to cover the whole instructed pages of the book within the allowed sessions. In Payame Noor University, where general and frequent number of classes are reduced to fewer sessions, instructors should arrange their teaching sessions to cover the book appropriately. They can fix the length of the book's segments to apportioned time. This can help them to have planned time and session for the whole book to be covered.

As the stories are short, teachers can instruct students to read two to three stories for each attending session. Then they could avail from the book and progress in their course study during the term sessions. Their instruction can make the students take part in classes to analyze, discuss and explain their opinions about what they have read. In each class different story elements can be chosen, explained and applied to the related stories.

Instructors can concentrate on the main structural components of the short story such as theme, plot, character, characterization,

etting, etc. Making students actively participate in the sessions will develop their practical presence and intellectual activities in the academic course. Instructors may fix their instructed sessions and subjects, and explain points and items. They should ask the students to prepare themselves to sit for examination on the whole pages of the book except those omitted or exempted.

GUIDANCE AND INSTRUCTIONS TO STUDENTS

This nine-chapter self-study text is only for the two-credit course of the university subject called "An Introduction to Literature (١)."

The students who would take this course are expected to have passed the basic courses of Reading Comprehension, one to three, Grammar and Writing, one to two, Study Skills, and also Conversation, one to two, in the English Language and Literature, Teaching, and Translation (English majors). This means the level of the book would be most useful to those students who have uplifted themselves to intermediate and upper intermediate levels. This instruction is to interest and teach students some primary blocks of literature in its fictional and (in a lesser extent) dramatic forms. It gives useful definitions of the terminology of Fiction and relevant concepts. With fundamental concepts and explanations followed by one or more stories, represented also with analysis, each part deals with one particular element of fiction.

Students should read each line, paragraph, and part of the chapters carefully, in whatever times necessary, in order to grasp its meaning and intention. Each chapter includes definitions of some technical terms, explanation, example stories, analyses, and questions.

Students are to read and practice on each chapter according to the course instructor and participate in class or group exercises. Besides, they are strongly advised to get and read the sources introduced in the bibliography. These sources will enable them to check knowledge and information in a wider and deeper extent

indeed. The bibliography is not only for the material presented herein this book, but also for further study.

It is also necessary for the students of Payame Noor University to attend their classes in which they will have a chance to become familiar with the methods, procedures, and processes of Payame Noor University examination.

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Belghis Roshan

Chapter One

INTRODUCTION

General Objectives

This chapter is to introduce primary meanings of literature. It is always a question of some students of literature whether it has any meaningful place in the brain and reason-based fields of study at universities. This chapter approaches some basic definitions of literature and hints at its certain signs. Besides, it is designated to give some fundamental and general insight to literature and its universal aspects.

Behavioural objectives

After reading this chapter, you are expected to:

١) Become more familiar with the basic features of literature.

٢) Be familiar with different types of literary creation and practices or literary genres.

٣) Understand aspects, forms and functions of literature.

٤) Be familiar with the terminology of fiction.

٥) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Drama: The form of composition designed for performance in the theatre, in which actors take the roles of the characters, perform the indicated actions, and utter the written dialogue.

Elegy: A formal, and usually, long, poetic lament for someone who is dead.

Epic: An epic is a long narrative poem, on a grand scale, about the deeds of warriors and heroes. It is a "heroic" story incorporating myth, legend, folktale, and history. Epics are often of national significance in the sense that they embody the history and aspirations of a nation in a lofty or grandiose manner.

Genre: A French term for a kind, a literary type or class.

Lyric: In the most common use of the term, a lyric is any fairly short poem, consisting of the utterance by a single speaker, who expresses a state of mind or a process of perception, thought, and feeling. Many lyric speakers represented as musing in solitude.

Novel: The term "novel" is now applied to a great variety of writings that have in common only the attribute of being extended works of fiction written in prose. As an extended narrative, the novel is distinguished from the short story; because its magnitude permits a greater variety of characters, greater complication of plot (or plots).

Novelette: A work of fiction shorter than a novel but longer than a short story.

Ode: A long lyric poem that is serious in subject and treatment, elevated in style, and elaborate in its structure.

Pastoral: A deliberately conventional poem expressing an urban poet's nostalgic image of the peace and simplicity of the life of shepherds and other rural folk in an idealized natural setting.

Short Story, The: A short story is a brief work of prose fiction, and most of the terms for analyzing the component elements, the types, and the various narrative techniques of the *novel* are applicable to the short story as well. The short story, like the novel, organizes the action, thought, and dialogue of its characters into the artful pattern of a plot. The story is presented to us from one of many available *points of view.*

Sonnet: A lyric poem consisting of fourteen lines.

Tragedy: The term is broadly applied to literary, and especially to dramatic representations of serious and important actions which eventuate in a disastrous conclusion for the protagonist, or chief character. More precise and detailed discussions of the tragic form properly begin — although they should not end — with Aristotle's classic analysis in the *Poetics* (fourth century B.C.).

INTRODUCTION

> ***A vague term which usually denotes the works which belong to the major genres: epic, drama, lyric, novel, short story, ode. If we describe something as 'literature', as opposed to anything else, the term carries with it qualitative connotations which imply that the work in question has superior qualities; that it is well above the ordinary run of written works.***
>
> ***J. A. Cuddon(١٩٧٩: ٣٦٥)***

Literature itself does not have representation in one mere form or genre. So, it has different branches like an old-rooted tree. Literature is multiplied into offsprings of various genres, i.e. to different classes of works, and each of them has its own particular characteristics.

It is under the particular classification of literary genres that 'literature' is usually defined and understood. Works that are grouped to the short story, novel, sonnet, lyric, ode, drama, epic, etc. signify literature and its meaning. However, literature is, as it means to all, as a kind of knowledge anyway. What we mean by literature is something deep and broad that is connected to Man's life and experiences. It is one of the main stores of human knowledge and mental activities. Literature, as Watts Dunton puts it about poetry, is not only an artistic expression of human mind but also a sense-based cognition of human experiences. Literature is the imaginative representation of man's experimental and emotional touches to himself, to life, and to the world.

Literary Genres (Literary Types)

Forms in the realm of literature are to represent different mental activities, experiences, responses and subject matters within that realm. Classes of imaginative creation in literature have various forms

and mechanisms. From classical and ancient times three dominant kinds, Lyric, Epic and Drama, are well known. These three main streams of literary experiences have been multiplied into several more genres.

As you have noticed the grouping of literary types is due to some factors such as technique, sometimes subject matter and also form. However, traditionally tragedy and comedy are classified under Drama while Epic is itself a literary genre alone.

Modern Classification of Literary Genres

At present, there exists some particularization. A division of literature into varieties of literary types are Novel, Novella Radio-play, T.V. play, the Short Story, Novelette, Elegy, Lyric, Sonnet, Pastoral Elegy, Pastoral song, etc. However, it is important to emphasize here that within the division of each type there exists a more distinctive division. Take Novel as an instance. According to subject matter and main approach of the genre it is sub-divided to: Novel of soil, Novel of sensibility, Novel of manner, Novel of idea, and Novel of Ideology, Historical Novel, Autobiographical Novel, etc. Instantly novel of the soil is a particular type of novel interested in lives and experiences of people who struggle for existence in far away rural areas; or novel of ideas and of ideology which represent experiences and plots that are indoctrinated by particular political or ideological trends.

Words, imagery, and imagination are certain means of literature all of which represent and contribute to yield a sort of image of the cosmos (man, man's experiences and life). The meaning of life and experience should be represented in literature. It should be made credible, concrete and representative. The knowledge, the experience, and the representation of literature in its any recognized forms should say something that cannot be said in any other way or form. Everything it says in words and in forms means something.

We have focused on fiction, here specifically the short story, a compressed, concentrated and fully recognized literary type of practice which is above all a natural literary genre. The great authors and literary men of the world such as Tolstoy, Flaubert, Anton Chekhov, Hemingway, Hawthorn, Borges, Maxim Gorki, O'Henry, Maupassant, Kafka, Sartre and many more like Frank O'Connor, pioneered in this genre.

Nevertheless, literature is in its body names of epic, drama, novel or the short story that manifests itself and its distinctiveness from some other bodies of representation.

A LITTLE INCIDENT

Lu Hsun

Translated by Edgar Snow and Yao Hsin-nung

Six years have gone by as so many winks, since I came to the capital from the village. During all that time there have occurred many of those events known as “affairs of state,” a great number of which I have seen or heard about. My heart does not seem to have been in the least affected by any of them, and recollection now only tends to increase my ill temper and cause me to like people less and less as the day wears on. But one little incident alone is deep with meaning to me and I am unable to forget it even now.

It was a winter day in the Sixth Year of the Republic I and a strong northerly wind blew furiously. To make a living I had to be up early and on the way to my duties I encountered scarcely anyone. After much difficulty I finaly succeeded in hiring a rickshaw. I told the puller to take me to the South Gate.

After a while, the wind moderated its fury and in its wake the streets were left clean of the loose dust. The puller ran quickly. Just as

we approached the South Gate, somebody ran in front of us, got entangled in the rickshaw, and tumbled to the ground.

It was a woman, with streaks of white in her hair, and she wore ragged clothes. She had darted suddenly from the side of the street, and crossed directly in front of us. My puller had tried to swerve aside, but her tattered jacket, unbuttoned and fluttering in the wind caught in the shafts. Fortunately the puller had slowed his pace, otherwise she would have been thrown head over heels, and probably seriously injured. After we halted, the woman still knelt on all fours. I did not think she was hurt. No one else had seen the collision and it irritated me that the puller had stopped and was apparently prepared to get himself involved in some foolish complication. It might delay and trouble my journey.

"It's nothing" I told him "Move on!"

But either he did not hear me or did not care for he put down the shafts and gently helped the old woman to her feet. He held her arms, supporting her, and asked:

"Are you all right?"

"I am hurt."

I thought. "I saw you fall, and it was not at all rough. How can you be hurt? You are pretending. The whole business is distasteful, and the rickshaw man is merely making difficulties for himself. Now, let him find his own way out of the mess."

But the puller did not hesitate for a moment after the old woman said she was injured. Still holding her arms he walked carefully ahead with her. Then I was surprised as, looking ahead I suddenly noticed a

police station, and saw that he was taking her there. No one stood outside, so he guided her in through the gate.

As they passed in, I experienced a curious sensation. I do not know why, but at that moment it suddenly seemed to me that his dust-covered figure loomed enormous, and as he walked farther he continued to grow, until finally I had to lift my head to follow him. At the same time, I felt a bodily pressure all over me, which came from

his direction. It seemed almost to push out from me all the littleness that hid under my fur-lined gown. I grew weak, as though my vitality had been spent, as though the blood had frozen in me. I sat motionless, stunned and thoughtless until I saw an officer emerge from the station. Then I got down from the rickshaw as he approached me.

"Get another rickshaw" he advised. "This man can't pull you anymore."

Without thinking, I thrust my hand into my pocket and pulled forth a big fistful of coppers. "Give the fellow these," I said.

The wind had ceased entirely, but the street was still quiet. I mused as I walked, but I was almost afraid to think about myself. Leaving aside what had happened before, I sought an explanation for the fistful of coppers. Why had I given them? As a reward? And did I think myself, after my conduct, fit to pass judgment upon a rickshaw-puller? I could not answer my own conscience.

Till now that experience burns in my memory. I think of it, and introspect with pain and effort. The political and military drama of these years is to me like the classics I read in my childhood: I cannot recite half a line of it. But always before my eyes purging me with shame, impelling me to better myself, invigorating my hope and courage, this little incident is re-enacted. I see it in every detail as distinctly as on the day it happened.

THE ZEBRA STORYTELLER

Spencer Holst

Once upon a time there was a Siamese cat who pretended to be a lion and spoke inappropriate Zebraic.

That language is whinnied by the race of striped horses in Africa.

Here now: An innocent zebra is walking in a jungle, and approaching from another direction is the little cat; they meet.

“Hello there!” says the Siamese cat in perfectly pronounced Zebraic. “It certainly is a pleasant day, isn’t it? The sun is shining, the birds are singing, isn’t the world a lovely place to live today!”

The zebra is so astonished at hearing a Siamese cat speaking like a zebra, why, he’s just fit to be tied.

So the little cat quickly ties him up, kills him, and drags the better parts of the carcass back to his den.

The cat successfully hunted zebras many months in this manner, dining on filet mignon of zebra every night, and from the better hides he made bow neckties and wide belts after the fashion of the decadent princes of the Old Siamese court.

He began boasting to his friends he was a lion, and he gave them as proof the fact that he hunted zebras.

The delicate noses of the zebras told them there was really no lion in the neighborhood. The zebra deaths caused many to avoid the region. Superstitious, they decided the woods were haunted by the ghost of a lion.

One day the storyteller of the zebras was ambling, and through his mind ran plots for stories to amuse the other zebras, when suddenly his eyes brightened, and he said, “That’s it! I’ll tell a story about a Siamese cat who learns to speak our language! What an idea! That’ll make them laugh!”

Just then the Siamese cat appeared before him, and said, “Hello there! Pleasant day today, isn’t it!”

The zebra storyteller wasn’t fit to be tied at hearing a cat speaking his language, because he’d been thinking about that very thing.

He took a good look at the cat, and he didn’t know why, but there was something about his looks he didn’t like, so he kicked him with a hoof and killed him.

That is the function of the storyteller.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c, or d).

١. Which of the following statements is **FALSE**?

a. Literature is connected to Man's life.
b. Literature is connected to Man's experiences.
c. Literature is a sense-based cognition of human experiences.
d. Literature is the actual representation of man's experimental and emotional touches to himself, to life, and to the world.

٢. What are the different forms of literature to represent?

a. Different mental activities, experiences, responses and subject matters within the realm of literature.
b. Different physical activities, responses and subject matters.
c. Classification of different literary genres.
d. The ideology of Man in different eras.

٣. What are the dominant literary genres?

a. Epic, Comedy and Tragedy.
b. Drama, Lyric and Comedy.
c. Lyric, Epic and Drama.
d. Lyric, Tragedy and Comedy.

٤. In which kind of Novel does the author deal with lives and experiences of people who struggle for existence in far away rural areas?

a. Historical Novel
b. Novel of idea
c. Novel of manner
d. Novel of soil

٥. What are the literary means an author uses to provide his readers with a sort of image of the cosmos?

a. Words, imagery and imagination.
b. Knowledge, experience and forms.
c. Autobiography, ideology and words.
d. Imagery, experience and representation.

A Little Incident

٦. What does the speaker think about the time he had spent in the capital?

a. It has gone quite slowly.
b. It has gone very fast.
c. It was very interesting to him.
d. It was boring.

٧. What kind of personality does the speaker have?

a. He is careless.
b. He is not concerned about anything.
c. He is somehow ill tempered and cruel.
d. He is passionate and friendly.

٨. Why didn't he confront anyone on his way to his duties?

a. Because it was early in the morning.
b. Because nobody else had any duties.
c. Because other people were so rich that they didn't need to work.
d. Because others had gone to their duties before he got up.

٩. The woman who ran in front of the rickshaw was …… .

a. young and wealthy
b. foolish but careful
c. poor and old
d. happy and brave

١٠. What is the main point of the story?

a. That the speaker does not observe the law.

b. That the puller was humanistic.

c. That some people get themselves involved in some foolish complication.

d. That sometimes, little events can move people.

The Zebra Storyteller

١١. What is "Zebraic"?

a. The language of lions.

b. The language of Siamese cats.

c. The language of horses.

d. The language of African Zebras.

١٢. Why did Zebras think that the cat was fit to be tied?

a. Because he pretended to be a lion.

b. Because he knew their language.

c. Because they were astonished.

d. Because they needed a friend.

١٣. What caused many to avoid the region?

a. The lion.

b. The ghost of the cat.

c. The zebra deaths.

d. The fear of humans.

١٤. Why did the zebra storyteller kill the Siamese cat?

a. Because there was something about the cat's looks he did not like.

b. Because he was interested in cats who spoke Zebraic.

c. Because he knew lots of cats who could speak Zebraic.

d. Because he knew the cat had haunted many innocent zebras.

١٥. What was the new story of the storyteller about?

a. About the haunted woods.
b. About the old Siamese court.
c. About a cat who pretended to be a lion.
d. About a Siamese cat who learned to speak Zebraic.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. What is an Epic?
٢. What is a Lyric?
٣. What is a Drama?
٤. What is the difference between an Epic and a Lyric?
٥. What is the difference between a Novel and a Short Story?
٦. What techniques are applicable to the Short Story?
٧. What does a Pastoral express?
٨. How do you define an Ode?
٩. Regarding the length, how can you distinguish a Novelette from a Short Story?
١٠. When did Tragedy come into existence and in which literary work was it analyzed?

A Little Incident

١١. How do you describe the speaker's character?
١٢. How do you describe the rickshaw puller?
١٣. In your country, what happens when a car hits someone?
١٤. What would you do if you were instead of the puller?
١٥. How does a difficult life affect people?

The Zebra Storyteller

١٦. What function does a given language have?

١٧. What would happen if the storyteller had not thought about a Siamese cat speaking Zebraic?
١٨. What is the role of superstition in one's life?
١٩. Where does the story take place?
٢٠. Why did the storyteller make new stories?

Chapter Two

STORY

General Objectives

This chapter intends to introduce the Story with its characteristics and features. A sketch of history and developed forms from the earliest times to modern times are given in order to make a clearer perspective.

The examples from Aesop (the Western practice) to Panchatantrah (the Eastern examples) are given to make students familiar with ancient practices and narratives. It is also designed to give them insight and information in order to be able to analyze and appreciate literature in its fictional form of Story.

Behavioral Objectives

After reading this chapter you are expected to:

١) Know what a Story is.
٢) Be able to distinguish between the Story and other literary genres.
٣) Understand the structural elements of the Story.
٤) Be familiar with a literary genre called The Short Story.
٥) Be able to read, comprehend, and analyze the Short Story.
٦) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Anecdote: A brief account of or a story about an individual or an incident. The anecdotal digression is a common feature of narrative in prose and verse.

Fable: A fable (also called an apologue) is a short narrative, in prose or verse, that exemplifies an abstract moral thesis or principle of human behavior; usually in its conclusion either the narrator or one of the characters states the moral in the form of an epigram. Most common is the beast fable, in which animals talk and act like the human types they represent.

Fiction: In an inclusive sense, **fiction** is any literary *narrative*, whether in prose or verse, which is invented instead of being an account of events that actually happened. In a narrower sense, however, fiction denotes only narratives that are written in prose, and sometimes is used simply as a synonym for the novel.

Folktale: The folktale, strictly defined, is a short narrative in prose of unknown authorship which has been transmitted orally; many of these tales eventually achieve written form.

Interpretive Literature: The literature written to broaden, deepen and sharpen our awareness of life. That is versus the **Escape Literature** which is written purely for entertainment and which helps us pass the time agreeably.

Legend: Hereditary stories of ancient origin which were once believed to be true by a particular cultural group, and have the human beings as their hero.

STORY

The meaning of a story has to be embodied in it, has to be made concrete in it. A story is a way to say something that can't be said in any other way, and it takes every word in the story to say what the meaning is.

FLANNERY O'CONNOR (١٩٢٥-١٩٦٤)

After an Introduction to Literature, the meaning and practice of the Story would be another intellectual experience for us to have in our introductory course of understanding literature. A story in its broadest sense is something told or recounted in the form of a causally-linked set of events; the telling of a happening or connected series of happenings, whether true or fictitious. Technically, the story is the full sequence of events in a work of fiction as we imagine them to have taken place, in the order in which they would have occurred in life. That is the backbone, the highest factor common to all narratives, the fundamental aspect of a narrative without which the narrative could not exist.

What the story does is to narrate the life in time. Daily life is also full of the time-sense. We think one event occurs after or before another, the thought is often in our minds, and much of our talk and

action proceeds on the assumption, dinner coming after breakfast, Tuesday after Monday, decay after death, the sixth of July after the fifth, and so on.

The time order is the ruler. No matter in what order the writer (narrator) would like the reader (listener) to encounter the events, the story of a narration starts from the earliest indicated time, passes through the hours and days to arrive at the latest time indicated. If the narration refers back sometimes to the childhood of the protagonist, so the story of that narrative starts from that childhood time.

What a Literary Story does to us, amongst other things, is to broaden and deepen our thinking and attitudes towards life, man, ourselves, and the world. Some call it "serious story" or serious or interpretive literature. Here we are not talking about any video game or commercial (business based) stories of films or T.V. series. We talk about a literary story that deals with the very general and also particular characteristics of man and man's faculties, in the sense of refinement.

Stories are tightly tied with the life of human. The story is primitive, it reaches back to the origins of literature, before reading was discovered, and it appeals to what is primitive in us. The history of story-telling (narration) begins with the history of mankind. It goes back to Neolithic times, perhaps Paleolithic. The primitive audience gathered round the camp fire fatigued with contending against the mammoth or the woolly rhinoceros, listened to stories, if one may judge by the shape of his skull. The ability to make and tell stories is considered to be a fundamental aspect of human culture, one of the defining characteristics of humanity.

The modern story evolved out of earlier types of fiction in prose and verse. Its earliest ancestors are ancient tales, simple stories that date back to Egyptian writings that are ٦,٠٠٠ years old. Another early form was the fable, such as those of the ٦th-century-BC Greek slave Aesop, each with a lesson to be expressed. There were also popular Greek and Asian stories of magical transformations, many with

moralistic, satirical, and pure entertainment aims, which were gathered and retold by the Roman writers Ovid and Lucius Apuleius in the first several centuries AD. *Arabian Nights*, is a famous collection of stories from Persia, Arabia, India, and Egypt which was compiled over hundreds of years.

FABLE

Aesop (٦٢٠-٥٦٠ BC), the ancient Greek writer of fables, is supposed to have been a freed slave from Thrace. His name became attached to a collection of beast fables long transmitted through oral tradition. The beast fables are part of the common culture of the Indo-European peoples and constitute perhaps the most widely read collection of fables in world literature. The following narratives, *The Fox and The Crow* and *The Ant and The Grasshopper*, as examples, are taken from Aesop.

THE AMBITIOUS TURTLE

(THE STORY OF THE TURTLE WHO FELL OFF THE STICK)

From: Panchatantrah

In a certain lake, there lived a turtle, by the name of Kambugriva. Two swans, whose names were Sankata and Vikata, were her friends. Every day, the three of them would go to the bank of the lake and tell each other stories about holy saints and hermits, and then go home at sunset.

After a few years, that part of the country had no rain and, bit by bit, the lake began to dry up. The two swans were worried about it and said to the turtle, "This lake is becoming nothing but mud. We are worried as to how we will be able to survive here, without water."

“My friends," replied the turtle, "it's quite true that it's impossible to stay here. But we will find some way for: 'Even in bad times, a man

should not lose hope, for by making an effort, he can certainly find a solution.'

"So," continued the turtle, "first look for a lake full of water. Then find a strong stick or a rope from somewhere. I shall hold on tight with my mouth to the middle of the stick and you can hold the ends and me like this, to the lake."

"Friend," replied the swans, "we'll do what you suggest, while we're flying, you mustn't open your mouth to speak, or you will fall off the stick!"

They carried out this plan. When they had flown some distance, the turtle saw below, a town. The town people looked up and saw something being carried in the sky. They said to each other, full of admiration, look at that! Those birds are carrying a round thing!" . When the turtle heard the commotion, she opened her mouth to ask, "What's all that noise about!" But of course the minute she opened her mouth to speak, she fell down to the earth. And the people hacked her to pieces and ate her.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A Fox once saw a Crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and settle on a branch of a tree. "That's for me, as I am a Fox," said Master Reynard, and he walked up to the foot of the tree. "Good-day, Mistress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking to-day: how glossy your feathers; how bright your eye. I feel sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does; let me hear but one song from you that I may greet you as the Queen of Birds." The Crow lifted up her head and began to caw her best, but the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox. "That will do," said he. "That was all I

wanted. In exchange for your cheese I will give you a piece of advice for the future: "Do not trust flatterers."

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

In a field one summer day a Grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. An Ant passed by, bearing along with great toil an ear of corn he was taking to the nest.

"Why not come and chat with me," said the Grasshopper, "instead of toiling and moiling in that way?"

"I am helping to lay up food for the winter," said the Ant, "and recommend you to do the same."

"Why bother about winter?" said the Grasshopper; we have got plenty of food at present." But the Ant went on its way and continued its toil. When the winter came the Grasshopper had no food and found itself dying of hunger, while it saw the ants distributing every day corn and grain from the stores they had collected in the summer. Then the Grasshopper knew:

It is best to prepare for the days of necessity.

ARABIAN NIGHTS
THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

The above-named book is a collection of stories from Persia, Arabia, India, and Egypt, compiled over hundreds of years. Most of the stories originated as folk tales, anecdotes, or fables that were passed on orally. They include the stories of Ali Baba, Aladdin, and Sindbad the Sailor, which have become particularly popular in Western countries. The stories in *Arabian Nights* are told by a legendary queen named Scheherazade. The frame story begins when the sultan Schahriar finds

that his wife has been unfaithful and orders her execution. He is so enraged that he resolves to marry a new woman every night and have her killed at daybreak. Scheherazade agrees to marry Schahriar despite the decree and crafts a scheme to thwart him. The night after the wedding, she tells one of the stories to her sister so that the sultan can overhear. She stops, however, before the story comes to its conclusion, and the sultan allows her to live another day so that he can hear the end. She continues this pattern night after night. After One Thousand and One nights, the sultan relents and decides to let Scheherazade live. "The Merchant and the Genie" is one of the stories taken from *The Thousand and One Nights*.

THE MERCHANT AND THE GENIE

There was formerly a merchant who possessed much property in lands, goods, and money, and had a great number of clerks, factors, and slaves. He was obliged from time to time to visit his correspondents on business; and one day being under the necessity of going a long journey on an affair of importance, he took horse, and carried with him a wallet containing biscuits and dates, because he had a great desert to pass over, where he could procure no sort of provisions. He arrived without any accident at the end of his journey; and having dispatched his affairs, took horse again, in order to return home.

The fourth day of his journey, he was so much annoyed by the heat of the sun and the reflection of that heat from the earth, that he turned out of the road, to refresh himself under some trees. He found at the root of a large tree a fountain of very clear running water. Having alighted, he tied his horse to a branch, and sitting down by the fountain, took some biscuits and dates out of his wallet. As he ate his dates, he threw the shells carelessly in different directions. When he

had finished his repast, being a good Muslem, he washed his hands, face, and feet, and said his prayers. Before he had finished, and while he was yet on his knees, he saw a genie, white with age, and of a monstrous bulk, advancing towards him with a cimeter in his hand. The genie spoke to him in a terrible voice: "Rise, that I may kill thee with this cimeter, as thou hast killed my son;" and accompanied these words with a frightful cry. The merchant being as much alarmed at the hideous shape of the monster as at his threatening language, answered him, trembling, "Alas! my good lord, of what crime can I be guilty towards you, that you should take away my life?" "I will," replied the genie, "kill thee, as thou hast killed my son." "Heavens," exclaimed the merchant, "how could I kill your son? I never knew, never saw him." "Did not you sit down when you came hither?" demanded the genie: "did you not take dates out of your wallet, and as you ate them, did not you throw the shells about in different directions?" "I did all that you say," answered the merchant, "I cannot deny it." "If it be so," resumed the genie, "I tell thee that thou hast killed my son; and in this manner: When thou wert throwing the shells about, my son was passing by, and thou didst throw one into his eye, which killed him; therefore, I must kill thee." "Ah! my lord! pardon me!" cried the merchant. "No pardon," exclaimed the genie, "no mercy. Is it not just to kill the person who has killed another person?" "I agree it is," replied the merchant, "but certainly I never killed your son; and if I have, it was unknown to me, and I did it innocently; I beg you therefore to pardon me, and suffer me to live." "No, no," returned the genie, persisting in his resolution, "I must kill thee, since thou hast killed my son." Then taking the merchant by the arm, he threw him with his face on the ground, and lifted up his cimeter to cut off his head.

The merchant, with tears, protested he was innocent, bewailed his wife and children, and supplicated the genie, in the most moving expressions. The genie, with his cimeter still lifted up, had the patience to hear his unfortunate victim to the end of his lamentations,

but would not relent. "All this whining," said the monster, "is to no purpose; though you should shed tears of blood, they should not hinder me from killing thee, as thou hast killed my son."

"What!" exclaimed the merchant, "can nothing prevail with you? Will you absolutely take away the life of a poor innocent?"

"Yes," replied the genie, "I am resolved."

As soon as she had spoken these words, perceiving it was day, and knowing that the sultan rose early in the morning to say his prayers, and hold his council, Scheherazade discontinued her story. "Dear sister," said Dinarzade, "what a wonderful story is this!"

"The remainder of it," replied Scheherazade "is more surprising, and you will be of this opinion, if the sultan will but permit me to live over this day, and allow me to proceed with the relation the ensuing night." Schahriar, who had listened to Scheherazade with much interest, said to himself, "I will wait till tomorrow, for I can at any time put her to death when she has concluded her story." Having thus resolved not to put Scheherazade to death that day, he rose and went to his prayers, and to attend his council.

During this time the grand vizier was in the utmost distress. Instead of sleeping, he spent the night in sighs and groans, bewailing the lot of his daughter, of whom he believed he should himself shortly be the executioner. As, with this melancholy prospect before him, he dreaded to meet the sultan, he was agreeably surprised when he found the prince entered the council chamber without giving him the fatal orders he expected.

* * *

Stories in great variety flourished in Western Europe during the Middle Ages. Romance tales, in prose or verse, were common in France. Many of the best stories of the Middle Ages were, however, preserved and refined in two fourteenth-century works: *The*

Decameron by Italian prose writer Giovanni Boccaccio and *The Canterbury Tales* by English poet Geoffrey Chaucer. They retold fables about beasts, religious tales, romances, ribald tales, and legends.

The Decameron (Ten Days' Work), by the Italian writer Boccaccio was completed in ١٣٥٣ A.C. This collection of one hundred witty, high-spirited stories is set within a framework. A group of friends, seven women and three men, all "well-bred, of worth and discretion," to escape an outbreak of the plague have taken refuge in a country villa outside Florence. There they entertain one another over a period of ten days (hence the title) with a series of stories told by each member of the party in turn. At the conclusion of the hundredth tale, the friends return to their homes in the city. *The Decameron* is the first and finest prose masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance. It is notable for the richness and variety of the tales.

THE NINTH STORY

DAY THE FIRST

THE KING OF CYPRUS, TOUCHED TO THE QUICK BY A GASCON LADY, FROM A MEAN-SPIRITED PRINCE BECOMETH A MAN OF WORTH AND VALIANCE

THE Queen's last commandment rested with Elisa, who, without awaiting it, began all blithely, "Young ladies, it hath often chanced that what all manner reproofs and many pains bestowed upon a man have not availed to bring about in him hath been effected by a word more often spoken at hazard than of purpose aforethought. This is very well shown in the story related by Lauretta and I, in my turn, intend to prove to you the same thing by means of another and a very

short one; for that, since good things may still serve, they should be received with a mind attent, whoever be the sayer thereof.

I say, then, that in the days of the first King of Cyprus, after the conquest of the Holy Land by Godefroi de Bouillon, it chanced that a gentlewoman of Gascony went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre and returning thence, came to Cyprus, where she was shamefully abused of certain lewd fellows; whereof having complained, without getting any satisfaction, she thought to appeal to the King for redress, but was told that she would lose her pains, for that he was of so mean a composition and so little of worth that, far from justifying others of their wrongs, he endured with shameful pusillanimity innumerable affronts offered to himself, insomuch that had any grudge [against him] was wont to vent his despite by doing him some shame or insult.

The lady, hearing this and despairing of redress, bethought herself, by way of some small solacement of her chagrin, to seek to rebuke the king's pusillanimity; wherefore, presenting herself in tears before him, she said to him, 'My lord, I come not into thy presence for any redress that I expect of the wrong that hath been done me; but in satisfaction thereof, I prithee teach me how thou dost to suffer those affronts which I understand are offered unto thyself, so haply I may learn of thee patiently to endure mine own, the which God knoweth, and I might, I would gladly bestow on thee, since thou art so excellent a supporter thereof.'

The King, who till then had been sluggish and supine, awoke as if from sleep and beginning with the wrong done to the lady, which he cruelly avenged, thenceforth became a very rigorous prosecutor of all who committed aught against the honour of his crown."

FICTION

From the sixteenth century writing prose narratives, fictions, becomes more favourable. Fiction is a narrative in prose, telling an imaginative

or a true story. It may be extended to a novel, or be as short as a short story. The “novel”, as we think of it now, appeared in England in the early eighteenth century; and the “short story” as a distinct genre came into being in the nineteenth century. The short story differs from the novel in the dimension that Aristotle called “magnitude” — i.e. size and extent— and this limitation in length imposes differences both in the effect that the story can achieve, and in the choice, elaboration and management of the elements to achieve those effects. The short story tends to reveal the character through a series of actions or under stress, the purpose of short story being accomplished when the reader comes to know what the true nature of a character is; whereas, the novel tends to show the character developing as a result of actions and under the impact of events.

Whatever the differences between the novel and the short story as the two most current narrative forms may be, they have their fundamental aspect in common, that is “story-telling.” The first step to understand a narrative in prose or verse, as a novel, short story, drama, or narrative verse, is understanding the story it tends to reveal. Perceiving the story leads the reader to comprehend the other existing elements of the work. Reading the following short story may catch your attention.

THE LOST KEYS

Genie Parker

George Smith woke up at seven in the morning. He had slept on the sofa in the sitting room. He couldn't remember much about last night, just that he came back at about half past midnight and drank a glass of water, nothing more. He hadn't even changed his clothes.

He had a very important appointment at eight thirty today and last night he was preparing the documents up to midnight. He worked

as a lawyer in a commercial company. He was thirty five, unmarried and very very untidy indeed. He lived alone at his flat.

So he got up, took a shower and put on his clothes. He didn't have time for breakfast, just a cup of instant coffee. Then he checked his briefcase, OK all the documents were in order. It was about seven thirty. He had to hurry up, because the appointment location was long away from his flat and he had to drive a long time.

But where were his car keys? He couldn't remember where he had put them last night, so he started looking for them... .

They were nowhere, he even looked in the bin! His car keys weren't there; instead, he found something else, his mobile phone. He had lost it three days ago and had thought that somebody has stolen it.

And something else, he found his watch under the calculator in the cupboard. These things weren't wonderful for such an untidy person.

It was about eight. He was satisfied to find his phone and his watch, but tired and nervous too. He stopped seeking. It was already late enough. He opened the refrigerator door to drink some cold water, and then he could go by taxi.

Suddenly... "GOOD HEAVENS! They are here."… yes. He remembered now. Last night he had put his keys in the refrigerator when he wanted to drink water.

He rushed out to his car.

Shall he be on time?!!

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c, or d).

١) What does a Fable exemplify?

a. The acts of human beings.
b. The experiences of human beings.
c. The lives of human beings.
d. An abstract moral thesis or principle of human behavior.

٢) What does Interpretive Literature do to us?

a. It entertains us.
b. It helps us pass the time agreeably.
c. It broadens, deepens and sharpens our awareness of life.
d. It sharpens our awareness of life by helping us to pass the time agreeably.

٣) What does a Literary Story deal with?

a. Very general characteristics of man.
b. Very general characteristics of man's faculties.
c. General and particular characteristics of man's faculties.
d. Very general and particular characteristics of man and man's faculties.

٤) What is the act of story-telling called?

a. Narration
b. Entertainment
c. Refinement
d. Primitive

٥) From what did the modern story evolve?

a. From ancient tales.
b. From earlier types of fiction in prose and verse.
c. From ancient simple stories.
d. From ancient fables.

٦) Where are the stories of *Arabian Nights* from?

a. Greece and Rome.
b. Asia and Europe.
c. Italy, Persia, India and Egypt.
d. Persia, Arabia, India and Egypt.

