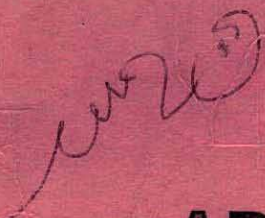


**James
Joyce**



ARABY

(TEXT WITH NOTE)

SCAM...

CALCUTTA

823
J88a
1922

**James
Joyce**

ARABY

(TEXT WITH NOTE)

CALCUTTA

in it. But then when I get home I'm the one that's fool. Cause she gone and little Henry gone. So I guess I just badmouthed the walls like the devil till I jus' layed down and went to sleep. The next morning little Henry come back with a neighbor woman but Maggie don't come. The woman hand over little Henry, and I ask her, "Where Maggie?" She looked at me like she think I'm the devil and say, "I don't know, but she lef' me this note to give to you." So she jus' give me the note and went. I opened the note and read. She write like a chicken too, I'm thinking, chicken scratch. I read: "I run off with J. T. cause he been wanting me to run off with him and I ain't been wanting to tell now. I'm send litle Henry back cause I just took him away last night cause I didn't want you to be doing nothing you regrit in the morning." So I figured she figured I got to stay sober if I got to take care of myself and little Henry. Little Henry didn't say nothing and I didn't say nothing. I just put him on in the house and let him play with hisself.

That was two months ago. I ain't take a drop since. But last night Cousin Willie come and say where Maggie was and now she moving around in the kitchen and feeding little Henry and I guess when I get up she feed me. I get up and get dressed and go in the kitchen. She say when the new baby come we see whose fault it was. J. T. blacker'n a lump of coal. Maggie keep saying "When the baby come we see who fault it was." It's two more months now that I been look at her, but I still don't see no belly change.

1. How does pride shape White Rat's life?
2. Why is White Rat set apart from all other people? What can be made of the legend that his people came down from the hills?
3. What are Maggie's feelings about her situation?
4. What is the reason for limiting the narration to the obsessions and diction of White Rat?
5. What is the meaning of the anecdote White Rat tells in the bar?

JAMES JOYCE

[Araby]

NORTH Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back

drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot*, by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*.¹ I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I

1. French police agent, soldier of fortune, and writer (1775-1857); Scott (1771-1832) was an English Romantic novelist; *The Devout Communicant* is a variant title for *Pious Meditations* (pub. 1813), a straightforward religious tract written by the Franciscan friar Pacificus Baker.

had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *come-all-you*² about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. The noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice³ safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O love!" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby.⁴ I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

"And why can't you?" I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent.⁵ Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

"It's well for you," she said.

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping

2. Any popular song beginning "Come all you Irishmen . . ."; O'Donovan Rossa was Jeremiah O'Donovan (1831-1915), an Irish nationalist banished to the United States in 1870 for revolutionary activities. Also known as "Dynamite Rossa." 3. Literally a cup holding wine used to celebrate the Eucharist, a service commemorating Christ's sacrifice of body and blood. 4. A billboard sign of the time actually reads: "ARABY in DUBLIN Official Catalogue GRAND ORIENTAL FÊTE May 14th to 19th in aid of Jervis St. Hospital. Admission one shilling." 5. I.e., a gathering for prayer and meditation in her convent school.

thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason⁶ affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

"Yes, boy, I know."

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly toward the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord."

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when

6. The Masonic Order was felt by Catholics to be an enemy of the Church.

it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go the bazaar. He had forgotten.

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is."

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed*.⁷ When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin⁸ tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the trees thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant*⁹ were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

"O, I never said such a thing!"

"O, but you did!"

7. Sentimental poem by Caroline Norton (1808-1877). The Arab imagines his heart-break after selling his favorite horse. 8. A two-shilling coin. 9. Café offering musical entertainment.

"O, but I didn't!"

"Didn't she say that?"

"Yes. I heard her."

"O, there's a . . . fib!"

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

"Nö, thank you."

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

1. What are the chief qualities of the narrator's character? How are these emphasized by the feelings and behavior directed toward Mangan's sister?
2. What is the tone of the story and how is it affected by the narrator's language?
3. Discuss the importance of the setting.
4. Interpret the clause: "I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes."
5. What is the character of the uncle, and how does he affect the boy's wishes and feelings?
6. Is anything gained by the narrator through his frustration and humiliation?

JAMES JOYCE

A Little Cloud

EIGHT years before he had seen his friend off at the North Wall¹ and wished him godspeed. Gallaher had got on. You could tell that at once by his travelled air, his well-cut tweed suit, and fearless accent. Few fellows had talents like his and fewer still could remain unspoiled by such success. Gallaher's heart was in the right place and he had deserved to win. It was something to have a friend like that.

1. Cluster of docks and railway stations in Dublin.

ARABY

James Joyce (1882-1941)

Introduction : James Joyce was the son of lower middle class parents at Rothgar, a suburb of Dublin. He graduated in 1902. He was hostile to Roman Catholicism. He later settled in Paris. His chief works include *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Youngman* (1906) *Ulysses* (1922), *Finnegans Wake* etc.

Araby is one of the stories in *Dubliners*. It contains the details of Dublin life. It is autobiographical.

Analytical summary of the story :

¶ *The author and the Richmond Street :*

The author lived in North Richmond Street with his uncle and aunt. It was a blind quiet street. The former tenant (ভাড়াটে) of the house where the author lived had a few paper-covered books in a dark musty (অপরিষ্কার) room behind the kitchen. In winter, the place became gloomy with the dusk. The boys played in the dark muddy (কদমাজ) lanes behind the houses. They also played in the dark gardens where smells from ashpits (ছাইগাদা) and stables arose. They hid themselves in the shadow when they found the author's uncle turning the corner. They also saw the sister of their friend Mangan coming out of the door step to call her brother. Her brother teased her before he obeyed the call.

The author's fascination for Mangan's sister :

The author was fascinated with Mangan's sister. Every morning he watched her door. He kept her brown figure in his eye. But when he came near her, he passed her. He had hardly spoken to her. But her name tingled his blood. The author carried the image of Mangan's sister constantly. Even when he was in the midst of noise and crowd, in the market or in the street, she occupied him completely. Her name sprang to his lips and thrilled him. Of course he did not know whether he would ever speak to her or not.

On one rainy evening, he heard the rain falling on the earth, and his senses were thrilled and overwhelmed (অভিভূত) by the situation. He felt a deep passion of love.

The author's meeting with Mangan's sister :

One day at last Mangan's sister spoke to him. She asked him to go to Araby, a grand oriental fete held on Dublin at that time. She could not go there for a retreat in her convent school. The author remained fascinated by her figure and posture. The light from the lamp caught the white curve of her neck and lit up her hair. He promised to bring something for her, if he could go to Araby.

The author's visit to Araby :

The author fixed next Saturday for his visit to Araby. He was excited and restless. He could not settle down to any work. He neglected his school work. His teacher noted it. The word Araby cast a spell on him. The image of Mangan's sister haunted him in his daily work. Araby and Mangan's sister possessed him, and all other things were tedious and unbearable to him.

The author got the permission of his uncle for his visit to Araby. His aunt was surprised. He waited eagerly for his visit to the dreamland Araby.

On the appointed day, he returned from the school and was eager for starting for Araby. He could not go soon because his uncle did not return. His uncle returned at nine o'clock. He expressed regret for his delay, because he forgot the matter. He gave him the money for his visit.

The author rushed out and ran through the street to avail the train bound for Araby. The train reached the destination and he got down. He saw the word 'Araby' shining gorgeously on a large building.

The author was much excited. He could not find out the six penny entrance. He feared that the bazar would be closed. He paid a shilling to enter the bazar. He entered a big hall enclosed by a gallery. Almost all the stalls were closed and a large part of the hall was dark. About the stalls which were open, some men were gathered. Before a cafe, two men were counting coins. In one stall, he found some porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of a stall, he found a young lady talking with two gentlemen on a drab subject. The lady asked him if he wanted to buy anything. He did not like her mechanical business-like tone. He had no interest in the wares of the stall. He left the place in disgust.

