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Editors
Dr. Mustafa Bal & Susan Rich
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Is Memory Faithful to the Past?
The Dynamics of Recollection in Carlos Fuentes’ *The Death of Artemio Cruz*

Devaleena Kundu

Abstract
Memory, defined as enabling the storage, encryption, and retrieval of information, is the collective archive of subjective emotions and socio-cultural fugues. However distinguished, “memory” inhabits an elusive zone of debates and deliberations; aimed at preserving a shared socio-cultural history from threats of extermination, modification, and disparity, the current memory boom has only intensified academic disputes and discourses. This paper will focus on the dialectic of memory and time engaging in questions like, does the past exist as a monolithic entity, or is it susceptible to polygamous interpretations? Is remembering a construct? How often is the past (in encompassing the collective) mediated by individual memory? This paper attempts to negotiate with some of these polysemic issues that increasingly baffle the field of Memory Studies. In deliberating upon and elucidating the dynamics of remembering, the paper draws upon works such as Elie Wiesel’s *Night*, Akira Kurosawa’s *Rashomon*, and particularly, Carlos Fuentes’ *The Death of Artemio Cruz*.

Keywords: memory, history, remembering, interpretations, truth, Carlos Fuentes, *The Death of Artemio Cruz*
Is Memory Faithful to the Past?
The Dynamics of Recollection in Carlos Fuentes’
*The Death of Artemio Cruz*

Devaleena Kundu

Whenever I am obliged to lie with my eyes closed I see a cinematograph going on and on and it brings back to my memory things I had almost forgotten.¹

In his work *Memory, History, Forgetting* Paul Ricoeur begins by asking two promising questions—“Of what are there memories? Whose memory is it?” Ricoeur’s “object-subject” correlation forms the base to a host of ongoing debates in the field of Memory Studies. In the event of an extensive recollection and commemoration of the past in the 1970s, which researchers later called the *current memory boom*,² the need was felt to address certain fundamental questions pertaining to memory extraction: can memory’s terrain be accurately mapped? With the channels of encoding and storing being completely subjective, can the truth in memories be ever determined? Can memories help build a replica of history? *Memory boom*, thus, opened up contestable vistas with the aim of preserving a shared socio-cultural history from threats of extermination, modification, and disparity—an interminable crisis that involved, on the one hand, an enormous attention to memory, and, on the other, a split between the present and the remembered past. The dialectic of time and memory which is the focus

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²Andreas Huyssen defines memory boom as “a potentially healthy sign of contestation: a contestation of the informational hyperspace and an expression of the basic human need to live in extended structures of temporality, however they may be organized. It is also a reaction formation of mortal bodies that want to hold on to their temporality against a media world spinning a cocoon of timeless claustrophobia and nightmarish phantasms and simulations” (Huyssen 9). In “Remembering the ‘Forgotten War’ and Containing the ‘Remembered War’: Insistent Nationalism and the Transnational Memory of the Korean War,” Kristin Hass notes that “[t]he current memory boom is generally dated from the late 1970s into the present. A previous memory boom is dated from the 1890s into the 1920s.”
of my paper is substantiated by references to literary texts, in particular Carlos Fuentes’ *The Death of Artemio Cruz* (1962).³

As narratives inhabiting a time-space continuum, memories can be either exclusively individual or shared. The “who,” then, is not always singular but can, oftentimes, be the collective. The conflict arises on occasions when the two are no longer mutually exclusive. Instances where individual memory forms a part of the collective indicate that a holistic perspective can only be gained once the individual parts are accurately conceived. In other words, the hermeneutic circle needs to be traced in order to arrive at collective memory. The validation of truth becomes possible only through a deeper examination of individual acts of remembrance. Differences in the singular accounts of any communal event in history not only transform but also falsify the truth and any future perspectives centering it. The “Of what” becomes crucial for not only tracking the course of the past but also for determining if at all such an incident had come to pass. Memory is, thus, a constant play between the remembered and the actual, and its unstructured form makes the determination of the concerned subject and object imperative. Fuentes’ *The Death of Artemio Cruz* offers a literary insight into such mnemonic intricacies. Fuentes portrays memory as an extended site of discourse-making, a medium of survival. The novel presents the remembered along with the act of remembering. I use the epithet ‘act’ because for Cruz, the protagonist, recollection is a voluntarily induced process. It is a performance that allows him to momentarily escape his present suffering. To remember is to be in the present. In “Fragmenting Forces in the Revolution and the Self: The Death of Artemio Cruz,” Wendy Faris writes: “Cruz uses his memory to fight against death”.⁴ It is an exercise of choice by an individual who is physically incapacitated, an effort to virtually achieve the unattainable. The second-person narration repeatedly reminds Cruz: “[n]o, you won’t want to remember that. You’d like to recall something else . . . . remembering what you want”.⁵ The use of “want” is significant for it reminds the readers of those choices that Artemio has made and how they have determined his present stature. His memories, thus, simultaneously bifurcate and synthesize his self: the glorified self of the past and “the old man seventy-one years of age” inhabiting the present.

Britt-Marie Schiller observes— “[t]he thread that orders and unifies the parts of the person and of the text is memory, but the mirror that shatters the unified self is also constituted by the reflections imposed by memory”.⁶ It is through memory that readers

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chart the development of Cruz’s character and Cruz himself approaches his own death. Fuentes deftly juxtaposes the theme of memory with that of the posthumous. Death cannot be studied by death but has to be analyzed through life; memory (since it resides in the past) is to be realized in the present.\(^7\) The novel does not merely dwell upon individual memory but reveals a persistent interplay between the memories of the protagonist and the collective memory of the Mexican Revolution. In fact, Fuentes extends a distinctly non-fictional temperament when allegorizing the social and political history of Mexico in the narrative. Hence, “[i]n occasional counterpoint to Cruz’s thoughts, a tape recorder plays back conversations with officials of American firms for which Cruz has served as a Mexican ‘front man.’ We hear of bribes, the suppression of riots, intimidation of the press, plans for American intervention in Mexico’s commercial and political affairs.”\(^8\) By corroborating Cruz’s memory, the tapes bridge the gaps frequently encountered in individual-collective mnemonic realms due to discrepancies in recollection.\(^9\)

Memory’s intrinsically cerebral nature makes it susceptible to forgetting. On certain occasions it can be precisely accurate, while at times only partial. Yet another possibility is the creation of false memory. Researchers often distinguish between “flash bulb memory” and “false memory”—the first referring to a concretized and detailed recollection of circumstances surrounding a shocking event, while the second is the recollection of an event, or the details of an event, that did not occur but is believed to have happened. For instance in To Cause a Death: The Aftermath of an Accidental Killing, Kelly Connor recounts how the aftermath of a traumatic accident led her to function for quite a long period under the aegis of a false memory. It was much later that the interventions on the part of her counselor made her see and accept the truth.\(^10\)

The Artemio-Regina episode in Fuentes’ novel could well be a fictional parallel to Connor’s account, although what sets it apart is its voluntarily confabulated

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\(^7\) It is precisely because memory is a constant play between the absent and the present that Fuentes entitles Artemio to resurrect Regina via his memories—“the dead woman needed the memory of a living man to be something other than a body gnawed by worms in an unmarked grave in a nameless town somewhere” (Fuentes 165). The episode brings to mind Joyce’s “The Dead”, wherein the character Greta Conroy remembers her dead lover, Michael Furey.


\(^9\) The reference to the tapes as archived memory resembles that in Beckett’s Krapp’s Last Tape.

\(^10\) At the age of seventeen, Connor had killed a pedestrian through negligent driving. Severely traumatized by the event, she feared a public disclosure of her name and identity. Her “imagined fear” became so intense that “it began to feel real.” She imagined the newspaper article reporting the incident to have mentioned her name although that could not have been a possibility given the legal protection offered to minors which exempts them from being named publicly. It was only twenty-five years later that she realized the memory to be a false one.
disposition. I shall, therefore, name it the ‘feigned memory.’ David W. Price in *History Made, History Imagined* observes:

In *The Death of Artemio Cruz* . . . . the individual who remembers tries to create the truth of the past through simultaneously recalling an image of the past and embellishing or altering that image in order to express the truth of the past. Perhaps the most famous expression of this linkage occurs when Cruz and his lover Regina invent the memory of seeing one another reflected in a pool of water. Their shared memory is an act of imagination.¹¹

The process of recollection, Fuentes points out, is quite labyrinthine. Often the geometry of negations involved is intricate to the point that one is left with an almost bleached chronicle, purged of any distress or iniquity. Together Artemio and Regina fabricate a story to masquerade the incidence of rape. The element of pain and trauma involved is overpowered by the victim’s (Regina’s) feelings for the victimizer (Artemio). There is a deliberate attempt in seeking a return to normalcy by erasing or rather replacing the perpetrated crime from memory. The repetition of the tale (of their first meeting) only helps to ground it in the actuality of their make-believe world. Thereby, it keeps alive an otherwise non-existent or rather a metamorphosed event.

Given the impact of memory on the quotidian, a mnemonic system that either produces or is rooted in distortions would lead to misrepresentations. The increased frequency of false memory among individuals recounting a particular event would amount to a loss of validity in that collective experience. At critical junctures, how does one draw the line between what to accept as part of the collective and what to leave out? How could the truth be plausibly verified? Is there anything that can be strictly accorded to the collective domain? In *Regarding the Pain of Others*, Susan Sontag insists that “[a]ll memory is individual, unreproducible—it dies with each person. What is called collective memory is not a remembering but a stipulating”.¹² I draw attention to Sontag’s use of “unreproducible” and “stipulating”. I believe, “unreproducible” carries within it the sense of lived experience, something that cannot possibly be passed on in any form in its entirety. Memory being a constant play between the absent and the present, there is always a part that is lost in the process of remembering. If each individual recounting faces a similar loss, the resultant collective memory can only be a stipulation, a specification of incidents.