٧) The habit of storytelling in the human being began with …… .

a. the discovery of reading
b. the invention of writing
c. the primitive man's creation
d. the ancient moralistic tales

٨) Which of the following works contains "Beast Fables"?

a. Aesop's collection
b. Arabian Nights
c. The Decameron
d. Canterbury Tales

٩) Novel and the Short Story both have the fundamental aspect of ……..… in common.

a. reader's response
b. storytelling
c. interpretive literature
d. magnitude in extent

١٠) A narrative in prose, telling an imaginative or a true story is a(n) …….. .

a. epic
b. plot
c. fiction
d. beast fable

١١) From when did the Short Story come into existence as a distinct genre?

a. The fourteenth century b. The nineteenth century
c. Renaissance d. The Middle Ages

١٢) In Aristotle's view, the Short Story genre differs from the Novel in …… .

a. the subject matter
b. the number of places named
c. the magnitude or extent
d. the imagination included

١٣) When is the purpose of a Short Story accomplished?

a. When the reader reads the story fully.
b. When the reader comes to know the true nature of a character.
c. When the reader comes to an agreement with the writer about the conclusion of the story.
d. When the reader can learn the lesson concealed in the character's piece of life.

١٤) The first step to understand a narrative is …… .

a. understanding its story
b. understanding its moral lesson
c. understanding its conclusion
d. understanding all of the existing elements

١٥) In which of the following items the development of character, as a result of actions and under the impact of events, is the main purpose?

a. Fable b. The Short Story
c. Novel d. Narrative

١٦) Which item **IS NOT** right about Story?

a. Story is the telling of connected series of happenings.
b. Story is the highest factor common to all narratives.
c. Story is the fictious aspect of all narratives.
d. Story is a narration in time order.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. How does O'Connor define 'Story'?
٢. What is the difference between a Story and an Epic?
٣. What is the difference between a Story and a Lyric?
٤. What are stories tightly tied with?
٥. What is a Fable?
٦. Where can one find a number of the best stories of the Middle Ages?
٧. What is the first and finest prose masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance called?
٨. Which people narrate the hundred stories of *The Decameron*?
٩. Where and when did novel appear?
١٠. How does a short story reveal its characters?
١١. Can you give an example of Persian anecdotes?
١٢. How many Iranian short story writers do you know?
١٣. How does the Short Story reveal a character?

Chapter Three

SETTING

General Objectives

This chapter intends to serve students to read, grasp, analyze, and appreciate the short story with its basic characteristics and elements. They may read the story and focus on its setting, characters, characterization, plot and theme. The main focus of this chapter is Setting.

The content of this part is designed to introduce one of the elements of the experience of life in its everyday run without which life itself is not imagined.

Behavioural Objectives

After reading this chapter, you are expected to:

١) Be familiar with the primary meaning of the technical term of Setting.

٢) Be able to read, appreciate, and analyze the literary short stories represented in other sections of the book.

٣) Be familiar with the basic elements and primary techniques of reading short stories as well as literary narratives.
٤) Become familiar with the Setting of *The Limitations of Pambe Serang*, written by Rudyard Kipling.
٥) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Aura: Aura is the pervading tone and atmosphere of a piece of literary work. That is the whole dominant emotional tone spread in that particular genre.

Context: Context is the ground or experimental geography of a particular action or experience within which events occur.

Event: Event is the real action or deed that happens through and during challenging and conflicting functions of agents in narratives.

Realistic Setting: Realistic Setting is where and when concrete events, actions, experiences, and social human challenges take place.

Setting: Setting is the general locale: social, human, and historical situations, and time. It is social conditions, touchable circumstances in which the action is occurred in a particular narrative or dramatic event.

SETTING

Setting is thoroughly the complex context of occurring experiences and events of a story, a life and a practice or an ordeal and the like.

As all events and practices, all stories, like men and women, groups, classes, nations, tribes and peoples, are tied , fated or trapped in an utterly context that, in literature, is called Setting: ordinarily imagined as time and place of the narrative (story).

A story may occur in a far-long distance from now:

Setting may be embedded in a huge set of locations though short stories cannot be told with that many locations and cannot have so much time and space.

In addition to time and place, then, Setting can also embed or involve the weather that in certain kinds of stories can be momentous and structural. Environmental climate in many cases is essential and has effect and meaning in a great deal of stories, dramas, and novels.

Certain stories reveal impressions as well as effects of locales that are to be appeared strange to the reader, where environment, language, and customs generate wonder or issue. As character and plot are so closely interlinked together, character, plot, subject and theme and setting are tightly interrelated. The people in a narrative are in particular context, and the more we know about the setting, and about the relationship of the characters to the Setting, the more likely we are to understand the characters and the story. Perhaps it is not wrong to say that the Setting is a key to discovering interpretations of the story beyond the experience of individual characters and connecting it to traditions, stages of the past periods of our history culture and social connections.

Ernest Hemingway's *Hills Like White Elephants* presents a Realistic Setting in modern Spain, and a situation that at first seems commonplace. Yet something feels very alien about the episode, not only because readers may never have been to Spain. Because they are so inadequate and scany, details of the landscape and the bar at the station are magnified in their significance, as if setting alone tells most of the story.

Many other stories may use realistic setting without much apparent significance, yet the time and place can symbolize whole ways of life or value systems. As always, the characters' responses to their environment is integral to the action of the story and its effect on the reader. They are also affected by culture and the historical flavourings.

The stories that we have included in this course book rely on setting in differing ways and to different degrees, revealing portrait of

their time and place as well as culture. Just as our own memories of important experiences include complex impressions of when and where they occurred— the weather, dominant atmosphere in the event, the shape of the room, the music that was playing, and even the fashions or the events in the news. So, stories *do rely on Setting* to give feature, naturalness and substance to the other elements of fiction.

So simple it goes then, the setting of the story utterly means its time and place as well as its aura. The element of Setting includes the physical environment of the story: a café, cinema, theatre, house, street, town, city, landscape, region, factory, university, or a coffee-shop corner.

One may include the culture or the aura of the time-place of the story as its inseparable element. There Setting becomes rather a sort of more complex than a time-place element. See how Setting works in the following story.

THE LIMITATIONS OF PAMBE SERANG

Rudyard Kipling (١٨٦٥-١٩٣٦)

If you consider the circumstances of the case, it was the only thing that he could do. But Pambe Serang has been hanged by the neck till he is dead, and Nurkeed is dead also. Three years ago, when the Elsass-Lothringen steamer Saarbruck was coaling at Aden and the weather was very hot indeed, Nurkeed, the big fat Zanzibar stoker who fed the second right furnace thirty feet down in the hold, got leave to go ashore. He departed a 'Seedee boy,' as they call the stokers; he returned the full-blooded Sultan of Zanzibar--His Highness Sayyid Burgash, with a bottle in each hand. Then he sat on the fore-hatch grating, eating salt fish and onions, and singing the songs of a far country. The food belonged to Pambe, the Serang or head man of the lascar sailors. He had just cooked it for himself, turned to borrow

some salt, and when he came back Nurkeed's dirty black fingers were spading into the rice.

A serang is a person of importance, far above a stoker, though the stoker draws better pay. He sets the chorus of 'Hya! Hulla! Hee-ah! Heh!' when the captain's gig is pulled up to the davits; he heaves the lead too; and sometimes, when all the ship is lazy, he puts on his whitest muslin and a big red sash, and plays with the passengers' children on the quarter-deck. Then the passengers give him money, and he saves it all up for an orgie at Bombay or Calcutta, or Pulu Penang. 'Ho! you fat black barrel, you're eating my food!' said Pambe, in the other lingua franca that begins where the Levant tongue stops, and runs from Port Said eastward till east is west, and the sealing-brigs of the Kurile Islands gossip with the strayed Hakodate junks.

'Son of Eblis, monkey-face, dried shark's liver, pigman, I am the Sultan Sayyid Burgash, and the commander of all this ship. Take away your garbage;' and Nurkeed thrust the empty pewter rice-plate into Pambe's hand.

Pambe beat it into a basin over Nurkeed's woolly head. Nurkeed drew HIS sheath-knife and stabbed Pambe in the leg. Pambe drew his sheath-knife; but Nurkeed dropped down into the darkness of the hold and spat through the grating at Pambe, who was staining the clean fore-deck with his blood.

Only the white moon saw these things; for the officers were looking after the coaling, and the passengers were tossing in their close cabins. “All right,” said Pambe--and went forward to tie up his leg—“we will settle the account later on.”

He was a Malay born in India: married once in Burma, where his wife had a cigar-shop on the Shwe Dagon road; once in Singapore, to a Chinese girl; and once in Madras, to a Mahomedan woman who sold fowls. The English sailor cannot, owing to postal and telegraph facilities, marry as profusely as he used to do; but native sailors can, being uninfluenced by the barbarous inventions of the Western savage. Pambe was a good husband when he happened to remember the existence of a wife; but he was also a very good Malay; and it is

not wise to offend a Malay, because he does not forget anything. Moreover, in Pambe's case blood had been drawn and food spoiled.

Next morning Nurkeed rose with a blank mind. He was no longer Sultan of Zanzibar, but a very hot stoker. So he went on deck and opened his jacket to the morning breeze, till a sheath-knife came like a flying- fish and stuck into the woodwork of the cook's galley half an inch from his right armpit. He ran down below before his time, trying to remember what he could have said to the owner of the weapon. At noon, when all the ship's lascars were feeding, Nurkeed advanced into their midst, and, being a placid man with a large regard for his own skin, he opened negotiations, saying, 'Men of the ship, last night I was drunk, and this morning I know that I behaved unseemly to some one or another of you.

Who was that man, that I may meet him face to face and say that I was drunk?'

Pambe measured the distance to Nurkeed's naked breast. If he sprang at him he might be tripped up, and a blind blow at the chest sometimes only means a gash on the breast-bone. Ribs are difficult to thrust between unless the subject be asleep. So he said nothing; nor did the other lascars. Their faces immediately dropped all expression, as is the custom of the Oriental when there is killing on the carpet or any chance of trouble. Nurkeed looked long at the white eyeballs. He was only an African, and could not read characters. A big sigh--almost a groan-- broke from him, and he went back to the furnaces. The lascars took up the conversation where he had interrupted it. They talked of the best methods of cooking rice.

Nurkeed suffered considerably from lack of fresh air during the run to Bombay. He only came on deck to breathe when all the world was about; and even then a heavy block once dropped from a derrick within a foot of his head, and an apparently firm-lashed grating on which he set his foot, began to turn over with the intention of dropping him on the cased cargo fifteen feet below; and one insupportable night the sheath-knife dropped from the fo'c's'le, and this time it drew blood. So Nurkeed made complaint; and, when the

Saarbruck reached Bombay, fled and buried himself among eight hundred thousand people, and did not sign articles till the ship had been a month gone from the port. Pambe waited too; but his Bombay wife grew clamorous, and he was forced to sign in the Spicheren to Hongkong, because he realised that all play and no work gives Jack a ragged shirt. In the foggy China seas he thought a great deal of Nurkeed, and, when Elsass-Lothringen steamers lay in port with the Spicheren, inquired after him and found he had gone to England via the Cape, on the Gravelotte. Pambe came to England on the Worth. The Spicheren met her by the Nore Light. Nurkeed was going out with the Spicheren to the Calicut coast.

'Want to find a friend, my trap-mouthed coal-scuttle?' said a gentleman in the mercantile service. 'Nothing easier. Wait at the Nyanza Docks till he comes. Everyone comes to the Nyanza Docks. Wait, you poor heathen.' The gentleman spoke truth. There are three great doors in the world where, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez Canal is one, but there Death comes also; Charing Cross Station is the second--for inland work; and the Nyanza Docks is the third. At each of these places are men and women looking eternally for those who will surely come. So Pambe waited at the docks. Time was no object to him; and the wives could wait, as he did from day to day, week to week, and month to month, by the Blue Diamond funnels, the Red Dot smoke-stacks, the Yellow Streaks, and the nameless dingy gypsies of the sea that loaded and unloaded, jostled, whistled, and roared in the everlasting fog. When money failed, a kind gentleman told Pambe to become a Christian; and Pambe became one with great speed, getting his religious teachings between ship and ship's arrival, and six or seven shillings a week for distributing tracts to mariners. What the faith was Pambe did not in the least care; but he knew if he said 'Native Ki-lis-ti-an, Sar' to men with long black coats he might get a few coppers; and the tracts were vendible at a little public-house that sold shag by the 'dottel,' which is even smaller weight than the 'half-screw,' which is less than the half-ounce, and a most profitable retail trade. But after

eight months Pambe fell sick with pneumonia, contracted from long standing still in slush; and much against his will he was forced to lie down in his two-and-six-penny room raging against Fate.

The kind gentleman sat by his bedside, and grieved to find that Pambe talked in strange tongues, instead of listening to good books, and almost seemed to become a benighted heathen again--till one day he was roused from semi-stupor by a voice in the street by the dock-head. “My friend--he,” whispered Pambe. “Call now--call Nurkeed. Quick! God has sent him!”

'He wanted one of his own race,' said the kind gentleman; and, going out, he called 'Nurkeed!' at the top of his voice. An excessively coloured man in a rasping white shirt and brand-new slops, a shining hat, and a breastpin, turned round. Many voyages had taught Nurkeed how to spend his money and made him a citizen of the world.

'Hi! Yes!' said he, when the situation was explained. 'Command him-- black nigger--when I was in the Saarbruck. Ole Pambe, good ole Pambe. Dam lascar. Show him up, Sar;' and he followed into the room. One glance told the stoker what the kind gentleman had overlooked. Pambe was desperately poor. Nurkeed drove his hands deep into his pockets, then advanced with clenched fists on the sick, shouting, 'Hya, Pambe. Hya! Hee-ah! Hulla! Heh! Takilo! Takilo! Make fast aft, Pambe. You know, Pambe. You know me. Dekho, jee! Look! Dam big fat lazy lascar!' Pambe beckoned with his left hand. His right was under his pillow. Nurkeed removed his gorgeous hat and stooped over Pambe till he could catch a faint whisper. 'How beautiful!' said the kind gentleman. 'How these Orientals love like children!'

“Spit him out,” said Nurkeed, leaning over Pambe yet more closely. Touching the matter of that fish and onions' said Pambe--and sent the knife home under the edge of the rib-bone upwards and forwards. There was a thick sick cough, and the body of the African slid slowly from the bed, his clutching hands letting fall a shower of silver pieces that ran across the room.

'Now I can die!' said Pambe.

But he did not die. He was nursed back to life with all the skill that money could buy, for the Law wanted him; and in the end he grew sufficiently healthy to be hanged in due and proper form. Pambe did not care particularly; but it was a sad blow to the kind gentleman.

Joseph Rudyard Kipling
(٣٠ December ١٨٦٥ – ١٨ January ١٩٣٦)
was a British author and poet. Born in Bombay, British India (now Mumbai), he is best known for his works of fiction *The Jungle Book* (١٨٩٤), *Kim* (١٩٠١), many short stories, and his poems. He is regarded as a major "innovator in the art of the short story"; his children's books are enduring classics of children's literature; and his best works speak to a versatile and luminous narrative gift.

Kipling was one of the most popular writers in English, in both prose and verse, in the late ١٩th and early ٢٠th centuries. In ١٩٠٧, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, making him the first English language writer to receive the prize, and to date he remains its youngest recipient. Among other honours, he was sounded out for the British Poet Laureateship and on several occasions for a knighthood, all of which he declined.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS
Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c, or d).

١. All stories take place in a …… which is known as Setting.

a. place
b. climate
c. structure
d. context

٢. Setting includes time, place and the ……..… of the story.

a. impression b. meaning
c. environmental climate d. social connections

٣. Setting is tightly interrelated with …… .

a. character and plot only
b. subject and theme only
c. plot, character, subject, and theme
d. experience, tradition, interpretation and reader

٤. To properly interpret the story, the reader should deeply understand its ……..… .

a. characters b. setting
c. tradition d. culture

٥. "The setting of the story utterly means its time and place as well as its aura." What does *aura* mean?

a. atmosphere b. fashion
c. structure d. integrity

The Limitations of Pambe Serang

٦. What was Pambe?

a. The Sultan of Zanzibar.
b. Nurkeed's footman.
c. The Captain.
d. The Headman of the lascar sailors.

٧. At the beginning of the story, what is the Setting?

a. On a ship in Adan.
b. On an island in Adan.
c. On a ship in the Suez Canal.
d. At Bombay and Calcutta.

٨. What happened to Serang in Bombay?

a. He could neither find Nurkeed, nor stay there long.
b. He could forgive Nurkeed.
c. He did not think about taking revenge anymore.
d. He once tried to kill Nurkeed but he did not succeed.

٩. Pambe wanted to take revenge from Nurkeed although he had to wait for a very long time because…….. .

a. he was superior to Nurkeed
b. he wanted to become rich
c. he was a Malay and could not forget anything
d. one of his wives pushed him to kill Nurkeed

١٠. What are some of the characteristics of Nurkeed?

a. Naive, simple and forgetful.
b. Revengeful, sophisticated and smart.
c. Self-controlling, lazy and righteous.
d. Forgiving, placid and trap-mouthed.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS:

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. How do the elements in a given Setting help the reader understand a narrative?
٢. How can Setting be embedded in a huge set of locations?
٣. What is a Realistic Setting?
٤. If the Setting is realistic, what can the time and place do?
٥. What affects the characters' responses to their environment?
٦. Why do stories rely on the Setting?

The Limitations of Pambe Serang

٧. What were the limitations of Pambe Serang?
٨. What did Nurkeed want to do before he was killed?

٩. What did the gentleman think about Orientals?
١٠. What idea did Pambe have about the Western with respect to polygamy?
١١. Did Pambe ever think he would be hanged?
١٢. Does the Setting of the story change? How?
١٣. How can you describe the aura of this short story?

Chapter Four

PLOT

General Objectives

The aim of this chapter is to present texts and information mainly on Plot. It intends to serve students to read, understand and become familiar with Plot and its structural elements and complexity. Plot's complexity is due to its constituent, or associated parts. Students can read the story *Once Upon a Time* and its analysis in order to grasp some crucial bases of the subject of the chapter. They are to focus on the interrelationship of characterization, theme and plot and see how the "causal interdependence" of the sequence of phases and points progresses in the story.

Behavioural Objectives

After reading this chapter, you are fairly expected to:

١) Be familiar with the central or core meaning of Plot.

٢) Be familiar with the primary significance of the very technical term of Plot.
٣) Be familiar with associated sisters of Plot.
٤) Be familiar with the accompanying segments of the Plot such as conflict, the beginning, the middle, and the end, suspense, rising action, and falling action.
٥) Be familiar with reading and appreciating, as well as analyzing, some short stories represented in other parts of this book.
٦) Work on and process a well-structured analysis on the concerned fictions.
٧) Be familiar with the basic elements and primary techniques of reading short stories and shorter novels and dramas in order to infer or illustrate their Plots and accompanying segments that are vital to causal structuring of the Plot.
٨) Link other elements of the short story such as setting, characterization, point of view and theme to the main topic of this chapter, Plot.
٩) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Action: An imagined event or series of events (an event may be verbal as well as physical, so that saying something or telling a story within the story may be an event).
Climax: The turning point. The third part of plot structure, the point at which the action stops rising and begins to fall or reverse.
Conclusion: The fifth part of structure, the point at which the situation that was destabilized at the beginning of the story becomes stable once more

Conflict: Conflict is the first part of plot structure. It is the struggle between opposing forces, such as between two people, a person and something in nature or society, or even between two drives, impulses, or parts of the self

Curiosity: The desire to know what is happening or has happened

Denouement: A French word meaning "the unknotting." In literature, it denotes the resolution of conflict in fiction or drama. The *denouement* usually follows the falling action and provides an outcome to the primary plot situation as well as an explanation of secondary plot complications.

Deus ex Machina: This is the Latin expression for "a god from a machine." It describes the practice of some Greek playwrights to end a drama with a god, lowered to the stage by a mechanical apparatus, who by his judgment and commands resolved the dilemmas of the human characters. The phrase is now used for any forced and improbable device—a telltale birthmark, an unexpected inheritance, the discovery of a lost will or letter—by which a hard pressed author resolves a plot.

Expectation: The anticipation of what is to happen next (see suspense), what a character is like or how he/she will develop, what the theme or the meaning of the story will prove to be, and so on.

Exposition: That part of the structure of a narrative which sets the scene, introduces and indentifies characters, establishes the situation at the beginning of the narrative, though additional exposition is often scattered through the story.

Falling Action: It is usually the fourth part of plot structure. It is the part of a play that follows the Climax of a dramatic event.

Flashback: The structuring device whereby a scene from the fictional past is inserted into the fictional present or dramatized out of order.

History: The imaginary people, places, chronologically arranged events that we assume exist in the world of the author's imagination, a world from which he/she chooses and arranges or re-arranges the story elements.

Plot: The Plot in a dramatic or narrative work is constituted by its events and actions, as these are rendered and ordered toward achieving particular artistic and emotional effects.
Red herring: A false lead, something that misdirects expectations.
Rising action: The second of the five parts of plot structure, in which events are introduced complicating the situation that existed at the beginning of a work and intensifying or complicating the conflict or introducing new ones.
Structuring: The arrangement or re-arrangement of the elements in the history.
Suspense: The expectation of and doubt about what is going to happen next.
Turning point: See Climax.

PLOT

The Plot is said to be the most important element without which there can be no dramatic story, no drama and no play at all. It is in the Plot that a complete and unified action arranges its events.
Plot is a 'structure' in dramatic narrative which contains its organizational elements.

When we intend to understand a story clearly, we are to grasp comprehensively the Plot of that story. Plot is called the core, and the focal point of the story. One may illustrate the Plot of the story 'patterning', or ‘structuring fetus (foetus)’ of that story. Any literary story defines itself with its Plot which is the logical arrangement of its events according to cause and effect or its logical organization.

A reasonable and justifying structure of Plot is constructed with:

a. the conflict
b. rising action
c. climax
d. falling action

e. denouement = resolution

If we are to understand Plot as one of the most significant bases of dramatic fiction, we will have to analyze the action that is necessarily engaged in having conflict. Conflict is normal and is defined as the struggle between quarrelling or opposing forces within a specific state of being. The processing phases of tragic drama that are determined as exposition, rising action, turning point or climax, falling action and finally 'resolution' can also be included exactly in the structure of a little literary short story. A literary short story should have a "**beginning**", then a "**middle**" and finally an "**end**."

Aristotle, who assigns Plot the place of chief status in writing and calls it "the first principle, and, as it were, the soul of a tragedy," formulated, in the *Poetics*, a very precise definition which has been the basis for more discussions of Plot. He called it "the imitation of an action" and also "the arrangement of the incidents." The action imitated should be "a whole" that is, it should have a "beginning", that which does not itself follow anything by causal necessity, but after which something naturally is or comes to be; a "middle," that which follows something as some other things follow it; and an "end", that which itself follows some other thing, either by necessity, or as a rule, but has nothing following it.

A Plot, Aristotle maintained, should have unity: it should "imitate one action. He disliked "episodic plots", in which the acts succeed one another without a probable or necessary sequence. Thus, causality was a fundamental quality of a Plot to Aristotle. The writer, he believed, "should first sketch the general outline [of the plot], and then fill in the episodes and amplify in detail." He seems to mean that the Plot, a general idea of a movement, is realized by "episodizing", that is by creating incidents to flesh it out.

It is very famous and reported that in his *Aspects of the Novel (١٩٨٧)*, E.M. Forster made a helpful distinction between story and Plot. A story is a narrative of events in their time-sequence. A Plot is

also "a narrative of events, the emphasis falling in causality." A story arouses only curiosity, whereas a plot demands intelligence and memory. Thus plotting is the process of converting story into Plot, of changing a sequential arrangement of incidents into a causal and inevitable arrangement. Once more, it is a functioning of some kind of intelligent overview of action that establishes principles of selection and relationship among episodes that form a Plot. Clearly there must be more than one episode, and equally clearly the relationship among the episodes must be close. Out of the welter of experience, a selection of episodes is made that in itself constitutes a "whole" action.

Most views of Plot have such an idea at the base of their definition. The minimal definition is "pattern". Hence, we may formulate a definition like this: plot is an intellectual formulation about the relationships existing among the incidents of a drama or a narrative, and it is, therefore, a guiding principle for the author and a regulating control for the reader. For the author it is the chief principle for selection and arrangement; for the reader it is something perceived as structure and unity. To define Plot as an intellectual formulation is not, however, to define it as an abstract idea or philosophical concept. Abstract ideas and philosophical attitudes may help in shaping the formulation, but that formulation is of incidents, characters and actions, and how they interrelate.

Since the plot consists of characters performing actions in incidents that interrelate to comprise a "single, whole, and complete" action, this interrelationship involves conflict, the struggle between two opposing forces. Without conflict, without opposition, Plot does not exist. We must have a Claudius flouting a Hamlet, an Iago making jealous an Othello, if we are to have Plot. These forces may be physical (or external), or they may be spiritual (or internal); but physical or spiritual they must afford an opposition. And this opposition which dictates the causal relationship develops the struggle. This struggle between the forces, moreover, comes to a head in some one incident —the Crisis— which forms the turning point of the story and which

usually marks the point of the greatest suspense. In this climactic[١] episode the rising action comes to a termination climax, then the falling action begins, and as a result of this incident some denouement or catastrophe is bound to follow.

Plot is, in this sense, an artificial rather than a natural regulation of events. Its function is to simplify life by imposing order upon it. It would be possible to recite all incidents, all events, all thoughts which pass through the minds of one or more characters during a period of, say, a week. The demands of plot stipulate that the author select from this confusing mass of events and reflections those items which have a certain unity, which point to a certain end, which have a common interrelationship, which represent not more than two or three threads of interest and activity. Plot brings order out of life, it selects only one or two emotions out of a dozen, one or two conflicts out of hundreds, only two or three people out of thousands, and a half-dozen Episodes from possible million.

Remember that *Deus ex machina* is applied to any unanticipated intervener who resolves a difficult situation, in any genre.

The use of a *Deus ex machina* to solve a complication is now pretty generally condemned as a weakness in plot structure since it is now generally conceded that plot action should spring from the innate quality of the characters participant in the action. But fate, since it may be interpreted as working through character, is, with the development of the realistic method, still very popular.

[١] of climax

ONCE UPON A TIME

Nadine Gordimer (١٩٢٣-)

Someone has written to ask me to contribute to an anthology of stories for children. I reply that I don't write children's stories; and he writes back that at a recent congress/book fair/seminar a certain novelist said every writer ought to write at least one story for children, I think of sending a postcard saying I don't accept that I "ought" to write anything.

And then last night I woke up—or rather was awakened without knowing what had roused me.

A voice in the echo-chamber of the subconscious?

A sound.

A creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor. I listened. I felt the apertures of my ears distend with concentration. Again: the creaking. I was waiting for it; waiting to hear if it indicated that feet were moving from room to room, coming up the passage—to my door. I have no burglar bars, no gun under the pillow, but I have the same fears as people who do take these precautions, and my windowpanes are thin as rime, could shatter like a wineglass. A woman was murdered (how do they put it) in broad daylight in a house two blocks away, last year, and the fierce dogs who guarded an old widower and his collection of antique clocks were strangled before he was knifed by a casual laborer he had dismissed without pay.

I was staring at the door, making it out in my mind rather than seeing it, in the dark. I lay quite still—a victim already—the arrhythmia of my heart was fleeing, knocking this way and that against its body-cage. How finely tuned the senses are, just out of rest, sleep! I could never listen intently as that in the distractions of the day; I was reading every faintest sound, identifying and classifying its possible threat.

But I learned that I was to be neither threatened nor spared. There was no human weight pressing on the boards, the creaking was a buckling, an epicenter of stress. I was in it. The house that surrounds me while I sleep is built on undermined ground; far beneath my bed, the floor, the house's foundations, the stopes and passages of gold mines have hollowed the rock, and when some face trembles, detaches and falls, three thousand feet below, the whole house shifts slightly, bringing uneasy strain to the balance and counterbalance of brick, cement, wood and glass that hold it as a structure around me. The misbeats of my heart tailed off like the last muffled flourishes on one of the wooden xylophones made by the Chopi and Tsonga[٢] migrant miners who might have been down there, under me in the earth at that moment. The slope where the fall was could have been disused, dripping water from its ruptured veins; or men might now be interred there in the most profound of tombs.

I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my body—release me to sleep again. So I began to tell myself a story; a bed-time story.

In a house, in a suburb, in a city, there were a man and his wife who loved each other very much and were living happily ever after, They had a little boy, and they loved him very much. They had a cat and a dog that the little boy loved very much. They had a car and a caravan railer for holidays, and a swimming-pool which was fenced so that the little boy and his playmates would not fall in and drown. They had a housemaid who was absolutely trustworthy and an itinerant gardener who was highly recommended by the neighbors. For when they began to live happily ever after they were warned, by that wise old witch, the husband's mother, not to take on anyone off the street. They were inscribed in a medical benefit society, their pet dog was licensed, they were insured against fire, flood damage and theft, and subscribed to local Neighborhood Watch, which supplied them with a

[٢] Two peoples from Mozambique, northeast of South Africa

plaque their gates lettered YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED over the silhouette of a would-be intruder. He was masked; it could not be said if he was black or white, and therefore proved the property owner was no racist.

It was not possible to insure the house, the swimming-pool or the car against riot damage. There were riots, but these were outside city, where people of another color were quartered. These people were not allowed into the suburb except as reliable housemaids and gardeners, so there was nothing to fear, the husband told the wife. Yet she was afraid that someday such people might come up the street and tear the plaque YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and open the gates and stream in ... . Nonsense, my dear, said the husband, there are police and soldiers and tear-gas and guns to keep them away. But to please her —for he loved her very much and buses were being burned, cars stoned and schoolchildren shot by the police in those quarters out of sight a hearing of the suburb—he had electronically controlled gates fitted: Anyone who pulled off the sign YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED and tried to open the gates would have to announce his intentions by pressing a button and speaking into a receiver relayed to the house. The little boy was fascinated by the device and used it as a walkie-talkie in cops and robbers play with his small friends.

The riots were suppressed, but there were many burglaries in the suburb and somebody's trusted housemaid was tied up and shut it cupboard by thieves while she was in charge of her employers' house. The trusted housemaid of the man and wife and little boy was so up by this misfortune befalling a friend left, as she herself often was, with responsibility for the possessions of the man and his wife and the little boy that she implored her employers to have burglar bars attached the doors and windows of the house, and an alarm system installed. The wife said, She is right, let us take heed of her advice. So from every window and door in the house where they were living happily ever after they now saw the trees and sky through bars, and when the little boy's pet cat tried to climb in by the fanlight to keep him company in

his little bed at night, as it customarily had done, it set off the alarm keening through the house.

The alarm was often answered—it seemed—by other burglar alarms, in other houses, that had been triggered by pet cats or nibbling mice. The alarms called to one another across the gardens in shrills and bleats and wails that everyone soon became accustomed to, so that the dim roused the inhabitants of the suburb no more than the croak of frogs and musical grating of cicadas' legs. Under cover of the electronic harpies' discourse intruders sawed the iron bars and broke into homes, taking away hi-fl equipment, television sets, cassette players, cameras and radios, jewelry and clothing, and sometimes were hungry enough to devour everything in the refrigerator or paused audaciously to drink the whiskey in the cabinets or patio bars. Insurance companies paid no compensation for single malt[٣], a loss made keener by the property owner's knowledge that the thieves wouldn't even have been able to appreciate what it was they were drinking.

Then the time came when many of the people who were not trusted housemaids and gardeners hung about the suburb because they were unemployed. Some importuned for a job: weeding or painting a roof; anything, baas[٤], madam. But the man and his wife remembered the warning about taking on anyone off the street. Some drank liquor and fouled the street with discarded bottles. Some begged, waiting for the man or his wife to drive the car out of the electronically operated gates. They sat about with their feet in the gutters, under the jacaranda trees that made a green tunnel of the street—for it was a beautiful suburb, spoilt only by their presence—and sometimes they fell asleep lying right before the gates in the midday sun. The wife could never see anyone go hungry. She sent the trusted housemaid out with bread

٣ an expensive scotch whiskey
٤ boss

and tea, but the trusted housemaid said these were loafers and tsorsis°, who would come and tie her and shut her in a cupboard. The husband said, She's right. Take heed of her advice, You only encourage them with your bread and tea. They are looking for their chance. And he brought the little boy's tricycle from the garden into the house every night, because if the house was surely secure, once locked and with the alarm set, someone might still be able to climb over the wall or the electronically closed gates into the garden.

You are right, said the wife, then the wall should be higher. And the wise old witch, the husband's mother, paid for the extra bricks as her Christmas present to her son and his wife—the little boy got a Space Man outfit and a book of fairy tales.

But every week there were more reports of intrusion: in broad daylight and the dead of night, in the early hours of the morning, and even in the lovely summer twilight—a certain family was at dinner while the bedrooms were being ransacked upstairs. The man and his wife, talking the latest armed robbery in the suburb, were distracted by the sight of the little boy's pet cat effortlessly arriving over the seven-foot wall, descending first with a rapid bracing of extended forepaws down on the sheer vertical surface, and then a graceful launch, landing with swishing tail within the property. The whitewashed wall was marked with the cat's comings and goings; and on the street side of the wall there were larger red-earth smudges that could have been made by the kind of broken running shoes, seen on the feet of unemployed loiterers, that had no innocent destination.

When the man and wife and little boy took the pet dog for its walk round the neighborhood streets they no longer paused to admire this show of roses or that perfect lawn; these were hidden behind an array of different varieties of security fences, walls and devices. The man, wife, little boy and dog passed a remarkable choice: there was the low cost option of pieces of broken glass embedded in cement

° hooligans

along the top of walls, there were iron grilles ending in lance-points, there were attempts at reconciling the aesthetics of prison architecture with the Spanish Villa style (spikes painted pink) and with the plaster urns of neoclassical façades (twelve-inch pikes finned like zigzags of lightning and painted pure white). Some walls had a small board affixed, giving the name and telephone number of the firm responsible for the installation of the devices. While the little boy and the pet dog raced ahead, the husband and wife found themselves comparing the possible effectiveness of each style against its appearance; and after several weeks when they paused before this barricade or that without needing to speak, both came out with the conclusion that only one was worth considering. It was the ugliest but the most honest in its suggestion of the pure concentration-camp style, no frills, all evident efficacy. Placed the length of walls, it consisted of a continuous coil of stiff and shining metal serrated into jagged blades, so that there would be no way of climbing over it and no way through its tunnel without getting entangled in its fangs. There would be no way out, only a struggle getting bloodier and bloodier, a deeper and sharper hooking and tearing of flesh. The wife shuddered to look at it. You're right, said the husband, anyone would think twice. And they took heed of the advice on a small board fixed to the wall: Consult DRAGON'S TEETH The People For Total Security.

Next day a gang of workmen came and stretched the razor-bladed coils all round the walls of the house where the husband and wife and little boy and pet dog and cat were living happily ever after. The sunlight flashed and slashed, off the serrations, the cornice of razor thorns encircled the home, shining. The husband said, Never mind, It will weather. The wife said, You're wrong. They guarantee it's rust-proof. And she waited until the little boy had run off to play before she said, I hope the cat will take heed. The husband said, Don't worry, my dear, cats always look before they leap. And it was true that from that day on the cat slept in the little boy's bed and kept to the garden, never risking a try at breaching security.

One evening, the mother read the little boy to sleep with a fairy story from the book the wise old witch had given him at Christmas. Next day he pretended to be the Prince who braves the terrible thicket of thorns to enter the palace and kiss the Sleeping Beauty back to life: he dragged a ladder to the wall, the shining coiled tunnel was just wide enough for his little body to creep in, and with the first fixing of its razor-teeth in his knees and hands and head he screamed and struggled deeper into its tangle. The trusted housemaid and the itinerant gardener, whose "day" it was, came running, the first to see and to scream with him, and the itinerant gardener tore his hands trying to get at the little boy. Then the man and his wife burst wildly into the garden and for some reason (the cat, probably) the alarm set up wailing against the screams while the bleeding mass of the little boy was hacked out of the security coil with saws, wire-cutters, choppers, and they carried it—the man, the wife, the hysterical trusted housemaid and the weeping gardener—into the house.