Two pennies fell down from his pocket on the floor. The hall was soon completely dark. The author felt himself humiliated and derided by his own pride. He left the place in annoyance and anguish.

কাহিনী-সংক্ষেপ

লেখক তার কাকা ও কার্কাঁমার সঙ্গে উত্তর রিচমন্ড স্ট্রীটে বসবাস করতেন। এটা একটা শান্ত কানা গলি। কাছের ক্রিস্টিয়ান ব্রাদার্স-স্কুলের ছেলেমেয়েদের যখন ছুটি হত, তাদের কোলাহলে পথটা সরগরম হয়ে উঠতো। লেখকের বাড়ীতে আগে এক ধর্ম-বাজক ভাড়া থাকতেন। আগেকার বাসিন্দার কল্পেবকটি বই রান্নাঘরের পাশে অশ্ধকার অপরিষ্কার ঘরে ছড়ান ছিটানো কাগজের মধ্যে ছিল। তার মধ্যে ছিল স্কটের 'এ্যাভাট', ক্যাথলিকদের একটি প্রচার পুস্তিকা ও ডিডোর 'স্মৃতিকথা'। হলুদ মলাটের 'স্মৃতিকথা' বইটি লেখকের খুব পছন্দ ছিল। বাড়ীর পেছনের বাগানে ছিল একটা আপেল গাছ, আর ঝোপ-ঝাড়। শীতে জায়গাটা সন্ধ্যাবেলায় অশ্ধকার হয়ে যেত। বাড়ীর পেছনে অশ্ধকার কদমাস্ত রাস্তায় ছেলেরা খেলা করতো। আর্জনার স্তম্ভ এবং আস্তাবলের গাশ্বের মধ্যেও তারা খেলাধুলা করতো। যখন তার কাকা বাড়ী ফিরতেন অশ্ধকারের মধ্যে তারা লুকিয়ে পড়তো। তাদের বন্ধু Mangan-এর বোন মাঝে মাঝে দরজার কাছে এসে দাঁড়াতো। তার ভাইকে ডাকতো। ছেলেরা Mangan-এর বোনের জন্য অপেক্ষা করতো এবং তাকে দেখলেই অশ্ধকার থেকে বেরিয়ে এসে তার সঙ্গে তাদের বাড়ীর সিঁড়ি পর্যন্ত যেত। খোলা দরজার ফাঁক দিয়ে বেরিয়ে আসা আলোয় মেয়েটির শরীরের গঠন প্রকাশ পেত।

লেখক রেলিং-এর ধারে দাঁড়িয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে মেয়েটিকে দেখতেন। ছেলোট (লেখক) Mangan-এর বোনের রূপে মূগ্ধ হয়েছিল। প্রত্যেক সকালে দরজার দিকে তাকিয়ে থাকতো। মেয়েটির বাদামী আকৃতি তার চোখের সামনে ধরা দিত। কিন্তু মেয়েটিকে সে এড়িয়ে চলতো। তার সঙ্গে কথা বলতে স্বেচ্ছা ছিল। কিন্তু তার নাম লেখকের মনে শিহরণ তুলতো। মেয়েটির চেহারা তার সঙ্গে সঙ্গে যেত। বাজারে অথবা রাস্তায় কোলাহলে এবং—ভাড়ের মধ্যে মেয়েটি তার মনকে অধিকার করে থাকতো। তার নাম গুপ্তে আনতো এবং মনকে আবেশে ভরিয়ে দিত। সে কখনও ভাবেনি যে মেয়েটির সঙ্গে তার কথা হবে। একদিন বর্ষার বিকেলে বৃষ্টির শব্দে তার চেতনায় ভালবাসার অনুরণন জেগে উঠল। সে মেয়েটির প্রতি প্রেমের আবেগ অনুভব করলো। মেয়েটির প্রতি তার গভীর ভালবাসা তার সমস্ত হৃদয়-গুলিতে যেন অসার করে দিচ্ছিল। সে কেঁপে উঠলো—তার অস্তরের ভালবাসা নিজের কাছেই ব্যস্ত করলো।

একদিন Mangan-এর বোন তার সঙ্গে কথা বললো। সে তাকে ডাবলিনে অনর্দিত Araby-র আড়-বরণে প্রাচ্যদেশীয় বাজারে যেতে বললো। বিদ্যালয়ের ধর্মীয় অনর্দানে ব্যস্ত থাকার জন্য সে যেতে পারবে না। ছেলোট মেয়েটির অগভীর্ণতে মোহিত হয়ে গেল। বাতির আলো মেয়েটির বর্ষিকম গ্রীবা এবং

চুলগুলিকে আলোকিত করেছে। আলো পড়ছিল তার হাতের ওপর, তার মেয়েলি পোষাকের নীচে সাদা পাড়ের ওপর—তার কল্পনাকে আলোড়িত করলো। আরেবী এই শব্দ তার ঠোঁট থেকে খসে পড়লো আর কানের ভিতর দিয়ে তার মস্তলোকে প্রবেশ করলো। তার আত্ম উল্লসিত হয়ে উঠলো—সে দেখলো আরেবীর জাদুলোক। সে আরেবী থেকে তার কল্পলোকের প্রেমিকার জন্য কিছু উপহার আনার প্রতিশ্রুতি দিল।

ছেলেটি শনিবার ঘাবার দিন ঠিক করলো। সে উত্তেজিত ও অস্থির হয়ে উঠলো। কোন কাজে মন বসাতে পারল না। বিদ্যালয়ের কাজ অবহেলিত হল। শিক্ষকরা দেখলেন। আরেবী শব্দটি তার মনে এক অজানা রহস্য নিয়ে এল। মেয়েটির মর্তি তার মনকে আবিষ্ট করে রাখল। আরেবী এবং মেয়েটি তার জীবনে ধ্যানজ্ঞান হয়ে রইল—অন্য সব চিন্তা ও কাজ তার কাছে অসহ্য ও বিরক্তিকর।

কাকার কাছে আরেবী ঘাবার অনুমতি পেয়ে গেল। কার্কীমা ভয় পেয়ে গেলেন—আরেবী কোন ক্যাথলিক বিরোধী গুপ্ত সমিতি ভেবে। ছেলেটি (লেখক) আরেবীর স্বপ্নজগতে ঘাবার জন্য উদগ্রীব ভাবে অপেক্ষা করতে লাগল। নির্দিষ্ট দিনে তার কাকাকে আরেবী ঘাবার কথা মনে করিয়ে দিল। শব্দুলে গেল ধীর পানে। বাতাস ভেজা ও অকরুণ। সন্ধ্যাবেলায় ফিরে এসে দেখলো কাকা তখনও ফেরেননি। ঘাড়ের শব্দ তার কাছে বিরক্তিকর হয়ে উঠলো। উপরের খালি ঘরগুলোতে বেড়াতে বেড়াতে গান করতে লাগল। নীচে ছেলেরা খেলা করছিল। তাঁকরে দেখতে লাগলো মেয়েটির দেখা যার কিনা। মেয়েটিকে দেখতে পেল না। সে কল্পনার মেয়েটির বাঁকম প্রীবার, বাদামী পোষাকের সাদা পাড়ে আলো দেখতে লাগল। আটটা বেজে গেল। নীচে নেমে এসে দেখলো কাকা তখনও আসেন নি। মিসেস মাসার চায়ের টেবিলে খোস গল্প করছিলেন। তিনিও বিদায় নিলেন। কার্কীমা বললেন যে সন্ধ্যায় আর আরেবীতে যাওয়া হবে না।

নটার কাকা এলেন। কাকা মত্ত অবস্থায় ছিলেন। কার্কীমা তাকে টাকা দিতে বললেন। (সে ৩ শিলিং নিয়ে ছুটে চললো।)