Remembering in the collective sense is a construct rather than a recalling of past events. The past is recreated through the lens of the present as an expressive indication

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of the needs and interests of the person or group endeavouring to remember.¹³ Fuentes aptly articulates: “you will remember, because that way you will make the desired thing yours”¹⁴; “[m]emory is satisfied desire”¹⁵.¹⁶ The constructed nature of memory would only raise further questions about the nature and role of memory especially when seen from the perspective of history making. Memories could then be viewed as highly selective reconstructions directly reliant on the occasion from which they emanate. Can memory claim to be as Paul Ricoeur puts it in his Memory, History, Forgetting “faithful to the past?” How do we decide upon the shape of the past?

Although the boundaries of memory research and history stand ambiguous, they nonetheless contribute to identity formation and understanding of the self (both individual and communal). This in turn helps locate the broader contours of the narratives of ethnic or cultural groups, and of nations. They are also influential in analyzing the issues of the use and abuse of power and its negotiation across social borders. For instance, the Holocaust comes under the purview of both History and Memory Studies. The boundaries as such are fairly porous. Individual narratives of the Shoah are not just tales of traumatic memory but also records of history. Elie Wiesel in the preface to Night writes— “the war which Hitler and his accomplices waged was a war not only on Jewish men, women, and children, but also against Jewish religion, Jewish culture, Jewish tradition, therefore Jewish memory.”¹⁷ He believed “he ha[d] no right to deprive future generations of a past that belong[ed] to [their] collective memory. To forget would be not only dangerous but offensive”¹⁸. Wiesel’s narrative, therefore, “bear[s] witness” to a period in history that he believed would be “judged one day.” It is an attempt to captivate a shared life that would eventually form a part of and change global history, and could only be relived through archived memories.

However, this should not lead us to believe that all collective memory emanating from individually recalled accounts are attempts at preserving the past. Collective memory can also be an effective method to put in practice social acts that are evil. For instance in “Whose Public? Whose Memory? Racisms, Grand Narratives, and Canadian History,” Timothy J. Stanley states how racial exclusion especially in the Canadian

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¹³ This “mixing” of “[m]emory and desire” and its inseparability from history is an oft encountered motif in Eliot’s poetry as well.
¹⁴ Carlos Fuentes, The Death of Artemio Cruz, 48.
¹⁵ Ibid., 176
¹⁶ In “Memory and Time in The Death of Artemio Cruz,” Britt-Marie Schiller observes: “Cruz is a man at the mercy of memory rather than empowered with memory as a final instrument of mastery and domination. He is not at will to choose what to remember, but his memories master him and he must remember what condemns him, not only what pleases him or satisfies his desire.”
¹⁸ Ibid., np.
context is effected through public memory: “By selectively representing the histories of the many people who live in Canada, by identifying certain people as Canadian and largely ignoring the others, and by sanitizing the histories through which some people become dominant, public memory sets the stage for racist denial.”\textsuperscript{19} That memory is interpretative is, in fact, evident.

It is not the dialectics of remembering and forgetting but also the semantic and interpretative frames that shape and subject memory to an array of distortions. The malleability of memory is what makes it intriguing to researchers. According to Maurice Halbwachs, the identity arrived at by social groups is a result of agreed upon versions of the past, versions constructed through communication, not private remembrance. Halbwachs believes that attributing memory to any collective group “is by no means a simple metaphor” because it entails a reality that has been transmitted and sustained through the conscious efforts and institutions of groups.\textsuperscript{20} Since collective memories are usually an outcome of conflicts or contestations affecting a large social section, they can be discussed and debated, accepted or rejected. In this context Mary Fulbrook asks—“what are the implications of the fact that a multiplicity of interpretations (or stories) can be constructed out of the “same” past”\textsuperscript{21} Can interpretation be viewed as constituting a succession of imperfect, contestable and inherently contingent expressions functioning within the context of historical truth? An exemplar would be Kurosawa’s \textit{Rashomon} which throws light on the interpretative nature of memories.

In \textit{Rashomon}, Kurosawa presents the same episode, that of the murder of a samurai through four different eye witnesses. Each of their versions is fundamentally different from the others. All of the recollections are heavily coloured by individual prejudices and each recollection is expressed with utmost confidence. While on individual examinations each memory would seem to be an approximation of the truth, the aggregate assessment would only prove otherwise. Kurosawa cleverly portrays the varying aspect of human memory and how the deduction of truth from remembered impressions can result in futility. Kurosawa’s work exposes the need to investigate the nature of the varied versions that are born out of inconclusive deliberations, which one gets the sanction of ultimate truth and with whom rests the power of decision making.

This is especially significant in the case of oral history. The act of passing down a memory involves chances of adding novelties to or deleting a part from the already existing discourse. The end-product is, hence, drastically different from the original.


\textsuperscript{20} Maurice Halbwachs, \textit{On Collective Memory} (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1992), 54.

\textsuperscript{21} Mary Fulbrook, \textit{Historical Theory} (London: Routledge, 2002), 186.
Since death puts an end to the oral passing of ‘lived experience’ within the framework of ‘communicative memory’ there is every possibility of the emergence of ‘cultural amnesia’. It is widely accepted that personal accounts do not necessarily offer direct access to the past, the reason being that oral histories are doubly exposed to modifications and transformations. Moreover lack of a written document would mean that such modifications go unopposed. The truth (as understood within the discourse of official history) in the oral worlds would eventually be lost thereby creating a mock-history or engaging in myth making which paradoxically does not mean that there is no truth in it at all. While this is one of the challenges posed by the oral narration of memory, there are several others that issue forth from the very nature of memory.

Memory’s temporalities – the non-linearity, circularity or timelessness – pose one such challenge to history and its articulation. History is commonly understood as the unfolding of events in a broadly linear fashion, and historiography has been shaped by linearity and the cause and effect structure of realist narrative. However, if historical time is bound to linearity, studies of memory reveal that its own time-space continuum would prove contrary to this aspect. Historiography might use memory-texts as ‘raw material’, but questions remain about the extent to which it can fully articulate the differences of temporality, tone, address and referent that dominate memory as such.

As once created memories become extended sites for a wide range of discourses, the construction of truth through memories (especially in the collective sense) appear highly symbolic. The personal endeavours of recalling could prove to be catalytic in the cumulative forum especially since social meanings cannot be determined keeping aside individual significances. It is possible that the truth in memory can be accurately determined by engaging in a transcendence of the temporal dimension. Human thought is not a line that separates the thinkable from the unthinkable. It is rather a raid on that which lies beyond the domains of available knowledge. If not the exactness of history human thought in the form of memory could help open newer ways of looking at the past. Ricoeur in *Memory, History, Forgetting* states:

> The problem is posed that will be the torment of any literary philosophy of history: what difference separates history from fiction, if both narrate . . . . This aporia, which we can call that of the truth in history, becomes apparent through the fact that historians frequently construct different and opposed narratives about the same events.\(^2\)

It is a direct and necessary activity and requirement when in the presence of a multitude of perceptions. The past is polysemantic and potentially capable of different realizations. The past is altered by the present to create an “ideal” order. The past is ‘a still uncompleted event’ and it is in the future that the complete expanse of meanings and interpretations is stored. Like a literary text, the past is marked by a deathless omega and hence has to undergo innumerable number of interpretations that explore new levels of meanings. In “Tradition and the Individual Talent” (1919), T.S. Eliot insists that “the conscious present is an awareness of the past in a way and to an extent which the past’s awareness of itself cannot know.” For Eliot the past does not occur as independent recollections. It is rather that which coexists with the present to fashion the future. The past, then, is under a steady process of imaginative reinterpretation and reconstruction. In creating history from memory we are continually widening synthesis of the past consciousness with the present and the future in order to bring forth a cornucopia of meanings.

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Abstract

Stories organize and transmit human events and experiences into meaningful units and suggest an intricate relationship between the past, present and future. A story is a work of fiction that is usually written in prose, often in narrative form. Short stories are highly suggestive since they are restricted to a certain length and tend to be less complex than novels. They foster a sense of right and wrong in the reader and have the power to influence the complete personality of an individual.

During the mid-twentieth century, Angela Carter (1940-92) emerged as a staunchly feminist writer who gave a voice to women who had traditionally been assigned a secondary position in the patriarchal society. Many of Carter’s stories focus on female protagonists and their conflict with the patriarchal culture and ideologies.

The present paper focuses on two stories of Carter: “The Fall River Axe Murders” and “Lizzie’s Tiger.” The story “The Fall River Axe Murders” highlights the historical figure of Lizzie Borden (1860-1927), who was charged with murdering her parents in 1892. Lizzie was a controversial figure, as the fact that she had committed the murders had not been proved, and since then people have speculated about the incident. The second story “Lizzie’s Tiger” describes the earlier days of Lizzie’s life. The story is a fictional piece and centres on a day when Lizzie was a child. The events portrayed in this story help the readers to correlate the younger Lizzie with the older one. The paper discusses Carter’s use of historiographic metafiction in these stories as a tool for retelling Lizzie Borden’s past. Through these stories the writer brings the character of Lizzie Borden back to life, and recreates the situations, the setting, and the surrounding milieu which influenced Lizzie and directed her choices.

Keywords: intricate, foster, influence, staunchly, ideologies, controversial, historiographic
Angela Carter’s Lizzie Borden: A Retelling in the Present

Ritu Pareek and Preeti Bhatt

Storytelling has developed with the gradual evolution of language itself. Searching for the origin of the story is just like identifying humankind’s primitive logical statement. Stories organize and transmit human events and experiences into meaningful units and suggest an intricate relationship between the past, present and future. Lohafer and Clarey define the term “story” as, “a human frame for experience,” as it is through stories that writers try to propagate cultural, ethical and moral values in society.¹ Stories, thus, foster the sense of right and wrong in the reader and influence the complete personality of an individual. The time covered in a short story is less as compared to a novel; as the readers go through a story they understand that “they must enter quickly and leave soon.”² Due to its limited length a short story takes lesser time in its telling. Unlike longer fiction a short story is a self-contained piece that the reader can read through in a short interval. Stories provide a rapid medium of entertainment and do not require a long attention span, and nor do they strain the reader’s memory.