Nadine Gordimer was born in ١٩٢٣ in a small town near Johannesburg, South Africa, and graduated from the University of Wirwatersrand. She has taught at several American universities but continues to reside in her native country. A prolific writer, Gordimer has published more than twenty books of fiction (novels and short story collections). In addition to England's prestigious Booker Prize for Fiction, she received the Nobel Prize for literature in ١٩٩١. The story "*Once Upon a Time*" was published in ١٩٨٩, five years before the first truly free elections in South African history saw the election of Nelson Mandela.

STORY ANALYSIS

Interpretive vs. Escapist Literature

There are two kinds of writing, Commercial and Literary. Commercial or escapist pieces are purely for the reader's entertainment and for making money and business running. Literary works however are often crafted with a deeper meaning designed purposefully to make the reader think and are rarely predictable. The short story, *Once Upon A Time,* by Nadine Gordimer has both Literary and Commercial qualities. This story is partially Literary because it is a short story and doesn't try to please the reader. The story does not have the typical fairy-tale happy ending. Even though there is foreshadowing in the beginning of the story with the line, "Where the family lives happily ever after", the story was not predictable. The Escapist side is that there is an emphasis on the plot and storyline and not so much the characters who were easily defined as good and bad. The Mother-in-Law is titled the "Wise old Witch" because of her age, wisdom and views. The Mother-in-Law is the true instigator in this dark story. She plants the seeds of fear in her son and daughter-in-law.

As defined by Arp and Johnson (Perrine, ٢٠٠٢), commercial fiction, or escapist literature, is “fiction written to meet the taste of a wide popular audience and relying usually on tested formulas for satisfying such taste”. Arp and Johnson also state that literary fiction, otherwise known as interpretive literature, is “fiction written with serious artistic intentions, providing an imagined experience yielding authentic insights into some significant aspect of life”. In *Once upon a Time*, Nadine Gordimer uses a unique combination of both interpretive and escapist literature styles to portray a message that there is no way to absolutely guarantee a person’s safety.

Although Nadine Gordimer does use some elements of the escapist literature style to develop this piece of fiction, the story is primarily interpretive literature. Arp and Johnson state that “literary

fiction plunges us, through the author's imaginative vision and artistic ability, more deeply into the real world". In *Once upon a Time*, Gordimer leaves the reader to his or her own insights as to what could have been done to avoid the particular outcome. She does not point out any particular moral to the story, but instead lets the reader absorb the family's plight. The escapist style is recognized in the bedtime story that the narrator creates—the story within the story. In this story the emphasis is on plot rather than on character development, and the characters are obviously lacking the full dynamic quality that the reader identifies in the round character. Yet, again, unlike escapist literature, the conclusion of this story is far from the "happily ever after" endings of its type, and, being that there is no real moral to the story, in this way also, it is thus rendered more interpretive.

The interpretive style is also apparent in the author's choice of plot. The plot, unlike the typical escapist piece of literature, is non-linear; the ending, as opposed to the happy ending of an escapist literature piece, is indeterminate. In the beginning, the reader is introduced to a person who is experiencing anxiety, and this person then begins her own story. The reader is never brought back to the story of the narrator. As the narrator's initial conflict remains unresolved at the closing of the story, the ending is indeterminate. In the bedtime story also, the problem is unsolved at the end. Instead, the narrator ends the story in a decidedly sardonic mocking of the traditional "They lived happily ever after" story. Due to both of these points, *Once upon a Time* would be described as a non-linear story.

Though she is the most realistic character in the entire work of fiction, the character of the narrator is also more flat than round. Her situation is described to the reader in painful detail and in such a way that the reader will identify with her. However, her behavior is very typical of a person in her position. Awakened in the middle of the night as she was and hearing "a creaking of the kind made by the weight carried by one foot after another along a wooden floor", the reader could not expect anything else *but* fear. Her roundness is

shown in her slight internal conflict. She believes that she should not be scared, yet she cannot make her imagination—or *mind*—yield to her will. "I couldn't find a position in which my mind would let go of my body—release me to sleep again". Although she *is* given an element of roundness, the narrator's character remains more flat than round.

The man, holding the role of a father, a husband, a son, and an employer in the story, is just what a reader would expect of an accommodating man in his position—in essence, the stereotypical man. This is shown in a number of ways. He played the role of supporting husband perfectly in always acknowledging his wife's concerns. In order to calm her fears, "he had electronically controlled gates fitted", to provide further control of any outsiders' access to their property, as well as having the wall surrounding their property built higher. For the reason of pacifying the trusted housemaid, he had bars affixed "to the doors and windows of the house, and an alarm system installed." Throughout the story, the man acquiesces to one after another requests, changing little from the unafraid, doting provider that the author first introduces to the reader. In the beginning of the story, the man is clearly unconcerned about his or his family's safety from such people as the wife worries about. On more than one occasion, he assured his wife that "there was nothing to fear." However, in the course of events, he attains some small quality of roundness in that his concern over his family's security evolves into an obsession, perhaps due to his wife's influence. During times that the family would go for walks, they would no longer pause "to admire this show of roses or that perfect lawn"; instead "the husband and wife found themselves comparing the possible effectiveness of each style [of each security system] against its appearance." In changing his mind and/or in his allowance of the circumstances to change him, a slight element of roundness is added to the father's relatively flat character.

The man's wife does not change by the end of this story, thereby showing her to be a flat character—predictable, stereotypical, static, and, in this case, easily defined as "good." However, in the course of the story, the reader will also see a side of her that conflicts with her fears, which gives her some roundness. Women in general are typically more concerned than men with safety issues. Danger, whether real or perceived, is seen as a threat to their well-being, as well as to that of their loved ones. Be that as it may, the wife's actions and fears are entirely understandable and predictable in *Once Upon A Time*. "She was afraid that some day…people might come up the street…and open the gates and stream in." Perhaps not entirely logical, but such behavior is considered the norm for women, thus displaying her flatness as a character. However, at the same time, she also has a quality of roundness to her as well. Even though she advocates every extra security measure to protect herself and her family from "such people," from the streets, those are the very ones that she feels compassion for. "The wife could never see anyone go hungry. She sent the trusted housemaid out with bread and tea". The fact that she feels torn over the plight of these individuals and then her very attempts to isolate herself from them shows her internal conflict, thus giving a small element of roundness to her otherwise flat character.

In the little boy, Gordimer paints the picture of endearing, playful innocence as well as naiveté. His naiveté and playfulness is demonstrated in his "[fascination] with the [intercom] device", as well as in his tendency to imagine himself the hero in a fairytale story, which leads to his demise: "he pretended to be the Prince who braves the terrible thicket of thorns to enter the palace and kiss the Sleeping Beauty back to life". Interestingly enough, the boy has the smallest role throughout the story and yet he becomes the character that the narrator uses to bring his/her point home. However, due to the fact that his character never undergoes any kind of change, he cannot be labeled as a round character.

The trustworthy maid is also a stereotypical, flat character. This is suggested simply by her given name of "trusted housemaid". Despite the circumstances of the times and the distrust that the wife feels towards people of her kind, the man and his wife trusted the housemaid enough to leave her "with responsibility for [their] possessions". Also, not unlike the typical housemaid, she was an influence on her mistress. The housemaid fed the wife's fears of these "people of another color", telling the wife that "these were loafers and "*tsotsis*". In pointing out the "loafers'" shortcomings, perhaps because of her insecurities, she redirected the wife's attentions away from caring for these people—typical behavior from an employee anxious to keep her job. On account of this stereotypical behavior, as well as the fact that she remains a static character throughout the story, the housemaid is a flat character.

The last human character, the itinerant gardener, is also a flat character. The only thing that the author mentions concerning the gardener is that he was "highly recommended by the neighbors". The gardener's one purpose in the story was to aid in getting the little boy out of the security coil. "…the itinerant gardener, whose day it was, came running…and tore his hands trying to get at the little boy". Typical of a man of service, he seemed willing to help in whatever way necessary.

In the beginning of the story the narrator battles to control her own fears regarding physical security. The "bedtime story" created to alleviate his/her discomfort attempts to convince the hearer or the reader of the fact that one's fate is out of one's control. The author uses "Once upon a Time" to illustrate that there is no real way to guarantee anyone's safety, no matter how hard the person tries.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A. MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c, or d).

١. Where does a unified action arrange its events?

a. Plot
b. Climax
c. Conflict
d. Resolution

٢. Plot is said to be the ……..… of literary stories.

a. formal arrangement
b. formal organization
c. logical organization
d. artificial regulation

٣. Deus Ex Machina is now expressed to be…… .

a. a weakness in plot structure
b. a character participant in the action
c. a popular complication of the structure of plot
d. a realistic method to the development of actions

٤. Conflict is literally defined as a(n) ……..… .

a. additional component
b. authorial exposition
c. c introductory identification
d. struggle between opposing fractions or forces

٥. Aristotle's *Poetics*, as one of the most classical books on literary genres, places the plot as ……...… in drama.

a .union
b. an end
c. whole
d. the most important element

٦. According to Aristotle, what should a plot have?

a. Sequence
b. Incident
c. Unity
d. Formulation

٧. What do we mean by plotting?

a. The process of changing a sequential arrangement of incidents into a causal and inevitable arrangement.
b. Arranging some separated episodes into an arbitrary sequence.
c. Arranging some episodes that don't make a "whole".
d. Arranging some episodes which follow no pattern.

Once Upon A Time

٨. What awakened the writer of the story?

a. A burglar b. A sound
c. A stranger d. Her heart

٩. Last night, the writer was full of …… .

a. happiness b. pride
c. stress d. Balance

١٠- Who warned the man and his wife not to take on any one off the street?

a. The man's mother b. The wife's mother
c. Their neighbor d. Their friend

١١- What did the gang of workmen do to the house?

a. They added some shining metal to its walls.
b. They stretched the razorblade coils all around its walls.
c. They added some new fence to it.
d. They installed an alarm system.

١٢. Whom did the little boy pretend to be the next day ?

a. The gardener
b. His father
c. The Prince of the fairy story
d. His grandmother

١٣. What caused the bleeding of the little boy?

a. The alarm system b. The shining metal
c. The old fence d. The razor-teeth

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS
Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. What is the *Poetics*'s attitude towards Plot?
٢. What do you know about the arrangement of the incidents of actions in drama?
٣. What does the story arouse in us?
٤. What does the Plot arouse in us?
٥. What does Plot consist of for performing and actualization?

٦. What are the parts of plot structure

٧. In which part of plot structure may events happen to become complicated?

٨. What may happen to Plot if there is no conflict in the story?

Once Upon A time

٩. What do the barriers or fences represent in the story ?

١٠. Look up the word "irony " in a dictionary. Is there any ironic point about the effectiveness of the barriers is providing protection?

١١. Does the author provide you with some information to guess what would happen at the end of the story?

١٢. Does the end of the story come to you as a total shock?

١٣. Under which title does the story go, Interpretive or Escapist Literature? Support your ideas.

Chapter Five

THE CHARACTER and CHARACTERIZATION

General Objectives

The aim of this chapter is to present texts and information mainly on the Character and Characterization. It intends to assist students to read, comprehend and become familiar with characterization and its significance. Characterization is a process in the structuring of fiction. Characterization's complexity (and significance) is because of the centrality and structural contribution of Character(s) to the fiction. Students can read the short stories, *Miss Brill* and *Girl*, and their analyses in order to grasp some crucial focuses of the subject of the chapter. Students are to focus on the interrelationship of characterization,

theme, and plot, and then see how the structural interdependence of interior elements and phases of progress and representation of Characters eventually work for effects. Students are to take part in the experiences of the fictional personage in order to comprehend the onward course of Characterization.

Behavioral Objectives

After reading this chapter, you are fairly expected to:

١) Be familiar with the technique and process of Characterization.
٢) Be familiar with the focal meaning of Characterization in the structuring of fiction.
٣) Be familiar with the primary importance of the crucial term of Characterization in the art of fiction.
٤) Be familiar with the accompanying and internal elements of Characterization.
٥) Be familiar with different aspects and kinds of Characters and Characterization.
٦) Be familiar with qualitative and interior dynamicity and processes of Characterization.
٧) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Antagonist: A neutral term for a character who opposes the leading male or female character;

Antihero: A leading character who is not, like a “hero,” perfect or even outstanding but is rather ordinary and representative of the more or less average person

Character: (١) A fictional personage; (٢) a combination of a person's qualities, especially moral qualities, so that such terms as "good" and "bad," "strong" and "weak," often apply. See *personality* and *nature.*

Characterization: The fictional or artistic presentation of a fictional personage; terms like "a good character" can, then, be ambiguous—they may mean that the personage is virtuous, or that he or she is well presented whatever his or her characteristics or moral qualities.

Dynamic character: A character who is actively modified by the action through which he participates or experiences. The one who undergoes changes in the course of the story.

Existential character: A person real or fictional who, whatever his or her past or conditioning, can change by an act of will.

Flat character: Fictional character, often but not always a minor character, who is relatively simple, who is presented as having rather few, though sometimes dominant, traits, and who thus does not change much in the course of a story. See *round character*

Hero / heroine: The leading male / female character, usually larger than life, sometimes almost godlike. See *antihero, protagonist,* and *villain.*

Nature: As it refers to a person— "it is his [or her] nature"—a rather old term suggesting something inborn, inherent, fixed, and thus predictable. See *character, personality.*

Personality: That which distinguishes or individualizes a person; its qualities are judged not so much in terms of their moral value, as in "character," but as to whether they are "pleasing" or "unpleasing."

Protagonist: The main character in a work, who may be male or female, heroic or not heroic; thus the most neutral term. See *hero / antihero,* and *antagonist.*

Round character: A complex character, often a major character, who can grow and change and "surprise convincingly"—that is, act in a way that you did not expect from what had gone before but now accept as possible, even probable, and "realistic."

Static character: A character who changes little if at all in the progress of the narrative.

Stereotype: A characterization based on conscious or unconscious assumptions that some one aspect, such as gender, age, ethnic or national identity, religion, occupation, marital status, determines what humans are like, and so is accompanied by certain traits, actions, and even values.

Villain: The one who opposes the hero and heroine, the "bad guy". See *antagonist* and *hero.*

THE CHARACTER AND CHARACTERIZATION

Character is an agent that actualizes characteristics and traits, or some kind of nature in experience. It is a brief descriptive sketch of a personage who actualizes some definite quality. The person is described not as an individualized personality but as an example of some vice or virtue or type, such as a busy body, a superstitious fellow, a fop, a country bumpkin, a garrulous old man, a happy milkmaid, etc. Similar treatments of institutions and inanimate things,

such as "the character of a coffee house," also employed the term, and late in the seventeenth century, by a natural extension of the tradition, Character was applied to longer composition, sometimes historical one. Under the influence of the French writer La Bruyere, Characters became more individualized and were combined with the essay, as in the periodical essay of Addison and Steele. Subject of Characters is given fanciful proper names, often Latin or Greek, such as "Croesus". Therefore, the character is representative of something experimental.

CHARACTERIZATION

Authors in fiction reveal the Characters of imaginary agents and actors. The creation of images of these imaginary persons so credible that they exist for the reader as real within the limits of the fiction is called Characterization. The ability to characterize the people of his imagination successfully is one of the primary attributes of a good novelist, dramatist, or short-story writer.

There are fundamental methods of Characterization in fiction:

(١) Explicit Exposition: the explicit presentation by the author of the Character through direct exposition, either in an introductory block or more often piece-meal throughout the work, illustrated by action;

(٢) Objective Exposition: the presentation of the Character in action, with little or no explicit comment by the author, in the expectation that the reader will be able to deduce the attributes of the actor from the actions;

(٣) The representation from within a Character, without comment on the character by the author; of the impact of actions and emotions upon his inner self, with the expectation that the reader will come to a clear understanding of the attributes of the Character.

(٤) Mixed Exposition: the representation through and by all of the three methods mentioned above.

It is difficult to distinguish among these methods of characterization without discussing them in terms of narrative point of view. Usually the explicit method results when the story is told by a first person narrator, such as Dickens's *David Copperfield*, or by an omniscient author, such as Fielding in *Tom Jones*. The success of the explicit method of characterization resets at least in part upon the personality of the narrator or omniscient author. The presentation of Characters through actions is essentially the dramatic method. It is the traditional way of establishing Character in the drama. We know Hamlet through what he says and does; the riddle of what Shakespeare intended his true character to be is eternally unanswerable. The novel and the short story in this century have frequently adopted the dramatic technique by making objective presentations of Characters in action without authorial comment.

But regardless of the method by which a Character is presented, the author may concentrate upon a dominant trait to the exclusion of the other aspects of the character's personality or he may attempt to present a fully round personality. If the presentation of a single dominant trait is carried to an extreme, not a believable Character but a caricature will result. If this method is handled with skill, it can produce two-dimensional Characters that are striking and interesting but lack depth. Mr. Micawber in *David Copperfield* comes close to being such a two-dimensional character through the emphasis that Dickens puts upon a very small group of characteristics. Sometimes such Characters are given descriptive names, such as Mr. Deuceace, the gambler in *Vanity Fair*. On the other hand, the author may present us with so convincing a congeries of personality traits that a complex rather than a simple Character emerges; such a Character is three-dimensional or, in E. M. Forster's term, "round". As a rule the major Characters in a fiction need such three-dimensional treatment, while minor characters are often handled two-dimensionally.

Furthermore, a Character may be either static or dynamic. A static Character is one who changes little if at all in the progress of the narrative. Things happen to such a character without things happening within him. The pattern of action reveals the Character rather than showing the Character changing in response to the actions. Sometimes a static Character gives the appearance of changing simply because our picture of him is revealed bit by bit; this is true of Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy*, who does not change, although our view of him steadily changes. A dynamic Character, on the other hand, is one who is modified by the action through which he passes, and one of the objectives of the work in which he appears is to reveal the consequences of these action upon him.

Most great dramas and novels have dynamic Characters as protagonist.

Short stories are more likely to reveal static Characters through action than to show changes in Characters resulting from actions.

Among other types of Character, one can mention stereotypes and villains. Stereotypes are dull and repetitive Characters who reveal certain traits, actions and values. A villain is a "bad guy" who opposes the hero and heroine.

Ultimately every successful Character represents a fusion of the universal and the particular and becomes an example of the concrete universal. It is in this dramatic particularization of the typical and universal that one of the essences of the dramatic and of the Characterization is to be found. Our minds may delight in abstractions and ideas, but it is our emotions that ultimately give the aesthetic and dramatic response, and they respond to the personal, the particular, the concrete. This is why a novel speaks to us more permanently than an allegory, why Hamlet has an authority forever lacking the "Indecisive Man" in a seventeenth century Character.

MISS BRILL

Katherin Mansfield (١٨٨٨-١٩٢٣)

Although it was so brilliantly fine — the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques — Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting — from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown! ... But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind — a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came — when it was absolutely necessary ... Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad — no, not sad, exactly — something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with

his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little "flutey" bit — very pretty! — a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything - gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down "flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed

scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and - Miss Brill had often noticed - there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even - even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in grey met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him - delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been - everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming - didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? ... But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The

Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theatre" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week —so as not to be late for the performance— and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress - are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the

manuscript of her part and said gently; "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill - a something, what was it? - not sadness - no, not sadness - a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches - they would come in with a kind of accompaniment — something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful — moving ... And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought — though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all - who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

"It's her fu-ur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chere--"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet."

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honey-cake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an

almond it was like carrying home a tiny present - a surprise - something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But to-day she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room — her room like a cupboard — and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

Katherine Mansfield
(١٨٨٨-١٩٢٣)
Was born in Wellington as the daughter of a successful businessman. Her family sent her to Queen's College, London for her education. She then returned to New Zealand for two years, before going back to London to pursue a literary career.

She published her first collection of Short stories *The German Pension* in ١٩١١. In that same year she met the critic and essayist John Middleton Murray. Their relationship together brought Katherine Mansfield into contact with many of leading lights of English literature of that era. Most notably, she came to the attention of D. H. Lawrence.

Her life and work were changed forever with the death of her brother during The Great War. She was shocked and traumatised by the experience, so much so that her work began to take refuge in the nostalgic reminscences of their childhood in New Zealand. For the imperial historian, it is this body of work that is the most interesting: *Prelude* (١٩١٧), *Bliss and Other Stories* (١٩٢٠) and *The Garden party and Other Stories* (١٩٢٢). She could evoke stunning mental images of the natural beauty of New Zealand as well as showing a keen ear for the oddities of Upper Class English and Colonial society.

The last years of her life were punctuated with bouts of the tuberculosis that would eventually kill her in ١٩٢٣. Her husband, John Middleton Murry, would later publish many of her works, letters and papers postumously. *Miss Brill* is from her *Garden Party* collection.

STORY ANALYSIS

The character, Miss Brill, lives in a fantasy world that hides her aging and loneliness. She is a character of familiarity and routine. Katherine Mansfield's "Miss Brill" is a woman self-contained, not pessimistic but settled, content. She is not a victim of her circumstances, but the satisfied creator of them. You could say she has her ducks lined up the way she wants them. Through the character of Miss Brill, Katherine Mansfield reveals a woman who has the ability to enjoy a simple world of her own elaborate creation. Miss Brill is a single woman, probably in her mid to late fifties. She lives alone in a very small space without even a cat or bird. She has a collection of vintage clothing. Her physical appearance is only alluded to in the ١٨-paragraph short story by Mansfield, but in reading about a day in her life, one has the impression of an intelligent, sensitive woman.

Miss Brill copes with her isolation by completely deluding herself and ignoring that she is isolated. Every Sunday, Miss Brill emerges from her "room like a cupboard" to involve herself in as many lives as she possibly can. Miss Brill’s routine involves her strolling through the Jardins Publiques, listening to the band that plays under the gazebo, watching people, eavesdropping, and returning home after buying an almond cake. Miss Brill's primary activity on these Sunday walks is eavesdropping on people, as "she had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked around her". The only contact Miss Brill has with people besides her pupil is through eavesdropping. Though there is no communication

directly to the individuals she observes, Miss Brill convinces herself that she has a significant relationship with them. To Miss Brill, "it was exactly like a play... They were all on stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all". This is the essence of Miss Brill's delusion. There is absolutely no meaningful contact with the people she is actually very detached from, but she convinces herself that she is an important feature in their lives. Miss Brill not only ignores her isolation, but she creates an escapist fantasy to validate her life.

Miss Brill cannot escape her isolation that is caused by displacement from her place of origin, finds herself in a place where she cannot connect to her students nor to her peers. Miss Brill creates a delusion that she is an important part of the lives of the people she observes. She is completely unaware of how others view her until she has an epiphany at the end of the story.

GIRL

Jamaica Kincaid (١٩٤٩-)

Wash the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry; don't walk barehead in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn't have gum on it, because that way it won't hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won't turn someone else's stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don't sing

benna in Sunday school; you mustn't speak to wharbfflies will follow you; but I don't sing benna on Sundays at all and never in Sunday school; this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a button-hole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father's khaki shirt so that it doesn't have a crease; this is how you iron your father's khaki pants so that they don't have a crease; this is how you grow okrbafar from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don't like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don't like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don't know you very well, and this way they won't recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is with your own spit; don't squat down to play marbles you are not a boy, you know; don't pick people's flowers you might catch something; don't throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona; this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and that way something bad won't fall on you; this is how to bully a man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man; and if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air if you feel like it, and

this is how to move quick so that it doesn't fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread to make sure it's fresh; but what if the baker won't let me feel the bread?; you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread?

Jamaica Kincaid was born in ١٩٤٩ as Elaine Potter Richardson on the island of Antigua. She lived with her stepfather, a carpenter, and her mother until ١٩٦٥ when she was sent to Westchester, New York to work as an au pair. In Antigua, she completed her secondary education under the British system due to Antigua's status as a British colony until ١٩٦٧. She went on to study photography at the New York School for Social Research after leaving the family for which she worked, and also attended Franconia College in New Hampshire for a year. Her first writing experience involved a series of articles for Ingenue magazine. In ١٩٧٣, she changed her name to Jamaica Kincaid because her family disapproved of her writing. Through her writing, she befriended George W.S. Trow, a writer for the New Yorker, who began writing "Talk of the Town" pieces about her. As a result, Kincaid met the editor of the magazine, William Shawn, who offered her a job. Kincaid later married Shawn's son, Allen, a composer and Bennington College professor, and they now have two children.

STORY ANALYSIS

The story *Girl,* by Jamaica Kincaid, is a dialogue between a mother and daughter, though the long and list-like form of the narrative implies that perhaps the guidance the mother is providing is actually a memory. The mother is the primary speaker, based on the volume of her comments, but it is clear that the daughter is the protagonist; the

story is written in such a way that the reader responds along with daughter to the mother's comments, which take the form of a series of lessons; the point of the lessons, according to the mother, is to teach her daughter to behave properly and not to act, as she terms it, like a slut. Each series of orders concludes with a follow-up question or negative statement in which the mother shows her disapproval toward her daughter.

The first set of instructions concerns the proper method of washing clothes. The mother says that white clothes must be washed on Monday and put on the stone heap. Tuesday is for washing colored clothes, which must be put on a clothesline to dry. The mother goes on to tell her daughter not to walk in the sun without a hat or other covering for her head. She tells her to use hot sweet oil when she cooks pumpkin fritters and to soak her clothes after she takes them off. She instructs her to make herself a nice blouse when she buys cotton but to be sure that it doesn't have gum on it so it will hold up in the wash; she then shifts subjects completely to tell her daughter to soak codfish overnight before cooking it. Here, the mother stops herself to ask her daughter if it is really true that she sings benna in Sunday school. She doesn't wait for an answer, though, and immediately goes on to tell her to eat food in a way that will not turn someone else's stomach. Then, returning to the subject of her previous question, she cautions that on Sundays the daughter must walk like a lady and stop singing benna in Sunday school. She tells her that her current walk is that of a slut, which she is obviously bent on becoming.

The next series of commands begins with a warning to her not to talk to wharf-rat boys, even if only to give directions. She tells her not to eat fruit on the street or else flies will follow her. The daughter comments back in defense, at this point, saying that she doesn't sing benna on Sundays and never in Sunday school. The mother continues with new statements that seem to imply that she is visibly showing her daughter how to do things. She shows her how to sew on a button, how to make a buttonhole for the button that has just been sewed on,

and how to hem a dress when she sees a hem falling down. Again, the mother says that these instructions are all to keep her daughter from looking like the slut she is bent on becoming.

The mother continues to show her daughter how to do things. The next list includes instructions on how to iron her father's khaki shirt and pants so that they don't have creases and explains that okra must always be grown far from the house because okra trees harbor red ants. She tells her daughter that when she grows dasheen, she must give it plenty of water, or it will make her throat itch when she eats it. She shows her the differentiations between sweeping a corner, the whole house, or the yard. This is followed by what the mother sees as necessary social skills, including the proper way to smile at someone she doesn't like much, at someone she doesn't like at all, and at someone she does like. Next is how to set the table for tea, dinner, for dinner with important guests, for lunch, and for breakfast. She tells her daughter how she should behave around men who don't know her well so that they won't recognize that she is bent on becoming a slut in spite of her mother's warnings.

In the next list, the mother tells her daughter to wash every day, even if it is with her own spit. She tells her not to squat down to play marbles, reminding her that she is not a boy. She cautions her not to pick people's flowers because she could catch something and tells her not to throw stones at blackbirds because the bird she throws stones at may not turn out to be a blackbird. The mother shows her daughter how to cook, how to make bread pudding, how to make doukana, and how to make pepper pot. She shows her how to make medicine for a cold and follows up with instructions on how to make medicine to cause miscarriage in the case of an unwanted pregnancy.

The mother shows her daughter how to catch a fish and how to throw back a fish she doesn't like so something bad won't fall on her. She shows her how to bully a man, how a man will bully her, and how to love a man. Regarding the last comment, the mother says that if her

illustration of how to love a man doesn't work, there are other ways. She also adds that if none of the ways work, she shouldn't feel bad about giving up. She shows her how to spit in the air and move quickly so that it doesn't fall on her. She tells her how to make ends meet and finally tells her to always squeeze bread to make sure it is fresh. The daughter asks what to do if the baker won't let her feel the bread, and the mother responds by asking if, after all she has told her, she is "really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread."

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c, or d).

١. What is a Flat Character?

a. A fictional personage who is relatively simple and who does not change much in the course of a story.
b. A leading male/female Character, sometimes godlike.
c. A person real of fictional who can change by an act of will.
d. A leading Character who represents average persons.

٢. Which personage opposes the leading Character of a narrative?

a. Hero
b. Protagonist
c. Heroine
d. Antagonist

٣. What is Personality?

a. What individualizes a person regarding moral values.
b. The inherent, fixed qualities of a person.
c. The moral values which distinguish a person.
d. What distinguishes a person as to whether he/she is pleasing or unpleasing.

٤. Which term refers to the "bad guy" of a story?

a. Antihero b. Antagonist
c. Stereotype d. Villain

٥. Under whose influence did Characters become more individualized and were combined with the essay?

a. La Bruyere b. Ben Johnson
c. John Earle d. Sir Thomas Overbury

٦. In which method of Characterization is the Character presented in action and the reader should deduce the attributes of the actor from the actions?

a. Explicit Exposition b. Objective Exposition
c. Inner Self Exposition d. Non-dramatic Method

٧. Which statement is **TRUE** about "round" Character?

a. A Character who is two-dimensional but changes a lot.
b. A Character who is three-dimensional but changes a little.
c. A Character who is three-dimensional and whose acts are predictable.
d. A Character who is three-dimensional, and therefore complex, who can grow and change and "surprise convincingly".

٨. Which of the following statements is **FALSE**?

a. A static Character changes little in the course of a story.
b. A dynamic Character is modified by the action.
c. In most great dramas and novels, the protagonist presents dynamic Character.
d. Short stories mostly reveal dynamic Characters through action.

Miss Brill

٩. What does Miss Brill do four afternoons a week?

a. She watches a band perform in the Jardins Publiques.
b. She sings in a church choir.
c. She teaches English.
d. She reads to an invalid.

١٠. On which day does Miss Brill go to the park?

a. On Monday
b. On Tuesday
c. On Saturday
d. On Sunday

١١. Who are sitting near Miss Brill this Sunday afternoon?

a. Two old people who do not speak, and, later, a young coupleb. Two young women who talk to her.
c. A jazz musician
d. Little children..

١٢. What happens when the gentleman in grey and the woman meet in front of Miss Brill?

a. They are delighted to meet again and walk away together.
b. The woman is pleased to see him, but he walks abruptly away.
c. They make eye contact but do not speak to each other.
d. They sit down, and the woman insults Miss Brill.

١٣. What does the girl make fun of?

a. Miss Brill's face.
b. Miss Brill's mug.
c. Miss Brill's fur.
d. Miss Brill's gloves.

١٤. What does Miss Brill do at the end of the story?

a. She resolves never to go out again on Sundays.
b. She eats a slice of honeycake and cries.
c. She decides to change her appearance.
d. She puts her fur back in its box.

١٥. What delusion does Miss Brill create ?

a. That she is odd and stupid
b. That she can escape her isolation.
c. That she can connect to other people easily
d. That she is an important part of the lives of the people she observes.

١٦. How does Miss Brill earn her life?

a. By playing in the band.
b. By working as an actress.
c. By teaching her students.
d. By selling almond cakes.

١٧. Miss Brill is a ……...who suffers from……... .

a. ghost / crowded places
b. young woman / frigidity
c. sociable woman / lacking time
d. spinster/ loneliness

١٨. Why doesn't Miss Brill buy a cake this Sunday ?

a. Because her dreams are broken.
b. Because she is not hungry.
c. Because she is in a hurry .
d. Because she bought a cake on Saturday.

Girl

١٩. What is the story about?

a. It is about the social norms a girl should follow not to become a slut.

b. It is about doing housework.

c. It is about the choices a girl has.

d. It is about the confidence a girl should have.

٢٠. What do you understand about the speaker?

a. She is not strict.

b. She is old-fashioned.

c. She is kind and heartwarming.

d. She is worried about the girl less than the traditions.

٢١. The speaker teaches the girl how to laugh in different situations. What does this reveal?

a. That the girl can laugh in a way that should be observed in her society.

b. That there is a manner of laughing that should be observed in her society.

c. That laughing is forbidden.

d. That she should not laugh except for special occasions.

٢٢. What does the speaker really do?

a. She violates the social norms.

b. She bullies the girl.

c. She prescribes what she thinks to be right.

d. She describes what she thinks to be right.

٢٣. Is the girl sure that she would do the right thing after all?

a. Yes, she is completely sure.
b. No, she is not, she is afraid.
c. Yes, she believes things will go well.
d. No, she would do something else.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. What does an author do in Characterization?
٢. What is the difference between 'Character' and 'personality'?
٣. What happens in Mixed Exposition?
٤. Which traits of Character are emphasized by an author?
٥. Which method of characterization is usually involved when the story is told by a first person narrator?
٦. What does the success of the explicit method reset upon?
٧. What is the traditional way of establishing Character in the drama?
٨. What does a successful Character represent?
٩. Why does a novel speak to us more permanently than an allegory?
١٠. Elaborate on characterization in one of the Persian novels you've read?

Miss Brill

١١. What are the main traits of Miss Brill's Character?
١٢. Which method of characterization does Mansfield avail from?
١٣. Which kind of Character does Miss Brill have? Why?
١٤. Does Mansfield avail from a narrative technique (i.e. stream of consciousness) for rendering the inward experience of Miss Brill? If yes, give some examples.
١٥. At the end of the story, Miss Brill hears " something crying ." What is crying?

Girl

١٦. In which period do you think the story takes place?
١٧. Are there any difference between the social norms in your country and that of the story?
١٨. Does the girl have self-confidence?
١٩. What does the story tell about the girl?
٢٠. Does telling someone how to do things really work?
٢١. How is the mother characterized in the story?

Chapter Six

POINT OF VIEW

General Objectives

The goal of this chapter is to offer texts and knowledge chiefly on Point of View. It intends to assist students to read, understand and analyze items and elements that are relevant to the topic. Point of view is 'from where one narrates the story'. The way a story is interposed is focal centre in our fictional construction. So, students are provided with stories, *Hills Like White Elephants* and *On the Road*, and their analyses in order to comprehend some essential bases of the term, the technique and the subjects that are concerned. They can focus on interdependence and influence of Point of View on characterization.

Behavioural Objectives

After reading this chapter, you are fairly expected to:

١) Know different ways of narrating a story (Points of View).
٢) Know how Point of View works.
٣) Understand different effects of the ways the story is mediated.
٤) Be ready to represent a brief well-structured lecture or write an essay on Point of View.
٥) Read Hemingway's *Hills Like White Elephants* and get familiar with the strategy of narrating.
٦) Read Hughes's *On the Road*, and then analyze its features of Point of View.
٧) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definition of Technical Terms

Centered (central) consciousness: A limited point of view, one tied to a single character throughout the story, often with access to his or her inner thoughts (but not to the thoughts of others).

Focus: The point from which the people, events, and other details in a story are viewed. This term is sometimes used to include both focus and voice.

Limited point of view or Limited focus: A perspective pinned to a single character, whether *first-person* or a *third-person* centered consciousness, so that we cannot know for sure what is going on in the minds of other characters; when the focal character leaves the room in a story we must go too and cannot know what is going on while our "eyes" or "camera" is gone. A variation on this, which generally has

no name and is often lumped with the *omniscient point of view,* is the point of view that can wander like a camera from one character to another and close in or move back but cannot (or at least does not) get inside anyone's head, does not present from the inside any character's thoughts.

Objective Point of View: It is an impersonal strategy of representing a narrative. The objective point of view is the realistic and usually dramatic way of telling a story. It is a concrete and an experimental mode through which reality represent itself dynamically, artistically, but impersonally.

Point of View: Focus; the point from which the people, events, and other details in a story are viewed. This term is sometimes used to include both focus and voice.

Psychological realism: A modification of the concept of realism, or telling it like it is, which recognizes that what is real to the individual is that which he or she perceives. It is the ground for the use of the centered consciousness, or *the first-person narrator*, since both of these present reality only as something perceived by the focal character.

Unlimited focus or Omniscient point of view: A perspective that can be that seen from one character's view, then another's, then another's, or can be moved in or out of any character at any time.