স্টেশনে গাড়ী দাঁড়িয়ে ছিল। অতি ধীর অলস গতিতে ট্রেনটি চলতে লাগলো। একটা সাময়িক ভাবে তৈরী করা কাঠের প্ল্যাটফর্মের কাছে গাড়ী থামলো! দূর থেকে একটা বড় বাড়ীর গায়ে লেখা দেখলো 'আরেবী'। রাত তখন দশটা বাজতে দশ মিনিট বাকী। তার আশঙ্কা হল যে বাজার ততক্ষণে বন্ধ হয়ে গেছে। তাড়াতাড়িতে (এক শিলিং নিয়ে ঢুকে পড়লো।) একটা বড় হলঘর গমলারি দিয়ে ঘেরা। কিছুটা অশুভকার। মনে হল গির্জার প্রার্থনা শেষে নীরবতা বিরাজ করছে। প্রায় সব দোকানই বন্ধ। একটি কফি খোলা আছে, দুটি লোক টাকা গুণছে। চীনে মাটির ফুলদানি, চায়ের বাসন ইত্যাদি সাজানো দোকানের সামনে সে এক তরুণীকে দেখতে পেল—দুটি যুবকের সঙ্গে হাসাহাসি করছে, আবার ঝগড়া করছে। তরুণীটি তার কাছে এসে জিজ্ঞাসা করছে কিছু কিনবে কিনা। তার স্বরে কোন মাধুর্য ছিল না—একটা ব্যবসায়িক যান্ত্রিক স্বর। সে তৎক্ষণাৎ

বসই স্থান ত্যাগ করল। তার পকেট থেকে দু'টি পেনি মেবের উপর অশুধকারে পড়ে গেল। কিছুক্ষণের মধ্যে আলো নিভে গেল। হলঘরে অশুধকার নেমে এল।

ছেলোটি হতাশ ও অপমানিত বোধ করলো। তার স্বপ্নলোক ভেঙ্গে গেল। নিজের মোহকে ধিক্কার দিতে লাগলো। রাগে ও দুঃখে, অপমানে ও হতাশায় সে স্থান পরিত্যাগ করে চলে গেল।

WORD-NOTES AND ANNOTATIONS

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Blind—street which is closed—যে রাস্তা বন্ধ হয়ে গেছে, একদিক খোলা।

North Richmond Street—Joyce and his family moved to 17 North Richmond Street, Dublin in 1894.

Christian Brothers' School—a school run by a catholic religious community.

Uninhabited house—পড়া বাড়ি। *Detached*—অসংলগ্ন। *Conscious*—সচেতন। *Gazed at*—তাকিয়ে থাকতো। *Imperturbable*—calm, শান্ত।

Waste room—spare room ; অতিরিক্ত ঘর।

Tenant—ভাড়াটে। *Priest*—ধর্মযাজক। *Musty*—অপরিষ্কার।

Littered—scattered ; ছড়ান।

Curled—দু'মডান। *Damp*—স্যাঁৎ সোঁতে।

The Abbot—a historical novel by Walter Scott.

The Devout Communicant—a catholic manual.

Devout—pious, ধর্মপ্রাণ।

The memoirs of Vidocq—Francois Eugene Vidocq—a soldier, thief and detective.

Rusty—মরচে ধরা।

Charitable—beneficent.

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Sombre—gloomy. *Feeble*—weak.

The career of our play—the movement of our play.

Gauntlet—risk ; ঝুঁকি, শাস্তি।

Odorous stables—আস্তাবলের দুর্গন্ধ।

Ashpits—places where household refuse is pumped—আবর্জনার জায়গা।

Buckled harness—ঘোড়ার গলায় আবশ্য ঘণ্টা।

Peer—look narrowly. *Resignedly*—submissively.

Teased—vexed ; বিরক্ত করা।

Soft rope—ribbon ; ফিতা।

Swung—turned. *Parlour*—বৈঠকখানা। *Sash*—শার্শী।

Casual—occasional ; সাময়িক।

Summons—আহ্বান, call.

Hostile—opposite ; বিরুদ্ধ।

Flaring sreet—spreading out ; চওড়া রাস্তা।

Jostled—pushed ; ঠেলাঠেলি করা।

Drunker—নেশাগ্রস্ত।

Bargaining women—ক্রয়বিক্রয়কারী মহিলা (দরকষাকষি করা)।

Shrill—তীক্ষ্ণ।

Litanies—songs.

Barrels of pigs' cheeks—সুরের মাংস ঝুলিয়ে রাখার দণ্ড।

Nasa!—sound coming through the nose ; নাকিসুঁরে।

Come-all-you—opening line of a ballad (song).

O' Donovan Rossa—The popular name of the 19th century Irish nationalist.

Converged—combined ; মিলিত হওয়া।

Chalice—Holy Grail, Jesus Christ-এর শেষ ভোজনের পাত্র—মধ্যযুগের knights-রা এই পাত্র অশেষভাবে নানা adventure-এ লিপ্ত হতেন।

Harj—বাঁগাঘস্ত।

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Adoration—worship.

Impinge on—fall on with sound.

Incessant needies of water—অবিশ্রান্ত জলের ছুঁচ।

Sodden beds—wet earth.

Veil themselves—cover themselves ; আবৃত করা।

Araby—oriental fete held in Dublin, 14 to 19 May, 1894.

Retreat—a period at her catholic convent school devoted to religious observance.

Innumerable follies—many foolish acts.

Laid waste—destroyed ; নষ্ট করা।

Annihilate—reduce, destroy ; ধ্বংস করা।

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Luxuriated—indulged in luxury.

Freemason's affair—The Freemasons are an old-established secret society. They had reputation for anti-catholic activities.

Fussing—making noise.

Curtly—in a short way.

Raw—cold.

Liberated—made one free.

Discreetly—intelligently.

Garrulous—talkative.

Pawn-broker—জিনিসপত্র বশক রেখে টাকা ধার দেওয়ার দালাল।

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Latchkey—ছিটকিনি খোলার চাবি।

The Arab's Farewell to his steed—A sentimental poem by the 19th century poetess, Caroline Norton.

Flora—coin.

Deserted train—empty train.

Cafe chantant—singing cafe.

Porcelain vases—china vases.

Feb—lie. Lingered—stayed long.

Derided—mocked.

Vanity—pride.

Anguish—sorrow.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Write in brief the story of Araby.

Ans. Araby is a story about a boy's dreams and love and romance. It is a boy's frustrated quest (অন্বেষণ) for beauty and romance in the drab (নিরানন্দময়) surroundings of Dublin city that forms the core of the story. It is again a symbolic representation of a universal aspect of human experience—the relation between dreams and reality.

The author during his boyhood lived in North Richmond Street, a blind and quiet street. The surroundings were drab. The street became dark with the dusk. The lanes were muddy with smells of ashpits and stables. There was no open space. The boys used to play in the muddy lanes. When they returned from their play, it was dark and the light from the kitchen windows served to illumine their way through the street outside. The shadows of houses were cast here and there, and the boys used to hide in the shadows in order to avoid their guardians.

Thus the author lived in an atmosphere of dullness and darkness with the dirt and shadows cast all around.

In the midst of these dull surroundings, the boy felt the thrill of romance and love. The sister of his friend Mangan thrilled his senses and haunted his imagination. He craved to see her although he could not speak to her. The image of the girl haunted him in the crowds and noises of the street. On a rainy evening, when rains were falling on the street, he felt thrilled, and longed for love.

One day the girl spoke to him. She asked him to go to Araby, a grand oriental fete held in Dublin. She could not go there because of a retreat in her convent school. He was enchanted by the figure and attitude of the girl. She had silver bracelet round her wrist. The light from the lamp caught the white curve of her neck and lit up her hair. For him, she was romance incarnate (রোমান্সের প্রতিমূর্তি). He promised to bring for her something if he went.