During the mid-twentieth century, Angela Carter (1940-92) emerged as a staunchly feminist writer of novels and short fiction who focused on women who had traditionally been assigned a secondary position in the patriarchal society. The diverse range of short stories that Carter wrote in her writing career reflects her sustained interest in the short story as a narrative mode. What she liked about the short story form was (as she wrote in the Afterword to her first collection Fireworks) that “sign and sense can fuse to an extent impossible to achieve among the multiplying ambiguities of an extended narrative.”³ Her short stories are compressed word pictures which explore contemporary debates about identity and human desire. Many of the writer’s stories focus on female protagonists and their conflict with the patriarchal culture and ideologies.

Carter’s stories encompass fantasy and reality and involve violence and strong passions. While recreating the lives of famous historical figures, the writer makes an

¹ Susan Lohafer and Jo Ellyn Clarey. (eds). Short Story Theory at a Crossroads (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1989), 211.
² Clare, Hanson. (ed). “‘Things out of Words’: Towards a Poetics of Short Fiction.” in Re-reading the Short Story, (New York: St. Martin’s, 1993), 45.
attempt to give voice to the unheard and unspoken. The author in her stories brings these characters back to life, and recreates the situations, the setting and their surrounding milieu which influenced them and directed their choices. In some stories, she explores legendary tales which are based on historical facts but which, with the passage of time, have been altered and modified as they have been passed on from generation to generation.

Carter’s short story “The Fall River Axe Murders” was originally published in the *London Review of Books* in 1981 with the title “Mise-en-scene for Parricide” and was later included in the collection *Black Venus* in 1985. The story focuses on the historical figure of Lizzie Borden, who was charged with murdering her parents Andrew and Abby Borden with an axe, but the truth never came to light, and since then people have speculated about the crime. The incident took place on 4th August, 1892, in the town of Fall River, Massachusetts. Thirty-two year old Lizzie, the youngest daughter of the Bordens, was the only person present on the spot of the murder. She was charged with the crime, but was eventually found not guilty. The *Lizzie Borden Sourcebook* states that in the press coverage of the trials of the case in court, the Editorial of *The Boston Herald* clarified: “No evidence was brought out at the trial that would justify the conviction of Lizzie Borden as the one guilty of the act.” Carter recreates the plot to highlight the possible cause of the murders. With the tale, she brings out the agony and loneliness experienced by a step-child which led to such a tragic sequence of events.

As Carter in her story “The Fall River Axe Murders” rewrites the events that led to the murder, she uses poetic license to incorporate some fictional elements in the original story. The writer portrays Lizzie as a woman who does not enjoy an active social life and who likes to spend her time at home. However, Elaine E. Watson in *Lizzie Didn’t Do It; Emma Did!* describes the real Lizzie Borden as: “Lizzie was socially active and liked people; she was active in church and several clubs in town.” Her father Andrew Borden was a rich man and lived with his family in a mansion. In contrast, the Bordens in Carter’s story live in a “cramped, comfortless, small and mean – ‘unpretentious’” house. The writer also portrays some similarities between her heroine and the real Lizzie Borden.

Lizzie shared a formal, reserved relationship with her parents, a fact which is portrayed by Carter in her story. Lizzie’s elder sister Emma was close to her, very much like the character Emma Lenora in the story. Thus, by maintaining certain similarities, she weaves a tale describing Lizzie Borden and the murder of her parents.

The author sets her story in the late nineteenth century. References to popular books of that period such as *Heroes of the Mission Field, The Romance of Trade* and *What

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5 Elaine Watson E. *Lizzie Didn’t Do It; Emma Did!* (Boston: Branden, 2012), 3.
Katy Did, bring in an element of authenticity in the narrative. References in Carter’s story to popular fairy tales like “sleeping beauty” (79), “Red Riding Hood” (85), “Bluebeard’s castle” (84), and famous artistic works like “Mona Lisa” and “Della Robbia Madonna” (83) enrich the content and indicate the fabular quality of the story. Readers’ understanding of the situation and setting of popular tales and previous works of art helps them to relate their contexts to the present story. These references also endow the narrative with multiple meanings and establish a parallel link between the texts.

Carter narrates the events to the readers wherein as a writer she holds the narrative responsibility. The story employs metafictional techniques to highlight the constructed nature of the text. Metafiction, as stated by Patricia Waugh, is a “term given to fictional writing which self-consciously and systematically calls attention to its status as an artifact in order to pose questions about the relationship between fiction and reality.” Since the act of writing involves many conscious decisions on the part of the writer, postmodernist writers emphasize the role of choice and discretion in the construction of every work of art. In the story, the writer addresses the readers directly and makes them a part of her story. While describing the characters, the narrator points towards “a kin of Borden’s” and as he “is irrelevant” to the story, the narrator states: “Write him out of the script.” Carter’s act of describing the process of building the story as it is presented to the readers undermines its reality and draws attention to the writer’s role as the creator of the story.

Like many postmodernist texts, the story is anti-chronological in its narration of events. The readers are informed beforehand of the sequence of events which are going to take place. The narration occurs in fragmented pieces where the present alternates with the past and the future. The story starts with the fatal day of the murder of the Bordens and describes the climatic conditions of the day: “today it is the middle of a heat wave; so early in the morning and the mercury has touched the middle eighties.” The narrator presents the events as snap-shots, with the description of Lizzie’s journeys and the burglary incident which helps the reader to get an insight into the lifestyle of the family. For the burglary incident, the narrator states, “The Bordens’ custom of locking all the doors, inside and outside, dates from a time, a few years ago, shortly before Bridget came to work for them, when the house was burgled.” Thus there is a continuous shifting and mingling of the time-line of events which makes the reader anxious about how the murder will take place, and creates suspense and mystery.

Carter in the story uses historiographic metafiction as a tool for retelling Lizzie Borden’s past. Linda Hutcheon comments that the protagonists of historiographic

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9 Ibid. 70.
10 Ibid. 74.
metafiction are: “anything but proper types: they are ex-centric, the marginalized, the peripheral figures of fictional history.”\textsuperscript{11} The writer’s portrayal of the character of Lizzie exemplifies this statement. With the story, the author recreates the past through a partly fictional story. Hutcheon comments, “Historiographic metafiction always asserts that its world is both resolutely fictive and yet undeniably historical, and that what both realms share is their constitution in and as discourse.”\textsuperscript{12} Carter in her story replicates the people and dates as they were in the original incident, and brings it to life by filling in the gaps in the legend through her creativity and imagination.

In keeping with the Gothic mode, the author places her story in a distant time and place, and chooses a shocking sequence of events as the plot of the tale. The scene, setting and time of action are bizarre and disturbing, and evoke both suspicion and fear in reader’s mind. Jerrold E. Hogle in the introduction to The Cambridge Companion to Gothic Fiction (2002) considers the setting of the story as an important feature of the Gothic. The setting of a Gothic story is usually in enclosed claustrophobic places, such as, “a castle, a foreign palace, an abbey, a vast prison, a subterranean crypt, a graveyard, a primeval frontier or island.”\textsuperscript{13}

Carter’s story “The Fall River Axe Murders” is set in a house which is “cramped”, “comfortless”, “small” and “mean.”\textsuperscript{14} Hogle cites the notion of physical or psychosomatic haunting as the second major element of Gothic setting. It includes eerie figures such as ghosts, monsters, vampires and human beings displaying animalistic features. Fred Botting in Gothic (1996) states, “Gothic landscapes are desolate, alienating and full of menace.”\textsuperscript{15} Hogle and Botting assert that the scientific revolution in the nineteenth century led to the emergence of the Gothic as a genre. The Gothic with its emphasis on excess, exuberance and lack of restraint was a counter-response to the restraint and control emphasized by science. Literature of this genre expresses repressed desires, fears and anxieties of the society. It borrows elements from folklore, and medieval literature and creates a world dominated by evil and sin to evoke fear and horror in the reader’s mind.

The Gothic as a genre is closely allied to feminism and the Female Gothic can also be termed as a sub-genre of the Gothic. As the Gothic is associated with the feelings of horror and desire, it gives liberty to writers to express their hidden emotions and their suppressed desires. This could be a reason why women writers have used the Gothic as a tool to vent their repressed feelings. Women writers have used it as a mode to deal with the politics of gender and to support women’s revolution against the norms.

\textsuperscript{12} Ibid. 142.
set by the phallocentric world. Rebecca Munford observes, “Female sexuality and its expression have been central preoccupations of the ‘female Gothic’ and its criticism since the eighteenth century.”16 Several women writers, by employing the Gothic form in their writings make an attempt to shatter the grand narrative of patriarchy.

Carter’s story starts with a children’s rhyme, which helps the reader to anticipate the events which will be portrayed: “Lizzie Borden with an axe/Gave her father forty whacks…”17 The rhythmic lines serve as an epigraph to the story and also highlight its thematic focus. A Gothic atmosphere is built through the description of the house which has an eerie environment. The house in which Lizzie Borden lives with her family is: “narrow as a coffin.”18 This narrowness indicates the claustrophobic atmosphere of the house, and the image of the coffin is indicative of the deaths which will occur as the story progresses. There is no movement, no activity and everything is static and death like: “Still, all still; in all the house nothing moving except the droning fly.”19 There are many doors and windows in the house but the Bordens always keep the doors locked. Locking all the doors suggests the inhibitions of the inmates, their secretive attitude and their limited world. The house is constructed in such a way that there is no common space between the rooms. It is mystifying and maze-like, very much like the enigmatic character of Lizzie: “One peculiarity of this house is the number of doors the rooms contain and, a further peculiarity, how all these rooms are always locked...It is a house without passages.”20 It is similar to a trap or a prison without a way out, which is closed to the prying eyes of the world outside.