Unreliable narrator: A speaker or voice whose vision or version of the details of the story is consciously or unconsciously deceiving; such a narrator's version is usually subtly undermined by details in the story or the reader's general knowledge of facts outside the story; if, for example, the narrator were to tell you that Columbus was Spanish, and that he discovered America in the fourteenth century when his ship *The Golden Hind* landed on the coast of Florida near present-day Gainesville, you might not trust other things he would tell you.

Voice: The acknowledged or unacknowledged source of the words of the story; the "speaker;" the "person" telling the story.

POINT OF VIEW

It is the technical growth and consciousness as well as artistic awareness that is important in point of view. It is of the overwhelming information of man about himself, and it is the art of imitation (representation) that makes the art of point of view as an element in fiction which has been given a significant status.

To find out the Point of View of a story, novel, scenario, or a piece of fictional representation (other than drama), one should ask who tells it? And then how much does the narrator know or is permitted to know? Does the narrator go into the very depth of thoughts, of feelings, of states of mind and of information of the characters he/she represents? Or does he have limits and walls of look? Do the characters talk in it? Does a 'he' or 'she' report the narration? 'I' reports or 'they' recount it?

Accordingly, the kinds of points of view are classified. There are four main Points of View from which the narration is told, although combinations and mixed kinds are employed and manipulated. Those four are as follows:

١)First-person Point of View
٢)Omniscient Point of View
٣)Third-person limited Point of View
٤)Objective Point of View

١) The first-person point of view

The author, here, disappears into one of the characters, who tells the story in the first person. This character, again, may be either a major

or a minor character, protagonist or observer, and it will make considerable difference whether the story is told by the protagonist or by someone else.

The first-person point of view shares the virtues and limitations of the third-person limited. It offers, sometimes, a gain in immediacy and reality, since we get the story directly from a participant, the author as intermediary being eliminated. It offers no opportunity, however, for direct interpretation by the author, and there is constant danger that narrators may be made to transcend their own sensitivity, their knowledge, or their powers of language in telling a story. Talented authors, however, can make tremendous literary capital out of the very limitations of their narrators. The first-person point of view offers excellent opportunities for dramatic irony and for studies in limited or blunted human perceptiveness.

٢) The omniscient point of view

Here the story is told in the third person by a narrator whose knowledge and prerogatives are unlimited. Such narrators are free to go wherever they wish, to peer inside the minds and hearts of characters at will and tell us what they are thinking or feeling. These narrators can interpret behavior and can comment, if they wish, on the significance of their stories. They know all. They can tell us as much or as little as they please.

Stories told from omniscient point of view may vary widely in the amount of knowledge and information which the narrator is allowed to have and reveal.

The omniscient is the most flexible point of view and permits the widest scope. It is also the most subjective one to abuse. It offers constant danger that the narrator may come between the readers and the story, or that the continual shifting of viewpoint from character to character may cause a breakdown in coherence or unity. Used skillfully, it enables the author to achieve simultaneous breadth and

depth. Unskillfully used, it can destroy the illusion of reality that the story attempts to create.

٣) The third-person limited point of view

Here the story is told in the third person, but from the viewpoint of one character in the story. Such point-of-view characters are filters through whose eyes and minds writers look at the events. Authors employing this perspective may move both inside and outside these characters but never leave their sides. They tell us what these characters see and hear and what they think and feel; they possibly interpret the characters' thoughts and behavior. They know everything about their characters' point-of-view often more than the characters know about themselves. But they limit themselves to these characters' perceptions and show no direct knowledge of what *other* characters are thinking or feeling or doing, except for what the point-of-view character knows or can infer about them. The chosen character may be either a major or a minor character, a participant or an observer, and this choice also will be a very important one for the story. "Miss Brill" is told from the third-person limited point of view, from the perspective of the main character. The use of this viewpoint with a minor character is rare in the short story, and is not illustrated in this book.

The third-person limited point of view, since it acquaints us with the world through the mind and senses of only one character, approximates more closely than the omniscient the conditions of real life; it also offers a ready-made unifying element, since all details of the story are the experience of one character. And it affords an additional device of characterization, since what a point-of-view character does or does not find noteworthy, and the inferences that such a character draws about other characters' actions and motives, may reveal biases or limitations in the observer. At the same time it

offers a limited field of observation, for the readers can go nowhere except where the chosen character goes, and there may be difficulty in having the character naturally cognizant of all important events.

A variant of third person point of view is called **stream of consciousness**. Stream of consciousness presents the apparently random thoughts going through a character's head within a certain period of time, mingling memory and present experiences, and employing transitional links that are psychological rather than strictly logical. (First-person narrators might also tell their stories through stream of consciousness, though first-person use of this technique is relatively rare.)

٤) The objective point of view

The narrator, in this point of view, disappears into a kind of roving sound camera. This camera can go anywhere but can record only what is seen and heard. It cannot comment, interpret, or enter a character's mind. With this point of view (sometimes called also the dramatic point of view) readers are placed in the position of spectators at a movie or play. They see what the characters do and hear what they say but must infer what they think or feel and what they are like. Authors are not there to explain. The purest example of a story told from the objective point of view would be one written entirely in dialogue, for as soon as authors add words of their own, they begin to interpret through their very choice of words. Actually, few stories using this point of view are antiseptically pure, for the limitations it imposes on the author are severe. Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants", presented in this book is essentially objective in its narration.

The objective point of view requires readers to draw their own inferences. But it must rely heavily on external action and dialogue, and it offers no opportunities for direct interpretation by the author.

Each of the points of view has its advantages, its limitations, and its peculiar uses. Ideally the choice of the author will depend upon

the materials and the purpose of a story. Authors choose the point of view that enables them to present their particular materials most effectively in terms of their purposes.

For readers, the examination of point of view may be important both for understanding and for evaluating the story. First, they should know whether the events of the story are being interpreted by a narrator or by one of the characters. If the latter, they must ask how this character's mind and personality affect the interpretation, whether the character is perceptive or imperceptive, and whether the interpretation can be accepted at face value or must be discounted because of ignorance, stupidity, or self-deception.

Next, readers should ask whether the writer has chosen the point of view for maximum revelation of the material or for another reason. The author may choose the point of view mainly to conceal certain information till the end of the story and thus maintain suspense and create surprise. The author may even deliberately mislead readers by presenting the events through a character who puts a false interpretation on them. Such a false interpretation may be justified if it leads eventually to more effective revelation of character and theme. If it is there merely to trick readers, it is obviously less justifiable.

HILLS LIKE WHITE ELEPHANTS

Ernest Hemingway(١٨٩٩-١٩٦١)

The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out

flies. The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade, outside the building. It was very hot and the express from Barcelona would come in forty minutes. It stopped at this junction for two minutes and went to Madrid.

“What should we drink?” the girl asked. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table.

“It's pretty hot,” the man said.

“Let's drink beer.”

“Dos cervezas,” the man said into the curtain.

“Big ones?” a woman asked from the doorway.

“Yes. Two big ones.”

The woman brought two glasses of beer and two felt pads. She put the felt pads and the beer glass on the table and looked at the man and the girl. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.

“They look like white elephants,” she said.

“I've never seen one,” the man drank his beer.

“No, you wouldn't have.”

“I might have,” the man said. “Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything.”

The girl looked at the bead curtain. “They've painted something on it,” she said. “What does it say?”

“Anis del Toro. It's a drink.”

“Could we try it?”

The man called “Listen” through the curtain. The woman came out from the bar.

“Four reales.”

“We want two Anis del Toro.”

“With water?”

“Do you want it with water?”

“I don't know,” the girl said. “Is it good with water?”

“It's all right.”

“You want them with water?” asked the woman.

“Yes, with water.”

“It tastes like liquorice,” the girl said and put the glass down.

“That's the way with everything.”

“Yes,” said the girl. “Everything tastes of liquorice. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe.”

“Oh, cut it out.”

“You started it,” the girl said. “I was being amused. I was having a fine time.”

“Well, let's try and have a fine time.”

“All right. I was trying. I said the mountains looked like white elephants. Wasn't that bright?”

“That was bright.”

“I wanted to try this new drink. That's all we do, isn't it - look at things and try new drinks?”

“I guess so.”

The girl looked across at the hills.

“They're lovely hills,” she said. “They don't really look like white elephants. I just meant the colouring of their skin through the trees.”

“Should we have another drink?”

“All right.”

The warm wind blew the bead curtain against the table.

“The beer's nice and cool,” the man said.

“It's lovely,” the girl said.

“It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig,” the man said. “It's not really an operation at all.”

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on.

“I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in.”

The girl did not say anything.

“I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural.”

“Then what will we do afterwards?”

“We'll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.”

“What makes you think so?”

“That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy.”

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

“And you think then we'll be all right and be happy.”

“I know we will. Yon don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it.”

“So have I,” said the girl. “And afterwards they were all so happy.”

“Well,” the man said, “if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple.”

“And you really want to?”

“I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to.”

“And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?”

“I love you now. You know I love you.”

“I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?”

“I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry.”

“If I do it you won't ever worry?”

“I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple.”

“Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don't care about me.”

“Well, I care about you.”

“Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine.”

“I don't want you to do it if you feel that way.”

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees.

"And we could have all this," she said. "And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible."

"What did you say?"

"I said we could have everything."

"No, we can't."

"We can have the whole world."

"No, we can't."

"We can go everywhere."

"No, we can't. It isn't ours any more."

"It's ours."

"No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back."

"But they haven't taken it away."

"We'll wait and see."

"Come on back in the shade," he said. "You mustn't feel that way."

"I don't feel any way," the girl said. "I just know things."

"I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do –

"Nor that isn't good for me," she said. "I know. Could we have another beer?"

"All right. But you've got to realize – "

"I realize," the girl said. "Can't we maybe stop talking?"

They sat down at the table and the girl looked across at the hills on the dry side of the valley and the man looked at her and at the table.

“You've got to realize,” he said, “ that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you.”

“Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along.”

“Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I know it's perfectly simple.”

“Yes, you know it's perfectly simple.”

“It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it.”

“Would you do something for me now?”

“I'd do anything for you.”

“Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?”

He did not say anything but looked at the bags against the wall of the station. There were labels on them from all the hotels where they had spent nights.

“But I don't want you to,” he said, “I don't care anything about it.”

“I'll scream,” said the girl.

The woman came out through the curtains with two glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads. “The train comes in five minutes,” she said.

“What did she say?” asked the girl.

“That the train is coming in five minutes.”

The girl smiled brightly at the woman, to thank her.

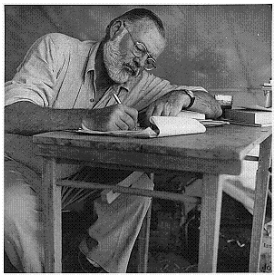
“I'd better take the bags over to the other side of the station,” the man said. She smiled at him.

“All right. Then come back and we'll finish the beer.”

He picked up the two heavy bags and carried them around the station to the other tracks. He looked up the tracks but could not see the train. Coming back, he walked through the bar-room, where people waiting for the train were drinking. He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train. He went out through the bead curtain. She was sitting at the table and smiled at him.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"I feel fine," she said. "There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine."



ERNEST HEMINGWAY
(١٨٩٩—١٩٦١)

Born in Oak Park, Illinois, Ernest Hemingway became a reporter after graduating from high school. During World War I, he served as an ambulance-service volunteer in France and an infantryman in Italy, where he was wounded and decorated for valor. After the war, he lived for a time in Paris. Two volumes of stories, *In Our Time* (١٩٢٥) and *Death in the Afternoon* (١٩٣٢), and two major novels, *The Sun Also Rises* (١٩٢٦) and *A Farewell to Arms* (١٩٢٩), established his international reputation. Hemingway supported the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War—the subject of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (١٩٤٠)—served as a war correspondent during World War II, and from ١٩٥٠ until his death lived in Cuba. His novel *The Old Man and the Sea* (١٩٥٢) won a Pulitzer Prize, and Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in ١٩٥٤.

STORY ANALYSIS

Hills like White Elephants, written by Ernest Hemingway, is a short story narrated from the objective point of view and is one of the brightest examples of this kind of narration. The author seems to disappear into a kind of a roving sound camera. He goes anywhere but records only what he sees or hears. Hemingway does not comment on the characters but lets the readers do it themselves, lets us infer what

the characters are like, what they feel or think about -- the narrator is not there to explain the actions of the characters. Like it should be in the classical short story, there is an introduction that very quickly introduces to us the main characters and gives a brief but quite exact information about the place where the action of the story happens. From the first lines we meet two people - a man and a woman who are waiting for the express train from Barcelona, sitting at the bar at one of the junctions.

Point of view is very important to every piece of writing. The way an author tells his or her story is all decided on who or what is telling it. For example, in Earnest Hemingway's short story *Hills Like White Elephants* the point of view is what makes us understand the story for what it truly is, or at least what the author wants us to see. The objective effect that Hemingway uses in this story is what makes this the truly amazing piece of literature that it really is. The story is about young couple who are debating the idea of abortion. They are waiting at a train station, on their way to Madrid. The story is told mostly in dialogue, from an unknown bystander's point of view. It is obvious that the young man, which we are never told his name, is very much for the idea of abortion. But on the other hand, we begin to sense that the girl, who we learn to be called Jig, is very frightened and almost against the idea.

ON THE ROAD

Langston Hughes (١٩٠٢-١٩٦٧)

He was not interested in snow. When he got off the freight, one early evening during the depression, Sargeant never even noticed the snow. But he must have felt it seeping down his neck, cold, wet, sopping in his shoes. But if you had asked him, he wouldn't have known it was snowing. Sargeant didn't see the snow, not even under the bright

lights of the main street, falling white and flaky against the night. He was too hungry, too sleepy, too tired.

The Reverend Mr. Dorset, however, saw the snow when he switched on his porch light, opened the front door of his parsonage, and found standing there before him a big black man with snow on his face, a human piece of night with snow on his face—obviously unemployed.

Said the Reverend Mr. Dorset before Sargeant even realized he'd opened his mouth: "I'm sorry. No! Go right on down this street four blocks and turn to your left, walk up seven and you'll see the Relief Shelter. I'm sorry. No!" He shut the door. Sargeant wanted to tell the holy man that he had already been to the Relief Shelter, been to hundreds of relief shelters during the depression years, the beds were always gone and supper was over, the place was full, and they drew the color line anyhow. But the minister said, "No," and shut the door. Evidently he didn't want to hear about it. And he had a door to shut.

The big black man turned away. And even yet he didn't see the snow, walking right into it. Maybe he sensed it, cold, wet, sticking to his jaws, wet on his Hack hands, sopping in his shoes. He stopped and stood on the sidewalk hunched over—hungry, sleepy, cold—looking up and down. Then he looked right where he was—in front of a church! Of course! A church! Sure, right next to a parsonage, certainly a church. It had two doors.

Broad white steps in the night all snowy white. Two high arched doors with slender stone pillars on either side. And way up, a round lacy window with a stone crucifix in the middle and Christ on the crucifix in stone. All this was pale in the Street lights, solid and stony pale in the snow.

Sargeant blinked. When he looked up, the snow fell into his eyes. For the first time that night he saw the snow. He shook his head. He shook the snow from his coat sleeves, felt hungry, felt lost, felt not lost, felt cold. He walked up the steps of the church. He knocked at the door. No answer. He tried the handle. Locked. He put his shoulder

against the door and his long black body slanted like a ramrod. He pushed. With loud rhythmic grunts, like the grunts in chain-gang song, he pushed against the door.

"I'm tired ... Huh! . . . Hongry . . . Uh! ... I'm sleepy . . . Huh! I'm cold ... I got to sleep somewhere," Sargeant said. "This here is a church, ain't it? Well, uh!"

He pushed against the door.

Suddenly, with an undue cracking and screaking, the door began to give way to the tall black Negro who pushed ferociously against it.

By now two or three white people had stopped in the street, and Sargeant was vaguely aware of some of them yelling at him concerning the door. Three or four more came running, yelling at him.

"Hey!" they said. "Hey!"

"Uh-huh," answered the big tall Negro, "I know it's a white folks' church, but I got to sleep somewhere." He gave another lunge at the door. "Huh!"

And the door broke open.

But just when the door gave way, two white cops arrived in a car, ran up the steps with their clubs, and grabbed Sargeant. But Sargeant for once had no intention of being pulled or pushed away from the door.

Sargeant grabbed, but not for anything so weak as a broken door. He grabbed for one of the tall stone pillars beside the door, grabbed at it and caught it. And held it. The cops pulled. Sargeant pulled. Most of the people in the Street got behind the cops and helped them pull.

"A big, black unemployed Negro holding onto our church!" thought the people. "The idea!"

The cops began to beat Sargeant over the head, and nobody protested. But he held on.

And then the church fell down.

Gradually, the big stone front of the church fell down, the walls and the rafters, the crucifix, and the Christ. Then the whole thing fell down, covering the cops and the people with bricks and stones and debris. The whole church fell down in the snow.

Sargeant got out from under the church and went walking up the street with the stone pillar on his shoulder. He was under the impression that he had buried the parsonage and the Reverend Mr. Dorset who said, "No!" So he laughed, and threw the pillar six blocks up the street and went on.

Sargeant thought he was alone, but listening to the crunch, crunch, crunch on the snow of his own footsteps, he heard other footsteps, too, doubling his own. He looked around, and there was Christ walking along beside him, the same Christ that had been on the cross on the church—still stone with a rough stone surface, walking along beside him just like he was broken off the cross when the church fell down.

"Well, I'll be dogged," said Sargeant. "This here's the first time I ever seed you off the cross."

"Yes," said Christ, crunching his feet in the snow. "You had to pull the church down to get me off the cross."

"You glad ?" said Sargeant.

"I sure am," said Christ.

They both laughed.

"I'm a hell of a fellow, ain't I?" said Sargeant. "Done pulled the church down!"

"You did a good job," said Christ. "They have kept me nailed on a cross for nearly two thousand years."

"Whee-ee-e!" said Sargeant. "I know you are glad to get off."

"I sure am," said Christ.

They walked on in the snow. Sargeant looked at the man of stone. "And you have been up there two thousand years?"

"I sure have," Christ said.

"Well, if I had a little cash," said Sargeant, "I'd show you around a bit."

"I been around," said Christ.

"Yeah, but that was a long time ago."

"All the same," said Christ, "I've been around."

They walked on in the snow until they came to the railroad yards. Sargeant was tired, sweating and tired.

"Where you goin' ?" Sargeant said, stopping by the tracks. He looked at Christ. Sargeant said, "I'm just a bum on the road. How about you? Where you goin'?"

"God knows," Christ said, "but I'm leavin' here."

They saw the red and green lights of the railroad yard half veiled by the snow that fell out of the night. Away down the track they saw a fire in a hobo jungle.

"I can go there and deep," Sargeant said.

"You can?"

"Sure," said Sargeant. "That place ain't got no doors."

Outside the town, along the tracks, there were barren trees and bushes below the embankment, snow-gray in the dark. And down among the trees and bushes there were makeshift houses made out of boxes and tin and old pieces of wood and canvas. You couldn't see them in the dark, but you knew they were there if you'd ever been on the road, if you had ever lived with the homeless and hungry in a depression.

"I'm side-tracking," Sargeant said. "I'm tired."

"I'm gonna make it on to Kansas City," said Christ.

"O.K.," Sargeant said. "So long!"

He went down into the hobo jungle and found himself a place to sleep. He never did see Christ no more. About ٦:٠٠ A.M. a freight came by. Sargeant scrambled out of the jungle with a dozen or so more hobos and ran along the track, grabbing at the freight. It was dawn, early dawn, cold and gray.

"Wonder where Christ is by now" Sargeant thought. "He musta gone on way on down the road. He didn't sleep in this jungle."

Sargeant grabbed the train and started to pull himself up into a moving coal car, over the edge of a wheeling coal car. But strangely enough, the car was full of cops. The nearest cop rapped Sargeant soundly across the knuckles with his night stick. Wham! Rapped his big black hands for clinging to the top of the car. Wham! But Sargeant did not turn loose. He clung on and tried to pull himself into the car. He hollered at the top of his voice, "Damn it, lemme in this car!"

"Shut up," harked the cop. "You crazy coon!" He rapped Sargeant across the knuckles and punched him in the stomach. "You ain't out in no jungle now. This ain't no train. You in jail."

Wham! across his bare black fingers clinging to the bars of his cell. Wham! between the steel bars low down against his shins.

Suddenly Sargeant realized that he really was in jail. He wasn't on no train. The blood of the night before had dried on his face, his head hurt terribly, and a cop outside in the corridor was hitting him across the knuckles for holding onto the door, yelling and shaking the cell door.

"They musta took me to jail for breaking down the door last night," Sargeant thought, "that church door."

Sargeant went over and sat on a wooden bench against the cold stone wall. He was emptier than ever. His clothes were wet, clammy cold wet, and shoes sloppy with snow water. It was just about dawn. There he was, locked up behind cell door, nursing his bruised fingers.

The bruised fingers were his, but not the door.

Not the club but the fingers.

"You wait," mumbled Sargeant, black against the jail wall. "I'm gonna break down this door, too."

"Shut up—or I'll paste you one," said the cop.

"I'm gonna break down this door," yelled Sargeant as he stood up in his cell.

Then he must have been talking to himself because he said, “I wonder where Christ’s gone I wonder if he’s gone to Kansas City?”

Langston Hughes
(١٩٠٢-١٩٦٧)

who dropped his first name, James, was born in Joplin Missouri. As a high school senior in Cleveland, he wrote a poem still often reprinted, *The Negro Speaks of Rivers*. When a young man, he worked as a merchant seaman, visited Africa, and lived for a time in Paris and Rome. The Weary Blues (١٩٢٦) earned him an immediate reputation as a poet; his interest in fiction developed later. In his autobiography *I Wonder As I Wander* (١٩٥٦), he credits D. H. Lawrence’s stories, particularly *The Rocking-Horse Winner*, with inspiring him to write short fiction himself. Hughes’s writing won him a scholarship to Lincoln University, from which he was graduated in ١٩٢٩. He became a major figure in the Harlem Renaissance of the ١٩٢٠s and early ١٩٣٠s, a period when that section of New York City proved a lively center for African-American writers, artists, and musicians. Tireless in his efforts to win new respect for African-American culture, Hughes compiled twenty-eight anthologies of African-American folklore and poetry. He was a prolific and protean writer: among his original works are plays, song lyrics, children’s books, memoirs, newspaper columns, translations, and essays repairing his imaginary conversations with a Harlem citizen called Simple, a streetwise philosopher. *A Langston Hughes Reader* (١٩٥٨) gives some idea of the scope of his writing, its richness and variety.

STORY ANALYSIS

In life, we are often confronted with boundaries created by society and ourselves. In our limited understanding of what those boundaries represent, we find ourselves confined by our ego. Racism and prejudice have plagued society for many years, and many of us have been judged and condemned for expressing our true selves. How long must it take for us all to be accepted as beautiful beings, all perfectly capable of greatness and joy?

Langston Hughes's *On the Road* uses beautiful symbolism and imagery. He offers a gift to his readers: Open your heart and life will provide unlimited abundance. During this literary analysis, we will take a look at how Hughes uses nature to demonstrate his main character's unwillingness to participate in life. Another point we'll examine is the use of anger and survival and how it can be used as a powerful force in breaking down racial barriers. Next, we'll look at Jesus Christ as a metaphor for how we experience life and how traditional church values contradict each other when it comes to the acceptance of human beings. Finally, we'll briefly take a historic look at how the depression gave blacks an even playing field with whites.

To begin with, Hughes uses nature to demonstrate a distinct relationship amongst blacks and whites. His use of snow and night convey a point simple enough, but through the use of these metaphors, he enables the story to be less invasive and more appealing to everyone that experiences *On the Road*. Hughes's main character, Sargeant, is left doubting the goodness of life. "Sargeant didn't see the snow, not even under the bright lights of the main street, falling white and flaky against the night. He was too hungry, too sleepy, too tired". For almost two hundred years white people have suppressed the black population. Hughes's use of snow and night gives us perfect example. Sargeant was tired of fighting, tired of surviving, tired of hoping, and most of all tired of the white people who've suppressed and tormented his life.

On the other hand, Hughes reminds us that if combined, the beauty of both night and snow create a perfect harmony. "...falling white and flaky against the night". While living in Colorado, there was nothing more beautiful than taking a late night walk and seeing the bright, vibrant snow fall fresh on my face. The contrast of light and dark created complete symmetry. How can something so diametrically opposed be so perfect and beautiful? Perhaps God intended that way!

Another point that is conveyed in Hughes's essay is the use of anger and survival in his main character Sargeant. These two things combined can be a powerful force when it comes to taking action against the suppression of society.

When we limit our expression of ourselves, anger is often the result. From anger, our survivalist mode kicks in, and we are more detached from God then at any other time. As seen in the essay, it's clear that Sargeant is struggling for survival. It's also clear that due to the pain he feels whites have inflicted upon him, he will now take any measures necessary to insure his own best interest.

Following a series of rejections for a place to stay, Sargeant finds himself at the front door of the church with a desperate hope that he may enter and keep warm overnight; however, he finds himself being rejected again, this time at the feet of a white church. " 'A big black unemployed Negro holding onto your church' thought the people. 'The idea!' The cops began to beat Sargeant over the head, and nobody protested. But he held on". Sargeant was determined. He was famished and exhausted and certainly felt that at least the church should offer him a comforting, relaxing place to stay.

Hughes could also be saying that Sargeant wasn't only trying to survive, but he was holding onto his faith! This leads me to my next illustration.

Next, Hughes does two things. First, he uses Jesus Christ as a metaphor for how we experience life. For Christians, Jesus was a savior: He carried the burden of our sins and troubles to show us God's love for his children. In the essay, Sargeant is paralleled to Christ in a

way that he too must carry a heavy burden. After the church fell down, the reader is given the image of Sargeant walking down the street with the stone pillar on his shoulder, almost in the same way we see Christ as he carried the cross. "Sargeant got out from under the church and went walking up on the street with the stone pillar on his shoulder... And threw the pillar six blocks up the street and went on". When the church came crashing down, with it came its values, beliefs, and ideals: Such as Jesus being freed from the cross. In Hughes' own ideal, Sargeant was freed from his burden of being suppressed by whites, by standing up for his own needs.

Secondly, traditional church values contradict each other when it comes to the acceptance of each human being. In my opinion, Christ was a man of peace and love, who sought to invite anyone, regardless of race, age, or sex, into the kingdom of heaven. Hughes challenges Christianity by showing how judgmental and self-righteous the church has been throughout the years. "I know it's a white folks' church, but I got to sleep somewhere". Christ spoke of acceptance; it's clear that the black population has felt resentful towards whites for this kind of prejudice. Even if a man is starving and freezing to death, we still refuse him help!

Finally, America struggled immensely throughout the Great Depression. It marked one of the first times in American History that the majority population began to experience the similar laws that minorities had been experiencing for two centuries prior. Not only were the black and immigrant population experiencing poverty and starvation, but the predominantly white oriented American culture as well. Langston Hughes's essay challenges the culture of the time. It's important for communities of all ethnic backgrounds to work together to infuse a society that would benefit every individual. A good example, to illustrate this point, " 'You wait,' mumbled Sargeant, black against the jail wall. 'I'm going to break down this door, too' ". Even though the conclusion of Hughes' essay ends with Sargeant in jail, it's clear that he refuses to yield before he has united mankind. He realizes

how important it is to break down the barriers so that we may coexist peacefully.

In conclusion, Hughes leaves us feeling clear and inspired. He's done an excellent job conveying the significance of God in our daily lives. "I wonder where Christ had gone?", Sargeant says, making it clear that his meeting with Jesus had a profound effect. Hughes opens our eyes to unconditional love and respect for humanity, and he pays a special thanks to the people like Jesus and Sargeant who have made our world a better place.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c or d).

١. The limited point of view which is tied to a single character throughout the story is known as ……

a. objective point of view b. omniscient point of view
c. psychological realism d. centered consciousness

٢. Which statement is **TRUE** about third-person point of view?

a. It can tell us something about what happens in the minds of characters.
b. It can tell us what is going on in characters' head.
c. It cannot tell us for sure what is going on in the mind of characters.
d. It can describe whatever happens for characters and what they wish.

٣. What does 'focus' refer to?

a. It is the antonym of 'point of view'.

b. It refers to what we perceive.

c. The person who narrates the story.

d. The point from which the people, events and other details in the story are viewed.

٤. Who is considered as an unreliable narrator?

a. A speaker whose vision of the details of the story is consciously deceiving.

b. A speaker whose vision of the details of the story is unconsciously deceiving.

c .A speaker whose vision or version of the details of the story is exact and correct.

d. A speaker whose vision or version of the details of the story is consciously or unconsciously deceiving.

٥. By choosing which point of view is it possible to move in or out of any character at any time and permit the widest scope?

a. First-person limited point of view

b. Third-person limited point of view

c. Omniscient point of view

d. Dramatic point of view

٦. What does stream of consciousness present?

a. All thoughts going through a character's head.

b. All memories and experiences of a particular character.

c. Some random thoughts going through a character's head within a certain period of time.

d. Some random thoughts through a character's head with strictly logical links to his/her memory or experiences.

Hills Like White Elephants

٧. The hills across the valley are …… .

a. small and brown
b. long and white
c. old and white
d. huge and brown

٨. The station was between ……. in the sun.

a. two buildings
b. the shade of trees
c. two lines of rails
d. the hills

٩. Close against the side of the station there was …… .

a. the warm shadow of the building
b. the glaring whiteness of the sun
c. a table
d. a door

١٠. The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were …… .

a. white in the sun and the country was brown and dry
b. dark in the rain and the country was damp and misty
c. bright in the sun and the country was green and lovely
d. white in the shade and the country was damp and misty

١١. What does the girl think about the hills ?

a. They're ugly hills.
b. They're odd hills.
c. They're lovely hills.
d. They really look like white elephants.

١٢. What do the hills symbolize?

a. Natural entities.
b. Geographical places.
c. Hinders and obstacles.
d. Relief and comfort.

١٣. Regarding the title, what do "white elephants" remind us of?

a. Unwanted things
b. Huge animals
c. Some rare elephants
d. Some extraordinary phenomenon

١٤. From which point of view is the story narrated?

a. Objective point of view b. First-person point of view
c. Third-person point of view d. Omniscient point of view

On The Road

١٥. What is the whole story about?

a. The power of a black man to break the church door.
b. The desires of white people.
c. What Christ really thinks.
d. The big grap between the black and the white.

١٦. Which properties can best describe the black mentioned in the story?

a. Poor, miserable, homeless, under pressure.
b. Strong, willful, powerful, generous.
c. Weak, naive, daydreaming, lazy.
d. Rational, talkative, clean, healthy.

١٧. What property does the variety of language spoken by Sargeant have?

a. The ordinary property of English.
b. The archaic forms of English.
c. Double negations, as in Black English.
d. The same property the cops' language had.

١٨. What does the door represent in the story?

a. The red object called "door".
b. The door of the church.
c. The image of the black in a white man's mind.
d. The big gap between the black and white.

١٩. "...Sargeant for once had no intention of being pulled or pushed away from the door." What does this statement reveal?

a. That all blacks were kept in real jails.
b. That Sargeant was free in jail.
c. That the black were not allowed to pull or push the jail door.
d. That the black lived in a way as if they were in jail.

٢٠. Regarding the minister, we read " … and he had a door to shut." What does this mean?

a. It means that he, like other whites, keeps away from the black.
b. It means that his house has really a door.
c. It means that he would listen to Sargeant after he closed the door.
d. It means that a door is something useful to keep people away.

٢١. Regarding what Christ told Sargeant after he was set free, what can one notice?

a. That the white partially follow Christ's sayings.
b. That the church is always a place for keeping Christ's statue.
c. That the white neglect what Christ said and just believe in themselves.
d. That black people are equal to the white.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following question briefly and precisely.

١. How do we determine the point of view in a story?
٢. Explain the characteristics of omniscient point of view.
٣. Read again the definition of third-person limited point of view and see how it works.
٤. Recount the virtues and limitations of first-person point of view.
٥. Explain the use of objective point of view in Hemingway's *Hills Like White Elephants*, presented in this chapter.

Hills Like White Elephants

٦. What boundary is the girl confronted with?
٧. Where does the story take place?
٨. Who is for and who is against abortion?
٩. What decision does the girl make at last?
١٠. What is the point of view of this story? Why?
١١. Are there any examples of stream of consciousness in the story? Support your ideas.

On The Road

١٢. What were the reasons that Sargeant could not see the snow at the beginning of the story?
١٣. Listening to Sargeant's dialogue with Christ reveals some points about the Christian Church. What are they?
١٤. What does Sargeant's imagination tell us?
١٥. Does the same gap described in the story still exist between the black and white?
١٦. Are there black people in your society? If so, how do you feel about them?
١٧. From which point of view is this story narrated? Support your ideas.
١٨. Are there any examples of stream of consciousness in this story?

Chapter Seven

THEME

General Objectives

This chapter intends to serve students to understand certain elements of fiction. They can comprehend Theme through reading the texts and two examples of the short story, *The Immortals* and *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place*. It is also designed to give primary insight to students in order to analyze and appreciate the short story as a complex but delightful literary genre.

Theme, however, as one of the significant elements of the short story (as well as of novel, of drama and of poetry) portrays the meaningfulness of literary creation and its knowledgeable features. As

classicists intended, literature does have two instinctive features indicating its didactical and delightful characteristics.

Behavioural Objectives

After reading this chapter, you are fairly expected to:

١) Be more familiar with the basic steps of grasping the Theme of the short story, and, to certain extent, of other forms of literature, mainly the novel, drama and poetry.
٢) Read fiction in order to see what the Theme of the story is.
٣) Understand 'Theme' in its stratified levels of major and minor representation.
٤) Be able to process your appreciative approach to fictional genres.
٥) Comprehend ' Theme ' in the *general senses of its use.*
٦) Read *The Immortals,* a short fiction by Georges Luis Borges, and a very short but interesting story about man's desires and intellectual anxieties in Ernest Hemingway's *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place.*
٧) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Allusion: Reference in a story to history, the Bible, literature, painting, music, and so on, that suggests the meaning or generalized relevance of details in the story.

Message: A misleading term for *theme,* or the central idea or statement of a story, misleading because it suggests a simple,

packaged statement that pre-exists and for the simple communication of which the story is written.

Plot summary: A description of the arrangement of the action in the order in which it actually appears in a story; the term is popularly used to mean the description of the history, or chronological order, of the action as it would have appeared in reality. It is important to indicate exactly in which sense you are using the term.

Subject: The concrete and literal description of what a story is about. In a way or other the physical or chronological arrangements of events and their currents may be called subject.

Theme: A generalized, abstract paraphrase of the inferred central or dominant idea of a story.

THEME

The main concern of a work of art is its Theme. It is inferred as its eminent significance. It is found as its dominant idea. It can be abstracted from the whole work. As we read fiction or any literary genres we will naturally like to find out the core idea that, in literature, is called central idea or the theme. It is the general idea or insight, outlook or attitude which is implicit, not stated or explicit. The Theme is not an overwhelming statement somewhere in the short story we read. We find it internalized in the whole. The Theme of a short story, novel or play is not as direct and explicit as other elements of it such as character or setting. The reader should carefully read and understand the very core of the piece in order to find out the Theme. He should discover the idea through the process of reading and of

experiencing the plot and the story as well as character(s), setting, the techniques and tactics employed in point of view.

So to find out the Theme of the short story one reads is indeed achieved through processes. However, scrutinizing the literary fiction is to reveal and discover the controlling idea. The Theme of any literary fiction is its fusing or the confederating vision of man's life, experiences and of the world he uncovers.

Although the Theme is the core and the unifying focus of a short story and it is different from events, setting and characters, we should find its presence everywhere in the short story. It is also significant to remember that whatever magnificent the short story may be, its best feature would be its theme uniqueness merely. It means it is to contain one major theme merely.

Old fables, tales, anecdotes, and all sorts of didactic literature and writings directly state their aims and intentions by expressing obvious moral advices or interpretative suggestions.

But in modern work of art, of literature, there are not such direct didactic statements or interpretative suggestions. The theme is something that is implied, implanted and internalized in the work and can be abstracted as a general or eminent idea.