Araby became a dreamland for the boy. It was an oriental bazar associated with romance and grandeur. It was made more romantic for the boy because his dream-girl asked him to go there. He fixed next Saturday for his visit to Araby. He had restless days during the intervening period. He could not mind his lessons. The image of the girl haunted his mind. He got the permission of his uncle. His aunt was surprised.

On the appointed day, he returned from the school. But his departure was delayed because of the late return of his uncle. He came at 9 o'clock. He took the money from his uncle and rushed out to catch the train bound for Araby. When he reached there, it was night. Many stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was dark. There was silence. A few people gathered round the stalls still open. Before a cafe, two men were counting money. In another stall, a young lady was gossiping with two gentlemen. The lady asked him in a mechanical tone if he would buy anything. He turned away slowly; two pennies fell down from his pocket on the floor. Then the hall became dark. He left the place in anger and anguish. His dreams were shattered by the reality of the Araby.

Q. 2. Bring out the theme of the story, Araby. Do you agree with the view that the story presents man's universal, and universally frustrated search for the ideal?

Ans. 'Araby' by James Joyce turns on the theme of relation

between dreams and reality. It is basically a story of Joyce's own childhood. As a boy he lived in the drab surroundings of Dublin city. He pined for romance and beauty. The beautiful sister of his friend Mangan brought for him the taste of romance and ideal beauty. Her image haunted him night and day in lonely hours and in the crowds and noises of the street. In the morning, he lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. Her brown figure remained before his vision. He had never spoken to her. Her figure and gestures tingled (শিহরন হওয়া) his blood and thrilled his senses and mind. One evening, rain was falling on the street with sound. From the quiet drawing room he could see the drops playing in the wet street. The distant lamp and lighted window gleamed below him. He felt the passion of love.

One day, his dream-girl spoke to him. She spoke about the dreamland Araby. Araby was an oriental fete associated with glamour and grandeur. It was another romantic affair for him. It was made more romantic and ideal because his dream-girl spoke about it. His cravings for the romance and beauty made him restless. He resolved to go there on next Saturday. He was excited and thrilled by the prospect of going to this dream land. But he reached the place late at night. Many stalls were closed and the hall was partly dark. A few men gathered here and there. Before a café, two men were counting money. He could hear the sound of the coins. In another stall, a young lady was gossiping with two gentlemen in a frivolous (চপল) manner. She asked him if he would buy anything in a casual manner. He left the stall in disgust. Two pennies from his pocket fell on the floor. Then there was complete darkness in the hall. He left the place in anguish and anger. Araby fell far short of his dreams. His dream world was shattered to pieces and he came to know the reality of the bazar, where coins were counted, gossip was done and mechanical bargaining was made. There was the same dullness and darkness here. He thought that Araby was full of romance and grandeur for all time. But here also as night drew near, darkness pervaded the place. He was filled with anguish for his disillusion (হতাশা) and anger for all his troubles needlessly undertaken.

The story may also be taken as a frustrated (হতাশ) quest for the

ideal. Araby is a symbol of the ideal for which a man craves. Araby together with the girl represents for the boy the ideal of beauty and romance. In the drab surroundings of Dublin city, the boy found the romance in the beautiful girl and in her offer to him to go to Araby. He resolved to go to Araby for the sake of his dream-girl. He would bring for her a gift. He was like a knight of the medieval age going out on an adventure for the sake of his lady love. The boy thought that he bore his chalice—which linked him with the search for the Holy Grail. For the sake of his beloved, he went out in search of his dream world symbolised by Araby. But his search for the ideal beauty was baffled (বিফল), because his dreamland, Araby did not come up to his ideal. He found here the same dullness and drabness—the same mercantile and mechanised living that he saw in his everyday surroundings.

The story records the universal frustration in the universal search for the ideal. Deep in the human heart, there is the craving (আকাঙ্ক্ষা) for beauty and romance. Everyman wishes to lift himself out of the drab surroundings and get the thrill of romance and beauty. Mangan's sister is for the boy the embodiment of this romance and beauty; Araby is the dreamland of romance and beauty. The boy's excursion into dreamland of Araby at the command of his lady-love whose image he carries in the heart symbolises the universal yearning for ideal beauty. The boy's failure to realise the ideal, his mortification (বিরক্তি) and anger at the dullness of Araby, his disillusionment signify the universal failure and frustration in realising the ideal beauty. It symbolises one aspect of universal experience.

Q. 3. What do you regard as the central theme of *Araby*? Discuss, in this connection, the significance of the title of the story.

Ans. See Answer to Q 2 & 10.

Q. 4. "Araby is a realistic story with symbolic overtones"—Discuss.

Ans. *Araby* is one of the earlier stories of James Joyce in *Dubliners* and depicts the drab and dull metropolitan life with accurate realism. Against the background of drab metropolitan life, it delineates with subtle suggestions the romantic yearnings and dreams of a boy brought up in the dark and dingy milieu (নোংরা পরিবেশ) of the city.

The story is autobiographical and the boy spoken of in the story is James Joyce himself.

He was brought up in his boyhood in North Richmond Street in Dublin which was a blind and quiet street. Its grim silence was broken only after school hours of the Christian Brothers' School. A deserted house of two stories was at the end of that blind street and remained detached from the neighbouring houses. Other houses on both sides of the street had a pale calm look despite the decent living of their inmates.

The street was covered with houses. The sky could hardly be visible. During winter days, dusk fell earlier than elsewhere. The boys played in the street, in the muddy lanes with ashpits and stables scattered here and there. When they returned from play, it was all dark, and the light from the kitchen windows served to illumine their way through the street. The shadows were cast in some places, and the boys used to hide in the shadows to avoid their guardians.

The city was full of crowds and noises. There were drunken men and bargaining women, the shrill cries of shop boys, the nasal (নাকিসুরে) singing by street singers. These cries and crowds were repulsive (বিরাটিকর) to the boy.

The boy lived in an old house. Air was musty in all the rooms. A spare room behind the kitchen was scattered with old useless papers. He found a few paper-covered books like Walter Scott's *The Abbot*, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*. There was a wild garden behind the house, and it contained an apple tree and some straggling bushes (কোপঝাড়).

Thus the author presents realistic details to depict the background of the life of the boy in the city. It was a city of dullness and darkness, dirt and shadows. There was no space, no sky and no light. The atmosphere of gloom and dullness seems to stifle the boy as it were.

This realistic background is depicted to highlight the romantic cravings of the boy in symbolic suggestions. The story combines realism with symbolism in a remarkable degree. The girl, the sister of the boy's friend, Mangan releases the deeper yearnings of the boy. For the boy, she is romance incarnate. He pines to look at her in

the morning from the parlour floor. He passes by her without speaking to her. He goes through the crowds and noises of the street carrying the image of the girl. She was, as it were, her chalice, *The Holy Grail* for the quest of which the knights of the medieval age went on perilous adventures. The boy also is engaged in this quest for ideal beauty. In one rainy evening when rains were falling with beautiful sound on the street, the boy felt the passion of love.

The boy's quest for beauty receives a great impetus (অনুপ্রেরণা) from the call of his beloved. She asks him to go to Araby. Araby is an oriental fete held in Dublin. It is associated with glamour and grandeur. It is a dream world of ideal beauty. The boy is inspired to go there, because he would bring something for his lady-love. He is again like a medieval knight going out in the quest for ideal beauty symbolised by chalice for the sake of his lady love. Araby symbolises the dream of beauty, and the girl symbolises love. The boy is in quest of love and beauty. From the dream world of beauty, he will bring something for his dream girl.