Carter has portrayed Lizzie as a person who does not have an engaging social life, or a satisfying personal life: “She is plain”; “her light, dry, reddish hair, crackles with static.”21 She is a spinster, lacking zest and spirit, and thus does not get a chance to enjoy anything: “She is a blank space. She has no life.”22 These lines also subtly draw attention to the two-dimensional quality of the character of Lizzie who is merely the fragment of Carter’s imagination. In contrast to her sister, she could never enjoy any trips and is confined to her house. Lizzie’s first planned tour to a summer house was with “a merry band of girls,”23 but somehow she was not able to join it, and the trip is described as “a sour trip.”24 The reason why Lizzie did not join the tour highlights her mental state. The narrator states, “as if on purpose to mortify her flesh, as if important business kept her in the exhausted town, as if wicked fairy spelled her in Second Street,

18 Ibid. 71.
19 Ibid.73.
20 Ibid.74.
22 Ibid. 74.
23 Ibid. 84
24 Ibid. 84.
she did not go.” The narrator sarcastically describes the Europe trip for which Lizzie ultimately goes with other girls of her age: “All girls pushing thirty, privileged to go out and look at the world before they resigned themselves to the thin condition of New England spinsterhood.” Carter’s description underlines the stereotypical labelling of individuals in the society as ‘types’ which restricts their behaviour and future choices.

Lizzie’s unattractiveness is further heightened by her choice of monochromatic, dull looking clothes. Her apparel also reveals her lack of enthusiasm, “she will, on rising, don a simple cotton frock—but under that, went a long, starched cotton petticoat; another short, starched cotton petticoat; long drawers; woollen stockings.” The layers of clothes that Lizzie wears indicate her complex personality which is not revealed to the people around her. Lizzie’s skill in weaving the plot of the murder to give it the shape of an accident indicates her as a schemer, who before performing the act, plans every action and happening of the house. She informs her sister Emma of the burglary of their house and soon after announces the presence of a “dark man” near their house. Lizzie says to one of her friends: “I am afraid…that somebody...will do something.” She informs her friend of her step-mother’s doubts of a stranger’s presence and states, “Mrs Borden thinks somebody is trying to poison us!” Lizzie creates the scenario of a burglary and hints at the presence of an intruder in the house to ensure that she is absolved of any blame after she has committed the murders.

Lizzie is portrayed by Carter as a person with dual characteristics. This theme is used by the writer in other stories as well. In “The Lady of the House of Love”, the protagonist is a vampiric woman who preys on young men, and who converts into a real woman, but dies in the end. In stories like “Werewolf” and “Wolf-Alice” women metamorphose into wolves and vice versa. At one point in the narrative Lizzie’s traits are even defined as those of a werewolf: “’Lizzie is not herself, today.’ At those times, those irremediable times, she could have raised her muzzle to some aching moon and howled.” Her frenzied actions reveal the presence of a wild spirit inside her body, which is waiting for a suitable time to come to the forefront. Rikki Ducornet (quoted in Langlois) says, “Lizzie is in fact a ‘werewolf ruled by the moon’ whose ‘anger has made her supernatural’ and who literally ‘cuts loose’ from her ‘coffin house’ by hacking its occupants to death.”

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25 Ibid.72.
26 Ibid.84.
28 Ibid. 80.
29 Ibid. 80.
30 Ibid.80
31 Ibid. 85.
Lizzie has a fragmented personality, a postmodernist trait, which is emphasized in the scene when she stands in front of the mirror, and looks at herself from different angles: “she sees herself with blind, clairvoyant eyes, as though she were another person.”\textsuperscript{33} Lizzie seems to be aware of the various aspects of her personality. Her stepmother also views her “younger stepdaughter” as “a strange one”; one who “could make the plates jump out of sheer spite, if she wanted to.”\textsuperscript{34} The uncomfortable relationship between Lizzie and her mother Abby Borden is reflected in the fact that Lizzie refers to her mother as Mrs Borden. Earlier Lizzie used to address her as “mother” but after a quarrel over a small sum of money, she starts calling her “stepmother”, “Mrs Borden”, and a “round little doughball” who “continuously stuffs herself.”\textsuperscript{35} Lizzie recalls the memories of her own mother, and those memories make her nostalgic and fill her with grief, for she thinks: “If mother had lived, everything would have been different.”\textsuperscript{36}

Lizzie’s longing for her dead mother indicates the lack of love and bonding in her present family relationships. Though Lizzie has a close relationship with her father, and “adores the adoring father,”\textsuperscript{37} she feels frustrated by his stinginess. Andrew Borden hoards money and does not allow his daughters to spend it for their needs. Satirizing the patriarchal set-up of society, the narrator states for Andrew Borden: “The first old man owns all the women by either marriage, birth or contract.”\textsuperscript{38} Thus, all the women including Lizzie are dependent on Andrew for their financial needs. Lizzie, in fact despises her father for he allows greater liberty to his second wife regarding money matters as compared to her.

Although Lizzie is dissatisfied with her parents yet it is the pigeon incident which forces her to make a conscious ruthless decision. Lizzie is portrayed as a “good girl”, and a lover of birds and animals.\textsuperscript{39} She nurtures “a kitten or a puppy”, and “loves small animals and birds.”\textsuperscript{40} She is very attached to her pigeons as she, “used to keep her pigeons in the loft above the disused stable and feed them grain out of the palms of her cupped hands.”\textsuperscript{41} Lizzie takes great care of her pigeons, but the pigeons are disliked by her father and “one afternoon he took out the hatchet from the wood pile in the cellar and chopped those pigeons’ heads right off, he did.”\textsuperscript{42} Her father’s brutal act fills Lizzie’s heart with anger and vengeance. Her sufferings are aggravated by her stepmother Abby’s greed.

\textsuperscript{34} Ibid. 76.
\textsuperscript{35} Ibid. 78.
\textsuperscript{36} Ibid. 80
\textsuperscript{38} Ibid.71.
\textsuperscript{39} Ibid. 70
\textsuperscript{40} Ibid. 84
\textsuperscript{41} Ibid. 85
\textsuperscript{42} Ibid. 86
for she, “fancied the slaughtered pigeons for a pie.” This establishes the image of Abby as a gourmet, and further compels Lizzie to react.

Lizzie seems to be unable to cope with the social and physical pressures of leading her life as a spinster in her parents’ home. Carter thus presents Lizzie’s tensed relationship with her parents and the unconscious pressure of the society as a major cause of her shocking crime. As Anja Muller Wood states, “Lizzie Borden is a prisoner both in the private context and in the world at large.” The murder of her parents is a revolutionary act which she might have attempted with an aim to transgress the invisible boundaries set by the patriarchal order.

Although Lizzie’s parricide builds the foundation of the narrative, Carter does not describe the act of murder. The story is only an imaginative piece which the writer creates in order to focus on the possible reasons which might have led to the shocking event. The narrative focuses on Lizzie’s jittery state of mind: “the nerves and muscles of this complicated mechanism won’t relax, just won’t relax, she is all twang.” The theme of murder and death is repetitively suggested through phrases such as “in case she dies during the night,” or “it is a dead end,” and words such as “coffin,” “slaughter,” and “dead” build up an atmosphere of the tragic crime. Carter depicts the day of the fatal incident: “Bordens’ fatal day, trembles on the brink of beginning.” The reference to the impending murder builds up an atmosphere which helps the reader to visualize the situation. Carter leaves it to the readers to imagine the act; “in the already burning air, see! the angel of death roosts on the roof-tree.” The writer builds an aura of suspense about the murder which is going to take place but does not depict it even at the end, as in reality too it was not clear how the murder occurred. The story ends with the speculation of the murders and the readers are left to anticipate how they would have been committed.

Characters and situations from folk tales, fairy tales and myths recur in different guises in Carter’s short stories and help to integrate past themes with the modern dilemmas. “Lizzie’s Tiger” is another story by Angela Carter which deals with the character of Lizzie. The story was first published in Cosmopolitan in September 1991 and was later included in the posthumously published volume American Ghosts & Old World Wonders in 1993. “Lizzie’s Tiger” draws attention to the earlier days of Lizzie Borden’s life. The story is a fictional piece and centres on a day when she was a child. The events portrayed in the story help the readers to visualize the character of Lizzie Borden as the one who later commits the murder of her parents.

45 Ibid. 72.
46 Ibid.74.
47 Ibid. 87.
48 Ibid.87.
“Lizzie’s Tiger” starts when Lizzie and her elder sister Emma: “were just freshly orphaned. Emma was thirteen, Lizzie four – stern and square, a squat rectangle of a child.”\textsuperscript{49} Emma takes great care of her younger sister and: “dressed her, undressed her, scrubbed her night and morning with a damp flannel.”\textsuperscript{50} Emma manages the house and tries to maintain a cordial and warm relationship between the members of the family: “The thirteen-year-old was keeping house at that time, the last skivvy just quit with bad words on both sides.”\textsuperscript{51} The characterization of the Borden sisters in “Lizzie’s Tiger” is replicated in “The Fall River Axe Murders,” where the relationship between the two sisters is shown to be in perfect harmony.

In the story Lizzie is fascinated by the news of the arrival of the circus in town and keenly wants to visit it but is neither permitted by her father, nor by her sister, as Emma has no money to help her. Lizzie’s father, Andrew Borden is facing hard times and has been struggling to run his family: “To his chagrin, there had been nobody to bill when he had buried his wife.”\textsuperscript{52} Andrew feels frustrated, as he knows well that he cannot fulfill the demands of Lizzie and firmly denies her permission: “with words of unusual harshness, for he truly loved this last daughter, whose obduracy recalled his own.”\textsuperscript{53} The little girl is so determined to visit the circus that she escapes alone from the house to see the tiger in the circus.