THE IMMORTALS

Jorge Luis Borges (١٨٩٩-١٩٨٦)

And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.
Rupert Brooke

Whoever could have foreseen, way back in that innocent summer of ١٩٢٣, that the novelette *The Chosen One* by Camilo N. Huergo, presented to me by the author with his personal inscription on the flyleaf (which I had the decorum to tear out before offering the volume for sale to successive men of the book trade), hid under the

thin varnish of fiction a prophetic truth. Huergo's photograph, in an oval frame, adorns the cover. Each time I look at it, I have the impression that the snapshot is about to cough, a victim of that lung disease which nipped in the bud a promising career. Tuberculosis, in short, denied him the happiness of acknowledging the letter I wrote him in one of my characteristic outbursts of generosity.

The epigraph prefixed to this thoughtful essay has been taken from the aforementioned novelette; I requested Dr. Montenegro, of the Academy, to render it into Spanish, but the results were negative. To give the unprepared reader the gist of the matter, I shall now sketch, in condensed form, an outline of Huergo's narrative, as follows:

The storyteller pays a visit, far to the south in Chubut, to the English rancher don Guillermo Blake, who devotes his energies not only to the breeding of sheep but also to the ramblings of the world-famous Plato and to the latest and more freakish experiments in the field of surgical medicine. On the basis of his reading, don Guillermo concludes that the five senses obstruct or deform the apprehension of reality and that, could we free ourselves of them, we would see the world as it is—endless and timeless. He comes to think that the eternal models of things lie in the depths of the soul and that the organs of perception with which the Creator has endowed us are, *grosso modo*[٦], hindrances. They are no better than dark spectacles that blind us to what exists outside, diverting our attention at the same time from the splendor we carry within us.

Blake begets a son by one of the farm girls so that the boy may one day become acquainted with reality. To anesthetize him for life, to make him blind and deaf and dumb, to emancipate him from the senses of smell and taste, were the father's first concerns. He took, in the same way, all possible measures to make the chosen one unaware of his own body. As to the rest, this was arranged with contrivances designed to take over respiration, circulation, nourishment, digestion,

٦- roughly

and elimination. It was a pity that the boy, fully liberated, was cut off from all human contact.

Owing to the press of practical matters, the narrator goes away. After ten years, he returns. Don Guillermo has died; his son goes on living after his fashion, with natural breathing, heart regular, in a dusty shack cluttered with mechanical devices. The narrator, about to leave for good, drops a cigarette butt that sets fire to the shack and he never quite knows whether this act was done on purpose or by pure chance. So ends Huergo's story, strange enough for its time but now, of course, more than outstripped by the rockets and astronauts of our men of science.

Having dashed off this disinterested compendium of the tale of a now dead and forgotten author—from whom I have nothing to gain—I steer back to the heart of the matter. Memory restores to me a Saturday morning in ١٩٦٤ when I had an appointment with the eminent gerontologist Dr. Paul Narbondo. The sad truth is that we young bloods of yesteryear are getting on; the thick mop begins to thin, one or another ear stops up, the wrinkles collect grime, molars grow hollow, a cough takes root, the backbone hunches up, the foot trips on a pebble, and, to put it plainly, the paterfamilias falters and withers. There was no doubt about it, the moment had come to see Dr. Narbondo for a general checkup, particularly considering the fact that he specialized in the replacement of malfunctioning organs.

Sick at heart because that afternoon the Palermo Juniors and the Spanish Sports were playing a return match and maybe I could not occupy my place in the front row to bolster my team, I betook myself to the clinic on Corrientes Avenue near Pasteur. The clinic, as its fame betrays, occupies the fifteenth floor of the Adamant Building. I went up by elevator (manufactured by the Electra Company). Eye to eye with Narbondo's brass shingle, I pressed the bell, and at long last, taking my courage in both hands, I slipped through the partly open door and entered into the waiting room proper. There, alone with the latest issues of the *Ladies' Companion and Jumbo*, I whiled away the

ping hours until a cuckoo clock struck twelve and sent me leaping from my armchair. At once, I asked myself, What happened? Planning my every move now like a sleuth, I took a step or two toward the next room, peeped in, ready, admittedly, to fly the coop at the slightest sound. From the streets far below came the noise of horns and traffic, the cry of a newspaper hawker, the squeal of brakes sparing some pedestrian, but, all around me, a reign of silence. I crossed a kind of laboratory, or pharmaceutical back room, furnished with instruments and flasks of all sorts. Stimulated by the aim of reaching the men's room, I pushed open a door at the far end of the lab.

Inside, I saw something that my eyes did not understand. The small enclosure was circular, painted white, with a low ceiling and neon lighting, and without a single window to relieve the sense of claustrophobia. The room was inhabited by four personages, or pieces of furniture. Their color was the same as the walls, their material wood, their form cubic. On each cube was another small cube with a latticed opening and below it a slot as in a mailbox. Carefully scrutinizing the grilled opening, you noted with alarm that from the interior you were being watched by something like eyes. The slots emitted, from time to time, a chorus of sighs or whisperings that the good Lord himself could not have made head or tail of. The placement of these cubes was such that they faced each other in the form of a square, composing a kind of conclave. I don't know how many minutes lapsed. At this point, the doctor came in and said to me, "My pardon, Bustos, for having kept you waiting. I was just out getting myself an advance ticket for today's match between the Palermo Juniors and the Spanish Sports." He went on, indicating the cubes, "Let me introduce you to Santiago Silberman, to retired clerk-of-court Luduena, to Aquiles Molinari, and to Miss Bugard."

Out of the furniture came faint rumbling sounds. I quickly reached out a hand and, without the pleasure of shaking theirs, withdrew in good order, a frozen smile on my lips. Reaching the

vestibule as best I could, I managed to stammer, "A drink. A stiff drink."

Narbondo came out of the lab with a graduated beaker filled with water and dissolved some effervescent drops into it. Blessed concoction—the wretched taste brought me to my senses. Then, the door to the small room closed and locked tight, came the explanation:

"I'm glad to see, my dear Bustos, that my immortals have made quite an impact on you. Whoever would have thought that *Homo sapiens*[٧], Darwin's barely human ape, could achieve such perfection? This, my house, I assure you, is the only one in all Indo-America where Dr. Eric Stapledon's methodology has been fully applied. You recall, no doubt, the consternation that the death of the late lamented doctor, which took place in New Zealand, occasioned in scientific circles. I flatter myself, furthermore, for having implemented his precursory labors with a few Argentinean touches. In itself, the thesis—Newton's apple all over again—is fairly simple. The death of the body is a result, always, of the failure of some organ or other, call it the kidney, lungs, heart, or what you like. With the replacement of the organism's various components, in themselves perishable, with other corresponding stainless or polyethylene parts, there is no earthly reason whatever why the soul, why you yourself—Bustos Domecq—should not be immortal. None of your philosophical niceties here; the body can be vulcanized and from time to time recaulked, and so the mind keeps going. Surgery brings immortality to mankind. Life's essential aim has been attained—the mind lives on without fear of cessation. Each of our immortals is comforted by the certainty, backed by our firm's guarantee, of being a witness *in aeternum*[٨]. The brain, refreshed night and day by a system of electrical charges, is the last organic bulwark in which ball bearings and cells collaborate. The rest is Formica, steel, plastics. Respiration, alimentation, generation,

٧- mankind
٨- forever

mobility— elimination itself!—belong to the past. Our immortal is real estate. One or two minor touches are still missing, it's true. Oral articulation, dialogue, may still be improved. As for the costs, you need not worry yourself. By means of a procedure that circumvents legal red tape, the candidate transfers his property to us, and the Narbondo Company, Inc.—I, my son, his descendants—guarantees your upkeep, *in statu quo*[۹], to the end of time. And, I might add, a money-back guarantee."

It was then that he laid a friendly hand on my shoulder. I felt his will taking power over me. "Ha-ha! I see I've whetted your appetite, I've tempted you, dear Bustos. You'll need a couple of months or so to get your affairs in order and to have your stock portfolio signed over to us. As far as the operation goes, naturally, as a friend, I want to save you a little something. Instead of our usual fee often thousand dollars, for you, ninety-five hundred— in cash, of course. The rest is yours. It goes to pay your lodging, care, and service. The medical procedure in itself is painless. No more than a question of amputation and replacement. Nothing to worry about. On the eve, just keep yourself calm, untroubled. Avoid heavy meals, tobacco, and alcohol, apart from your accustomed and imported, I hope, Scotch or two. Above all, refrain from impatience."

"Why two months?" I asked him. "One's enough, and then some. I come out of the anesthesia and I'm one more of your cubes. You have my address and phone number. We'll keep in touch. I'll be back next Friday at the latest."

At the escape hatch he handed me the card of Nemirovski, Nemirovski, & Nemirovski, Counsellors at Law, who would put themselves at my disposal for all the details of drawing up the will. With perfect composure I walked to the subway entrance, then took the stairs at a run. I lost no time. That same night, without leaving the slightest trace behind, I moved to the New Impartial, in whose register

۹- in the former or same state

I figure under the assumed name of Aquiles Silberman. Here, in my bedroom at the far rear of this modest hotel, wearing a false beard and dark spectacles, I am setting down this account of the facts.

Jorge Luis Borges
(١٨٩٩-١٩٨٦),
An outstanding modern writer of Latin America, was born in Buenos Aires into a family prominent in Argentine history. Borges grew up bilingual, learning English from his English grandmother and receiving his early education from an English tutor. Caught in Europe by the outbreak of World War II, Borges lived in Switzerland and later Spain, where he joined the Ultraists, a group of experimental poets who renounced realism. On returning to Argentina, he edited a poetry magazine printed in the form of a poster and affixed to city walls. For his opposition to the regime of Colonel Juan Peron, Borges was forced to resign his post as a librarian and was mockingly offered a job as a chicken inspector. In ١٩٥٥, after Peron was deposed, Borges became director of the national library and Professor of English Literature at the University of Buenos Aires. Since childhood a sufferer from poor eyesight, Borges eventually went blind. His eye problems may have encouraged him to work mainly in short, highly crafted forms: stories, essays, fables, and lyric poems full of elaborate music. His short stories, in *Ficciones* (١٩٤٤), *El hacedor* (١٩٦٠); translated as *Dreamtigers*, (١٩٦٤), and *Labyrinths* (١٩٦٢), have been admired worldwide.

STORY ANALYSIS

This story deals with several themes which are present throughout much of Borges' writing. The title gives away the first theme which is of course immortality. Borges' conception of immortality assumes various manifestations throughout his writing and even in this clearly titled piece of work, it is not clear exactly who is meant to be the immortal. On the one hand, it is clearly pointed to that Rufus is searching for the city of the immortals and therefore the being that he finds there must in fact be the immortal. However, it can also be said, without too subtle of an insight, that Rufus becomes the immortal once he embarks upon his journey. In this sense, Borges' immortality has to do with a Nietzsche inspired humanist immortality which revolves around the super-abundant development of the person as an individual. This theme is also developed in *The Circular Ruins*, The *Garden of Forking Paths*, *The Sect of the Phoenix* and in some sense throughout all of his writing.

Another theme here is the infinite, which also can be found in much of Borges' writing. The constant symbol for the infinite is the labyrinth which always represents a dynamic of personal choice within the infinite permutations of existence. The troglodyte who makes patterns in the sand and the hero (Rufus), who finds himself questing after and achieving, in some sense, immortality should be seen as synonymous, all-encompassing representations of the choosing individual within the infinite flux of the universe's permutations. As such, the infinite represents complete contradiction of the individual and also it's validation.

A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE

Ernest Hemingway

It was very late and everyone had left the café except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the café knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the café and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the café and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile."Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the café. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know."

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His niece."

"Why did they do it?"

"Fear for his soul."

"How much money has he got?" "He's got plenty."

"He must be eighty years old."

"Anyway I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

"He had a wife once too."

"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down."

"I know." "I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

"Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

"Another brandy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip. The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, hombre[١٠], only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said."You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am of those who like to stay late at the café," the older waiter said.

"With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be someone who needs the café."

"Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

١٠- guy; fellow

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It was the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not a fear or dread, It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was a nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada[١١]. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

"What's yours?" asked the barman.

"Nada."

"Otro loco mas[١٢]," said the barman and turned away.

"A little cup," said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

"The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished," the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

"You want another copita?" the barman asked.

"No, thank you," said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted café was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep.

١١- nothing and then nothing
١٢- one more nutcase

After all, he said to himself, it's probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

STORY ANALYSIS

Nineteen-fifty four Nobel Prize winner Earnest Hemingway's short story *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place* written in ١٩٣٣ is a story of despair and loneliness. Unlike so many of his other stories when his characters are reflected as heroes, this story is perhaps written on a more personal level that might give us some insight to the man that Hemingway really ways.

Born in Illinois in ١٨٩٩, Hemingway's life was influenced early on with literature as he became a reporter directly after high-school. His passions were writing and hunting. In many of his other works, his characters typically displayed courage and integrity. Suffering from a mental condition that caused memory loss, Hemingway took his life with his favorite shotgun in ١٩٦١, an act very much unlike most of his literary characters, but surprisingly foretelling. In *A Clean Well-Lighted Place* Hemingway unwittingly relates the main character to himself.

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place is a story about the situation of man and the catastrophe he feels to be going encounter. It is an issue, universal problem; and that is why the story says more than it appears. A lonely, but dignified older gentleman who basically has insomnia and can't sleep. He is not like other men who go to bodegas and bars. He does not go to party or to meet women. He goes to escape the darkness, and to have a drink. It is also mentioned in the story that he tried to kill himself, but was saved by his niece.

There are three main characters in this story, the two waiters and the deaf old men. Also mentioned are the old man's niece and the barman at the end of the story, but these are not fully developed characters. The waiters have two different views towards the old man.

The younger waiter assumes that since the old man is financially stable then he has nothing to despair. He views him as a vagrant type because he only can see him as a drunk who holds him up, and on occasion who gets so drunk he leaves without paying his bill.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide." one waiter said. "Why?"

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

The younger waiter has resentment towards the older man because he has a lot waiting for him at home, and he is eager to get home. He says,

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

The younger waiter gets more and more impatient, he says, "I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

But the older waiter defends him because he understands, being older himself, and similar in nature to the old man, he says, "Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him." Shortly after this the younger waiter kicks the old man out.

The dialogue between the two waiters establishes a difference between the two that is very distinct. The younger waiter is eager to get home, he has a wife that he loves, a warm bed to go to, and he has time on his side. He has the ignorance that only a younger man who has not yet experienced the world has about him. He cannot see past the liquor that the old deaf man drinks to see that he is good and different from the other patrons that come to visit their café. And he

cannot distinguish between the clean, well lit café and the dark bodegas that stay open all night with vagrants.

The older waiter is very similar to the old man. He understands the loneliness that the old man feels. He says "We are two different kinds." "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night, I am reluctant to close up because there may be someone who needs the café." The younger man still not quite understanding replies, "Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long." "You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also now there are shadows of the leaves." The older waiter sees the café for what it is. They say goodnight at this point.

The older waiter and the old man both have a fear of nothingness, going home to nothing. The nothingness that the dark night brings. It was a fear of being nothing, it was something that went away when it could be seen in a clean and well lighted place or in the light of day. In the end, the older waiter is forced to go out into the night also. He goes to a bodega, so that he does not have to go right home. Before he goes, he does some self-examinations. He asks himself what it is that he fears, and his answer was "nada y pues nada y pues nada" which essentially means, "Nothing, and then nothing, and then nothing."

To all of those whose waking hours are spent in the still of the night, this story speaks to you. For everyone who has ever been alone in the still of the night, when it was dark, and all you ever wanted was a clean, well-lighted place to go to, this story is about you. Old or young, rich or poor, there are people out there every where that fear "nada".

The main focus of *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place* is on the pain of old age suffered by a man that we meet in a cafe late one night. Hemingway contrasts light and dark to show the difference between this man and the young people around him, and uses his deafness as

an image of his separation from the rest of the world. Near the end of the story, the author shows us the desperate emptiness of a life near finished without the fruit of its labor, and the aggravation of the old man's restless mind that cannot find peace. Throughout this story stark images of desperation show the old man's life at a point when he has realized the futility of life and finds himself the lonely object of scorn.

The most obvious image used by Hemingway in this story is that of the contrast between light and dark. The café is a "Clean, Well-Lighted Place". It is a refuge from the darkness of the night outside. Darkness is a symbol of fear and loneliness. The light symbolizes comfort and the company of others. There is hopelessness in the dark, while the light calms the nerves. Unfortunately for the old man, this light is an artificial one, and its peace is both temporary and incomplete.

"... the tables were empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind."

Maybe the old man hides in the shadows of the leaves because he recognizes the shortcoming of his refuge. Perhaps he is drawn to the shadows so that the darkness of his own age will not be so visible as it would be in the full force of the electric light. His body is dark with the effects of illness. Even his ears bring him a sort of darkness as they hold out the sounds of the world.

The old man's deafness is also a powerful image used in the story. "...the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he could feel the difference." Deafness shuts the old man out from the rest of the world. In the day, everything must be a reminder to him of his disconnection from the world. The busy streets, the marketplace, the chatter in the cafés along the street, the animals, and the motor vehicles fill the town with noise all day long. The old man knows this and recognizes that he is completely cut off from the sounds that he probably had not thought much of as a young man. In this café so late at night he is not missing much. In fact, he might prefer to miss the conversation about him between the two

waiters. The younger waiter is disgusted by the old man. He says, "I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing." The same thing may have been said by the old man when he was young. One might even conjecture that the old man chooses to be deaf rather than to face the nastiness of old age and hear the words of disdain spoken by his juniors.

Another tool used by Hemingway in this story is the image of Nothing. Nothing is what the old man wants to escape. The older waiter, who sometimes acts as the voice of the old man's soul, describes his adversary:

"It was all nothing, and a man was nothing, too...Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it was nada y pues nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada nada be thy name thy kingdom nada they will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee..."

The Nothing is a relentless monotony, unbroken by joy or sorrow. It is unending emptiness without comfort or companionship of man or God. It is the senselessness of each heart-beat that is just like the last and refuses to give in to death. The old man's loneliness is empty. His days of retirement without useful work or purpose are empty. The emptiness of a life without progress of meaning is Nothing, and this Nothing afflicts the old man with a powerful grip. The only escape from this Nothing is blissful unconsciousness, permanent only in death.

The old man's death-wish is further played out through the metaphor of insomnia, an ailment which he apparently shares with the older waiter. Insomnia keeps the two awake through the hours of darkness, just as a tenacious life keeps the old man breathing when he would rather rest in his grave. In the second paragraph of the story, the older waiter informs the younger that their elderly customer had tried to commit suicide the week before. The old man is racked with despair

-- at his loneliness, the darkness of his life, his segregation from the world, and the Nothingness that permeates his existence. He wants rest, but it is withheld from him. Even when he tries to take his own life, his niece cuts him down from his noose. Peace is far from this man, and what little relief he may find is incomplete like the artificial light of the café. He tries to drown himself in whiskey, but that also fails to bring him rest. There is only left the hope that, as drunk as he is, he may pass out when he arrives home.

This story is filled with images of despair. The contrasts between light and dark, youth and age are harsh and well defined. The reader leaves the story with a feeling that there is no escape from the doldrums of the winter years of life. Perhaps it is Hemingway's own terror of old age and infirmity that he is trying to communicate to the reader.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c or d).

١. What is a generalized, abstract paraphrase of the inferred central idea of a story called?

a. Message
b. Theme
c. Allusion
d. Subject

٢. How is the Theme of a story you read achieved?

a. By reading the topic sentence of the first lines of the story.
b. It suddenly comes to our mind.
c. With the help of its plot and setting.
d. Through some processes of reading and of experiencing different structural elements of the story.

٣. Which element of a short story, novel, or play is more implicit?

a. Character b. Point of view

c. Theme d. Setting

٤. Which of the following directly states its aims and intentions?

a. Novel b. Fable

c. Drama d. Non-didactic literature

٥. Less interpretive suggestions are found in …… .

a. old anecdotes

b. old tales

c. modern works of literature

d. didactic literature and old fables

The Immortals

٦. What did don Guillermo Blake devote his energies to?

a. Breeding of sheep.

b. Ramblings of the world-famous Plato.

c. The latest experiments in the field of surgical medicine.

d. Breeding of sheep, rambling of the world-famous Plato and the latest experiments in the field of surgical medicine.

٧. According to don Guillermo, what deforms the apprehension of reality?

a. The release of human senses.

b. Becoming immortal.

c. Human five senses

d. Death

٨. What did Blake want his son to be acquainted with ?

a. Ordinary life
b. Reality
c. Ordinary People
d. The narrator

٩. Who was specialized in the replacement of malfunctioning organs?

a. Don Guillermo
b. Huergo
c. Eric Stapledon
d. Paul Narbondo

١٠. Regarding Dr. Narbondo's viewpoint, in what way is it possible to make people immortal?

a. By surgery
b. By meditation.
c. By avoiding heavy meals.
d. By transferring their property to Narbondo Company.

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

١١. In *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place*, the young waiter says "an old man is …… ."

a. an unworthy burden
b. a nasty thing
c. an unclean soul
d. a waste of space

١٢. Why is the younger waiter in a hurry?

a. He wants to go to a café himself.
b. He wants to take a girl out dancing.
c. He wants to go home and into bed.
d. The story does not say.

١٣. What does the younger waiter have that the older waiter does not?

a. Confidence b. Youth and money

c. Children d. A tattoo

١٤. What time does the last customer usually leave the café?

a. At about two o'clock.

b. At about two-thirty.

c. The story does not say.

d. At about three o'clock.

١٥. Which of the following is an option suggested by the younger waiter for people who want a drink after the café closes?

a. Steal it from a store.

b. Go to a friend's house.

c. Buy a bottle and take it home.

d. Find another place that is open all night long.

١٦. What did the older waiter try to do before leaving the café?

a. Nothing.

b. To tell the old man his life story.

c. To take another brandy bottle to the old man's table

d. To persuade the younger waiter to close there later.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. How is theme different from setting and character?

٢. Why is it said that theme "can be abstracted from the whole work"?

٣. How many themes are there in a given short story?

٤. Why is theme internalized in the whole story?

٥. What is the theme of literary fictions?

The Immortals

٦. What did don Guillermo Blake conclude about human five senses?
٧. From the view point of don Guillermo, how could a man become immortal?
٨. What experience did Bustos have in Norbado's office?
٩. Does Bustos finally become an immortal? Why?
١٠. What is the core idea of the story?
١١. Is there any allusion in the story?

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

١٢. What is the theme of the story?
١٣. What feeling does the old man have?
١٤. What does he suffer from?
١٥. Why did the old man sit "in the shadow of the leaves of the tree"?
١٦. Can the old man in this story exemplify a universal character?

Chapter Eight

DRAMA

General Objectives

This chapter is designed to introduce the primary meaning and elements of Drama. Not very extended, this chapter defines certain and basic dramatic terms. It also gives different kinds of dramatic representations or plays.

Drama, however, as one of the main genres of literature from the ancient times, is significant for the students of English Literature, English Translation and English Training as well as for the teachers of English. This chapter is in fact an elementary introduction to Drama with a sample play.

Behavioural Objectives

After reading this chapter, you are expected to:

١) Be familiar with the basic skill of grasping Drama as an anciently based and as a general genre of literature.

٢) Start reading Drama in order to see what it does and means.

٣) Begin to understand Drama in its various types and its extended major and minor forms (tragedy, comedy, melodrama, etc.)

٤) Begin comprehending Drama in its general senses and use.

٥) Answer the study questions A and B.

Definitions of Technical Terms

Absurd, Drama of the: A type of drama, allied to comedy, radically nonrealistic in both content and presentation, that emphasizes the absurdity, emptiness, or meaninglessness of life.

Aside: A brief speech in which a character turns from the person he is addressing to speak directly to the audience; a dramatic device for letting the audience know what he is really thinking or feeling as opposed to what he pretends to think or feel.

Catharsis: A term used by Aristotle to describe some sort of emotional release experienced by the audience at the end of a successful tragedy.

Chorus: A group of actors speaking or chanting in unison, often while going through the steps of an elaborate formalized dance; a characteristic device of Greek drama for conveying communal or group emotion.

Comedy: A type of drama, opposed to tragedy, having usually a happy ending, and emphasizing human limitation rather than human greatness.

> **Romantic comedy:** A type of comedy whose likable and sensible main characters are placed in difficulties from which they are rescued at the end of the play, either attaining their ends or having their good fortunes restored.

Dramatic convention: Any dramatic device which, though **it** departs from reality, is implicitly accepted by the author and audience as a means of representing reality.

Farce: A type of drama related to comedy but emphasizing improbable situations, violent conflicts, physical action, and coarse wit over characterization or articulated plot.

Melodrama: A type of drama related to tragedy but featuring sensational incidents, emphasizing plot at the expense of characterization, relying on cruder conflicts (virtuous protagonist versus villainous antagonist), and having a happy ending in which good triumphs over evil.

Narrator: In drama a character, found in some plays, who, speaking directly to the audience, introduces the action and provides a string of commentary between the dramatic scenes. He may or may not be a major character in the action itself.

Nonrealistic drama: Drama that, in content, presentation, or both, departs markedly from fidelity to the outward appearances of life.

Playwright: A maker of plays.

Realistic drama: Drama that attempts, in content and in presentation, to preserve the illusion of actual, everyday life.

Soliloquy: A speech in which a character, alone on the stage, addresses himself; a soliloquy is a "thinking out loud," a dramatic means of letting an audience know a character's thoughts and feelings.

Tragedy: A type of drama, opposed to comedy, in which the protagonist, a person of unusual moral or intellectual stature or outstanding abilities, suffers a fall in fortune because of some error of judgment, excessive virtue, or flaw in his nature.

DRAMA

> ***Drama, like prose fiction, utilizes plot and characters, develops a theme, arouses emotion or appeals to humor and may be either escapist or interpretive in its dealings with life.***
>
> L. Perrine(١٩٧٤:٩٠٩)

Drama is a kind of Literature that is not only read as a literary piece but also as a type of literary genre that walks and talks before the eyes of audience (spectators-watchers). Drama is a class of literary species that is designed to be performed on the stage in the theatre or open space, on which actors and actresses play the roles of the characters, experience the designated actions and say the written dialogue.

Drama is by nature designed for onlookers, viewers and crowd. However, drama is perhaps the most natural representation of human experiences and of actions which appeals to deep and interior side of man's nature.

Two ancient kinds of Drama are Tragedy and Comedy:

١. Tragedy is a type of literary drama that represents serious actions with deep meanings, and ends with catastrophic outcome for the hero or the protagonist of the drama having an end sequence of analytic meaning and attitude towards it. To create catharsis and

accomplish purification in audience, to cause such emotions as pity and fear tragedy constructs dramatic representations of man's suffering and defeat in his life and experiences than pleases audience by arousing emotional relief and, perhaps, exultation in them. Because they feel justice being fulfilled in action in heroes' fate whatsoever.

Aristotle's classical work, the *Poetics*, introduces tragedy, gives its definition, elements and forerunners in ancient Greece. He defines it as "the imitation of an action that is serious, has magnitude, and is complete in itself".

٢. Comedy is a kind of literary play that amuses men and makes them laugh. Indeed, it is not so simple as it looks. Rather it is sophisticated. Comedy is divided to different sorts: Romantic Comedy, Satiric or Corrective Comedy represented in the Volpone and The Alchemist, Comedy of Manners, Old Comedy (٤-٥ centuries B.C), Restoration Comedy (١٦٦٠-١٧٠٠) which originated from the time when French Moliére (١٦٢٢-١٦٧٣) brilliantly wrote great comedies, Farce, Comedy of Humours, Comic Relief, Comedy of Errors, Sentimental Comedy, etc.

An intellectual distinction is often made between High and Low Comedy. High comedy is defined as the evoker of "intellectual laughter" that is thoughtful laughter from spectators who remain emotionally detached from the action and laugh at the spectacle of folly, pretentiousness, and funny reflections in human behaviour. Low Comedy is, on the opposite pole, non-intellectual whatsoever. It is from low culture contexts and tries to arouse laughter by jokes and trivial-clownish behaviour.

THE BRUTE

Anton Chekhov(١٨٦٠-١٩٠٤)

CHARACTERS

MRS. POPOV, widow and landowner, small, with dimpled cheeks

LUKA, Mrs. Popov's footman, an old man

MR. GRIGORY S. SMIRNOV, gentleman farmer, middle-aged

GARDENER, COACHMAN, HIRED MEN.

The drawing room of a country house. MRS. POPOV, in deep mourning, is staring hard at a photograph. LUKA is with her.

LUKA: It's not right, ma'am, you're killing yourself. The cook has gone off with the maid to pick berries. The cat's having a high old time in the yard catching birds. Every living thing is happy. But you stay moping here in the house like it was a convent, taking no pleasure in nothing. I mean it, ma'am! It must be a full year since you set foot out of doors.

MRS. POPOV: I must never set foot out of doors again, Luka. Never! I have nothing to set foot out of doors for. My life is done. He is in his grave. I have buried myself alive in this house. We are both in our graves.

LUKA: You're off again, ma'am. I just won't listen to you no more. Mr. Popov is dead, but what we can we do about that? It's God's doing. God's will be done. You've cried over him, you've done your share of mourning, haven't you? There's a limit to everything. You can't go on weeping and wailing forever. My old lady died, for that matter, and I wept and wailed over her a whole month long. Well, that was it. I couldn't weep and wail all my life, she just wasn't worth it. [*He sighs*.] As for the neighbours, you'v forgotten all about them, ma'am. You don't visit them and you don't let them visit you. You and I are like a pair of spiders—excuse the expression ma'am— here we are in this house like a pair of spiders, we never see the light of day. And it isn't like there was no nice people around either. The whole country's swarming with 'em. There's a regiment quartered at Riblov, and the

officers are so good-looking! The girls can't take their eyes off them—There is a ball at the camp every Friday—The military band plays most every day of the week—What do you say, ma'am? You're young, you're pretty, you could enjoy yourself! Ten years from now you may want to strut and show your feathers to the officers, and it'll be too late.

MRS. POPOV: [*Firmly*] You must never bring this subject up again, Luka. Since Popov died, life has been an empty dream to me, you know that. You may think I am alive. Poor ignorant Luka! You are wrong. I am dead. I'm in my grave. Never more shall I see the light of day, never strip from my body this ... raiment of death! Are you listening, Luka? Let his ghost learn how I love him! Yes, I know, and you know, he was often unfair to me, he was cruel to me, and he was unfaithful to me. What of it? I shall be faithful to him, that's all. I will show him how I can love. Hereafter, in a better world than this, he will welcome me back, the same loyal girl I always was—

LUKA: Instead of carrying on this way, ma'am, you should go out in the garden and take a bit of a walk, ma'am. Or why not harness Toby and take a drive? Call on a couple of the neighbours, ma'am?

MRS. POPOV: [*breaking down*] Oh, Luka!

LUKA: Yes, ma'am? What have I said, ma'am? Oh dear!

MRS. POPOV: Toby! You said Toby! He adored that horse. When he drove me out to the Korchagins and the Vlasovs, it was always with Toby! He was a wonderful driver, do you remember, Luka? So graceful! So strong! I can see him now, pulling at those reins with all his might and main! Toby! Luka, tell them to give Toby an extra portion of oats today.

LUKA: Yes, ma'am.

[*A bell rings*]

MRS. POPOV: Who is that? Tell them I'm not at home.

LUKA: Very good, ma'am. [*Exit*]

MRS.POPOV: [*Gazing again at the photograph*]. You shall see, my Popov, how a wife can love and forgive. Till death do us part. Longer than that. Till death re-unite us forever! [*Suddenly a titter breaks through her tears*] Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Popov? Here's your little

wife, being good, being faithful, so faithful she's locked up here waiting for her own funeral, while you— doesn't it make you ashamed, you naughty boy? You were terrible, you know. You were unfaithful, and you made those awful scenes about it, you stormed out and left me alone for weeks—

[*Enter* LUKA]

LUKA: [*Upset*] There's someone asking for you, ma'am. Says he must—

MRS. POPOV: I suppose you told him that since my husband's death I see no one?

LUKA: Yes, ma'am. I did, ma'am. But he wouldn't listen, ma'am. He says it's urgent.

MRS. POPOV: [*Shrilly*] I see no one!!

LUKA: He won't take no for an answer, ma'am. He just curses and swears and comes in anyway. He's a perfect monster, ma'am. He's in the dining room right now.

MRS. POPOV: In the dining room, is he? I'll give him his come uppance. Bring him in here this minute. [*Exit* LUKA.]

[*Suddenly sad again*] Why do they do this to me? Why? Insulting my grief, intruding on my solitude? [*She sighs*] I'm afraid I'll have to enter a convent. I will, I must enter a convent!

[*Enter* MR. SMIRNOV and LUKA]

SMIRNOV: [*To* LUKA] Dolt! Idiot! You talk too much! [*Seeing* MRS. POPOV *With dignity*] May I have the honour of introducing myself, madam? Grigory S. Smirnov, landowner and lieutenant of artillery, retired. Forgive me, madam, if I disturb your peace and quiet, but my business is both urgent and weighty.

MRS. POPOV: [*Declining to offer him her hand*]. What is it you wish, sir?

SMIRNOV: At the time of his death, your late husband—with whom I had the honour to be acquainted, ma'am—was in my debt to the tune of twelve hundred rubles. I have two notes to prove it. Tomorrow, ma'am, I must pay the interest on a bank loan. I have therefore no alternative, ma'am, but to ask you to pay me the money today.

MRS. Popov: Twelve hundred rubles? But what did my husband owe it to you for?

SMIRNOV: He used to buy his oats from me, madam.

MRS. POPOV: [*To* LUKA, *with a sigh*] Remember what I said, Luka: tell them to give Toby an extra portion of oats today! [*Exit* LUKA] My dear Mr.___ what was the name again?

SMIRNOV: Smirnov, ma'am.

MRS. POPOV: My dear Mr. Smirnov, if Mr. Popov owed you money, you shall be paid—to the last ruble, to the last kopeck. But today—you must excuse me, Mr—what was it?

SMIRNOV: Smirnov, ma'am.

MRS. POPOV: Today, Mr. Smirnov, I have no ready cash in the house. [SMIRNOV *starts to speak*] Tomorrow, Mr. Smirnov, no, the day after tomorrow, all will be well. My steward will be back from town. I shall see that he pays what is owing. Today, no. In any case, today is exactly seven months from Mr. Popov's death. On such a day you will understand that I am in no mood to think of money.

SMIRNOV: Madam, if you don't pay up now, you can carry me out feet foremost. They'll seize my estate.

MRS. POPOV: You can have your money. [*He starts to thank her*.] Tomorrow. [*He again starts to speak*.] That is: the day after tomorrow.

SMIRNOV: I don't need the money the day after tomorrow. I need it today.

MRS. POPOV: I'm sorry, Mr.—

SMIRNOV: [*Shouting*.] Smirnov!

MRS. POPOV: [*Sweetly*.] Yes, of course. But you can't have it today.

SMIRNOV: But I can't wait for it any longer!

MRS. POPOV: Be sensible, Mr. Smirnov. How can I pay you if I don't have it?

SMIRNOV: You don't have it?

MRS. POPOV: I don't have it.

SMIRNOV: Sure?

MRS. POPOV: Positive.

SMIRNOV: Very well. I'll make a note to that effect. [Shrugging.] And then they want me to keep cool. I meet the tax commissioner on the

street, and he says, “Why are you always in such a bad humour, Smirnov?” Bad humour! How can I help it, in God’s name? I need money, I need it desperately. Take yesterday: I leave home at the crack of dawn, I call on all my debtors. Not a one of them pays up. Footsore and weary, I creep at midnight into some little dive, and try to snatch a few winks of sleep on the floor by the vodka barrel. Then today, I come here, fifty miles from home, saying to myself, “At last, at last, I can be sure of something,” and you’re not in the mood! You give me a mood! Christ, how can I help getting all worked up?

MRS. POPOV: I thought I’d made it clear, Mr. Smirnov, that you’ll get your money the minute my steward is back from town?

SMIRNOV: What the hell do I care about your steward? Pardon the expression, ma’am. But it was you I came to see.