The boy is however baffled and disillusioned (বিফল এবং হতাশ). Araby is not that dream world of beauty. It is just a conventional shopping centre. He reaches there late when darkness and dullness is setting over the place. Many stalls are closed; a few people are gathered here and there. Before a cafe, two men are counting money. Before another stall, a young girl is gossiping with two gentlemen. The counting of money and the dull gossip of the girl with two men shatter his dream about the place. The girl asks him if he would take anything. Gradually the whole hall becomes dark. Two pennies fall from his pocket on the floor. He leaves the place humiliated, anguished and annoyed. It symbolises the disillusionment and anguish of the boy whose quest for ideal beauty is thus frustrated (বিফল).

Q. 5. Reproduce briefly, after Joyce, the background (or details) of Dublin life in his story, Araby.

Ans. See Answer to Q. 4. (paras 1—6).

Q. 6. Bring out the symbolic meaning of the story 'Araby' with reference to the story.

Ans. See Answer to Q. 2.

Q. 7. Relate the author's experience at the bazaar. What does this symbolise ?
[C. U. B. A. 1990]

Ans. *Araby* relates the author's visit to Araby, a grand oriental fete which was held in Dublin between the 14th and the 19th May, in 1894. As a boy, the author had a romantic dream about Araby. It was for him a grand bazar with all the glamour and beauty. He was eager to go there when the sister of his friend Mangan asked him to go. His keenness to go there was intensified by this fervent call of the girl who was for him the embodiment (প্রতিমূর্তি) of romance and charm. He was eager to bring for her a gift. A gift for the romantic girl from the dreamland of romance and glamour would satisfy his romantic cravings which he had been nurturing (পোষণ করা) in his bosom in the midst of the stifling (স্বাসরোধকারী) conditions of dirt and noise of the Dublin city.

The author fixed next Saturday for his visit to Araby. He spent restless days during the intervening period. On the appointed day in the morning, he reminded his uncle of his intended visit. He returned from the school. His uncle had not yet been home. His departure was delayed by the late return of his uncle at 9 p.m. His uncle regretted his delay and gave him money for his journey. He rushed through the street to avail the train. He reached the destination almost at ten. He could not find the six penny entrance. He entered the bazar by handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. Almost all the stalls were closed. The hall was partly dark. There was a dull silence all over. At the centre of the bazar, a few people were gathered at the stalls which were still open. Before a cafe, two men were counting money. He could hear the sound of the coins. In this dull and dark atmosphere of the bazar, he had almost forgotten the purpose of his visit. He found a young lady talking and laughing with two gentlemen at a stall which displayed porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. The lady asked him if he would buy anything in a very mechanical and matter-of-fact way. He left the stall; his interest in the wares was not genuine. He walked down the middle of the bazar. Two pennies fell from his pocket on the floor. Soon the light went out and the entire hall was dark. He felt himself derided and he left the place in anguish and anger.

The dullness and the frivolity of the place, its commercialism and conventionality destroyed his illusion about the place.

Q. 8. "Araby is not a mere story, it is much better than a story; it is vivid waiting."—Discuss.

Or, Discuss, without giving a mere summary of the story, the theme of idealistic search for beauty in Araby.

Ans. *Araby* by James Joyce depicts a state of mind. It is not a mere story of a boy's craving for romance and beauty. It does not show by a sequence of events the boy's romance and disappointment. It evokes a psychological state in which the boy's vivid waiting for the ideal beauty is poignantly suggested.

The story begins with the description of the dull surroundings of the Dublin city in which the boy is brought up. The house and the street on which the house is situated are both dull, musty and gloomy. There is no space, no sky. Even the boy's vigour and energy cannot be best expressed through plays and movements. He has to move in muddy lanes and shadows through ashpits and stables. In this gloomy atmosphere, he has a glimpse of a beautiful girl, the sister of his friend, Mangan. She is the very embodiment of romance and beauty. She brings for him the relish (আস্বাদ) of romance. She releases in him the springs of dreams and desires. She awakens in him the deepest aspirations and most intimate yearnings. He longs for love and beauty. He does not speak to her; he does not meet her; he only wants for the fulfilment of love and romance. He carries in his heart her image and moves through the dull crowds and disgusting noises of the streets. He watches her and waits for a view of her with romantic yearnings.

Araby is a dreamland of beauty and romance. He cherishes in his heart illusions about the place of beauty and glamour. When he is asked to go there by his beloved, he is fascinated by the prospect of making journey there and bringing a gift for her lady love. He is like a knight going out on perilous adventures for the quest of the Holy Grail. Araby and the girl are visions of ideal beauty for which the boy waits and which he will never realise in his life. They are unattainable objects for him which will ever allure (আকর্ষণ করা) him only to get disillusioned.

The story therefore records the vivid waiting for beauty, and the tragedy of waiting.

Q. 9. Consider *Araby* as a short story.

[C. U. B. A. '89, '91, '94]

Ans. *Araby* is not a conventional story. With Lawrence, Joyce and others (including Katherine Mansfield) the story has come to mean focussing a state of mind, illumining the sub-conscious mind where dreams and desires lie latent. The story is used for evoking a mood or atmosphere. It does not tell a traditional tale of characters and situations. *Araby* focusses on the quest for beauty which is universal and the frustration of the quest which is also universal. The story is symbolic of human predicament—human aspirations and their frustration. But the symbolic tale is told against the realistic background of Dublin life. The author gives a minute delineation of the details of a commercial city—its blind and quiet street, its muddy lanes, ashpits and stables, its lack of space and open sky, its darkness and dullness, its crowds and noises. Vivid realistic details invest the otherwise symbolic story with the colour and tone of the everyday life. The story is thus appreciated on two levels—realistic and symbolic.

The character of the boy is also realistically described and symbolically presented. His disgust with the musty atmosphere of the house and the noisy street, his boyish vigour in the play, his romantic yearnings for the girl, his sly look at her, his fascination for her beautiful figure and posture, his passion of love on a rainy evening are very much realistic but his desire is romantic—he looks upon the girl as an object of beauty. *Araby* gleams before him as a dreamland, here he would go for bringing a gift for his dream girl. His frustration is also romantic disillusionment. Thus the story is a fine blend of realism and romanticism—it is realistic and symbolic.

Q. 10. What is the meaning of *Araby*? Explain the appropriateness of the title of Joyce's story.

[C. U. B. A. 1993, '96]

Ans. *Araby* is the name given to a 'Grand Oriental Fete' held in Dublin, 14 to 19 May, 1894. It is associated with opulence, glamour and grandeur (ধন, ষাদু ও আড়ম্বর) .

In the story, *Araby* symbolises the dreamworld of romance and beauty. For the boy in the story, it is a far-off land of romance to

which he makes journey for bringing a gift for the girl of his ideal. He is like a chivalrous knight of the medieval age going out in search of the Holy Grail. Araby is connected with oriental pomp and romance, mystery and thrill. It symbolises the illusion of the boy about the ideal beauty. It allures the boy only to give him the rude shock of reality. When he goes there, he finds that Araby is not what he has expected. Its conventionality, dullness, its commercialism, frivolity (চপলতা) and darkness destroy his dreams and illusion about it. He feels humiliated, ridiculed and frustrated.

The story tells the dreams and their frustration of a boy. He lives in an old musty house in the drab surroundings of the city. He plays in muddy lanes in the midst of ash-pits and stables. The lack of space and open sky, darkness and shadows narrow down his world and confine his spirit. In the midst of this gloom and drabness, he has a relish of romance in the sight of a beautiful girl, the sister of his friend, Mangan. He finds joy in a sly look at her. He carries her image in his heart in his struggle through the noise and crowds of the street. He feels the passion of love on a rainy evening as he hears the patter patter of the rains on the street. When she asks him to go to Araby, he feels enchanted and thrilled. He will go to the dream land for which he has been waiting and bring a gift for the lady of his ideal. He becomes excited and restless. He goes late at night on a Saturday. But he does not find his ideal there. His long quest for ideal beauty is frustrated by the actual experience of it. His dream remains unrealised. He becomes anguished and angry.