Lizzie in the story is shown as a self-willed and adamant child with “gruff appearance.”\textsuperscript{54} The four-year old Lizzie’s focused attitude and determination is revealed through her act of running away from her house to visit the circus. Phrases like: “She was a fearless girl”, “she rode like a lord”, and “The devil got into Lizzie”, are used by the narrator to describe her courageousness. Lizzie, as described by the narrator: “was not a demonstrative child and did not show affection easily.”\textsuperscript{55} The narrator reminds the reader of her fearless attitude repeatedly in the story. On the way to the circus, as she meets a dog, Lizzie: “reached out to pat its head,” as, “She was a fearless girl.”\textsuperscript{56} Statements like these occur at frequent intervals in the story.

As Lizzie walks to the circus, a man behaves obscenely with her. Lizzie is unaware of the mal-intentions of the man and remains unmoved and, “didn’t mind it.”\textsuperscript{57} But Lizzie does not like the man’s demand of the kiss: “She \textit{did} mind that and shook an obdurate head.”\textsuperscript{58} The man’s wish reminds Lizzie of her father’s, “hard, dry,

\textsuperscript{50} Ibid.3
\textsuperscript{51} Ibid.5.
\textsuperscript{52} Ibid.3.
\textsuperscript{53} Ibid.5.
\textsuperscript{54} Ibid. 3
\textsuperscript{55} Ibid. 3
\textsuperscript{56} Ibid.11
\textsuperscript{57} Ibid. 11
\textsuperscript{58} Ibid.11
imperative kisses,” which were also disliked by Lizzie. This incident discloses Lizzie’s pride and her unwillingness to surrender to the will of others. Though, at that moment Lizzie denies the man a kiss, yet at home she does not resist her father’s kisses and “endured them only for the sake of power.” She does not express her affection easily, “except to the head of the house, and then only when she wanted something.” It reflects her subtle understanding of the dynamics of power which she uses to her advantage. Lizzie from her very childhood is aware of the power her father enjoys, and knows how to manipulate him into acceding to her childish desires.

The title of the story “Lizzie’s Tiger” points to two leading characters of the story. On the one hand, there is Lizzie, who is portrayed as a strong, focused and determined girl, while on the other hand is the tiger who is feared for its ruthlessness and ferocity. Lizzie observes the tiger in the circus during the show, where the narrator compares the tiger to Satan: “it walked up and down like Satan walking about the world and it burned.”

The narrator describes the tiger’s agility and its majestic gait which mesmerizes Lizzie. Even in the eyes of a little girl, the tiger represents masculine power, as the narrator, presumably expressing Lizzie’s perspective, compares it to her father: “Its tail, thick as her father’s forearm.” In a surprising turn of events, the little girl moves very close to the tiger’s caged bar without expressing anxiety, and clutches the bars of the cage with her fingers. At this point the tiger stops its movement and stares at Lizzie. A direct eye contact with a ferocious animal like a tiger can frighten anyone, but Lizzie stands still and, “they exchange this cool regard for an endless time, the tiger and herself.” A silent communion takes place between the two as the spectators watch them in awe. Terence Cave states: “Such a moment can only be mythical, not in the sense that it is imaginary and unreal but rather the reverse.” The transitory bond between Lizzie and the tiger symbolizes the close relationship of man with nature in the primitive ages which rarely surfaces in the modern civilized world, when man has distanced himself from nature, as well as from other human beings.

As Lizzie watches the tiger, unexpectedly the, “svelte beast fell to its knees.” The image of a wild beast kneeling down before a young girl seems shocking and inexplicable. Gemma López states, “the unexpected becomes the norm in Carter’s work,

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59 Ibid.11
60 Ibid.3
61 Ibid.13.
62 Ibid.13.
63 Ibid.14.
which creates an arena for the subversive and the marginal.”

It appears that the world gets shrunk within the narrow gap between Lizzie and the tiger. This seems to be Carter’s technique of building the character of Lizzie as a confident, brave and determined girl.

The narrator presents a contradictory picture of the tiger that gives up its characteristic attributes of ferocity and wildness when it sees Lizzie. The narrator comments, “the tiger was acting out of character.” It is only the protagonist, Lizzie who does not change with the course of the events, neither does she possess any dualistic characteristics and remains what she is in both of Carter’s stories “The Fall River Axe Murders,” and “Lizzie’s Tiger.” From the beginning of the story, Lizzie is portrayed as a brave and fearless girl, a trait that she proves by escaping from the house, and reaching the circus safely after facing many problems.

The story presents three male characters and in the beginning all of them try to dominate the events as well as the protagonist Lizzie. However, as the story progresses, her feminine power compels the male figures to surrender themselves. Lizzie’s father asserts his control over his daughter by not allowing her to visit the circus, but she bypasses him and runs away from the house. Lizzie next meets a drunkard who misbehaves with her and who might have also harmed the little girl. But the child’s confidence and her unconcern deter the man from harming her. The next masculine figure is the tiger, which with his wild and ferocious demeanour scares everyone. But as the tiger notices Lizzie, the wild brute transforms into a harmless crouching cat: “It was the power of her love that forced it to come to her, on its knees, like a penitent.” The tiger now assumes the same air of tameness as that of the cat Miss Ginger Cuddles, a domestic cat which Lizzie meets in her street while she is on her way to the circus. At the end of the story Lizzie emerges as a victor, who has been able to subdue all the hostile, male forces in the story.

Repetitions are employed by the narrator to emphasize particular contrasts. When Emma tells Lizzie about the tiger, she repeatedly uses expressions which indicate its huge size: “A tiger is a big cat,” Emma added instructively: “How big a cat? A very big cat”. References to the pet cat Miss Ginger Cuddles occur at several instances in the story. The image of the tiger as a big cat fascinates Lizzie so much that she is curious and keen to meet the tiger. Later in the story, the narrator alludes to the tiger as a cat and states: “the great cat unpeeled its eyes off Lizzie’s in a trice, rose up on its hind legs and feinted at the whip like our puss Ginger feints at a piece of paper dangled from a

68 Ibid.15
string.” The similarity that the narrator establishes between the cat and the tiger can also be observed between the young Lizzie in “Lizzie’s Tiger” and the older one in “The Fall River Axe Murders.” The child Lizzie, who is strong and determined, will later grow up into a woman who will be accused of her parents’ murder.

The narrator in the story presents two sides of the civilized society. The tiger belongs to the animal world which is considered to be wild, cruel, and brutal. However, its behaviour inside the cage in Lizzie’s presence reveals its urge to be loved, and its recognition of warmth and affection in the child’s eyes. The tiger is in contrast with the man, the tiger-tamer who abuses Lizzie outside the circus. In the tiger’s cage, the tiger-tamer acts like a “glorious hero,” as if he: “was a tiger himself, but even more so, because he was a man.” The tiger-tamer’s bravery is deceptive and highlights the duality of human nature. The act which the man performs in the darkness of the night reveals the darker side of the human personality which remains hidden during the daytime.

People can obliterate their identity by disguising themselves by using masks. In the story, the tiger-tamer is shown wearing a mask during the show, when he pretends to subdue the tiger and displays his valour. Lizzie recognizes the tiger-tamer to be the same man, “she had met behind the cidar stall.” But his darker side remains hidden during the show. Since Lizzie is too young to understand the implication of his covert act done in the cover of darkness outside, the man succeeds easily in befooling the crowd. The drunkard, who is a paedophile, has masked himself as a hero and is cheered by the crowd.

Carter in the story uses multiple perspectives to narrate the events. In the beginning, the story is narrated using the third-person perspective. The narrator describes Lizzie and her family as: “they were living on Ferry Street, in a poor way.” This perspective introduces Lizzie and her family to the readers. The narrator at times narrates the events from Lizzie’s perspective. The insertion of the pronoun “our” in the middle of the narrative, includes the reader in the world of fiction, and serves to integrate the two ontological planes – that of the story, and of the real world outside: “A dumpy, red-striped, regular cat of the small, domestic variety greeted Lizzie … as she stumped determinedly along Ferry Street; our cat, Ginger.” The shifting dimensions in the story help the reader to visualize the scenes from the eyes of Lizzie and the narrator.

The dreamy, make-belief world of the circus comes to an end with a small incident at the end of the story. This forms the climax of the story, after Lizzie has succeeded in accomplishing her desire of seeing the tiger. As all the children and other

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69 Ibid.15.
70 Ibid.16.
71 Ibid. 17.
72 Ibid.3.
73 Ibid.6.
spectators are about to return to their homes, the boy who had escorted Lizzie, “brought his bright pink lips down on Lizzie’s forehead for a farewell kiss.” Lizzie, who strongly dislikes being kissed, “struggled furiously and shouted to be put down.”

Immediately after the incident, the people around her identify the girl as Lizzie Borden: “the most famous daughter in all Fall River.” This forms the denouement of the story, when the people in the crowd recognize the girl. Simultaneously the reader also discovers the protagonist as the notorious Lizzie Borden, the heroine of Carter’s story “The Fall River Axe Murders” which was written by her ten years earlier. The show has ended and so has the artificial life of the carnival and it is time for Lizzie to return home. Janet L. Langlois states, “The story ends with the freedom of circus and carnival dissipating, with the child Lizzie doomed to return to the succession of Victorian gingerbread houses which will ultimately bestialize her.” For Lizzie, the end of the show will also make an end to innocent childhood which she has enjoyed. The girl will now evolve into the older Lizzie Borden, an enigmatic personality who will be remembered and discussed by generations to come. The awakening which the reader experiences at the end of the story helps him/her to piece the events of both the stories together.

In these stories, Carter deconstructs the concepts of femininity and masculinity and the myths and institutions which serve to propagate them. The stories reveal the writer’s powers of sharp observation and perspicacity which help her to blend the motifs of familiar tales with unfamiliar content. Carter’s narrative strategies are radical, but pertinent, and enhance the thematic thrust of her stories. Through her stories, the writer draws attention to the farce of morality in society by explicitly discussing sexuality as a force which drives the world. Through her woman-centred narratives, Carter succeeds in subverting the myths of patriarchy and male power and establishes a world which is home to both men and women who are equally strong, self-willed and sharp-witted.

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74 Ibid.19.
75 Ibid.19.
76 Langlois.218.