MRS. POPOV: What language! What a tone to take to a lady! I refuse to hear another word. [*Quickly, exit.*]

SMIRNOV: Not in the mood, huh? ‘Exactly seven months since Popov’s death,” huh? How about me? [*Shouting after her.*] Is there this interest to pay, or isn’t there? I’m asking you a question: is there this interest to pay, or isn’t there? So your husband died, and you’re not in the mood, and your steward’s gone off some place, and so forth and so on, but what *I* can do about all that, huh? What do *you* think I should do? Take a running jump and shove my head through the wall? Take off in a balloon? You don’t know my *other* debtors, I call on Gruzdeff. Not at home. I look for Yaroshevitch. He’s hiding out. I find Kooritsin. He kicks up a row, and I have to throw him through the window. I work my way right down the list. Not a kopeck. Then I come to you, and God damn it to hell, if you’ll pardon the expression, you’re not in the mood! [*Quietly, as he realizes he’s talking to air.*] I’ve spoiled them all, that’s what, I’ve let them play me for a sucker. Well, I’ll show them. I’ll show this one. I’ll stay right here till she pays up. Ugh! [He shudders with rage.] I’m in a rage! I’m in a positively towering rage! Every nerve in my body is trembling at forty to the dozen! I can’t breathe, I feel ill, I think I’m going to faint, hey, you there!

[*Enter* LUKA.]

LUKA: Yes, sir? Is there anything yon wish, sir?

SMIRNOV: Water! Water!! No, make it vodka.

[*Exit* LUKA.] Consider the logic of it. A fellow creature is desperately in need of cash, so desperately in need that he has to seriously contemplate hanging himself, and this woman, this mere chit of a girl, wont pay up, and why not? Because, forsooth, she isn't in the mood! Oh, the logic of women! Come to that. I never have liked them, I could do without the whole sex. Talk to a woman? I'd rather sit on a barrel of dynamite, the very thought gives me gooseflesh. Women! Creatures of poetry and romance! Just to see one in the distance gets me mad. My legs start twitching with rage. I feel like yelling for help.

[*Enter* LUKA, *handing* SMIRNOV *a glass of water*.]

LUKA: Mrs. Popov is indisposed, sir. She is seeIng no one.

SMIRNOV: Get out.

[*Exit* LUKA.] Indisposed, is she? Seenig no one, huh? Well, she can see me or not, but I'll be here, I'll be right here till she pays up. If you're sick for a week, I'll be here for a week. If you're sick for a year, I'll be here for a year. You won't get around *me* with your widow's weeds and your schoolgirl dimples. I know all about dimples. [*Shouting through the window*.] Semyon, let the horses out of those shafts, we're not leaving, we're staying, and tell them to give the horses some oats, yes, oats, you fool, what do you think? [*Walking away from the window*.] What a mess, what an unholy mess! I didn't sleep last night, the heat is terrific today, not a damn one of 'em has paid up, and here's this—this skirt in mourning that's not in the mood! My head aches, where's that— [*He drinks from the glass*.] Water, ugh! You there! [*Enter* LUKA.]

LUKA: Yes, sir. You wish for something, sir?

SMIRNOV: Where's that confounded vodka I asked for? [*Exit* LUKA.] [SMIRNOV *sits and looks himself over*.] Oof! A fine figure of a man I am! Unwashed, uncombed, unshaven, straw on my vest, dust all over me. The little woman must've taken me for a highwayman. [*Yawns*.] I

suppose it wouldn't be considered polite to barge into a drawing room in this state, but who cares? I'm not a visitor, I'm a creditor—most unwelcome of guests, second only to Death.[*Enter* LUKA.]

LUKA: [*handing him the vodka*.] If I may say so, sir, you take too many liberties sir.

SMIRNOV: What?!

LUKA: Oh, nothing, sir, nothing.

SMIRNOV: Who in hell do you think you're talking to? Shut your mouth!

LUKA: [*aside*.] There's an evil spirit abroad. The Devil must have sent him. Oh! [*Exit* LUKA.]

SMIRNOV: What a rage I'm in! I'll grind the whole world to powder. Oh, I feel ill again. You there! [*Enter* MRS. POPOV.]

MRS. POPOV: [*looking at the floor*.] In the solitude of my rural retreat, Mr. Smirnov, I've long since grown unaccustomed to the sound of the human voice. Above all, I cannot bear shouting. I must beg you not to break the silence.

SMIRNOV: Very well. Pay me my money and I'll go.

MRS. POPOV: I told you before, and I tell you again, Mr. Smirnov: I have no cash, you'll have to wait till the day after tomorrow. Can I express myself more plainly?

SMIRNOV: And I told *you* before, and I tell *you* again, that I need the money today, that the day after tomorrow is too late, and that if you don't pay, and pay now, I'll have to hang myself in the morning!

MRS. POPOV: But I have no cash. This is quite a puzzle.

SMIRNOV: You won't pay, huh?

MRS. POPOV: *I can't* pay, Mr. Smirnov.

SMIRNOV: In that case, I'm going to sit here and wait. [*Sits down*.] You'll pay up the day after tomorrow? Very good. Till the day after tomorrow, here I sit. [*Pause. He jumps up*.] Now look, do I have to pay that interest tomorrow, or don't I? Or do you think I'm joking?

MRS. POPOV: I must ask you not to raise your voice, Mr. Smirnov. This is not a stable.

SMIRNOV: Who said it was? Do I have to pay the interest tomorrow or not?

MRS. POPOV: Mr. Smirnov, do you know how to behave in the presence of a lady?

SMIRNOV: No, madam, I do not know how to behave in the presence of a lady.

MRS. POPOV: Just what I thought. I look at you, and I say: ugh! I hear you talk, and I say to myself: "That man doesn't know how to talk to a lady."

SM١RNOV: You'd like me to come simpering to you in French, I suppose. "*Enchanté, madame*! Merci beaucoup for not paying zee money, madame! *Pardonnez moi* if I 'ave disturbed you, *madame*! How charmante you look in mourning, *madame*."[١٣]

MRS. POPOV: Now you're being silly, Mr. Smirnov.

SMIRNOV: [*mimicking*]. "Now you're being silly, Mr. Smirnov." "You don't know to talk to a lady, Mr. Smirnov." Look here, Mrs. Popov, I've known more women than you've known pussy cats. I've fought three duels on their account. I've jilted twelve, and been jilted by nine others. Oh, yes, Mrs. Popov, I've played the fool in my time, whispered sweet nothings, bowed and scraped, and endeavoured to please. Don't tell me I don't know what it is to love, to pine away with longing, to have the blues, to melt like butter, to be weak as water. I was full of tender emotion. I was carried away with passion. I squandered half my fortune on the sex. I chattered about women's emancipation. But there's an end to everything, dear madam. Burning eyes, dark eyelashes, ripe, red lips, dimpled cheeks, heaving bosoms, soft whisperings, the moon above, the lake below—I don't give a rap for that sort of nonsense any more, Mrs. Popov. I've found out about women. Present company excepted, they're liars. Their behaviour is mere play acting; their conversation is sheer gossip. Yes, dear lady, women, young or old, are false, petty, vain, cruel, malicious, unreasonable. As for intelligence, any sparrow could give them points. Appearances, I admit, can be deceptive. In appearance, a woman may

١٣Enchanted (to meet you), madame. Thank you very much . . . Pardon me . . . How charming ⋯

be all poetry and romance, goddess and angel, muslin and fluff. To look at her exterior is to be transported to heaven. But I have looked at her interior, Mrs. Popov, and what did I find there—in her very soul? A crocodile. [*He has gripped the back of the chair so firmly that it snaps*.] And, what is more revolting, a crocodile with an illusion, a crocodile that imagines tender sentiments are its own special province, a crocodile that thinks itself queen of the realm of love! Whereas, in sober fact, dear madam, if a woman can love anything except a lapdog you can hang me by the feet on that nail. For a man, love is suffering, love is sacrifice. A woman just swishes her train around and tightens her grip on your nose. Now, you're a woman, aren't you, Mrs. Popov? You must be an expert on some of this. Tell me, quite frankly, did you ever know a woman to be—faithful, for instance? Or even sincere? Only old hags, huh? Though some women are old hags from birth. But as for the others? You're right: a faithful woman is a freak of nature—like a cat with horns.

MRS. POPOV: Who *is* faithful, then? Who *have* you cast for the faithful lover? Not man?

SMIRNOV: Right first time, Mrs. Popov: man.

MRS. POPOV: [*Going off into a peal of bitter laughter*.] Man! Man is faithful! That's a new one! [*Fiercely*.] What right do you have to say this, Mr. Smirnov? Men faithful? Let me tell you something. Of all the men I have ever known my late husband Popov was the best. I loved him, and there are women who know how to love, Mr. Smirnov. I gave him my youth, my happiness, my life, my fortune. I worshipped the ground he trod on—and what happened? The best of men was unfaithful to me, Mr. Smirnov. Not once in a while. All the time. After he died, I found his desk drawer full of love letters. While he was alive, he was always going away for the week-end. He squandered my money. He made love to other women before my very eyes. But, in spite of all, Mr. Smirnov, I was faithful. Unto death. And beyond. I am *still* faithful, Mr. Smirnov! Buried alive in this house, I shall wear mourning *till* the day I, too, am called to my eternal rest.

SMIRNOV: [*laughing scornfully*.] Expect me to believe that? As if I couldn't see through all this hocus-pocus. Buried alive! Till you're called to your eternal rest! Till when? Till some little poet—or some little subaltern with his first moustache—comes riding by and asks: "Can that be the house of the mysterious Tamara who for love of her late husband has buried herself alive, vowing to see no man?" Ha!

MRS. POPOV: [*flaring up*.] How dare you? How dare you insinuate—?

SMIRNOV: You may have buried yourself alive, Mrs. Popov, but you haven't forgotten to powder your nose.

MRS. POPOV: [*incoherent*.] How dare you? How—?

SMIRNOV: Who's raising his voice now? Just because I call a spade a spade. Because I shoot straight from the shoulder. Well, don't shout at me, I'm not your steward.

MRS. POPOV: I'm not shouting, you're shouting! Oh, leave me alone!

SMIRNOV: Pay me the money, and I will.

MRS. POPOV: You'll get no money out of me!

SMIRNOV: Oh, so that's it!

MRS. POPOV: Not a ruble, not a kopeck. Get out! Leave me alone!

SMIRNOV: Not being your husband, I must ask you not to make scenes with me. [*He sits*.] I don't like scenes.

MRS. POPOV: [*choking with rage*.] You're sitting down?

SMIRNOV: Correct, I'm sitting down.

MRS. POPOV: I asked you to leave!

SMIRNOV: Then give me the money. [*Aside*.] Oh, what a rage I'm in, what a rage!

MRS. POPOV: The impudence of the man! I won't talk to you a moment longer. Get out. [*Pause*.] Are you going?

SMIRNOV: No.

MRS. POPOV: No?!

SMIRNOV: No.

MRS. POPOV: On your head be it. Luka!

[*Enter* LUKA.] Show the gentleman out, Luka.

LUKA: [*approaching*.] I'm afraid, sir, I'll have to ask you, um, to leave, sir, now, um—

SMIRNOV: [*jumping up*.] Shut your mouth, you old idiot! Who do you think you're talking to? I'll make mincemeat of you.

LUKA: [*clutching his heart*.] Mercy on us! Holy saints above! [*He falls into an armchair*.] I'm taken sick! I can't breathe!!

MRS. POPOV: Then where's Dasha? Dasha! Dasha! Come here at once! [*She rings*.]

LUKA: They gone picking berries, ma'am, I'm alone here—Water, water, I'm taken sick!

MRS. POPOV: [*to* SMIRNOV] Get out, you!

SMIRNOV: Can't you even be polite with me, Mrs. Popov?

MRS. POPOV: [*clenching her fists and stamping her feet*.] With you? You're a wild animal, you were never housebroken!

SMIRNOV: What? What did you say?

MRS. POPOV: I said you were a wild animal, you were never housebroken.

SMIRNOV: [*advancing upon her*.] And what right do you have to talk to me like that?

MRS. POPOV: Like what?

SMIRNOV: You have insulted me, madam.

MRS. POPOV: What of it? Do you think I'm scared of you?

SMIRNOV: So you think you can get away with it because you're a woman. A creature of poetry and romance, huh? Well, it doesn't go down with me. I hereby challenge you to a duel.

LUKA: Mercy on us! Holy saints alive! Water!

SMIRNOV: I propose we shoot it out.

MRS. POPOV: Trying to scare me again? Just because you have big fists and a voice like a bull? You're a brute.

SMIRNOV: No one insults Grigory S. Smirnov with impunity! And I don't care if you are a female.

MRS. POPOV: [*trying to outshout him*.] Brute, brute, brute!

SMIRNOV: The sexes are equal, are they? Fine: then it's just prejudice to expect men alone to pay for insults. I hereby challenge___

MRS. POPOV: [*screaming*.] All right! You want to shoot it out? All right! Let's shoot it out!

SMIRNOV: And let it be here and now!

MRS. POPOV: Here and now! All right! I'll have Popov's pistols here in one minute! [*walks away, then turns*.] Putting one of Popov's bullets through your silly head will be a pleasure! Au revoir. [*Exit*.]

SMIRNOV: I'll bring her down like a duck, a sitting duck. I'm not one of your little poets, I'm no little subaltern with his first moustache. No, sir, there's no weaker sex where I'm concerned!

LUKA: Sir! Master! [*he goes down on his knees*.] Take pity on a poor old man, and do me a favour: go away. It was bad enough before, you nearly scared me to death. But a duel—!

SMIRNOV: [*ignoring him*.] A duel! That's equality of the sexes for you! That's women's emancipation! Just as a matter of principle I'll bring her down like a duck. But what a woman! "Putting one of Popov's bullets through your silly head … Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were gleaming! And, by God, she's accepted the challenge! I never knew a woman like this before!

LUKA: Sir! Master! Please go away! I'll always pray for you!

SMIRNOV: [*again ignoring him*.] What a woman! Phew!! She's no sourpuss, she's no crybaby. She's fire and brimstone. She's a human cannon ball. What a shame I have to kill her!

LUKA: [*weeping*.] Please, kind sir, please, go away!

SMIRNOV: [*as before*.] I like her, isn't that funny? With those dimples and all? I like her. I'm even prepared to consider letting her off that debt. And where's my rage? It's gone. I never knew a woman like this before. [*Enter* MRS. POPOV *with pistols*.]

MRS. POPOV: [*boldly*.] Pistols, Mr. Smirnov! [*Matter of fact*.] But before we start, you'd better show me how it's done, I'm not too familiar with these things. In fact I never gave a pistol a second look.

LUKA: Lord, have mercy on us, I must go hunt up the gardener and the coachman. Why has this catastrophe fallen upon us, O Lord! [*Exit*.]

SMIRNOV: [*examining the pistols*.] Well, it's like this. There are several makes: one is the Mortimer, with capsules, especially constructed for duelling. What you have here are Smith and Wesson triple-action revolvers, with extractor, first-rate job, worth ninety rubles at the very least. You hold it this way. [*Aside*.] My God, what eyes she has! They're setting me on fire.

MRS. POPOV: This way?

SMIRNOV: Yes, that's right. You cock the trigger, take aim like this, head up, arm out like this. Then you just press with this finger here, and it's all over. The main thing is, keep cool, take slow aim, and don't let your arm jump.

MRS. POPOV: I see. And if it's inconvenient to do the job here, we can go out in the garden.

SMIRNOV: Very good. Of course, I should warn you: I'll be firing in the air.

MRS. POPOV: What? This is the end. Why?

SMIRNOV: Oh, well—because—for private reasons.

MRS. POPOV: Scared, huh? [*She laughs heartily*.] Now don't you try to get out of it, Mr. Smirnov. My blood is up. I won't be happy till I've drilled a hole through that skull of yours. Follow me. What's the matter? Scared?

SMIRNOV: That's right. I'm scared.

MRS. POPOV: Oh, come on, what's the matter with you?

SMIRNOV: Well, um, Mrs. Popov, I, um, I like you.

MRS. POPOV: [*laughing bitterly*.] Good God! He likes me, does he! The gall of the man. [*showing him the door*.] You may leave, Mr. Smirnov.

SMIRNOV: [*quietly puts the gun down, takes his hat, and walks to the door. Then he stops and the pair look at each other without a word. Then, approaching gingerly*.] Listen, Mrs. Popov. Are you still mad at me? I'm in the devil of a temper myself, of course. But then, you see—what I mean is—it's this way— the fact is—[*Roaring*.] Well, is it my fault, damn it, if I like you? [*Clutches the back of a chair. It breaks*.] Christ, what fragile furniture you have here. I like you. Know what I mean? I could fall in love with you.

MRS. POPOV: I hate you. Get out!

SMIRNOV: What a woman! I never saw anything like it. Oh, I'm lost, I'm done for, I'm a mouse in a trap.

MRS. POPOV: Leave this house, or I shoot!

SMIRNOV: Shoot away! What bliss to die of a shot that was fired by that little velvet hand! To die gazing into those enchanting eyes. I'm out of my mind. I know: you must decide at once. Think for one second, then decide. Because if I leave now, I'll never be back. Decide! I'm a pretty decent chap. Landed gentleman, I should say. Ten thousand a year. Good stable. Throw a kopeck up in the air, and I'll put a bullet through it. Will you marry me?

MRS. POPOV: [*indignant, brandishing the gun*.] We'll shoot it out! Get going! Take your pistol!

SMIRNOV: I'm out of my mind. I don't understand anything any more. [*Shouting*.] You there! That vodka!

MRS. POPOV: No excuses! No delays! We'll shoot it out!

SMIRNOV: I'm out of my mind. I'm falling in love. I *have* fallen in love. [*He takes her hand vigorously; she squeals*.] I love you. [*He goes down on his knees*.] I love you as I've never loved before. I jilted twelve, and was jilted by nine others. But I didn't love a one of them as I love you. I'm full of tender emotion. I'm melting like butter. I'm weak as water. I'm on my knees like a fool, and I offer you my hand. It's a shame, it's a disgrace. I haven't been in love in five years. I took a vow against it. And now, all of a sudden, to be swept off my feet, it's a scandal. I offer you my hand, dear lady. Will you or won't you? You won't? Then don't! [*He rises and walks toward the door*.]

MRS. POPOV: I didn't say anything.

SMIRNOV: [*stopping*.] What?

MRS. POPOV: Oh, nothing, you can go. Well, no, just a minute. No, you can go. Go! I detest you! But, just a moment. Oh, if you knew how furious I feel! [*Throws the gun on the table*.] My fingers have gone to sleep holding that horrid thing. [*She is tearing her handkerchief to shreds*.] And what are you standing around for? Get out of here!

SMIRNOV: Goodbye.

MRS. POPOV: Go, go, go! [*Shouting*.] Where are you going? Wait a minute! No, no, it's all right, just go. I'm fighting mad. Don't come near me, don't come near me!

SMIRNOV: [*Who is coming near her*.] I'm pretty disgusted with myself—falling in love like a kid, going down on my knees like some moongazing whippersnapper, the very thought gives me gooseflesh. [*Rudely*.] I love you. But it doesn't make sense. Tomorrow, I have to pay that interest, and we've already started mowing. [*He puts his arm about her waist*.] I shall never forgive myself for this.

MRS. POPOV: Take your hands off me, I hate you! Let's shoot it out!

[*A long kiss. Enter* LUKA *with an axe, the* GARDENER *with a rake, the* COACHMAN *with a pitchfork,* HIRED MEN *with sticks*.]

LUKA: [*Seeing the kiss*.] Mercy on us! Holy saints above!

MRS. POPOV: [*Dropping her eyes*.] Luka, tell them in the stable that Toby is not to have any oats today.

CURTAIN

ANTON CHEKHOV

(١٨٦٠-١٩٠٤)

The grandson of an emancipated serf, Anton Chekhov was born in the Russian town of Taganrog. In ١٨٧٥, his father, a grocer facing bankruptcy and imprisonment, fled to Moscow and soon the rest of the family lost their house to a former friend and lodger, a situation that Chekhov would revisit in his play *The Cherry Orchard.* In ١٨٨٤, Chekhov received his M.D. from the University of Moscow. He purchased an estate near Moscow in the early ١٨٩٠s and became both an industrious landowner and doctor to the local peasants. After contributing stories to magazines and journals throughout the ١٨٨٠s, he began writing for the stage in ١٨٨٧. His plays, now regarded as classics, were generally ill-received in his life-time. *The Wood Demon* (later rewritten as *Uncle Vanya*) was performed only a few times in

١٨٨٩ before closing, while the ١٨٩٦ premiere of *The Seagull* turned into a riot when an audience expecting comedy confronted with an experimental tragedy.

Vocabulary

Convent: a community of women who live a life devoted to religious worship

Raiment: clothes

Schit: impudent girl; a child, girl, or young woman, especially one whose physical slightness seems to be at odds with an impertinent, forceful, or self-confident manner

Highwayman: roadside robber; formerly, somebody who forced people traveling by road to stop, usually at gunpoint, and robbed them

simpering: say something coyly

subaltern: somebody who holds a subordinate or inferior position

insinuate: imply something; to hint at unpleasantness or suggest it indirectly and gradually

impudence: deliberate rudeness; showing a lack of respect and shameless boldness

brute: somebody brutal; somebody who is very cruel, ruthless, or insensitive

fire and brimstone: damnation; eternal punishment

Background and Summary

Anton Chekhov, a master ironist, is often credited as being the father of the modern short story and play. Indeed, he was the first modern master of an economical prose. He began as a freelance writer who wrote to pay the bills. In his early career he emphasized quantity over quality. But soon an editor placed strict restrictions on length and tone. Struggling to write within these narrow constraints helped Chekhov perfect his art. As he perfected his craft, his emphasis shifted and what emerged was quality over quantity. Many of his one-act plays bridge the gap between quantity

and quality, and that is where one will find *The Brute: A Joke in One Act*. Certainly, the war between the sexes did not begin with Chekhov; however, *The Brute* brings to this ageless war a vivid battle between Mrs. Popov and Smirnov. Mrs. Popov is determined to faithfully mourn her unfaithful husband while Smirnov is an equally determined creditor bent on hounding the widow for the repayment of his loan. This war of words escalates, and soon in utter frustration, Smirnov challenges the "grieving" widow to a duel. When Mrs. Popov proudly accepts, sparks begin to fly—but not sparks of contempt. Smirnov finds in her defiance an overwhelming attraction that he cannot fight. As the play ends, the proposal for a duel is rescinded and a proposal of marriage is issued instead.

Character Description

Luka is a loyal footman who tries unsuccessfully to pull his employer out of her depression. He is old and is greatly intimidated by Smirnov.

Mrs. Popov is a reclusive widower who clings mightily to her grief. She is determined to prove to the world that she can be more faithful to her marriage than her deceased, philandering husband was in life.

Mr. Grigory S. Smirnov faces foreclosure of his farm if he isn't repaid money owed to him by the late Mr. Popov. He hounds Mrs. Popov who remains unmoved. His frustration leads to a threatened duel which leads to a proposal of marriage.

Themes

Chekhov examines how thin the line is that exists between anger and passion, between love and hate. He explores the complexities of the human condition when faced with financial ruin and infidelity.

Literary Analysis

Readers often find Chekhov's works often have no real plot. There is only a brief moment of confrontation which drastically condenses the

experiences of his richly detailed characters. This is surely true of *The Brute* or as it is sometimes translated, *The Bear*. His early one-act plays show us a theatrical genius stumbling into the greatness he would later achieve. This eleven-page play confirms a conviction held by Chekhov who claims "brevity is the sister of talent." Chekhov's dialogue is like "counterpoint in music" where "characters talk from within the shell of their own miseries. They talk more at than to each other so that we have conversations where no one seems to be listening to anyone but themselves. Much of the action in his plays take the form of arrivals and departures and allow characters to come together to fill in the details of their lives. Chekhov was not only an author; he was also a physician. Nevertheless, Chekhov never divorces himself from his medical training. Indeed, Chekhov observed, and he dramatized what he saw without making judgments. It's up to the audience to make what it will of the human canvas he spreads before them.

Staging (for those who may like to stage *The Brute*)

The one-act play consists of a single scene that takes place in the country home of Mrs. Popov. Entrances by the three main characters drive the action and dialogue.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item (a, b, c or d).

١. Which statement is **FALSE** about Drama?

a. Drama is a literary genre that walks and talks before the eyes of audience.

b. Drama is designed to be performed on the stage in the theatre or open space.

c. Actors and actresses play the roles of the characters of the Drama.

d. Unlike the short story and novel, Drama does not have a theme.

٢. What does a tragedy end with?

a. Something happy

b. Some catastrophic outcome

c. Something funny

d. Something amusing

٣. Which statement is **FALSE** about comedy?

a. Comedy is amusing and makes us laugh.

b. Comedy is quite simple.

c. Comedy is sophisticated.

d. Comedy is divided into various kinds.

٤. In which kind of Drama are improbable situations, violent conflicts and physical actions emphasized?

a. Romantic comedy b. Comedy of manner

c. Farce d. Tragedy

٥. What does a narrator do in Drama?

a. He introduces the characters.

b. He always plays one of the major characters.

c. He provides a string of commentary between the dramatic scenes.

d. He speaks from behind the curtains and the stage.

٦. What does catharsis refer to?

a. A group of actors speaking in unison.
b. Some sort of emotional release experienced by the audience.
c. Violent conflicts between the characters.
d. A brief speech by one of the actors.

The Brute

٧. Who is Luka?

a. He is Smirnov's assistant.
b. He is Mrs. Popov's coachman.
c. He is Mrs. Popov's footman.
d. He is Mrs. Popov's gardener.

٨. Why is Smirnov frustrated?

a. Because he needs the money owed to him by the late Mr. Popov be repaid.
b. Because he falls in love with Mrs. Popov before he can mention the money that should be repaid.
c. Because he is very stingy and wants to take the money soon.
d. Because he wants to have a duel with Mrs. Popov.

٩. What does Smirnov do after Mrs. Popov tells him she has no cash and will pay up the money two days later?

a. He leaves her house immediately.
b. He decides to stay in her house.
c. He changes his tone and becomes calm.
d. He doesn't believe her.

١٠. What does Smirnov think about women?

a. He thinks they are lovely.
b. He thinks they are wild.
c. He thinks they are liars.
d. He thinks they are reasonable.

١١. When does Smirnov challenges Mrs. Popov to a duel?

a. After Mrs. Popov tells him that she is not scared of him and calls him 'Brute'.

b. After he loses his hope to get the money back.

c. After he realizes that she is in love with him.

d. After he realizes that she is absolutely faithful to her husband.

١٢. What does Mrs. Popov do that brings about changes in Smirnov's feelings?

a. She, by her words and actions, shows that she is not scared.

b. She, by her gestures, reveals her love for him.

c. She tries to pacify him by nice words.

d. She tells Luka not to ask for help.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

١. What is the difference between Drama and other literary genres like the short story, novel, novelette, fable, lyric and epic?

٢. For whom is the Drama designed?

٣. In which kind of Drama are serious actions with deep meanings represented?

٤. In which classical work is Drama introduced?

٥. How does Aristotle define Drama?

٦. How can you distinguish High comedies from Low ones?

The Brute

٧. Who seems the most reasonable person in *The Brute*?

٨. Does Mrs. Popov really like her dead husband? Why and how?

٩. Can you determine a point from which the turning point starts?

١٠. Can you determine the “soliloquies” and “asides” of the play?

١١. Who is Toby?
١٢. What does Toby represent?
١٣. Why does Mrs. Popov change her attitude towards Toby?

Chapter Nine

Further Stories

A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS

Gabriel Garcia Márquez (١٩٢٨-)

On the third day of rain they had killed so many crabs inside the house that Pelayo had to cross his drenched courtyard and throw them into the sea, because the newborn child had a temperature all night and they thought it was due to the stench. The world had been sad since Tuesday. Sea and sky were a single ash-gray thing and the sands of the beach, which on March nights glimmered like powdered light, had become a stew of mud and rotten shellfish. The light was so weak at noon that when Pelayo was coming back to the house after throwing away the crabs, it was hard for him to see what it was that was moving and groaning in the rear of the courtyard. He had to go very close to

see that it was an old man, a very old man, lying face down in the mud, who, in spite of his tremendous efforts, couldn't get up, impeded by his enormous wings.

Frightened by that nightmare, Pelayo ran to get Elisenda, his wife, who was putting compresses on the sick child, and he took her to the rear of the courtyard. They both looked at the fallen body with a mute stupor. He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather took away any sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked, were forever entangled in the mud. They looked at him so long and so closely that Pelayo and Elisenda very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar. Then they dared speak to him, and he answered in an incomprehensible dialect with a strong sailor's voice. That was how they skipped over the inconvenience of the wings and quite intelligently concluded that he was a lonely castaway from some foreign ship wrecked by the storm. And yet, they called in a neighbor woman who knew everything about life and death to see him, and all she needed was one look to show them their mistake.

"He's an angel," she told them. "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down."

On the following day everyone knew that a flesh-and-blood angel was held captive in Pelayo's house. Against the judgment of the wise neighbor woman, for whom angels in those times were the fugitive survivors of a celestial conspiracy, they did not have the heart to club him to death. Pelayo watched over him all afternoon from the kitchen, armed with his bailiff's club, and before going to bed he dragged him out of the mud and locked him up with the hens in the wire chicken coop. In the middle of the night, when the rain stopped, Pelayo and Elisenda were still killing crabs. A short time afterward the child woke up without a fever and with a desire to eat. Then they felt magnanimous and decided to put the angel on a raft with fresh water

and provisions for three days and leave him to his fate on the high seas. But when they went out into the courtyard with the first light of dawn, they found the whole neighborhood in front of the chicken coop having fun with the angel, without the slightest reverence, tossing him things to eat through the openings in the wire as if he weren't a supernatural creature but a circus animal.

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be named mayor of the world. Others of sterner mind felt that he should be promoted to the rank of five-star general in order to win all wars. Some visionaries hoped that he could be put to stud in order to implant the earth a race of winged wise men who could take charge of the universe. But Father Gonzaga, before becoming a priest, had been a robust woodcutter. Standing by the wire, he reviewed his catechism in an instant and asked them to open the door so that he could take a close look at that pitiful man who looked more like a huge decrepit hen among the fascinated chickens. He was lying in the corner drying his open wings in the sunlight among the fruit peels and breakfast leftovers that the early risers had thrown him. Alien to the impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Father Gonzaga went into the chicken coop and said good morning to him in Latin. The parish priest had his first suspicion of an imposter when he saw that he did not understand the language of God or know how to greet His ministers. Then he noticed that seen close up he was much too human: he had an unbearable smell of the outdoors, the back side of his wings was strewn with parasites and his main feathers had been mistreated by terrestrial winds, and nothing about him measured up to the proud dignity of angels. Then he came out of the chicken coop and in a brief sermon warned the curious against the risks of being ingenuous. He reminded them that the devil had the bad habit of making use of

carnival tricks in order to confuse the unwary. He argued that if wings were not the essential element in determining the different between a hawk and an airplane, they were even less so in the recognition of angels. Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write his primate so that the latter would write to the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts.

His prudence fell on sterile hearts. The news of the captive angel spread with such rapidity that after a few hours the courtyard had the bustle of a marketplace and they had to call in troops with fixed bayonets to disperse the mob that was about to knock the house down. Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel.

The curious came from far away. A traveling carnival arrived with a flying acrobat who buzzed over the crowd several times, but no one paid any attention to him because his wings were not those of an angel but, rather, those of a sidereal bat. The most unfortunate invalids on earth came in search of health: a poor woman who since childhood has been counting her heartbeats and had run out of numbers; a Portuguese man who couldn't sleep because the noise of the stars disturbed him; a sleepwalker who got up at night to undo the things he had done while awake; and many others with less serious ailments. In the midst of that shipwreck disorder that made the earth tremble, Pelayo and Elisenda were happy with fatigue, for in less than a week they had crammed their rooms with money and the line of pilgrims waiting their turn to enter still reached beyond the horizon.

The angel was the only one who took no part in his own act. He spent his time trying to get comfortable in his borrowed nest, befuddled by the hellish heat of the oil lamps and sacramental candles that had been placed along the wire. At first they tried to make him eat some mothballs, which, according to the wisdom of the wise neighbor woman, were the food prescribed for angels. But he turned them

down, just as he turned down the papal lunches that the pentinents brought him, and they never found out whether it was because he was an angel or because he was an old man that in the end ate nothing but eggplant mush. His only supernatural virtue seemed to be patience. Especially during the first days, when the hens pecked at him, searching for the stellar parasites that proliferated in his wings, and the cripples pulled out feathers to touch their defective parts with, and even the most merciful threw stones at him, trying to get him to rise so they could see him standing. The only time they succeeded in arousing him was when they burned his side with an iron for branding steers, for he had been motionless for so many hours that they thought he was dead. He awoke with a start, ranting in his hermetic language and with tears in his eyes, and he flapped his wings a couple of times, which brought on a whirlwind of chicken dung and lunar dust and a gale of panic that did not seem to be of this world. Although many thought that his reaction had not been one of rage but of pain, from then on they were careful not to annoy him, because the majority understood that his passivity was not that of a hero taking his ease but that of a cataclysm in repose.

Father Gonzaga held back the crowd's frivolity with formulas of maidservant inspiration while awaiting the arrival of a final judgment on the nature of the captive. But the mail from Rome showed no sense of urgency. They spent their time finding out if the prisoner had a navel, if his dialect had any connection with Aramaic, how many times he could fit on the head of a pin, or whether he wasn't just a Norwegian with wings. Those meager letters might have come and gone until the end of time if a providential event had not put an end to the priest's tribulations.

It so happened that during those days, among so many other carnival attractions, there arrived in the town the traveling show of the woman who had been changed into a spider for having disobeyed her parents. The admission to see her was not only less than the admission to see the angel, but people were permitted to ask her all manner of

questions about her absurd state and to examine her up and down so that no one would ever doubt the truth of her horror. She was a frightful tarantula the size of a ram and with the head of a sad maiden. What was most heartrending, however, was not her outlandish shape but the sincere affliction with which she recounted the details of her misfortune. While still practically a child she had sneaked out of her parents' house to go to a dance, and while she was coming back through the woods after having danced all night without permission, a fearful thunderclap rent the sky in two and through the crack came the lightning bolt of brimstone that changed her into a spider. Her only nourishment came from the meatballs that charitable souls chose to toss into her mouth. A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth, or the paralytic who didn't get to walk but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sores sprouted sunflowers. Those consolation miracles, which were more like mocking fun, had already ruined the angel's reputation when the woman who had been changed into a spider finally crushed him completely. That was how Father Gonzaga was cured forever of his insomnia and Pelayo's courtyard went back to being as empty as during the time it had rained for three days and crabs walked through the bedrooms.

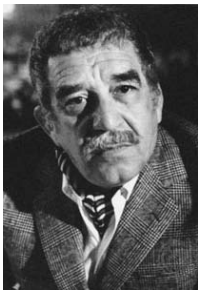
The owners of the house had no reason to lament. With the money they saved they built a two-story mansion with balconies and gardens and high netting so that crabs wouldn't get in during the winter, and with iron bars on the windows so that angels wouldn't get in. Pelayo also set up a rabbit warren close to town and gave up his job as a bailiff for good, and Elisenda bought some satin pumps with high heels and many dresses of iridescent silk, the kind worn on Sunday by the most desirable women in those times. The chicken coop was the only thing that didn't receive any attention. If they washed it down

with creolin and burned tears of myrrh inside it every so often, it was not in homage to the angel but to drive away the dung heap stench that still hung everywhere like a ghost and was turning the new house into an old one. At first, when the child learned to walk, they were careful that he not get too close to the chicken coop. But then they began to lose their fears and got used to the smell, and before the child got his second teeth he'd gone inside the chicken coop to play, where the wires were falling apart. The angel was no less standoffish with him than with the other mortals, but he tolerated the most ingenious infamies with the patience of a dog who had no illusions. They both came down with the chicken pox at the same time. The doctor who took care of the child couldn't resist the temptation to listen to the angel's heart, and he found so much whistling in the heart and so many sounds in his kidneys that it seemed impossible for him to be alive. What surprised him most, however, was the logic of his wings. They seemed so natural on that completely human organism that he couldn't understand why other men didn't have them too.