Araby is therefore a symbol. It is a symbol of ideal beauty and romance which is however lost in the dull reality. The boy's quest for it and his failure symbolise the aspirations and their frustration in every human heart. Araby represents a universal human experience—search for the ideal in the drab surroundings and its frustration. Considered from the symbolical character of the story, the title is appropriate. Araby—the unfamiliarity of the name and its association with oriental pomp and romance call up the picture of a dreamland to which human heart aspires.

Q. 11. How does Joyce present the contrast between dream and fantasy in Araby? [C. U. B. A. 1989]

Ans. See Answer to Q. 10.

Q. 12. Sketch the character of the boy in Araby.

[C. U. B. A. 1992]

Ans. The boy in Araby is Joyce himself. The story is autobiographical. Joyce himself lived in Richmond Street in the midst of dull surroundings. But he, like the boy had a sensitive soul.

The boy used to play with his friends in the street but had a revulsion (ঘৃণা) for the dirty stables and ashpits, dull, dark surroundings. His friend, Mangan's sister awakened his romantic longings. Her appearance, her body, her dress, her curved neck produced great emotional reactions. They did not speak, but he bore her image through the hostile surroundings. He was essentially sensitive and romantic. He is an adolescent (উর্জিত বয়স্ক) and the girl's charms of body and dress awakened sensuous feelings of love.

When the girl spoke to him and asked him to go to Araby, the grand oriental fete held in Dublin, his romantic mind was stirred to the depth (গভীরে নাড়া দিল). He felt like a knight of the medieval age and wanted to do some service to the lady he loved. He would bring something grand and romantic for the girl who was for him the embodiment of ideal beauty and romance. He fixed one Saturday for his visit to Araby, but the intervening period was one of restlessness and excitements. His visit to Araby was, however, a total failure. He expected romantic grandeur and glamour (আড়ম্বর এবং আকর্ষণ) but he found it to be a common market where commercial transactions, idle gossip, and dull and dark atmosphere prevailed. He was disappointed and humiliated. He could not take anything beautiful for his lady. The girl and Araby were symbols of romance and ideal beauty for the boy. He cherished an illusion for Araby. He went to Araby like a knight on a dangerous adventure. Araby and the girl are visions of ideal beauty, but they remained unattainable objects for him. The story records his vivid waiting for this ideal beauty. But ultimately he is disappointed and humiliated.

Q. 13. What is the boy's impression of Araby? [C.U.B.A. 1990]

Ans. See Answer to Q. 7.

Q. 14. Give an account of the boy's "frustrated quest for beauty in the drab surroundings of Araby." [C. U. B. A. 1992]

Ans. The boy (James Joyce himself) lived in the drab surroundings. B. A. Eng. (II)—2

ings of Richmond street in Dublin. The house and the street on which the house is situated are dull, musty and bleak. There is no space, no sky. He has to play in muddy lanes and shadows through ashpits and stables. The streets through which he has to move are noisy with the street hawkers, jabbering customers, bargaining women and ballad singers.

In these surroundings, he has a glimpse of a beautiful girl, the sister of his friend, Mangan. She inspires her romantic feelings. She awakens in him the deepest aspirations and intimate longings. He longs for love and beauty. The boy stands by the railings and looks at her. The swing of the dress as the girl moves her body and the tossing of the ribbon of her hair attract him.

Thus the boy finds new romantic interest in the girl. Once when rain patters on the street, the boy feels the urge of love. His heart leaps up when he has a glimpse of her. The mere mention of her name makes his blood rush. Her image accompanies him even in places hostile to him. He is like a medieval knight making a quest for the Holy Grail (beauty and romance).

The boy's quest for beauty receives an impetus when Mangan's sister asks him to go to Araby. There is an eastern enchantment to the ear of the boy. The love-laden soul is awakened to a new dream, new hope for the quest of beauty. Araby is for the boy the land of romance. He would bring a gift from Araby for his ideal lover. Araby is connected with oriental pomp, romance, mystery and thrill. It symbolises the illusion of the boy about ideal beauty. The girl and Araby are connected in the boy's adolescent (উচ্চ বয়স) mind with romantic longings. He will go to the dreamland for which he has been waiting. He is excited and restless.

He goes late at night on a Saturday. His journey is lonely and weary (ক্লান্তিকর). He cannot enter by the six penny entrance. He pays a shilling to enter the bazar. Thus his quest shows his physical and mental troubles. A knight goes through various difficulties in his quest for the Holy Grail. At last he arrives at the bazar. But the stalls are closed; there is dullness and darkness everywhere. There are conventional talks, commercial transactions, frivolous gossips. His ideal is shattered. He is a frustrated, disillusioned man.

Q. 15. The boy in Araby is a romancer. —Discuss

Or,

Describe the boy's romantic dreams in Araby. [C. U. B. A. 1982]

Or,

Araby deals with the love of an adolescent mind. —Discuss.

Ans. See Answer to Q. 12.

Q. 16. How did the boy feel in the intervening period between the girl's request to him to go to Araby and his visit to the place.

Ans. Mangan's sister with her brown figure and beautiful movements cast an enchantment on the boy. Her image sustained him and led him through the hostile crowds and noises of the streets. Her name came to his lips often in prayers and praises. He did not know if he would be able to speak to her ever.

One day she spoke to him. She asked him if he was going to Araby, a grand oriental fete held in Dublin between 14 and 19 May, 1894. There was a splendid bazar there. The girl could not go there because of a retreat that week in the convent. This request of the girl whom he cherished in his heart stirred him to the depth. He agreed to go to Araby and bring a gift for his lover.

Since the time he agreed to her call to go to Araby, he began to pass restless days and nights. He was excited and thrilled. He made many follies in the days and nights. He wanted to destroy the intervening period between the proposal to go to Araby and actual visit to the place. His hours were tedious. He could not read. The image of the girl came between him and the page. He could answer few questions in the class. He could not collect his wandering thoughts and settle in any serious work. Serious work seemed to be child's play as it came between him and his desire. Work was ugly and monotonous.

Q. 17. How did the boy spend the day when he would go to Araby?

Ans. The boy fixed Saturday night for going to Araby. His aunt permitted him to go after a little surprise and suspicion. The boy reminded his uncle about his intended visit on Saturday morning.

The boy came home in the evening for dinner. His uncle did not return from office till then. He sat staring at the clock; its ticking irritated him. He mounted the staircase and went to the

upper part of the house. He went from room to room singing. The high, cold, empty rooms gave him freedom. He heard the cries of his playmates playing in the street. He looked over the dark house where the girl lived. He imagined her brown figure, her curved neck touched by lamplight, her hand at the railing and the border below the dress.

When he came downstairs, he found Mrs Mercer, a pawn-broker's talking. He had to endure the talks. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour, but still his uncle did not come. It was past eight at night. He began to walk up and down.

At nine o' clock, his uncle came. He was drunk. When he was midway through the dinner he asked him to give the money to go the bazaar. He had forgotten. The uncle said that it was time for going to bed. His aunt asked his husband to give him money and allow him to go with a florin in his hand, he set out for Araby.

Q. 18. The syllables of the word Araby cast an Eastern enchantment.

When did the syllables of Araby produced this reaction and what was the actual experience ?

Ans. The syllables of the word Araby were called to him through the silence in which his soul luxuriated and cast an eastern enchantment over him. When the word was uttered by his lover Mangan's sister, it came to his mind with all the oriental pomp and charms. It was to him a place of romance and glamour. The girl and Araby were associated in his mind with ideal beauty and romance. The word Araby fell from the lips of his beautiful girl and it took on an additional charm and romance.

But the actual Araby fell short of his ideal Araby.

See Answer to Q 8

Q. 19. 'I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes.'

In what context, the author had this imagination ? What is chalice ? Explain the significance of the line.

Ans. See Expls. 3 and 4.

Q. 20. How were the young boy's dreams of romance and beauty shatted at the end of Joyce's *Araby* ?

Ans. See Answer to Q. 7.