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Author’s Prayer

by

Ilya Kaminsky

If I speak for the dead, I must leave this animal of my body,

I must write the same poem over and over,
for an empty page is the white flag of their surrender.

If I speak for them, I must walk on the edge of myself, I must live as a blind man

who runs through rooms without touching the furniture.

Yes, I live. I can cross the streets asking “What year is it?” I can dance in my sleep and laugh

in front of the mirror.
Even sleep is a prayer, Lord,

I will praise your madness, and in a language not mine, speak

of music that wakes us, music in which we move. For whatever I say is a kind of petition, and the darkest days must I praise.
Yazarın Duası

by

Ilya Kaminsky/trans. Elif Sezen

Bir ölü adına konuşacakolsam eğer, geride bırakmalıyım bedenimdeki bu hayvanı,
aynı şiirı yeniden ve yeniden yazmalıyım,
çünkü boş bir kağıt teslim oluslarının beyaz bayrağıdır.
Onlar adına konuşacakolsam, kendiliğimden kenarında
yürümelıyım, mobilyalara dokunmadan
odadan odaya koşan kör bir adam
gibi yaşamalıyım. Evet, yaşıyorum.
“Hangi yıldayız?” diye sora sora geçebilirim sokaklardan,
rüyamda dans edebilirim ve ayna karşısında
kahkahalar atabilirim.
Tanrı, uykı bule bir duadır,
çığlığı öveceğim ve
hiç bilmediğim başka bir dilde
bizi uyandıran şu müzik hakkında konuşacağım,
icinde hareket ettigimiz müzik. Zira söylediğim herşey
bir çeşit arzuhaldir ve en karanlık günleri
övmeliyim ben.
Envoi

by

Ilya Kaminsky

You will die on a boat from Yalta to Odessa

~a fortune teller, 1992

What ties me to this earth? In Massachusetts,
the birds force themselves into my lines —
the sea repeats itself, repeats, repeats.
I bless the boat from Yalta to Odessa
and bless each passenger, his bones, his genitals,
bless the sky inside his body,
the sky my medicine, the sky my country.
I bless the continent of gulls, the argument of their
order.
The wind, my master
insists on the joy of poplars, swallows, —
bless one woman’s brows, her lips
and their salt, bless the roundness
of her shoulder. Her face, a lantern
by which I live my life.
You can find us, Lord, she is a woman dancing with
her eyes closed
and I am a man arguing with this woman
among nightstands and tables and chairs.
Lord, give us what you have already given.
Envoi

by

Ilya Kaminsky/trans. Elif Sezen

“Yalta’dan Odessa’ya giden bir kayıkta öleceksin”
— falcı , 1992

Beni bu dünyaya bağlayan nedir? Massachusetts’te kuşlar dizelerime girmek için zorluyorlar kendilerini—
deniz kendini tekrarlıyor, tekrarlıyor, tekrarlıyor.

Yalta’dan Odessa’ya giden bir kayığı kutsuyorum ve her bir yolcuyu kutsuyorum, kemiklerini, cinsel organlarını,
bedeninin içindeki gökyüzünü...
gökyüzü benim ilaçımdıır, gökyüzü benim ülkmemdır.

Martıların kıtasını kutsuyorum, düzenlerinin ağız dalaşını.

Ustam rüzgar, kavakların, kırlangıçların neşesinde diretiyor,—

bir kadının kaşlarını kutsa, dudaklarını ve dudaklarının tuzunu, omuzlarının yuvarlaklığını kutsa.

Yüzü, içinde yaşadığım bir fener.

Bizi bulabilirsin, Tanrıım, gözleri kapalı dans eden bir kadındır o ve ben komidin ler, masalar ve sandalyeler arasında bu kadınla tartışan bir adamım.

Tanrıım, bize çoktan vermiş olduğun şeyi ver.
My Mother’s Tango

by

Ilya Kaminsky

I see her windows open in the rain, laundry in the windows—
she rides a wild pony for my birthday,
a white pony on the seventh floor.

“And where will we keep it?” “On the balcony!”
the pony neighing on the balcony for nine weeks.
At the center of my life: my mother dances,

yes here, as in childhood, my mother
asks to describe the stages of my happiness—
she speaks of soups, she is of their telling:

between the regiments of saucers and towels,
she moves so fast—she is motionless,
opening and closing doors.

But what was happiness? A pony on the balcony!
My mother’s past, a cloak she wore on her shoulder.
I draw an axis through the afternoon

to see her, sixty, courting a foreign language—
young, not young—my mother
gallops a pony on the seventh floor.

She becomes a stranger and acts herself,
opens what is shut, shuts what is open.
Annemin Tangosu

by

Ilya Kaminsky/trans. Elif Sezen

Yağmurda pencerelemini açık bıraktığını görüyorum onun,
pencerede asılı çamaşırlar var—doğumcladoğa bir ata binmiş,
yedinci katta beyaz bir at.

“Peki onu nerede barındıracağız?” “Balkonda!”
dokuz haftadır kişneyen bir at.
Hayatının merkezinde: annem dans ediyor,
evet, burada, típkí çocukluğumdaki gibi, annem
mutluluğumun aşamalarını tarif etmemi söylüyor—
çorbalar hakkında söyleniyor, onların hikayesini anlatıyor:
finçan tabakları ve havluların alayı arasında
öyle hızlı hareket ediyor ki—sanki kıpırtılsız,
kapıları açıyor ve kapatıyor.

AMA neredir mutluluk? Balkonda bir at!
Annemin geçmişi ise omuzları üzerine attığı bir hırka.
Onu altmış yaşında, yabancı bir dil öğrenirken

görebilmek için öğle boyunca bir eksen çiziyorum—
genç, yok genç değil—benim annem
yedinci katta bir atı dörtnala koşturuyor.

Bir yabancıya dönüşüp kendisinin oyunculuğunu yapıyor,
kapalı olanı açıp, açık olanı kapatıyor.
We are two figures on an early spring beach
and what I want is to be outside
of us, to be able to read us not as we are
but as figures without story, without ending.
One man in a blue jacket and another man
in a blue sweater on a gem-blue day
and water so still that a leaf on it just stays.
The stones are so round they look
manufactured, the gulls on the driftwood are quiet
as taxidermy. I want no ending
because an ending would mean a story
I can figure out for myself, a simple story
that isn’t the raveling and unraveling
of years, of thousands of miles, thousands
of words already said and not said.
How much weight is actually behind
two figures walking on the gray arc of a beach.
How much goes into a day that is weightless.
The sun is an enormous gold flower
and the light wants us to see everything.
Even down into the green bottom stones,
even to the miles-away mountains and their lace
shawls, even to the names of the ships
distant as gray cities, floating across
the sound. I want to be outside us and to see us.
The image of the side of your face. The image
of your arm pointing at the lighthouse. The image
kept like a ceramic bit of time, not something
the day cannot help but disperse.
Otherwise we have already walked as far
as we can. We have seen the yellow kayak
and the red kayak go by, semaphores for self
and self, different and the same at the same time.
Otherwise, we have already gone back
to the car. In my pocket, shells and stones.
Dead things. Even though this is a love poem.
On Gardens
by
Rick Barot

When I read about the garden
designed to bloom only white flowers,
I think about the Spanish friar who saw one
of my grandmothers, two hundred years
removed, and fucked her. If you look
at the word colony far enough, you see it
travelling back to the Latin
of inhabit, till, and cultivate. Words

that would have meant something
to the friar, walking among the village girls
as though in a field of flowers, knowing
that fucking was one way of having
a foreign policy. As I write this, there’s snow
falling, which means that every
angry thought is as short-lived as a match.
The night is its own white garden:

snow on the fence, snow on the tree
stump, snow on the azalea bushes,
their leaves hanging down like green
bats from the branches. I know it’s not fair
to see qualities of injustice in the aesthetics
of a garden, but somewhere between
what the eye sees and what the mind thinks
is the world, landscapes mangled

into sentences, one color read into hate.
When the neighbors complained
the roots of our cypress were buckling
their lot, my landlord cut the tree down.
I didn’t know a living thing three stories high
could be so silent, until it was gone.
Suddenly that sky. Suddenly all the light
in the windows, as though every sheet

of glass was having a migraine.
When I think about that grandmother
whose name I don’t even know, I think of
what it would mean to make a garden
that blooms black: peonies and gladiolas
of deepest purple, tulips like ravens.
Or a garden that doesn’t bloom at all: rocks
oriented on a plane of raked gravel,

the stray leaves cleared away every hour.
If you look at the word garden
deep enough, you see it blossoming
in an enclosure meant to keep out history
and disorder. Like the neighbors wanting
to keep the cypress out. Like the monks
arranging the stones into an image
of serenity. When the snow stops, I walk to see

the quiet that has colonized everything.
The main street is asleep, except for the bus
that goes by, bright as a cruise ship.
There are sheet-cakes of snow on top
of cars. In front of houses, each lawn
is as clean as paper, except where the first cat
or raccoon has walked across, each track
like a barbed-wire sash on a white gown.
Dream Map—Ljubljana

by

Katherine Whitcomb

My secret curls like a miniature finial from a Dragon Bridge lamp.
At night the wind blows through the hotel window, slapping
the scratchy mesh curtain, and I listen to you sleep.

I carry my secret around with us like a bead in tissue; it floats
beyond my fingers in an inner pocket of my blue rain jacket
as we climb gravel paths up the hill to tour the castle.

When I try to feed my secret to sparrows by the open pizza kitchen,
feisty ones flitter behind me at the sound of your shutter. My outline glows
there against the afternoon gloom. This secret is a tiny refusal
—words so difficult they stay impossibly small. River lights blink
through agitated branches. Fiats hiss on drizzly Slovenska cesta
—and a muse leans down to whisper into Preseren’s waiting ear.