When the child began school it had been some time since the sun and rain had caused the collapse of the chicken coop. The angel went dragging himself about here and there like a stray dying man. They would drive him out of the bedroom with a broom and a moment later find him in the kitchen. He seemed to be in so many places at the same time that they grew to think that he'd be duplicated, that he was reproducing himself all through the house, and the exasperated and unhinged Elisenda shouted that it was awful living in that hell full of angels. He could scarcely eat and his antiquarian eyes had also become so foggy that he went about bumping into posts. All he had left were the bare cannulae of his last feathers. Pelayo threw a blanket over him and extended him the charity of letting him sleep in the shed, and only then did they notice that he had a temperature at night, and was delirious with the tongue twisters of an old Norwegian. That was one of the few times they became alarmed, for they thought he was

going to die and not even the wise neighbor woman had been able to tell them what to do with dead angels.

And yet he not only survived his worst winter, but seemed improved with the first sunny days. He remained motionless for several days in the farthest corner of the courtyard, where no one would see him, and at the beginning of December some large, stiff feathers began to grow on his wings, the feathers of a scarecrow, which looked more like another misfortune of decreptitude. But he must have known the reason for those changes, for he was quite careful that no one should notice them, that no one should hear the sea chanteys that he sometimes sang under the stars. One morning Elisenda was cutting some bunches of onions for lunch when a wind that seemed to come from the high seas blew into the kitchen. Then she went to the window and caught the angel in his first attempts at flight. They were so clumsy that his fingernails opened a furrow in the vegetable patch and he was on the point of knocking the shed down with the ungainly flapping that slipped on the light and couldn't get a grip on the air. But he did manage to gain altitude. Elisenda let out a sigh of relief, for herself and for him, when she watched him pass over the last houses, holding himself up in some way with the risky flapping of a senile vulture. She kept watching him even when she was through cutting the onions and she kept on watching until it was no longer possible for her to see him, because then he was no longer an annoyance in her life but an imaginary dot on the horizon of the sea.



Gabriel García Márquez was born in ١٩٢٨ in the small town of Aracataca, situated in a tropical region of northern Colombia, between the mountains and the Caribbean Sea. He grew up with his maternal grandparent - his grandfather was a pensioned colonel from the civil war at the beginning of the

century. He went to a Jesuit college and began to read law, but his studies were soon broken off for his work as a journalist. In ١٩٥٤ he was sent to Rome on an assignment for his newspaper, and since then he has mostly lived abroad − in Paris, New York, Barcelona − and Mexico − in a more or less compulsory exile. Besides his large output of fiction he has written screenplays and has continued to work as a journalist.

STORY ANALYSIS

The story begins with odd, quasi-allegorical references to time. "On the third day of rain," "The world had been sad since Tuesday," and other statements conflate time, the weather and human emotion in a way that seems mythic and magical. On top of this, the world behaves strangely, supernaturally. The swarms of crabs that must be killed, the darkness at noon-these strange events seem to foreshadow the eerie arrival of the otherworldly visitor, the Angel. Note, however, that this supernatural setting does not greatly affect the people in the story, who respond to the crabs with mere annoyance, and to the angel with less awe than confusion. He is a curiosity, yes, but also very ordinary. His wings are choked with mud. This image in itself captures the balance of sublimity and crudity that dominates the story. The old man is an angel, yes, but a decayed, aged angel. He is a surreal coupling of the holy and the profane, and this trend continues throughout the story.

Surreal techniques permeate aspects of the story beyond these images. Márquez's narrative language also combines realistic and unrealistic elements. For instance, he writes that Pelayo and Elisenda were surprised by the man's appearance at first, but "very soon overcame their surprise and in the end found him familiar." Márquez does not provide us with a reason why they find him "familiar" so quickly; he just tells us that they do. This is a technique familiar in legendary literatures–like the Bible, where events seem to happen "out of time" and without causal explanation. Márquez's very language, thus, balances a concern with realistic detail and characterization with

a mythic lack of concern for causality and natural law. The miraculous and the realistic coexist, thus, at the level of both image and language. Other motifs, such as the angel's speech, cement this surreal coupling of "magic" and "realism." The angel speaks in a dialect like a sailor's, though no one understands him. He may well be speaking the language of God, but to human ears it sounds crude. Father Gonzaga believes dogmatically that if the angel were a heavenly creature he would speak the official language of the Catholic Church-Latin-and when he doesn't the priest assumes that he must be an imposter. Each character interprets the angel's language differently, thus, without ever speaking the angel's language. No one has any curiosity to learn the dialect and communicate with the angel-in other words, to understand the angel's own perspective-they are happy rather to interpret events and write the angel off. Again, they respond to signs of divinity with surreal indifference.

Many other motifs convey this same balance, such as the neighbor woman, who is both convinced that the angel is an angel, and suggests clubbing him to death; she senses the angel's otherworldly power and yet proposes a brutal and undignified end for the being. In general, people experience the angel very differently and suggest very different responses–some treat him as a mere carnival freak, others as a potential general or breeder of superior beings–but respond in a uniformly sedate manner. No one is particularly awestruck by a besmirched old man in a chicken coop, wings or no wings. Márquez thus suggests that the presentation of an object-its staging-is more important than the object itself. If the angel were clean, dressed in white and seated on a throne, folks would be far more likely to venerate him rather than adjudicate him.

In addition, causal connections between what people perceive and how they respond are left purposefully vague. For instance, we never learn why the neighbor woman thinks the angel is a danger and recommends killing him. Nor do we learn in detail why Pelayo and Elisenda's baby was cured−whether by the angel, or because the angel

failed to take the baby's soul away, or by the natural course of the illness. Ambiguity reigns, and the people in the story−like the readers of the story, merely interpret events, never understanding them. Thus the story defies attempts at interpretation even as it stages the human need to interpret. In short, it is more concerned with *the fact that* we interpret than with *what* we interpret. It's a fairy tale without an interpretation; rather, it's a fairy tale *about* interpretation.

The surreal, comic tendency of human beings to greet the miraculous with indifference or ennui continues as the Angel is displayed for money. For instance, an acrobat with wings arrives, but he's ignored because his are batwings, not birdwings. People in general behave as though the Angel−and the other miraculous oddities of the world−owe them something. Invalids come to be healed, even of illusionary diseases (such as the woman counting her heartbeats, or the sleepwalker who undoes his day's activities by night). These details are not only funny, they also comment on human greed. It's not enough to be an Angel: you have to be a healing Angel who benefits the absurd and ignorant humans who keep you captive. Even then, the Angel is treated worse than an animal. He's like a cow, kept in a pen and milked for money and miracles.

The crowd, meanwhile, treats the Angel like a puzzle. They try to determine his identity by provoking him─by feeding him different foods, by pelting him with rocks. They never, notice, try to learn his language. Instead, they attempt to assert ownership, even violently, as when they brand him, the only event that draws a violent response from the Angel. To consider this attempt to "brand" the Angel more closely, one very fruitful way to read this story is as an allegory for the reception of an artist. Garcia Márquez wrote the story after achieving fame for *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, a novel that provoked enormous critical and public debate. He possibly relates to the Angel, a divine being who is penned up and "branded" by society. The artist, too, is prodded, interpreted, provoked by critics and moralists and religious authorities, and "branded" as "Marxist," "Feminist," "Latin-

American," "Realistic," "Magical-Realistic"... . Márquez resists such simple branding, and so does the Angel. Both speak a strange, magical language that people don't even attempt to learn. Both sing strange, secret songs. Both patiently endure the prodding of humanity—until they bring out the branding iron.

Along these lines, the arrival of the Spider-Girl is a kind of a literary joke. The Spider–Girl, unlike the Angel, invites clear, moralistic interpretation. She may represent the moralistic weaver of tales (the spider image is associated with storytelling in mythology, as in the story of Arachne or the African figure Ananse) who offers audiences reductive proverbs rather than complex human truths. The audience, in turn, rewards her with their business, abandoning the difficult, "haughty" Angel and his paradoxical miracles for the simple, watered-down moral lesson of the Spider-Girl. Whether you agree with this allegorical reading of the Angel and Spider-Girl as two different kinds of artists, it's clear that her simple pandering is preferred to the Angel's mysterious privacy and patience.

After the Angel has made their fortune, Pelayo and Elisenda neglect him pointedly and horribly. They leave him in the pen, stinking and ill, until the structure collapses. Indeed, by specifying that they want their new mansion to be both crab and angel-proof, they conflate the miraculous appearance of the Angel (who made them a lot of money, after all) with the surreal annoyance of the crabs. They never understood the Angel, merely exploited him. Their child, on the other hand, seems to understand the Angel. They play together intimately. Perhaps the Angel merely tolerates the child, perhaps they have an honest connection. But the child certainly behaves toward the Angel with an openness that the adults lack. The tale, after all, is subtitled "A Tale for Children," perhaps suggesting that children read Angels better than adults. They *experience* such beings, perhaps, rather than interpreting them through their own selfish concerns.

The close of the story reiterates the balance of the mundane and the supernatural that Márquez has developed throughout. The Angel's

appearance everywhere at once in the mansion is one such ambiguity-perhaps this ubiquity represents the presence of divine forces, or angels, everywhere in our lives; perhaps not. At any rate, Elisenda responds to the Angel's presence with typical shallowness, chasing him out of her life like a mere nuisance. His sickness and recovery are similarly ambiguous. The causality of his illness is unclear-could be the chickenpox (a joke, by the way, given that the Angel was caged with the chickens), could be something else. Causal relationships are ambiguous throughout the story. But his near-death and resurrection has a Messianic ring to it. Again, Márquez stimulates our instinct to interpret without offering us clear interpretations.

During the Angel's recovery, he emphasizes his own privacy. He grows his feathers back in secret and sings mournful shanties to the moon. The reader might be reminded in these moments of how little we know about the Angel. He seems to have an intense private life, to miss his home country, and no one in the country has explored this life at all, though all of their actions have centered on him. When he finally spreads his wings and leaves, Elisenda manages to feel nothing but relief. Again, Márquez juxtaposes the miracle of a flying being with the mundane details of Elisenda's superficial relief as she chops onions.

But in Elisenda's defense, the end of the story makes it clear that taking care of a supernatural being─when that supernatural being is a feeble old man with diseases and molting problems–truly is a mundane task. Perhaps rather than see the Angel as the artist, we are invited to see Elisenda as an artist of sorts. A work of the imagination, while it is being written, takes on mundaneness quite unsuited to its ultimately ephemeral being. A writer has to worry about dull details─how does so-and-so enter the room? what is she wearing? what do they have for dinner?─before the work takes on a completeness, a poetics that identifies it as art. Just so, Elisenda has had to clean up after the Angel, chase him from room to room, until he finally takes off. Maybe the Angel is the art-arriving uninvited in the

courtyard-and
the husband and wife the artists. Perhaps the Angel never belonged among people─he was never an Angel at all as a real body, but becomes divine only as an idea. At any rate, the Angel flies off into the horizon, vanishing from reality, becoming purely imagined and remembered. Which, as a piece of the divine, and as a piece of Márquez's own imagination, is exactly where he belongs.

Major Themes

Human Reception of the Supernatural

The two major supernatural occurrences in the story are the old man with wings and the girl who has been turned into a spider. The people in the story treat the old man as an oddity, but not as a supernatural oddity: more a freak of nature than something beyond nature. The old man appears to be nothing more than a frail human with wings, and so his status as an angel is endlessly debated. Father Gonzaga thinks that he cannot be an angel because he lacks dignity and splendor. Of course this begs the question of whether the angel lacks dignity intrinsically, or whether he lacks dignity because of the way he is treated - cooped up in a chicken cage. Perhaps it is the people who lack dignity, not the old man. The old man's other supernatural characteristic - his incredible patience in the face of his treatment - does not make much of an impression on the majority of the people, who are happy to exploit him until bored with him.

The Spider-Girl is a clear contrast with the Old Man. Whereas he is difficult─if not impossible─to interpret, the Spider-Girl delights the people with the clarity of her story. She disobeyed her parents as so was turned into a spider by god. Unlike the Angel, the people do not debate her status as a spider: it's taken for granted. This tendency of the public to accept supernatural explanations for such simple morality tales but to deny them in the case of complexity and frailty (as exemplified by the old man) may be satirical. He may identify as a writer with the confused reception of the old man while ridiculing the

public's appreciation of the simple tale of the Spider-Girl - who may be read to represent simpler works of fiction.

The Blurry Distinction between Natural and Supernatural

Márquez contrasts the supernatural in the story with vivid natural details, thus conflating the supernatural and the everyday. Pelayo does not see a large difference between a natural oddity − the invasion of his house by crabs − and a supernatural one − the invasion of his house by a decrepit angel. Indeed, when Pelayo and Elisenda build their mansion, they secure it from crabs and angels alike, thus treating both as equal nuisances. Moreover, the angel's wings are described in gross, vivid detail, and when he first appears they are crippled by mud. He is described in one place as a senile vulture, in another as a 'huge decrepit hen among the fascinated chickens', and in paragraph four the crowds treat him as a 'circus animal instead of a supernatural creature.' These comments serve to blur the distinction between the natural and supernatural. Garcia Márquez may be suggesting that such a distinction is unnecessary, or that the people are simply blind to it. Whether it is a failure to impose the boundary or ignore it is a matter of interpretation - and the story, ultimately, invites interpretation more than it invites meaning.

What is Human?

Just as the Old Man is described in terms of his animal characteristics, so too he is described as human. Father Gonzaga thinks that he must be an imposter: he does not possess the dignity that people expect from angels. Also, in paragraph two the Old Man is described as a rag picker, and Pelayo and Elisenda decide that he must be a sailor. Despite these human characteristics, the Old Man is treated inhumanly. He is penned up with the chickens and displayed, forced to eat mush, and branded. This capacity to dehumanize a creature because of one unfamiliar characteristic - wings - quietly damns the

people in the story. They see the Old Man's humanity yet don't feel the need to respond humanely.

In contrast there is the Spider-Girl. The narrator notes that the spider girl is a much more appealing attraction because her story is full of human truth. Because her story is simply and straightforwardly moral, she is appealing, whereas the old man─full of mystery and complexity–is unappealing. Garcia Márquez invites us to consider that the truly human qualities in life are the Old Man's─uncertainty, mystery, strangeness, open-endedness − whereas the trite moralizing of the Spider-Girl is actually far from human experience. It merely consoles the people, whereas the Old Man, by revealing our cruelty, shows them their true nature.

Uncertainty in the Narrator

Uncertainty, ambiguity and doubt are constant throughout the story, and Márquez achieves these affects in several different ways. For instance, he uses a constantly changing narrative voice to complicate both the setting and the events in question. At first the third-person omniscient point of view, the narrator gradually reveals opinions on certain points, supporting some characters and condemning others. Márquez thus always ties his story to a teller − we aren't able to get a clean read on the situation, or even to know if it happened at all. This narrative level of uncertainty precludes a simple moral tale that pretends to speak universally.

Humans Must Interpret Events

The story illustrates the human need to interpret life's events. The Old Man, an exaggerated dramatization of any strange event, is interpreted in many different ways. Individual characters − the neighbor woman, Pelayo, Elisenda, Father Gonzaga, and all the onlookers − try to attach meaning to the Old Man, or to reduce his meaning, in terms of their own lives. Thus Garcia Márquez stages the inevitable situatedness of

human experience. We see things through our own eyes, and the search for a universally applicable meaning is inevitably doomed.

Still, even though we cannot settle for a simple interpretation that applies to everyone, we can still realize that we think and feel from our own perspective. The major failure of the people in "Very Old Man" is not that they fail to interpret the Angel, but that they fail to acknowledge their own role in the interpretive process. They cannot see themselves with any perspective, in other words. Pelayo and Elisenda never seem grateful to the Angel, though he makes their fortune. They simply imprison him. Similarly, other characters lack perspective on the Angel. They argue for their own interpretation of the events, then grow bored, never pausing to consider the Old Man's possible feelings, never bothering to notice their own narrow vision.

THE NECKLACE

Guy du Maupassan(١٨٣٦ – ١٨٩٣)

She was one of those pretty and charming girls born, as though fate had blundered over her, into a family of artisans. She had no marriage portion, no expectations, no means of getting known, understood, loved, and wedded by a man of wealth and distinction; and she let herself be married off to a little clerk in the Ministry of Education. Her tastes were simple because she had never been able to afford any other, but she was as unhappy as though she had married beneath her; for women have no caste or class, their beauty, grace, and charm serving them for birth or family, their natural delicacy, their instinctive elegance, their nimbleness of wit, are their only mark of rank, and put the slum girl on a level with the highest lady in the land.

She suffered endlessly, feeling herself born for every delicacy and luxury. She suffered from the poorness of her house, from its mean

walls, worn chairs, and ugly curtains. All these things, of which other women of her class would not even have been aware, tormented and insulted her. The sight of the little Breton girl who came to do the work in her little house aroused heart-broken regrets and hopeless dreams in her mind. She imagined silent antechambers, heavy with Oriental tapestries, lit by torches in lofty bronze sockets, with two tall footmen in knee-breeches sleeping in large arm-chairs, overcome by the heavy warmth of the stove. She imagined vast saloons hung with antique silks, exquisite pieces of furniture supporting priceless ornaments, and small, charming, perfumed rooms, created just for little parties of intimate friends, men who were famous and sought after, whose homage roused every other woman's envious longings.

When she sat down for dinner at the round table covered with a three-days-old cloth, opposite her husband, who took the cover off the soup-tureen, exclaiming delightedly: "Aha! Scotch broth! What could be better?" she imagined delicate meals, gleaming silver, tapestries peopling the walls with folk of a past age and strange birds in faery forests; she imagined delicate food served in marvelous dishes, murmured gallantries, listened to with an inscrutable smile as one trifled with the rosy flesh of trout or wings of asparagus chicken.

She had no clothes, no jewels, nothing. And these were the only things she loved; she felt that she was made for them. She had longed so eagerly to charm, to be desired, to be wildly attractive and sought after.

She had a rich friend, an old school friend whom she refused to visit, because she suffered so keenly when she returned home. She would weep whole days, with grief, regret, despair, and misery.

One evening her husband came home with an exultant air, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"Here's something for you," he said.

Swiftly she tore the paper and drew out a printed card on which were these words:

"The Minister of Education and Madame Ramponneau request the pleasure of the company of Monsieur and Madame Loisel at the Ministry on the evening of Monday, January the ١٨th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she flung the invitation petulantly across the table, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with this?"

"Why, darling, I thought you'd be pleased. You never go out, and this is a great occasion. I had tremendous trouble to get it. Every one wants one; it's very select, and very few go to the clerks. You'll see all the really big people there."

She looked at him out of furious eyes, and said impatiently: "And what do you suppose I am to wear at such an affair?"

He had not thought about it; he stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very nice, to me… ."

He stopped, stupefied and utterly at a loss when he saw that his wife was beginning to cry. Two large tears ran slowly down from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" he faltered.

But with a violent effort she overcame her grief and replied in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I haven't a dress and so I can't go to this party. Give your invitation to some friend of yours whose wife will be turned out better than I shall."

He was heart-broken.

"Look here, Mathilde," he persisted. "What would be the cost of a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions as well, something very simple?"

She thought for several seconds, reckoning up prices and also wondering for how large a sum she could ask without bringing upon herself an immediate refusal and an exclamation of horror from the careful-minded clerk.

At last she replied with some hesitation:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could do it on four hundred francs."

He grew slightly pale, for this was exactly the amount he had been saving for a gun, intending to get a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre with some friends who went lark-shooting there on Sundays.

Nevertheless he said: "Very well. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try and get a really nice dress with the money."

The day of the party drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy and anxious. Her dress was ready, however. One evening her husband said to her:

"What's the matter with you? You've been very odd for the last three days" "I'm utterly miserable at not having any jewels, not a single stone, to wear," she replied. "I shall look absolutely no one. I would almost rather not go to the party."

"Wear flowers," he said. "They're very smart at this time of the year. For ten francs you could get two or three gorgeous roses."

She was not convinced.

"No . . . there's nothing so humiliating as looking poor in the middle of a lot of rich women."

"How stupid you are!" exclaimed her husband. "Go and see Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You know her quite well enough for that."

She uttered a cry of delight.

"That's true. I never thought of it."

Next day she went to see her friend and told her her trouble.

Madame Forestier went to her dressing-table, took up a large box, brought it to Madame Loisel, opened it, and said:

"Choose, my dear."

First she saw some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross in gold and gems, of exquisite workmanship. She tried

the effect of the jewels before the mirror, hesitating, unable to make up her mind to leave them, to give them up. She kept on asking:

"Haven't you anything else?"

"Yes. Look for yourself. I don't know what you would like best."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin case, a superb diamond necklace; her heart began to beat covetously. Her hands trembled as she lifted it. She fastened it round her neck, upon her high dress, and remained in ecstasy at sight of herself.

Then, with hesitation, she asked in anguish:

"Could you lend me this, just this alone?"

"Yes, of course."

She flung herself on her friend's breast, embraced her frenziedly, and went away with her treasure. The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was the prettiest woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling, and quite above herself with happiness. All the men stared at her, inquired her name, and asked to be introduced to her. All the Under-Secretaries of State were eager to waltz with her. The Minister noticed her.

She danced madly, ecstatically, drunk with pleasure, with no thought for anything, in the triumph of her beauty, in the pride of her success, in a cloud of happiness made up of this universal homage and admiration, of the desires she had aroused, of the completeness of a victory so dear to her feminine heart.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Since midnight her husband had been dozing in a deserted little room, in company with three other men whose wives were having a good time. He threw over her shoulders the garments he had brought for them to go home in, modest everyday clothes, whose poverty clashed with the beauty of the ball-dress. She was conscious of this and was anxious to hurry away, so that she should not be noticed by the other women putting on their costly furs.

Loisel restrained her.

"Wait a little. You'll catch cold in the open. I'm going to fetch a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the staircase. When they were out in the street they could not find a cab; they began to look for one, shouting at the drivers whom they saw passing in the distance.

They walked down towards the Seine, desperate and shivering. At last they found on the quay one of those old nightprowling carriages which are only to be seen in Paris after dark, as though they were ashamed of their shabbiness in the daylight.

It brought them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they walked up to their own apartment. It was the end, for her. As for him, he was thinking that he must be at the office at ten.

She took off the garments in which she had wrapped her shoulders, so as to see herself in all her glory before the mirror. But suddenly she uttered a cry. The necklace was no longer round her neck!

"What's the matter with you?" asked her husband, already half undressed.

She turned towards him in the utmost distress.

"I . . . I . . . I've no longer got Madame Forestier's necklace. . . ."

He started with astonishment.

"What! . . . Impossible!"

They searched in the folds of her dress, in the folds of the coat, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

"Are you sure that you still had it on when you came away from the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I touched it in the hall at the Ministry."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall."

"Yes. Probably we should. Did you take the number of the cab?"

"No. You didn't notice it, did you?"

"No."

They stared at one another, dumbfounded. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I'll go over all the ground we walked," he said, "and see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She remained in her evening clothes, lacking strength to get into bed, huddled on a chair, without volition or power of thought.

Her husband returned about seven. He had found nothing.

He went to the police station, to the newspapers, to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere that a ray of hope impelled him.

She waited all day long, in the same state of bewilderment at this fearful catastrophe.

Loisel came home at night, his face lined and pale; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," he said, "and tell her that you've broken the clasp of her necklace and are getting it mended. That will give us time to look about us."

She wrote at his dictation.

By the end of a week they had lost all hope.

Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must see about replacing the diamonds."

Next day they took the box which had held the necklace and went to the jewellers whose name was inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I who sold this necklace, Madame; I must have merely supplied the clasp."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for another necklace like the first, consulting their memories, both ill with remorse and anguish of mind.

In a shop at the Palais-Royal they found a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They were allowed to have it for thirty-six thousand.

They begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they arranged matters on the understanding that it would be taken back for thirty-four thousand francs, if the first one were found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs left to him by his father. He intended to borrow the rest.

He did borrow it, getting a thousand from one man, five hundred from another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes of hand, entered into ruinous agreements, did business with usurers and the whole tribe of money-lenders. He mortgaged the whole remaining years of his existence, risked his signature without even knowing if he could honour it, and, appalled at the agonising face of the future, at the black misery about to fall upon him, at the prospect of every possible physical privation and moral torture, he went to get the new necklace and put down upon the jeweller's counter thirty-six thousand francs.
When Madame Loisel took back the necklace to Madame Forestier, the latter said to her in a chilly voice:

"You ought to have brought it back sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not, as her friend had feared, open the case. If she had noticed the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she not have taken her for a thief?

Madame Loisel came to know the ghastly life of abject poverty. From the very first she played her part heroically. This fearful debt must be paid off. She would pay it. The servant was dismissed. They changed their flat; they took a garret under the roof.

She came to know the heavy work of the house, the hateful duties of the kitchen. She washed the plates, wearing out her pink nails on the coarse pottery and the bottoms of pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and dish-cloths, and hung them out to dry on a string; every morning she took the dustbin down into the street and carried up the water, stopping on each landing to get her breath. And, clad like a poor woman, she went to the fruiterer, to the grocer, to the butcher, a basket on her arm, haggling, insulted, fighting for every wretched halfpenny of her money.

Every month notes had to be paid off, others renewed, time gained.

Her husband worked in the evenings at putting straight a merchant's accounts, and often at night he did copying at twopence-halfpenny a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years everything was paid off, everything, the usurer's charges and the accumulation of superimposed interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become like all the other strong, hard, coarse women of poor households. Her hair was badly done, her skirts were awry, her hands were red. She spoke in a shrill voice, and the water slopped all over the floor when she scrubbed it. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down by the window and thought of that evening long ago, of the ball at which she had been so beautiful and so much admired.

What would have happened if she had never lost those jewels. Who knows? Who knows? How strange life is, how fickle! How little is needed to ruin or to save!

One Sunday, as she had gone for a walk along the Champs-Elysees to freshen herself after the labours of the week, she caught sight suddenly of a woman who was taking a child out for a walk. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still attractive.

Madame Loisel was conscious of some emotion. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She went up to her.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other did not recognise her, and was surprised at being thus familiarly addressed by a poor woman.

"But . . . Madame . . ." she stammered. "I don't know . . . you must be making a mistake."

"No . . . I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! . . . my poor Mathilde, how you have changed! . . ."

"Yes, I've had some hard times since I saw you last; and many sorrows . . . and all on your account."

"On my account! . . . How was that?"

"You remember the diamond necklace you lent me for the ball at the Ministry?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How could you? Why, you brought it back."

"I brought you another one just like it. And for the last ten years we have been paying for it. You realise it wasn't easy for us; we had no money. . . . Well, it's paid for at last, and I'm glad indeed."

Madame Forestier had halted.

"You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You hadn't noticed it? They were very much alike."

And she smiled in proud and innocent happiness.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! But mine was imitation. It was worth at the very most five hundred francs! . . . "

Guy de Maupassant

(١٨٥٠-١٨٩٣)

Generally considered the greatest French short story writer,Guy de Maupassant was probably born at the Château de Miromesniel, Dieppe on August ٥, ١٨٥٠. In ١٨٦٩ Maupassant started to study law in Paris, at the age of ٢٠, he volunteered to serve in the army during the Franco-Prussian War. As a poet Maupassant made his debut with *Des Vers* (١٨٨٠). In the same year he published in the anthology *Soirées de Medan* (١٨٨٠), edited by E. Zola, his masterpiece, "Boule De Suif" ("Ball of Fat", ١٨٨٠). During the ١٨٨٠s

Maupassant created some ٣٠٠ short stories, six novels, three travel books, and one volume of verse. Maupassant died on July ٦, ١٨٩٣.

STORY ANALYSIS

The short story, *The Necklace*, by Guy De Maupassant, follows the life of a woman and her husband living in France in the early ١٨٨٠'s. The woman, Mathilde, is a very materialistic person who is never content with anything in her life. Her husband, a lowly clerk in the Ministry of Education, is not a rich man, but he brings home enough to get by. He enjoys the simpler things in life, yet his wife, Mathilde, cannot. Nothing is good enough for her. Her selfish ways are evident in her attitude toward the material things in her home environment and in the way she treats her husband.

Mathilde's materialistic attitude is primarily shown by how unhappy she is with her surroundings and her home environment in general. One night, Matilde's husband brings home, from work, an invitation to a dinner party. When he mentions the invitation, Mathilde's first thought is of what she is going to wear to the party. party. She only worries about how she will look She does not worry about her husband, his feelings regarding the invitation, or how much fun they may have at the dinner and what other people will think of her. Mathilde is unhappy with her darkened rooms and furniture and desires better things:

She imagined large drawing rooms draped in the most expensive silks, with fine end tables on which were placed knickknacks of inimitable value. She dreamed of the perfume of dainty private rooms, which were designed only for intimate tête-à-têtes with the closest friends, who because of their achievements and fame would make her the envy of all other women.

These dreams and aspirations demonstrate that Mathilde's thoughts are in the wrong place; and go to show how materialistic she really is. Mathilde first rejects the invitation. She only agrees to go to the party after her husband painstakingly bargains with her, and ends up having

to buy her a new dress to get her to come. Even after getting a new dress, Mathilde still wants more. She complains to her husband that she, "[doesn't] have any jewels to wear, not a single gem, nothing to dress up [her] outfit." She whines to her husband that she would rather stay home than go to the party looking like a vagabond. But finally, after more griping, she is persuaded by her husband to borrow some jewels from Mrs. Forrestier, and they go to the party. Mathilde's materialistic view is also seen in the way she acts after the dinner When leaving the party at four o'clock in the morning, Mathilde's husband goes to put, "a modest everyday wrap which contrasted with the elegance of her evening gown" over her shoulders, and she runs from him. She runs so that none of the other women, draped in elegant furs will see her and look down upon her for wearing such a thing. Both of these incidents emphasize the fact that Mathilde is a very selfish and materialistic person both in her actions and in her thoughts and daydreams.

Another way that Mathilde's selfish character is portrayed is through the way she treats her husband. She treats him as if he is a slave, who exists for no other reason but to be blamed for things gone wrong in her life, and for her to order around. Mathilde gives her husband no love, praise, or thanks for any of the sacrifices he makes for her. An example of this occurs in the beginning of the story when Mathilde basically blames her husband because she is not living the life she dreams of. While her husband has adjusted himself to the plain life that they live, Mathilde has not, and she resents him for that. Another example of the materialistic and selfish way that Mathilde treats her husband is when her husband brings home the invitation. Even though her husband is ecstatic at the thought of going to this extravagant dinner, Mathilde basically throws the invitation back into his face:

She looked at him angrily and stated impatiently: "What do you expect me to wear to go there?" He had not thought of that. He stammered: "But your theater dress. That seems nice to me . . ." He

stopped, amazed and bewildered, as his wife began to cry . . . He said falteringly: “What’s wrong? What’s the matter?” . . . “Nothing, except that I have nothing to wear and therefore can’t go to the party. Give your invitation to someone else at the office whose wife will have nicer clothes than mine. ”

Mathilde is so self-centered that she would make her husband, who wants to go to this party so badly, give up the invitation because she has nothing to wear. She again displays her materialistic and selfish ways when, after the party, she discovers that she has lost her borrowed necklace and makes her husband go out at four o’clock in the morning to look for it. He looks for hours and finds nothing, but doesn’t give up there. He goes to the police and cab services, while Mathilde, “waited the entire day, in the same enervated state,”(٨). She does nothing while her husband is doing everything he possibly can to save her neck. Finally, after all hope is lost of finding the vanished necklace, the couple bought a new one for thirty-six thousand francs. They had to work and save for ten years, and the husband gave up his inheritance to pay for the necklace his wife lost. And after all he did, Mathilde offers not one bit of thanks or praise to her husband. This emphasizes just how evident her characteristic flaws really are.

Throughout the story, Mathilde is portrayed as selfish and materialistic. These traits are shown through her unhappy manner towards her middle class life and through the awful way she treats her husband after all he does for her. Maybe after such a long, tiresome ten years of scrounging up money to buy a new necklace to replace the lost one, Mathilde will change her ways. Perhaps she will realize how much she really has in life, may it be material things or love from her husband, and stop constantly worrying about what she does not have. Maybe she will even recognize how much her husband gives to her and how little he receives in return.

ARABY

James Joyce(١٨٨٢–١٩٤١)

NORTH RICHMOND STREET being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot*, by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown somber. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was

seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not

or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O love!" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called

to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and

still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous house and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it

was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words Cafe Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"O, there's a ... fib!"

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"No, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

JAMES JOYCE

(١٨٨٢-١٩٤١)

In ١٩٠٢, after graduating from University College, Dublin, James Joyce left Ireland for Paris, returning a year later to teach at school. In October ١٩٠٤, he eloped with Nora Barnacle and settled in Trieste, where he taught English for the Berlitz School. Though he lived as an expatriate for the rest of his life, all of his fiction is set in his native Dublin. Joyce had more than his share of difficulties with publication and censorship. His volume of short stories, *Dubliners*, was completed some years before its publication. It was not published until ١٩١٤. His novel *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, dated "Dublin ١٩٠٤, Trieste ١٩١٤," appeared first in America, in ١٩١٦. His great novel, *Ulysses* (١٩٢١), was banned for a dozen years in the United States and as long or longer elsewhere. In addition, Joyce published a play, *Exiles* (١٩١٨); two collections of poetry, *Chamber Music* (١٩٠٧) and *Pomes Pen'yeach* (I٩٢٧) and the

monumental, experimental, and puzzling novel *Finnegans Wake* (١٩٣٩).

STORY ANALYSIS

This story deals with longing for adventure and escape, though here this longing finds a focus in the object of the narrator's desire. The title, "Araby," also suggests escape. To the nineteenth-century European mind, the Islamic lands of North Africa, the Near East, and the Middle East symbolized decadence, exotic delights, escapism, and a luxurious sensuality. The boy's erotic desires for the girl become joined to his fantasies about the wonders that will be offered in the Orientalist bazaar. He dreams of buying her a suitably romantic gift.

Araby's key theme is frustration, as the boy deals with the limits imposed on him by his situation. The protagonist has a series of romantic ideas, about the girl and the wondrous event that he will attend on her behalf. But on the night when he awaits his uncle's return so that he can go to the bazaar, we feel the boy's frustration mounting. For a time, the boy fears he may not be able to go at all. When he finally does arrive, the bazaar is more or less over. His fantasies about the bazaar and buying a great gift for the girl are revealed as ridiculous. For one thing, the bazaar is a rather tawdry shadow of the boy's dreams. He overhears the conversation of some of the vendors, who are ordinary English women, and the mundane nature of the talk drives home that there is no escape: bazaar or not, the boy is still in Dublin, and the accents of the vendors remind the reader that Dublin is a colonized city.

The boy has arrived too late to do any serious shopping, but quickly we see that his tardiness does not matter. Any nice gift is well beyond the protagonist's price range. We know, from the description of the boy's housing situation and the small sum his uncle gives him, that their financial situation is tight. Though his anticipation of the

event has provided him with pleasant daydreams, reality is much harsher. He remains a prisoner of his modest means and his city.

STUDY QUESTIONS

A: MULTIPLE-CHOICE ITEMS

Read the following questions and choose the best item(a, b, c, or d).

A Very Old Man With Enormous Wings

١. How many days has it been raining at the beginning of the story?

a. One day b. Ten days
c. Three days d. Four days

٢. In the beginning of the story, what causes a stench in the house?

a. Mud b. Seaweed
c. Chickens d. Crabs

٣. What is the name of the man who owns the house?

a. Pelayo b. Fernandez
c. Loro d. Gonzaga

٤. What does Pelayo find in his courtyard?

a. A whale b. A dog
c. A beetle d. An angle

٥. Before finding the angel, where does Pelayo put all the crabs that are in his house?

a. In a pot b. In the storage
c. In the chicken coop d. Into in the sea

٦. What is a single ash-gray color at the beginning?

a. Pelayo b. Sea and sky
c. The beach d. The crabs

٧. Who has a fever at the beginning?

a. Pelayo b. The newborn child

c. Father Gonzaga d. Elisenda

٨. In what manner is the old man dressed ?

a. As a prince. b. Naked

c. Like a ragpicker. d. Like a priest .