[C. U. 1995]

Objective type Questions and Answers

Q. 1. Where did the author of Araby live in his boyhood ?

Ans. James Joyce, the author of Araby lived in a rented house at North Richmond Street in Dublin in his boyhood.

Q. 2. Where was North Richmond Street ? How does the author describe the street ?

Ans. North Richmond Street was in Dublin. It was a blind quiet street. Its quiet was disturbed when the Christian Brothers' School broke up for the day and children rushed out in the street. The street was covered with houses. There was a deserted house at the blind end, and other houses stood quietly with their silent exteriors in spite of the affluence inside.

Q. 3. Who was the former tenant of the house ? What sort of man was he ? What did the author find in his room ? [C. U. 1995]

Ans. The former tenant of the house was a priest. He was a charitable priest and he left all his money to institutions and the furniture to his sister. He found in his room a few paper-covered books. These books included Walter Scott's *The Abbot*, *The Devout Communicant*, *The Memoirs of Vidocq*.

Q. 4. Where did Joyce as a boy and his friends play ?

Ans. Joyce and his friends played in the street. They were often led to dark muddy lanes in the midst of ashpits and stables at the back portion of the houses of the street.

Q. 5. Where did the boys hide to avoid the author's guardian, the uncle ?

Ans. The boys were led to the lanes in course of their play. When they returned to the street, light from kitchen windows filled the areas. The boy hid in the shadows in order to avoid the author's uncle.

Q. 6. Who attracted the boys during their play ? What was the author's feeling about the person ? [C. U. 1987]

Ans. The sister of their friend, Mangan attracted the boys. She came out on the doorstep to call her brother to tea. The boys looked at her from the shadows. The author as a boy was much attracted by the girl. He stood by the railings to look at her. Every morning she lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door.

He felt thrilled when she came out on the doorstep. Her brown figure was always before his eye.

Q. 7. How did the author as a boy carry the image of the girl ?

Ans. The author carried the image of Mangan's sister in his heart when he moved through the crowds of the noisy streets of Dublin. He imagined that he bore his chalice through the crowd of enemies.

Q. 8. What did chalice mean ? What is its connection in the story ?

Ans. Chalice was the cup from which Christ had His last supper. It was the Holy Grail for which the knights of the medieval age made perilous adventures.

The image of the girl was like the chalice which inspired the author to go through crowds and noises of the street which were his foes.

Q. 9. Who was O' Donovan Rossa ? What is come-all-you ?

Ans. O' Donovan Rossa was the popular name of the 19th century Irish nationalist Jeremiah Donovan.

'Come-all-you' are the opening words of a street ballad. The ballad is named after its opening words.

Q. 10. How did the author describe his state of mind under the influence of fascination for the girl ?

Ans. The image of the girl accompanied him wherever he went. Her name came up to him in his strange prayers and praises. Sometimes tears filled his eyes—he did not know why. He did not know the future. He did not know if at any time he could be able to speak to her.

Q. 11. 'My body was like a harp.' → 21/1/24

Why did the author compare his body to a harp ?

Ans. Music is produced from the harp by playing fingers on its wires. So the words and gestures of the girl were fingers playing upon the wires of his body to produce music in him.

Q. 12. What did happen to the author on one rainy evening ?

Ans. On one rainy evening, the author was in the back drawing room. He heard the patter patter of the rains on the earth. Some distant lamp gloomed before him. His senses were thrilled. He felt the passion of love. [See Expl. 6]

Q. 13. Why could not the girl herself go to Araby? What is a retreat?

Ans. The girl could not go to Araby because of a retreat that week in her convent. Retreat is a period at the Catholic Convent devoted entirely to religious observance.

Q. 14. How did the author feel when the girl asked him to go to Araby?

Ans. The author as a boy was overpowered by a powerful feeling when the girl asked him to go to Araby. He could not answer anything. He was alone at the railings. The white curve of her neck and her hair and hand were visible in the light. Her figure and postures cast a spell on him.

Q. 15. What was Araby?

Ans. Araby was the name given to a grand oriental fete, held in Dublin between 14 May and 19 May in 1894. It was a splendid bazaar in which goods were sold for the benefit of charities and entertainments were presented to the visitors.

Q. 16. How did the author pass the intervening period between the girl's asking him to go to Araby and the day when he visited the place?

Ans. The author made many follies. The intervening period was tedious for him, and he wanted to wipe it out. The image of the girl floated before him in his bedroom and in his class room. Araby cast an eastern enchantment on him. He was excited and thrilled. He neglected his studies and the teacher took note of it.

Q. 17. What is the Freemason affair?

Ans. The freemasons are the members of an old-established secret society. It has its branches throughout the world. It has anti-Catholic views.

Q. 18. Why was his aunt surprised when she heard the author seek permission of his uncle for going to Araby?

Ans. The aunt was surprised at the eagerness of the boy to go to Araby. She thought that the boy was connected with the Freemason Society which had anti-Catholic views.

Q. 19. What was the day and time fixed for the author's visit to Araby?

Ans. The author fixed Saturday night for his visit to Araby.

Q. 20. What did the author do on Saturday morning? What was his uncle doing at the time?

Ans. The author reminded his uncle on Saturday morning that he would go to the bazaar in the evening.

His uncle was fussing at the hall stand and replied curtly that he knew it.

Q. 21. Why was his departure to Araby delayed?

Ans. The departure of the author to Araby was delayed because of the late return of his uncle home.

Q. 22. How did the author feel and what did he do when he could not go to Araby because of the late return of his uncle?

Ans. The author was restless. He stared at the clock; he mounted the staircase to the upper part of the house. He went from room to room singing. He saw his companions playing below. He looked at the house where the girl lived. He was the brown figure of the girl in his imagination. He came downstairs and met Mrs. Mercer. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour. The uncle did not come even after eight o'clock.

Q. 23. When did the uncle of the author arrive and what his explanation for his late arrival?

Ans. The uncle arrived at 9 o'clock. He said that he had forgotten about his proposed visit to Araby. He, however, regretted his delay in returning home.

Q. 24. What is 'The Arab's Farewell to his Steed'?

Ans. 'The Arab Farewell to his Steed' is a sentimental poem of the 19th century by a minor poetess, Caroline Norton.

Q. 25. What is meant by Cafe Chantant?

Ans. *Cafe Chantant* means a cafe where musical entertainment is provided for the customers.

Q. 26. How did the author go to Araby?

Ans. The author went to Araby by train. He took his seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. The train moved out of the station slowly after an intolerable delay. It was a special train for Araby.

Q. 27. What did the author reach Araby?

Ans. The author reached the station at ten minutes to ten.

Q. 28. What did he find when he reached the station ?

Ans. When the author reached the station, he saw a large building which displayed the magical name of Araby.

Q. 29. What did the author find in the bazaar. ? [C. U. 1993]

Ans. The author reached Araby at about ten o'clock. He found that almost all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was dark. A few stalls were still open. Some men were gathered here and there. There was counting of money and frivolous conversations. A sales girl asked him if he would buy anything in a casual manner. When he answered in the negative, she was engaged again in gossip.

Q. 30. What was the feeling of the author when he left Araby ?
Can you account for his particular feeling ? [C. U. 1990]

Ans. When the author left Araby, he felt humiliated, humbled, anguished and angry.

The author was disillusioned. He had great expectations about Araby. It was for him full of romance and ideal beauty. He came there in quest of that ideal beauty. But he found the same conventionality, dullness, frivolity and commercialism there. So he had feelings of despondency and anger.

Q. 31. Her image accompanied me even in places most hostile to romance.

—Mention the places most hostile to romance. [C. U. 1991]

Ans. The places most hostile to romance are jostling crowds of drunken men, and bargaining women, bazars where labourers abuse one another, shopboys cry and street singers make nasal songs.

Q. 32. How was the boy hero in Joyce's Araby treated by the sales girl when he entered her stall. [C. U. 1993]

Ans. The boy-hero was asked by the sales girl what he wished to buy when he entered her stall. She asked in a very indifferent tone. When he said that he would not buy anything, she changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men for talks.