When a wedding party strolls out from the castle,
so does a hired Tyrolean band, oompah-pah-ing along the pathways
in the rain. We watch the couple turn to face the cameras of their friends.
One-handed

by

Susan Landgraf

1. Rumi wrote about the one-handed basket weaver - baskets so tight they held water.

2. I held my husband’s stubby fingers that had inked Chinese characters, knotted rope.

   The hospice worker said hearing was the last to go. The sun shone garish through the nursing home window.

   I lost my voice.

3. That night when I drove home past the corn maze in the valley, the pumpkins were lanterns walking through freezing water and fire.
Another Voyage
by
Tina Schumann

- MILAN 12/4/02 (Reuters) – The remains of an Italian man who packed
his bags 44 years ago and told friends he was leaving for America were
found inside one of the walls of his former home. Inside a thick wall in the
cellar was found human remains, two packed suitcases, a trowel and
other equipment to make a wall, a rusted rifle and a bottle with a suicide
note. The note, headed with the name Nemo Cianelli, explained that the
man had discovered he had an incurable disease and had decided to kill
himself. He said he had invented the tale of going to America to avoid
upsetting his family.

If death is a country, a new world
of plaster and beams, then it is a land
of anonymous travelers. Its maps concise,
legends full of stop signs and cellar doors.

If, after long use, the body becomes a measurable object,
a thing that must be concealed, then it is a vessel
loaded for bear. Who knows what you’ll need
in that new Canaan.

If we are anything we are builders.
Forever calling in reinforcements,
buttressing our way to safety.
Fortification becomes our forte.

If, in the landscape called the end
we can look at those that remain,
those still unconcerned with brackets
and the bearing of weight –

If, we can look at them and lie
like there's no tomorrow, then it can be said
that the Hudson overflows with forgiveness,
the ships never as buoyant with possibility.

If, with the final news we become
more lucent than the living, more radiant
and steady, then I’ll welcome the foremen in me. I’ll study the structure of houses, scaffolding schematics and footprints. The soft spread of mortar to brick. The architecture of forever.
Dear Daughter

by

Catherine Haynes

Your wild silence flowers
in the abalone shell of my heart,
ebbing and deafening me with
the wood-grief of a razed forest.

The black-moon night
aggravates my own
yearning for a mirror,
and makes my shadowed spirit fade.

I have become a gothic sigh,
a light bleed, a deaf bell;
I must try to turn this bending mist
into a shining myth.

Can we stop being prickly birds
with each other and become
the bootstrap saints we long to be?

Can we send the knots of bats
that torment us on their way,
put an end to this planetary bleed
and become for each other
the party-favor home we each long for?

Signed with love,
your Window Mother
Wrath

by

David Garrett Izzo

Performed in fall 2003 in NYC by the theater troupe, Einstein’s Bastards

Inspired by Edward Albee’s Zoo Story and a W. H. Auden essay

Summer, A man sitting on a park bench at night, a street lamp throws light from upper right; he is in expensive shorts, tee shirt, running shoes, sweat band, perspired from a run from which he is now resting. He has on headphones and a CD player hooked to his shorts. He sits cross legged, ankle on knee, leaning back with his head also tilted back, arms on back of bench and his hands behind his head, his eyes either closed or non-focused looking straight ahead; he listens to music and his head and his foot keep time to the music only he hears while he hears nothing else – he also bobs or pumps his fists or moves intensely or plays “air” guitar” with the music as he is rapt with what he is listening to. He, like many people who listen this way, has no idea how funny he looks.

A second man – not well dressed or groomed-- walks out from the dark and is to the side of and behind the bench – he observes the jogger’s movements. After a moment, he goes closer but still out of sight. He snaps his finger – the jogger can’t hear it – he does it again to be sure. He speaks quietly to the back of the jogger:

Walker: “You are a seriously dumb motherfucker.”

Jogger still doesn’t hear.

Walker looks around, then speaks a little louder “Hey asshole, do you have any idea what kind ‘a fuckin’ moron you look like, wid your fuckin’ hundred dolla fancy ass shoes, and your walkman, he imitates the jerky moves of the jogger – pauses – imitates even harder – laughs sarcastically – “Who the fuck do you think you are—a rooster on acid! Didn’t your mama tell you not to stay out afta’ dark? I betchu live in one of them fancy co-ops across the street—yeah, you come home from some tip top fuckin’ job— the sarcasm becomes darker, angrier – and then you come here, and you sweat a little, and you listen to some shit and you look like a jerk—and you don’t give a fuck about noboby or nothin’—you’re so stupid, you don’t even know not to be sitting’ here now at all—let alone not payin’ attention – yeah, somebody could come right the fuck up to you and blow your fuckin’ head off.
Walker pulls a gun from his pocket. Takes aim from one angle, pretends to shoot, then another angle and repeats —“Do you think you’ll hear the gun—nah—you be dead and hear nothin—that’s what you are now—like the fuckin’ movie, Dead Man Walkin’—except you dead man sittin’—and if I waste you like this—co-op asshole—you don’t even know it happened or who done it—that’s too easy Mr. yuppie jock. Yeah you yuppie motherfuckers get it easy—you should be doin’ some real work—drive a cab, or wash dishes, or pump gas in the fuckin’ sun—then let me see you jog the park—you’d be too wasted. Yeah try to make it on my pay—if I got paid—gotta have a job to get paid. Kiss your co-op goodbye—sleep under this bench.

_Slowly feigns shooting him again while saying_ Nah, time for you to wake up.

_He walks around to the front of the bench—his back to audience—spreads legs and holds gun in two hands, arms extended, in police stance — looks around — then yells_

Hey!

_The jogger screams, stiffens, opens his eyes with the gun a foot from his face, head ducks, hands cover his face_

Jogger: Shit! Shit! Don’t shoot me! Jogger squirms

_Walker laughs hysterically_

Walker: OOOOOOeeeeeeeee—the only thing funnier than you makin’ your dance moves—walker imitates jogger’s dance moves—is you lookin’ scared shit. Relax—if I wanted to just shoot you—walker feigns shooting again, jogger ducks again—you’d not only be an asshole, you’d already have another asshole.

_Silence_

Walker: Aren’t you gonna say anything?

Jogger: I’m afraid to.

Walker: Why?

Jogger “You’ve got a gun—and you look really pissed off.

Walker: Pissed off? I am way beyond pissed off.”

_Silence_

Walker: What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue? Don’t you wanna know why I’m beyond pissed off?

Silence

Walker: You're startin’ to bore me—are you stupid—or do you think I’m stupid and got nothin’ to say to you.

Jogger: I’m afraid of you—and afraid that anything I might say will make you angrier.

Walker: You shoulda been afraid before —instead ‘a sittin’ here in the dark with your eyes and ears closed—if you’d been afraid in the first place, you wouldn’t ‘a been
here for me in the second place. But you think nothin’ can happen to you—you got a little money and you think your shit don’t stink.

Jogger: Well, I am definitely afraid now, and if I shit in my pants, it will definitely stink.

*Walker laughs again:* Don’t you dare shit on me—*stops laughing*—people been shittin’ on me for too long as it is—control your ass. *Laughs again*

Jogger: It’s hard to have control when you’re afraid.

Walker: Tell me about it. That’s the idea.

Jogger: yeah... That’s what fear is—fear comes when we feel out of control.

Walker relaxes his shooter’s stance a little, lowers his arms so the gun is not straight in jogger’s face.

Walker: What are you—a fuckin’ shrink?

Jogger: No—but I go to one.

Walker: Is that what he tells you? Other than me, what the fuck do you have to be afraid of?

*Silence*

Walker: Speak up! Can’t hear you!

Jogger: It’s embarrassing.

*Walker laughs and shakes his gun*

Walker: And this ain’t embarrassing?

Jogger: Yeah—it is.

Walker: Because you’re outta control?

Jogger: Yeah, you got the gun—you’re the boss—you’re in control and I’m afraid.

Walker: Exactly—I’m the boss—usually I’m not the boss.

Jogger: We all got bosses—that’s one of my problems. I got the boss from hell.

Walker: And you go to a shrink for that? ---Bullshit! I bet you’re the boss.

Jogger: Not even close—besides, even bosses got bosses,

Walker: Not the President of the United States.

Jogger: Sure he does—he owes favors to the people who gave him campaign contributions—he owes favors to politicians—everybody owes something to somebody.

Collector: I don’t owe nobody nothin’.

Walker: You’re better off.
Walker: Not really. I don’t owe nothin’ ‘cause I got nothin’. So what about your boss—a real prick.

Jogger: An iron prick. He threatens to fire me every friggin’ day—the pressure is terrible. I’d lose everything—and my girl friend will walk.

Walker: Tell me about it. Don’t they all—So your shrink says that this makes you feel outta control. No shit! So you’re worried about losing everything. Pal, I don’t have anything—and I can’t control that either—but it doesn’t make me afraid—it just pisses me off.

Jogger: “But that’s the thing—I started going to the shrink because I was getting angry all the time.

Walker: I thought you said you went because you were afraid.

Jogger: No, I said the shrink said I was afraid.

Walker: Right now I can’t picture you angry. Anyway, how’d the shrink know that you were afraid if you were angry?

Jogger: He said that my anger came from fear—but that I didn’t realize it.

Walker: The fear of getting fired?

Jogger: Right. This made me feel out of control. I couldn’t make my boss leave me alone—and I don’t have the balls to tell him off—

Walker: ‘cause then he’ll fire you for sure. So I guess then that now your balls are his balls—and he likes squeezing them.

Jogger: Right. He uses them for polo—and I don’t mean Ralph Lauren. I am definitely squeezed.

Walker: Yeah I love those fuckin’ Ralph Lauren commercials—as if most people live like that—on sailboats, playin’ golf, playin’ tennis—I hate fuckin’ golf—the sonofabitches gotta have quiet while they try to hit a ball that ain’t even movin’—baseball’s a real game! Piazza’s gotta hit a ball comin’ at him 90 miles an hour and it might curve or sink—and there’s people screamin’ like crazy. What’s harder? Do you play golf?