٩. Who is described as a 'drenched great-grandfather.'

a. Pelayo b. Father Gonzaga

c.The pontiff d. The angle

١٠. Who knows everything about life and death?

a. Pelayo b. The angle

c. A neighbor woman d. Father Gonzaga

١١. How much does Elisenda charge people to see the angel?

a. One dollar b. One cent

c. Three cents d. Five cents

١٢. What does Pelayo set up after people stop coming to see the angel?

a. A restuarant b. A circus

c. A rabbit warren d. A theater

١٣. Why was the little girl turned into a spider?

a. Because she fell into a magic stream.

b. Because she danced without permission.

c. Because she fell asleep.

d. Because she made a witch mad.

١٤. Who completely crushed the angle ?

a. Pelayo. b. The Spider-Girl

c. Elisenda d. The neighbor woman

١٥. What most surprised the doctor?

a. The logic of the angel's wings.
b. The angel's heart beat.
c. The angel's kidneys.
d. The angel's miracles

. ١٦. How big is the Spider-Girl ?

a. The size of a ram.
b. The size of a maiden's head.
c. The size of a pea.
d. The size of a small stone.

١٧. What turned the girl into a spider?

a. A witch .
b. An angel.
c. Her parents.
d. Lightening bolt of brimstone.

١٨. What does the Spider-Girl eat?

a. Meatballs
b. Mothballs
c. Sandwiches
d. Pizza

١٩. Why did the people grow to think the angle would be duplicated ?

a. Because angles move easily.
b. Because the angle could fly.
c. Because the angle could hide himself.
d. Because he seemed to be in different places at the same time.

٢٠. What did the blind man receive from the angel?

a. New hair
b. Three new teeth
c. Eyesight
d. Spots

٢١. What happened to the paralytic?

a. He started walking. b. He got a headache.
c. He became happy. d. He Almost won the lottery.

٢٢. In what way did the angel's loss of popularity affect Father Gonzaga?

a. He started laughing. b. He became sick.
c. It made him sad. d. It cured his insomnia.

٢٣. What did Pelayo and Elisenda do with their money?

a. They built a mansion.
b. They started a hospital.
c. They gave it to the angel.
d. They bought a boat

The Necklace

٢٤. Ten years earlier, Mathilde had borrowed a necklace from her friend Jeanne in order to …… .

a. go to a party b. go to the theatre
c. go to a palace ball d. go to a wedding

٢٥. The necklace Mathilde had borrowed from Jeanne was made of ……. .

a. diamond b. stone
c. glass d. gem

٢٦. On her way home from the ball, Mathilde found her ……. missing.

a. money b. necklace
c. watch d. ring

٢٧. The next day Pierre and Mathilde bought …… .

a. a glass necklace to return to Jeanne
b. a gold necklace to return to Jeanne
c. a real diamond necklace to return to Jeanne
d. a silver necklace to return to Jeanne

٢٨. Ten years later Mathilde happened to meet Jeanne in a park, but at first ……..…… .

a. Jeanne didn't recognize her
b. Jeanne didn't speak to her
c. Jeanne refused to say hello to her
d. Jeanne hid herself

٢٩. For ten years both Mathilde and her husband had worked day and night because ……..…..

a. they wanted to wave money to buy a real diamond necklace
b. they had to pay back the money they had borrowed
c. they wanted to save money to buy a house
d. they wanted to have a diamond necklace of their own

٣٠. Mathilde now looked older because …… .

a. she was poorly dressed
b. she had been ill for many years
c. she had worked very hard for ten years
d. she had not changed her attitude towards life

Araby

٣١. Where does the narrator travel to at the end of the story?

a. Arabia.
b. Boenus Aires.
c. Nowhere, he stays at home.
d. A bazaar held in Dublin.

٣٢. In *Araby,* the theme of the bazaar is …… .

a. America
b. the exotic Islamic world
c. China
d. France

٣٣. Why does the boy go to the bazaar so late?

a. Because her uncle has forgotten that he was supposed to go there.
b. Because her aunt does not let him go there.
c. Because there is no place in the third-class carriage.
d. Because the train moves slowly.

٣٤. The ending line of *Araby* is full of …….. .

a. disappointment and self-contempt
b. joy and hope
c. love of mankind
d. Christian grace

٣٥. What would the boy buy for the girl he loved ?

a. A Proclain vase.
b. A tea-set.
c. A great jar.
d. Nothing.

B: OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS

Answer the following questions briefly and precisely.

A Very Old Man With Enormous Wings

١. Why is the old man so strange to people?
٢. How do the people respond to the angle before the Spider-Girl comes?
٣. Why do the people like the Spider-Girl more than the angle?
٤. Which elements are there in Márquez's narrative language?
٥. What would you do if you found an angle in your courtyard?

The Necklace

٦. Why did Pierre say it was good news that they were invited to the ball?
٧. Why was Mathilde worried when she knew that she was invited to go to the ball?
٨. Why didn't Mathilde want to wear flowers for the ball?
٩. What decision did they make at last?
١٠. What lesson does this story give us?

Araby

١١. What is the main theme of *Araby?*
١٢. What does the boy long for?
١٣. What happens to the boy when he gets to the bazzar?
١٤. What are the limitations of the boy?
١٥. At the end of the story, how does the boy feel?

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The Answer keys

Chapter One

١. d
٢. a
٣. c
٤. d
٥. a

(A Little Incident)
٦. b
٧. c
٨. a
٩. c
١٠. d

(The Zebra Storyteller)
١١. d
١٢. b
١٣. c
١٤. a
١٥. d

Chapter Two

١. d
٢. c
٣. d
٤. a
٥. b
٦. d
٧. c
٨. a
٩. b
١٠.c
١١.b
١٢.c
١٣.b
١٤.a
١٥.c
١٦.c

Chapter Three

١.d
٢.c
٣.c
٤.b
٥.a

(The Limitations of Pambe Serang)
٦.d
٧.a
٨.a
٩.c
١٠.a

Chapter Four

١.a
٢.c
٣.a
٤. d
٥. d
٦. c
٧. a

(Once Upon A Time)
٨. b
٩. c
١٠.a
١١.b
١٢.c
١٣.d

Chapter Five

١. a
٢. d
٣. d
٤. d
٥. a
٦. b
٧. d
٨. d

٣. d
٤. d
٥. c
٦. c

(Miss Brill)
٩. c
١٠. d
١١. a
١٢. b
١٣. c
١٤. d
١٥. d
١٦. c
١٧. d
١٨. a

(Girl)
١٩. a
٢٠. d
٢١. b
٢٢. c
٢٣. b

Chapter Six

١. d
٢. c

(Hills Like White Elephants)
٧. b
٨. c
٩. a
١٠. a
١١. c
١٢. c
١٣. a
١٤. a

(On The Road)
١٥. d
١٦. a
١٧. c
١٨. d
١٩. d
٢٠. a
٢١. c

Chapter Seven

١. b
٢. d
٣. c
٤. b
٥. c

(The Immortals)

٦. d
٧. c
٨. b
٩. d
١٠. a

(A Clean, Well-Lighted Place)

١١. b
١٢. c
١٣. a
١٤. b
١٥. d
١٦. d

Chapter Eight

١. d
٢. b
٣. b
٤. c
٥. c
٦. b

(The Brute)

٧. c
٨. a
٩. b
١٠. c
١١. a
١٢. a

Chapter Nine

(A Very Old Man With Enormous Wings)

١. c
٢. d
٣. a
٤. d
٥. d

٦. b
٧. b
٨. c
٩. d
١٠.c
١١.d
١٢.c
١٣.b
١٤.b
١٥.d
١٦.a
١٧.d
١٨.a
١٩.d
٢٠.b
٢١.d
٢٢.d
٢٣.a

(The Necklace)

٢٤.a
٢٥.a
٢٦.b
٢٧.c
٢٨.a
٢٩.a
٣٠. c

(Araby)

٣١.d
٣٢.b
٣٣.a
٣٤.a
٣٥.d

Glossary

Action: An imagined event or series of events (an event may be verbal as well as physical, so that saying something or telling a story within the story may be an event);

Absurd, Drama of the: A type of drama, allied to comedy, radically nonrealistic in both content and presentation, that emphasizes the absurdity, emptiness, or meaninglessness of life.

Aside: A brief speech in which a character turns from the person he is addressing to speak directly to the audience; a dramatic device for letting the audience know what he is really thinking or feeling as opposed to what he pretends to think or feel.

Allegory: A narrative technique in which characters representing things or abstract ideas are used to convey a message or teach a lesson. Allegory is typically used to teach moral, ethical, or religious lessons but is sometimes used for satiric or political purposes. Many fairy tales are allegories.

Allusion: A reference to a familiar literary or historical person or event, used to make an idea more easily understood. Joyce Carol Oates's story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" exhibits several allusions to popular music.

Anecdote: A brief account of or a story about an individual or an incident. The anecdotal digression is a common feature of narrative in prose and verse.

Analogy: A comparison of two things made to explain something unfamiliar through its similarities to something familiar, or to prove

one point based on the acceptance of another. Similes and metaphors are types of analogies.

Antagonist: The major character in a narrative or drama who works against the hero or protagonist. The Misfit in Flannery O'Connor's story *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* serves as the antagonist for the Grandmother.

Anthology: A collection of similar works of literature, art, or music. Zora Neale Hurston's "The Eatonville Anthology" is a collection of stories that take place in the same town.

Anthropomorphism: The presentation of animals or objects in human shape or with human characteristics. The term is derived from the Greek word for "human form." The fur necklet in Katherine Mansfield's story *Miss Brill* has anthropomorphic characteristics.

Anti-hero: A central character in a work of literature who lacks traditional heroic qualities such as courage, physical prowess, and fortitude. Anti-heroes typically distrust conventional values and are unable to commit themselves to any ideals. They generally feel helpless in a world over which they have no control. Anti-heroes usually accept, and often celebrate, their positions as social outcasts. A well-known anti-hero is Walter Mitty in James Thurber's story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

Archetype: The word archetype is commonly used to describe an original pattern or model from which all other things of the same kind are made. Archetypes are the literary images that grow out of the "collective unconscious," a theory proposed by psychologist Carl Jung. They appear in literature as incidents and plots that repeat basic patterns of life. They may also appear as stereotyped characters. The "schlemiel" of Yiddish literature is an archetype.

Aura: Aura is the pervading tone and atmosphere of a piece of literary work. That is the whole dominant emotional tone spread in that particular genre.

Autobiography: A narrative in which an individual tells his or her life story. Examples include Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* and Amy Hempel's story "In the Cemetery Where Al Jolson Is Buried," which has autobiographical characteristics even though it is a work of fiction.

Black Humor: Writing that places grotesque elements side by side with humorous ones in an attempt to shock the reader, forcing him or her to laugh at the horrifying reality of a disordered world. "Lamb to the Slaughter," by Roald Dahl, in which a placid housewife murders her husband and serves the murder weapon to the investigating policemen, is an example of black humor.

Catharsis: The release or purging of unwanted emotions—specifically fear and pity—brought about by exposure to art. The term was first used by the Greek philosopher Aristotle in his *Poetics* to refer to the desired effect of tragedy on spectators.

Character: Broadly speaking, a person in a literary work. The actions of characters are what constitute the plot of a story, novel, or poem. There are numerous types of characters, ranging from simple, stereotypical figures to intricate, multifaceted ones. "Characterization" is the process by which an author creates vivid, believable characters in a work of art. This may be done in a variety of ways, including (I) direct description of the character by the narrator; (٢) the direct presentation of the speech, thoughts, or actions of the character; and (٣) the responses of other characters to the character. The term "character" also refers to a form originated by the ancient Greek writer Theophrastus that later became popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a short essay or sketch of a person who prominently displays a specific attribute or quality, such as miserliness

or ambition. “Miss Brill,” a story by Katherine Mansfield, is an example of a character sketch.

Characterization: The fictional or artistic presentation of a fictional agent; terms like “a good character” can, then, be ambiguous—they may mean that the personage is virtuous, or that he or she is well presented whatever his or her characteristics or moral qualities;

Chorus: A group of actors speaking or chanting in unison, often while going through the steps of an elaborate formalized dance; a characteristic device of Greek drama for conveying communal or group emotion.

Centered (central) Consciousness: A limited point of view, one tied to a single character throughout the story, often with access to his or her inner thoughts (but not to the thoughts of others)

Classical: In its strictest definition in literary criticism, classicism refers to works of ancient Greek or Roman literature. The term may also be used to describe a literary work of recognized Importance (a “classic”) from any time period or literature that exhibits the traits of classicism. Examples of later works and authors now described as classical include French literature of the seventeenth century, Western novels of the nineteenth century, and American fiction of the mid-nineteenth century such as that written by James Fenimore Cooper and Mark Twain.

Climax: The turning point in a narrative, the moment when the conflict is at its most intense. Typically, the structure of stories, novels, and plays is one of rising action, in which tension builds to the climax, followed by falling action, in which tension lessens as the story moves to its conclusion.

Comedy: One of two major types of drama, the other being tragedy. Its aim is to amuse, and it typically ends happily. Comedy assumes many forms, such as farce and burlesque, and uses a variety of

techniques, from parody to satire. In a restricted sense the term comedy refers only to dramatic presentations, but in general usage it is commonly applied to non-dramatic works as well.

> **Romantic comedy:** A type of comedy whose likable and sensible main characters are placed in difficulties from which they are rescued at the end of the play, either attaining their ends or having their good fortunes restored.

Comic Relief: The use of humor to lighten the mood of a serious or tragic story, especially in plays. The technique is very common in Elizabethan works, and can be an integral part of the plot or simply a brief event designed to break the tension of the scene.

Conclusion: The fifth part of structure, the point at which the situation that was destabilized at the beginning of the story becomes stable once more

Conflict: The conflict in a work of fiction is the issue to be resolved in the story. It usually occurs between two characters, the protagonist and the antagonist, or between the protagonist and society or the protagonist and himself or herself. The conflict in Washington Irving's story "The Devil and Tom Walker" is that the Devil wants Tom Walker's soul but Tom does not want to go to hell.

Context: Context is the ground or experimental geography of a particular action or experience within which events occur.

Criticism: The systematic study and evaluation of literary works, usually based on a specific method or set of principles. An important part of literary studies since ancient times, the practice of criticism has given rise to numerous theories, methods, and "schools," sometimes producing conflicting, even contradictory, interpretations of literature in general as well as of individual works. Even such basic issues as what constitutes a poem or a novel have been the subject of much

criticism over the centuries. Seminal texts of literary criticism include Plato's *Republic,* Aristotle's *Poetics,* Sir Philip Sidney's *The Defence of Poesie,* and John Dryden's *Of Dramatic Poesie.* Contemporary schools of criticism include deconstruction, feminist, psychoanalytic, poststructuralist, new historicist, postcolonialist, and reader-response.

Curiosity: the desire to know what is happening or has happened

Denotation: The definition of a word, apart from the impressions or feelings it creates in the reader. The word "apartheid" denotes a political and economic policy of segregation by race, but its connotations—oppression, slavery, inequality—are numerous.

Denouement: A French word meaning "the unknotting." In literature, it denotes the resolution of conflict in fiction or drama. The *denouement* follows the climax and provides an outcome to the primary plot situation as well as an explanation of secondary plot complications. A well-known example of *denouement* is the last scene of the play *As You Like It* by William Shakespeare, in which couples are married, an evildoer repents, the identities of two disguised characters are revealed, and a ruler is restored to power. Also known as "falling action."

Detective Story: A narrative about the solution of a mystery or the identification of a criminal. The conventions of the detective story include the detective's scrupulous use of logic in solving the mystery; incompetent or ineffectual police; a suspect who appears guilty at first but is later proved innocent; and the detective's friend or confidant—often the narrator—whose slowness in interpreting clues emphasizes by contrast the detective's brilliance. Edgar Allan Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue" is commonly regarded as the earliest example of this type of story. Other practitioners are Arthur Conan Doyle, Dashiell Hammett, and Agatha Christie.

Deus ex Machina: It is a Latin phrase for "a god from a machine." It describes the practice of some Greek playwrights to end a drama with

a god, lowered to the stage by a mechanical apparatus, who by his judgment and commands resolved the dilemmas of the human characters. The phrase is now used for any forced and improbable device—a telltale birthmark, an unexpected inheritance, the discovery of a lost will or letter—by which a hard pressed author resolves a plot.

Dialogue: Dialogue is conversation between people in a literary work. In its most restricted sense, it refers specifically to the speech of characters in a drama. As a specific literary genre, a "dialogue" is a composition in which characters debate an issue or idea.

Didactic: A term used to describe works of literature that aim to teach a moral, religious, political, or practical lesson. Although didactic elements are often found in artistically pleasing works, the term "didactic" usually refers to literature in which the message is more important than the form. The term may also be used to criticize a work that the critic finds "overly didactic," that is, heavy-handed in its delivery of a lesson. An example of didactic literature is John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Drama: The form of composition designed for performance in the theatre, in which actors take the roles of the characters, perform the indicated actions, and utter the written dialogue.

Dramatic convention: Any dramatic device which, though **it** departs from reality, is implicitly accepted by the author and audience as a means of representing reality.

Dramatic Irony: Occurs when the reader of a work of literature knows something that a character in the work itself does not know. The irony is in the contrast between the intended meaning of the statements or actions of a character and the additional information understood by the audience.

Dynamic character: A character who is actively modified by the action through which he participates or experiences. The one who undergoes changes in the course of the story.

Elegy: A formal, and usually, long, poetic lament for someone who is dead.

Epic: An epic is a long narrative poem, on a grand scale, about the deeds of warriors and heroes. It is a "heroic" story incorporating myth, legend, folktale, and history. Epics are often of national significance in the sense that they embody the history and aspirations of a nation in a lofty or grandiose manner.

Epilogue: A concluding statement or section of a literary work. In dramas, particularly those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the epilogue is a closing speech, often in verse, delivered by an actor at the end of a play and spoken directly to the audience.

Epithet: A word or phrase, often disparaging or abusive, that expresses a character trait of someone or something. "The Napoleon of crime" is an epithet applied to Professor Moriarty, arch-rival of Sherlock Holmes in Arthur Conan Doyle's series of detective stories.

Event: Event is the real action or deed that happens through and during challenging and conflicting functions of agents in narratives.

Existential character: A person real or fictional who, whatever his or her past or conditioning, can change by an act of will;

Expectation: The anticipation of what is to happen next (see *suspense),* what a character is like or how he or she will develop, what the theme or meaning of the story will prove to be, and so on;

Exposition: Writing intended to explain the nature of an idea, thing, or theme. Expository writing is often combined with description, narration, or argument.

Expressionism: An indistinct literary term, originally used to describe an early twentieth-century school of German painting. The term applies to almost any mode of unconventional, highly subjective writing that distorts reality in some way. Advocates of Expressionism include Federico Garcia Lorca, Eugene O'Neill, Franz Kafka, and James Joyce.

Fable: A prose or verse narrative intended to convey a moral. Animals or inanimate objects with human characteristics often serve as characters in fables. A famous fable is Aesop's "The Tortoise and the Hare."

Fantasy: A literary form related to mythology and folklore. Fantasy literature is typically set in nonexistent realms and features supernatural beings. Notable examples of literature with elements of fantasy are Gabriel Garcia Márquez's story "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World" and Ursula K. LeGuin's "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas."

Farce: A type of comedy characterized by broad humor, outlandish incidents, and often vulgar subject matter. Much of the comedy in film and television could more accurately be described as farce.

Fiction: Any story that is the product of imagination rather than a documentation of fact. Characters and events in such narratives may be based in real life but their ultimate form and configuration is a creation of the author.

Figurative Language: A technique in which an author uses figures of: speech such as hyperbole, irony, metaphor, or simile for a particular effect. Figurative language is the opposite of literal language, in which every word is truthful, accurate, and free of exaggeration or embellishment.

Flashback: A device used in literature to present action that occurred before the beginning of the story. Flashbacks are often introduced as the dreams or recollections of one or more characters.

Flat character: Fictional character, often but not always a minor character, who is relatively simple, who is presented as having rather few, though sometimes dominant, traits, and who thus does not change much in the course of a story.

Focus: the point from which the people, events, and other details in a story are viewed. This term is sometimes used to include both focus and voice;

Folklore: Traditions and myths preserved in a culture or group of people. Typically, these are passed on by word of mouth in various forms—such as legends, songs, and proverbs—or preserved in customs and ceremonies. Washington Irving, in "The Devil and Tom Walker" and many of his other stories, incorporates many elements of the folklore of New England and Germany.

Folktale: A story originating in oral tradition. Folktales fall into a variety of categories, including legends, ghost stories, fairy tales, fables, and anecdotes based on historical figures and events.

Genre: A category of literary work. Genre may refer to both the content of a given work—tragedy, comedy, horror, science fiction—and to its form, such as poetry, novel, or drama.

Hero/Heroine: The principal sympathetic character in a literary work. Heroes and heroines typically exhibit admirable traits: idealism, courage, and integrity, for example. Famous heroes and heroines of literature include Charles Dickens's Oliver Twist, Margaret Mitchell's Scarlett O'Hara, and the anonymous narrator in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man.*

History: the imaginary people, places, chronologically arranged events that we assume exist in the world of the author's imagination, a

world from which he or she chooses and arranges or re-arranges the story elements;

Image: A concrete representation of an object or sensory experience. Typically, such a representation helps evoke the feelings associated with the object or experience itself. Images are either "literal" or "figurative." Literal images are especially concrete and involve little or no extension of the obvious meaning of the words used to express them. Figurative images do not follow the literal meaning of the words exactly. Images in literature are usually visual, but the term "image" can also refer to the representation of any sensory experience.

Imagery: The array of images in a literary work. Also used to convey the author's overall use of figurative language in a work. *In medias res:* A Latin term meaning "in the middle of things." It refers to the technique of beginning a story at its midpoint and then using various flashback devices to reveal previous action. This technique originated in such epics as Virgil's *Aeneid.*

Interior Monologue: A narrative technique in which characters' thoughts are revealed in a way that appears to be uncontrolled by the author. The interior monologue typically aims to reveal the inner self of a character. It portrays emotional experiences as they occur at both a conscious and unconscious level. One of the best-known interior monologues in English is the Molly Bloom section at the close of James Joyce's *Ulysses.* Katherine Anne Porter's "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall" is also told in the form of an interior monologue.

Interpretive Literature: The literature written to broaden, deepen and sharpen our awareness of life. That is versus the **Escape Literature** which is written purely for entertainment and which helps us pass the time agreeably.

Legend: Hereditary stories of ancient origin which were once believed to be true by a particular cultural group, and have the human beings as their hero.

Irony: In literary criticism, the effect of language in which the intended meaning is the opposite of what is stated. The title of Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal" is ironic because what Swift proposes in this essay is cannibalism—hardly "modest."

Limited point of view or limited focus: A perspective pinned to a single character, whether first-person or a third-person centered consciousness, so that we cannot know for sure what is going on in the minds of other characters; when the focal character leaves the room in a story we must go too and cannot know what is going on while our "eyes" or "camera" is gone. A variation on this, which generally has no name and is often lumped with the *omniscient point of view,* is the point of view that can wander like a camera from one character to another and close in or move hack but cannot (or at least does not) get inside anyone's head, does not present from the inside any character's thoughts.

Literal Language: An author uses literal language when he or she writes without exaggerating or embellishing the subject matter and without any tools of figurative language. To say "He ran very quickly down the street" is to use literal language, whereas to say "He ran like a hare down the street" would be using figurative language.

Literature: Literature is broadly defined as any written or spoken material, but the term most often refers to creative works. Literature includes poetry, drama, fiction, and many kinds of nonfiction writing, as well as oral, dramatic, and broadcast compositions not necessarily preserved in a written format, such as films and television programs.

Lyric: In the most common use of the term, a lyric is any fairly short poem, consisting of the utterance by a single speaker, who expresses a state of mind or a process of perception, thought, and feeling. Many lyric speakers represented as musing in solitude.

Message: A misleading term for *theme,* or the central idea or statement of a story, misleading because it suggests a simple,

packaged statement that pre-exists and for the simple communication of which the story is written;

Metaphor: A figure of speech that expresses an idea through the image of another object. Metaphors suggest the essence of the first object by identifying it with certain qualities of the second object. An example is "But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?! It is the east, and Juliet is the sun" in William Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet.* Here, Juliet, the first object, is identified with qualities of the second object, the sun.

Modernism: Modern literary practices. Also, the principles of a literary school that lasted from roughly the beginning of the twentieth century until the end of World War II. Modernism is defined by its rejection of the literary conventions of the nineteenth century and by its opposition to conventional morality, taste, traditions, and economic values. Many writers are associated with the concepts of modernism, including Albert Camus, D. H. Lawrence, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Eugene O'Neill, and James Joyce.

Monologue: A composition, written or oral, by a single individual. More specifically, a speech given by a single individual in a drama or other public entertainment. It has no set length, although it is usually several or more lines long. "I Stand Here Ironing" by Tillie Olsen is an example of a story written in the form of a monologue.

Narration: The telling of a series of events, real or invented. A narration may be either a simple narrative, in which the events are recounted chronologically, or a narrative with a plot, in which the account is given in a style reflecting the author's artistic concept of the story. Narration is sometimes used as a synonym for "storyline."

Narrative: A verse or prose accounting of an event or sequence of events, real IE invented. The term is also used as an adjective in the sense "method of narration." For example, in literary criticism, the expression "narrative technique" usually refers to the way the author

structures and presents his or her story. Different narrative forms include diaries, travelogues, novels, ballads, epics, short stories, and other fictional forms.

Narrator: The teller of a story. The narrator may be the author or a character in the story through whom the author speaks. Huckleberry Finn is the narrator of Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

Nature: As it refers to a person—"it is his [or her] nature"—a rather old term suggesting something inborn, inherent, fixed, and thus predictable.

Novel: The term "novel" is now applied to a great variety of writings that have in common only the attribute of being extended works of fiction written in prose. As an extended narrative, the novel is distinguished from the short story; because its magnitude permits a greater variety of characters, greater complication of plot (or plots).

Novella: An Italian term meaning 'story." This term has been especially used to describe fourteenth-century Italian tales, but it also refers to modern short novels. Modern novellas include Leo Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan ilich,* Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *Notes from the Underground,* and Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness.*

Novelette: A work of fiction shorter than a novel but longer than a short story.

Ode: A long lyric poem that is serious in subject and treatment, elevated in style, and elaborate in its structure.

Oral Tradition: A process by which songs, ballads, folklore, and other material are transmitted by word of mouth. The tradition of oral transmission predates the written record systems of literate society. Oral transmission preserves material sometimes over generations, although often with variations. Memory plays a large part in the recitation and preservation of orally transmitted material. Native

American myths and legends, and African folktales told by plantation slaves are examples of orally transmitted literature.

Paradox: A statement that appears illogical or contradictory at first, but may actually point to an underlying truth. A literary example of a paradox is George Orwell's statement "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others" in *Animal Farm.*

Pastoral: A deliberately conventional poem expressing an urban poet's nostalgic image of the peace and simplicity of the life of shepherds and other rural folk in an idealized natural setting.

Persona: A Latin term meaning "mask." Personae are the characters in a fictional work of literature. The persona generally functions as a mask through which the author tells a story in a voice other than his or her own. A persona is usually either a character in a story who acts as a narrator or an "implied author," a **voice** created by the author to act as the narrator for himself or herself. The persona in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's story "The Yellow Wallpaper" is the unnmed young mother experiencing a mental breakdown.

Personality: That which distinguishes or individualizes a person; its qualities are judged not so much in terms of their moral value, as in "character," but as to whether they are "pleasing" or "unpleasing."

Personification: A figure of speech that gives human qualities to abstract ideas, animals, and inanimate objects. To say that "the sun is smiling" is to personify the sun.

Playwright: A maker of plays.

Plot: The pattern of events in a narrative or drama. In its simplest sense, the plot guides the author in composing the work and helps the reader follow the work. Typically, plots exhibit causality and unity and have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Sometimes, however, a plot may consist of a series of disconnected events, in which case it is known as an "episodic plot."

Plot summary: A description of the arrangement of the action in the order in which it actually appears in a story; the term is popularly used to mean the description of the history, or chronological order, of the action as it would have appeared in reality. It is important to indicate exactly in which sense you are using the term.

Point of View: The narrative perspective from which a literary work is presented to the reader. There are four traditional points of view. The "third person omniscient" gives the reader a "godlike" perspective, unrestricted by time or place, from which to see actions and look into the minds of characters. This allows the author to comment openly on characters and events in the work. The "third person" point of view presents the events of the story from outside of any single character's perception, much like the omniscient point of view, but the reader must understand the action as it takes place and without any special insight into characters' minds or motivations. The "first person" or "personal" point of view relates events as they are perceived by a single character. The main character "tells" the story and may offer opinions about the action and characters which differ from those of the author. Much less common than omniscient, third person, and first person is the "second person" point of view, wherein the author tells the story as if it is happening to the reader. James Thurber employs the omniscient point of view in his short story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." Ernest Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" is a short story told from the third person point of view.

Prose: A literary medium that attempts to mirror the language of everyday speech. It is distinguished from poetry by its use of unmetered, unrhymed language consisting of logically related sentences. Prose is usually grouped into paragraphs that form a cohesive whole such as an essay or a novel. The term is sometimes used to mean an author's general writing.

Protagonist: The central character of a story who serves as a focus for its themes and incidents and as the principal rationale for its development. The protagonist is sometimes referred to in discussions of modern literature as the hero or anti-hero. Well- known protagonists are Hamlet in William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and Jay Gatsby in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby.*

Psychological realism: A modification of the concept of realism, or telling it like it is, which recognizes that what is real to the individual is that which he or she perceives. It is the ground for the use of the centered consciousness, or the first-person narrator, since both of these present reality only as something perceived by the focal character.

Realistic drama: Drama that attempts, in content and in presentation, to preserve the illusion of actual, everyday life.

Realistic Setting: Realistic Setting is where and when concrete events, actions, experiences, and social human challenges take place.

Red herring: A false lead, something that misdirects expectations.

Resolution: The portion of a story following the climax, in which the conflict is resolved. The resolution of Jane Austen's *NorthangerAbbey* is neatly summed up in the following sentence: "Henry and Catherine were married, the bells rang and every body smiled."

Rising Action: The part of a drama where the plot becomes increasingly complicated. Rising action leads up to the climax, or turning point, of a drama. The final 'chase scene" of an action film is generally the rising action which culminates in the film's climax.

Round character: A complex character, often a major character, who can grow and change and "surprise convincingly"—that is, act in a way that you did not expect from what had**:** the process gone before hut now accept as possible, even probable, and "realistic."

Science Fiction: A type of narrative based upon real or imagined scientific theories and technology. Science fiction is often peopled with alien creatures and set on other planets or in different dimensions. Popular writers of science fiction are Isaac Asimov, Karel Capek, Ray Bradbury, and Ursula K. Le Gum.

Setting: The time, place, and culture in which the action of a narrative takes place. The elements of setting may include geographic location, characters's physical and mental environments, prevailing cultural attitudes, or the historical time in which the action takes place.

Short Story, The: A fictional prose narrative shorter and more focused than a novella. The short story usually deals with a single episode and often a single character. The "tone," the author's attitude toward his or her subject and audience, is uniform throughout. The short story frequently also lacks *denouement,* ending instead at its climax.

Soliloquy: A speech in which a character, alone on the stage, addresses himself; a soliloquy is a "thinking out loud," a dramatic means of letting an audience know a character's thoughts and feelings.

Sonnet: A lyric poem consisting of fourteen lines.

Static character: A character who changes little if at all in the progress of the narrative.

Stereotype: A stereotype was originally the name for a duplication made during the printing process; this led to its modem definition as a person or thing that is (or is assumed to be) the same as all others of its type. Common stereotypical characters include the absent-minded professor, the nagging wife, the troublemaking teenager, and the kindhearted grandmother.

Stream of Consciousness: A narrative technique for rendering the inward experience of a character. This technique is designed to give the impression of an ever-changing series of thoughts, emotions,

images, and memories in the spontaneous and seemingly illogical order that they occur in life. The textbook example of stream of consciousness is the last section of James Joyce's *Ulysses.*

Structure [=Form]: The form taken by a piece of literature. The structure may be made obvious for ease of understanding, as in nonfiction works, or may be obscured for artistic purposes, as in some poetry or seemingly "unstructured" prose.

Structuring: The arrangement or re-arrangement of the elements in the history.

Style: A writer's distinctive manner of arranging words to suit his or her ideas and purpose in writing. The unique imprint of the author's personality upon his or her writing, style is the product of an author's way of arranging ideas and his or her use of diction, different sentence structures, rhythm, figures of speech, rhetorical principles, and other elements of composition.

Subject: The concrete and literal description of what a story is about;

Suspense: A literary device in which the author maintains the audience's attention through the buildup of events, the outcome of which will soon be revealed. Suspense in William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is sustained throughout by the question of whether or not the Prince will achieve what he has been instructed to do and of what he intends to do.

Symbol: Something that suggests or stands for something else without losing its original identity. In literature, symbols combine their literal meaning with the suggestion of an abstract concept. Literary symbols are of two types: those that carry complex associations of meaning no matter what their contexts, and those that derive their suggestive meaning from their functions in specific literary works. Examples of symbols are sunshine suggesting happiness, rain suggesting sorrow, and storm clouds suggesting despair.

Tale: A story told by a narrator with a simple plot and little character development. Tales are usually relatively short and often carry a simple message. Examples of tales can be found in the works of Saki. Anton Chekhov, Guy de Maupassant, and O. Henry.

Tell Tale: A humorous tale told in a straightforward, credible tone but relating absolutely impossible events or feats of the characters. Such tales were commonly told of frontier adventures during the settlement of the west in the United States. Literary use of tall tales can be found in Washington Irving's *History of New York,* Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi,* and in the German R. F. Raspe's *Baron Munchausen 's Narratives of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia.*

Theme: The main point of a work of literature. The term is used interchangeably with thesis. Many works have multiple themes. One of the themes of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown" is loss of faith.

Tone: The author's attitude toward his or her audience may be deduced from the tone of the work. A formal tone may create distance or convey politeness, while an informal tone may encourage a friendly, intimate, or intrusive feeling in the reader. The author's attitude toward his or her subject matter may also be deduced from the tone of the words he or she uses in discussing it. The tone of John F. Kennedy's speech which included the appeal to "ask not what your country can do for you" was intended to instill feelings of camaraderie and national pride in listeners.

Tragedy: A drama in prose or poetry about a noble, courageous hero of excellent character who, because of some tragic character flaw, brings ruin upon him- or herself. Tragedy treats its subjects in a dignified and serious manner, using poetic language to help evoke pity and fear and bring about catharsis, a purging of these emotions. The tragic form was practiced extensively by the ancient Greeks. The classical form of tragedy was revived in the sixteenth century: it

flourished especially on the Elizabethan stage. In modern times, dramatists have attempted to adapt the form to the needs of modern society by drawing their heroes from the ranks of ordinary men and women and defining the nobility of these heroes in terms of spirit rather than exalted social standing. Some contemporary works that are thought of as tragedies include *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, and *The Sound and the Fury* by William Faulkner.

Turning point: See Climax.

Unlimited focus or omniscient point of view: A perspective that can be seen from one character's view, then another's, then another's, or can be moved in or out of any character at any time;

Unreliable narrator: a speaker or voice whose vision or version of the details of the story are consciously or unconsciously deceiving; such a narrator's version is usually subtly undermined by details in the story or the reader's general knowledge of facts outside the story; if, for example, the narrator were to tell you that Columbus was Spanish, and that he discovered America in the fourteenth century when his ship, The Golden Hind, landed on the coast of Florida near present-day Gainesville, you might not trust other things he tells you.

Villain: The one who opposes the hero and heroine, the "bad guy"; see *antagonist* and *hero.*

Voice: The acknowledged or unacknowledged source of the words of the story; the "speaker;" the "person" telling the story.

سرشناسه	: سعیدی پور، عباس ؛ روشن، بلقیس.
عنوان و پدیدآور	: درآمدی بر ادبیات انگلیسی (۱): (رشتهٔ مترجمی زبان و ادبیات انگلیسی)/ عباس سعیدی پور؛ بلقیس روشن.
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