Jogger: very emphatically—Oh no, no, no—not at all—definitely not.

Walker: Yeah right! Anyway, why don’t you get another job?

Jogger: I’m trying— but they don’t make as much and my girlfriend doesn’t want to hear about taking less.

Walker: Get another girlfriend.

Jogger: I’m addicted.

Walker: Been there— done that. But all that shit just makes me angry—not afraid. When I’m angry—I’m just angry.
Walker holds gun but arms down and gun points to ground.

Jogger: That’s what I thought too—that when I was angry I was just angry, but we fool ourselves.

Walker: I’m not a fool.

Jogger: I didn’t say that. I’m telling you what the shrink told me.

Walker: Which is?

Jogger: Okay, I’m gonna tell you what he said; I’m not sayin’ it—he did.

Walker: Talk.

Jogger takes a deep breath and begins cautiously, a bit pedantically, as if repeating a lecture: Anger is caused by pride as a perverted reaction to a threat either real or imagined—

Walker: The shrink said you were perverted?

Jogger: NO, no, no! The anger is perverted because we use anger to stop fear, which is the more natural emotion; anger is a defense mechanism against fear—but we do this subconsciously. We get angry when we feel out of control—but what is really happening is that we are afraid and we don’t like being afraid or even admitting we’re afraid and this turns into anger. He says anger is only any good when it is a motivation to overcome laziness; otherwise, it is useless, unnecessary, and counter productive. Anger makes you think you can gain control again. But what we’re really doing when we get angry is we’re acting— as if we’re saying to the world: “I want to be left alone” or "I’ll do what I want, not what you want" --so the angers fools a person into believing he’s in control—

Walker: When he really isn’t—I see the point—but on the other hand, I’m in control now. What would the shrink say to that?

Jogger: He would say that you have put yourself in this situation in order to feel some control over another person because you haven’t had control over other situations in your life.

Jogger pauses --

Walker relaxes a little more –

Jogger continues -- The shrink says that in general there are three types of anger that cover just about any situation.

Walker: Which are?

Jogger: A) a situation not to your liking,

Walker: Like your boss.

Jogger: Right! B) a situation I can't change,

Walker: Like your job.

Jogger: Right! C) or a situation where no one else is responsible but your own
foolishness.

Walker: Got that right. I definitely have put my own foot in it many times and been pissed off after.

Jogger: Yeah, me too—and we blame ourselves—and we get afraid—and being afraid means we’re out of control and then the fear turns into anger, then rage and then we take it out on other people.

Jogger Pauses-- Before you said you had nothing. That’s not a good feeling—it makes us afraid of what will happen next and the lack of control over what happens next really makes us very angry.

Walker: Yeah, I guess I been that way—but not now--this ain’t anger here-- I’m just jackin’ you up ‘cause I need your money—nothin’ personal.

Jogger: Maybe—but if you don’t mind me saying—you were pretty angry before. And since you didn’t know me it had to be about something else because I didn’t do anything to you myself—My shrink would guess other people did do stuff that put you in your situation.

Walker: Yeah, my fuckin’ situation. Speakin’ of which, do you have any money on you?

Jogger is fearful again. Please don’t get mad again—but I don’t—didn’t need any to jog.

Walker laughs again—

Walker: ain’t that a sonofabitch—after all this yakkin’ you got no money.

Jogger: I’ m sorry—I mean, at this point, now that we’ve been talking—I would have given it to you even without the gun.

Walker: Yeah, right.

Walker backs away a few steps to the right, puts his gun back in his pocket – Pal—this is your lucky night—Adios

Walker turns and begins to walk away.

Jogger stands, reaches behind to his fanny pack.

Jogger: Hey Pal—

Walker turns around and faces jogger – walker’s hands are empty

Jogger takes a step forward – extends his arm and hand to Walker who comes closer with his own hand out, jogger is smiling

Jogger: I just want you to know that everything I said was bullshit and that you really pissed me off.

Jogger’s other hand has a gun, he shoots the walker, looks down on him, puts gun back in fanny pack,
Jogger: Definitely personal!

New Balance: $140 dollars.

Bose headphones” $400 dollars.

The look on his face—priceless.

He pulls up his socks and casually continues his jog.

Blackout
Contributors
(in alphabetical order)

Catherine Haynes

Catherine Haynes is a therapist in private practice in Seattle, Washington. Involved in the National Association for Poetry Therapy, the Seattle Genealogical Society, and Trauma Treatment Training, she is writing and collaging at the intersection of these three areas. She has been memorizing poetry since she was 16 and often shares these poems with clients, as well as encouraging clients to bring in their own work.

David Garrett Izzo

Dr. David Garrett Izzo is an English Professor who has published 17 books and 60 essays of literary scholarship, as well as three novels, two plays, a short story, and poems. David has published extensively on the Perennial Spiritual Philosophy of Mysticism (Vedanta) as applied to literature. He is inspired by Aldous Huxley, Bruce Springsteen, his wife Carol and their five cats: Huxley, Max, Princess, Phoebe, and Luca. Two of his novels are fantasies with cats as characters: *Maximus in Catland* and *Purring Heights*. www.davidgarrettizzo.com / davidizzo@hotmail.com

Devaleena Kundu

Devaleena Kundu is currently pursuing her doctoral research in the field of Thanatology at The English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad, India. She is a member of the American Comparative Literature Association (ACLA) and has recently presented her paper, “Transacting Death: The Politics of the Death Industry in José Saramago’s *Death at Intervals*” at the 2015 Annual Meeting of the ACLA, Seattle. Her paper titled “The Paradox of Mortality: Death and Perpetual Denial” has been published in the edited volume, *Death Representations in Literature: Forms and Theories* (2015). Her research interests include eschatology, funerary customs, and immortality amongst others.

Elif Sezen

Elif Sezen is an Australian-Turkish interdisciplinary visual artist, bilingual writer and poet. Her collection of short stories *Gece Düşüşü* was published by Hayal Press early 2012 (in Turkish). Her translations of Ilya Kaminsky's collection of poems *Dancing in Odessa* was recently published in Turkish by Artshop Press.
Ilya Kaminsky

Ilya Kaminsky was born in Odessa, former Soviet Union in 1977, and arrived to the United States in 1993, when his family was granted asylum by the American government. Ilya is the author of Dancing In Odessa (Tupelo Press, 2004) which won the Whiting Writer's Award, the American Academy of Arts and Letters' Metcalf Award, the Dorset Prize, the Ruth Lilly Fellowship given annually by Poetry magazine. Dancing In Odessa was also named Best Poetry Book of the Year 2004 by ForeWord Magazine. In 2008, Kaminsky was awarded Lannan Foundation's Literary Fellowship. Poems from his new manuscript, Deaf Republic, were awarded Poetry magazine’s Levinson Prize and the Pushcart Prize. His anthology of 20th century poetry in translation, Ecco Anthology of International Poetry, was published by Harper Collins in March, 2010. His poems have been translated into numerous languages and his books have been published in many countries including Turkey, Holland, Russia, France, Mexico, Macedonia, Romania, Spain and China, where his poetry was awarded the Yinchuan International Poetry Prize. Kaminsky has worked as a law clerk for San Francisco Legal Aid and the National Immigration Law Center. Currently, he teaches English and Comparative Literature at San Diego State University.

Katharine Whitcomb


Preeti Bhatt

Preeti Bhatt is an assistant professor in English at Malaviya National Institute of Technology, Jaipur, has been working in the field of academics from the last nineteen years. Dr Bhatt has co-edited the book Contemporary British Fiction: History and the Present (Rawat: 2007) and is the author of Experiments in Narrative Technique in the Novels of Muriel Spark (Edwin Mellen Press: 2011). She has co-edited the Proceedings of an International Conference on the theme: Empowering the English Language Classroom.
(2013) and has worked on research projects on English Language Teaching and Indian Writing in English.

**Rick Barot**

Rick Barot has published two books of poetry with Sarabande Books: *The Darker Fall* (2002), and *Want* (2008), which was a finalist for the Lambda Literary Award and won the 2009 Grub Street Book Prize. He has received fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Artist Trust of Washington, the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, and Stanford University, where he was a Wallace E. Stegner Fellow and a Jones Lecturer. He lives in Tacoma, Washington and teaches at Pacific Lutheran University, where he directs The Rainier Writing Workshop, the low-residency MFA in Creative Writing at PLU. He is also the poetry editor of *New England Review*. His third book, *Chord*, will be published by Sarabande in 2015.

**Ritu Pareek**

Ritu Pareek is a lecturer in English at Birla Institute of Technology-Mesra, Jaipur campus has an experience of ten years in academics and creative writing. She has attended and presented papers at national and international conferences, and her papers are published in reputed national and international journals.

**Susan Landgraf**

Susan Landgraf’s poems have most recently appeared in *Prairie Schooner, Poet Lore, Nimrod, The Healing Muse, The Laurel Review, The Green Hills Literary Lantern,* and *Riverwind*. She also has been published in Third Coast Review, Pikeville Review, Ploughshares, Cincinnati Poetry, and Paintbrush, among others. Her chapbook *Other Voices* was published by Finishing Line Press. Honors include a National Endowment for the Humanities grant to study the Andean Worlds; a Fulbright-Hays grant to travel and study in South Africa and Namibia; Pablo Neruda, Society of Humanistic Anthropology, and Academy of American Poets awards; a Theodore Morrison scholarship at Bread Loaf; and Ragdale, Hedgebrook, Willard R. Espy, and Soapstone writing residencies. A former journalist, she teaches writing and media classes at Highline Community College. She taught at Shanghai Jiao Tong University in 2002, 2008, 2010 and 2012 through an exchange between Highline and Jiao Tong.

**Tina Schumann**

Tina Schumann’s work was awarded the *Stephen Dunn Poetry Prize* in 2010 for her manuscript *As If* (Split Oak Press). She is the recipient of the *American Poet Prize* and her work was a finalist in the *National Poetry Series, the Four Way Books Intro Prize*
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