Q. 33. What was the state of the 'bazar' when the boy-hero of Joyce's Araby reached there ? [C. U. 1994]

Ans. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. The boy-hero recognised a silence like

that which pervades a church after a service. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Two men were found counting money in *Cafe Chantant*. The bazar presented dullness, darkness and commonplaceness of the known world.

Q. 34. What was the boy's impression of Araby ? [C. U. 1996]

Ans. The boy-hero was disillusioned and dismayed by the dullness, darkness and mechanical activities in the bazar. He did not find anything romantic there. He felt driven and derided by vanity.

EXPLANATIONS

1. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces. (P. 109)

This sentence is extracted from James Joyce's autobiographical short story, *Araby*. Here the author speaks about the house in the quiet blind North Richmond Street where he used to live in his boyhood.

North Richmond Street was quiet and blind. Its silence was broken by the shouts of the children of the Christian Brothers' School at the close of the school for the day. There was a deserted house of two stories at the blind end. It was detached from its neighbouring houses. The other houses of the street had brown silent faces. They had a quiet exterior. They were, as it were, conscious of their affluent conditions and looked at one another with silence and quiet.

The author here described the quiet and bleak atmosphere of the North Richmond Street. Houses are given human qualities and they had quiet faces.

2. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses, where we run the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where adours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. (Page 110)

This long sentence is taken from the short story, *Araby* written by James Joyce. Here the author describes the drab surroundings of the rented house on North Richmond Street where he used to live in his boyhood.

North Richmond Street was a quiet and blind street. It was

covered with houses which had a quiet and bleak look. There was no space, and the sky was not visible. The boys used to play in the street. In course of their play, they were led to the dark muddy lanes behind the house; they passed through the rubbish thrown from the cottages and came to the back doors of gardens which were filled with the bad smell coming from the ashpits and stables. The coachman cleaned and combed the horse in the stables and music was produced from the buckled harness of the horse.

The sentence is a vivid description of the ugly surroundings of the house of the author on North Richmond Street. The language has a cadence which conveys the irony and poetry of the passage.

3. Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. (Page 110)

This sentence is extracted from James Joyce's short story, *Araby*. Here the author speaks of the sister of Mangan who cast a spell on his mind in his boyhood. When he was a boy he lived in the drab surroundings of North Richmond Street. He along with other boys used to play in the street and muddy lanes. In the midst of these ugly surroundings, the figure of Mangan's sister gave him relish of romance and beauty. She used to come out of doors to call Mangan to tea. They watched her from the shadows in the street in the evening. The author used to stand by the railings at her. In the morning he lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. When she came out on the doorstep, her heart leapt up in joy. Her brown figure haunted him day and night.

The image of the girl haunted him even when he went out on the streets making his way through the jostling crowds of drunken men and bargaining women. On the streets, there was a very unromantic atmosphere made up of the abuses of labourers, shrill cries of shop-boys and nasal songs of street-singers. He carried in his heart the image of the girl and went safely through the crowd which was hostile to his temperament.

Here the author suggests that the image of the girl sustained and shielded him in his walk through the hostile crowds. He had to go through the streets to do some stint for his aunt. But the streets with their jostling crowds, shrill cries, abuses and monotonous songs of street singers were most disgusting to him. But he could go through them only because he had the image of the girl in his heart.

4. I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. (Page. 110) [C. U. 1989, 1991]

Same as Expl. 3

Add : The author compares the image of the girl with chalice. Chalice is the drinking vessel out of which Christ had His last supper. The chivalrous knights of the middle ages used to go out on adventures in quest of the Holy Grail (Chalice). The author also, like the knights of the middle ages went out to quest for the ideal beauty which the image of the girl symbolised for him in his boyhood. This reference to chalice connects the story with the Grail legend and reinforces the symbolic meaning of the search for the ideal beauty in the midst of drab surroundings.

5. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires. (Page 111) [C. U. Hons. 1986]

This sentence is taken from James Joyce's short story, *Araby*. Here the author speaks about his feelings about the sister of his friend, Mangan who brought for him the relish of romance.

Mangan's sister with her brown figure and beautiful words and movements cast an enchantment on the boy. She was, for him the embodiment of beauty in the drab surroundings in which he lived. She carried her image day and night. Her image sustained him and led him through the hostile crowds and noises of the streets. Her name came to his lips often in prayers and praises. His eyes were often moist with tears. He did not know if he would be able to speak to her ever. But he remained in silent and confused worship of the girl. He compared his body to a harp. Just as music is produced on the harp by playing fingers on the wires, so also music was produced on his body by her words and gestures. His whole body became musical at the thought of the girl—her words and gestures produced incantation in his body.

The author expresses his romantic yearnings through this suggestive simile.

6. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring : O love ! O love ! many times.

(Page. III)

This sentence is taken from James Joyce's short story, *Araby*.

Here the author describes the sweet sensations of love that came on him on a rainy evening and which he wanted to conceal.

There was a secret and silent passion of love for the sister of Mangan, the author's friend. The girl with her brown figure and attractive words and gestures cast a spell on him. He did not speak to her, nor did he have any hope of speaking to her. But he carried her image in his heart day and night. Her image sustained him through all the hostile forces of drabness and ugliness that surrounded him. She was the very embodiment of beauty and romance for him.

On one rainy evening the author was in the back drawing room. He heard the patter patter of rains on the street. There was a faint light. All his senses were overpowered by the scene. He felt the passion of love. He tried to suppress his sweet sensations, but he felt that he was getting away from them. He felt that he could no longer sustain the secret and silent passion. He pressed his hands which were trembling with sensations. He whispered, 'My love, my love.'

The author was deep in love with the girl. The passion was growing upon him. But it was a silent passion. He could not speak out his passion. He only felt the sweet sensations of love in his heart.

7. What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days.

(Page 111)

These lines are extracted James Joyce's story, *Araby*. The author as a boy has a hidden passion for a girl, the sister of his friend, Mangan. He carried her image in his heart day and night. She was for him the embodiment of beauty and romance. He, however, did not speak to her, nor did he have any hope of speaking to her. He cherished in his heart the sweet sensations of love for her.

One day, she spoke to him. She asked him if he was going to Araby. Araby was a 'Grand Oriental Fete' held in Dublin between 14 and 19 May, 1894. There was a splendid bazaar there. In the boy's imagination, it was a thing of ideal beauty and romance. The girl could not go there because of a retreat that week in the Convent school. The call of the girl he loved secretly for going to Araby intensified the sweet sensations that he had been long cherishing.

He said the white curve of her neck and her hair lit up the lamp opposite their door. He agreed to go to Araby and bring a gift for her under the overwhelming influence of love.

Since the time he agreed to her call to go to Araby, he began to pass restless days and nights. He was excited and thrilled. He made many follies in the days and nights. He wanted to destroy the intervening period between the proposal to go to Araby and its implementation. His hours were tedious. He grumbled about his school work. The image of the girl haunted him and stood in the way of his normal pursuits.

The author here describes the thrill, excitement and restlessness that he felt and that he experienced throughout the period between the call of his lady love to go to Araby and his actual visit to the place.

8. I had hardly any patience with serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play. (Page 112) [C. U. Hons. 1985]

This sentence is taken from James Joyce's story, *Araby*. Here the author describes his feelings during the period between the girl's proposal to go to Araby and his actual visit to the place.

The author was thrilled and excited by the prospect of a visit to Araby. Araby was the Grand Oriental Fete held in Dublin. It had a splendid bazaar. It was to the boy's mind a dreamland of beauty and romance. He was more thrilled because he was asked by the girl he loved silently to visit Araby. He told her that he would bring a gift for her. Araby became doubly romantic for him. He fixed next Saturday night for his visit to the place. He got the permission of his uncle. And since then, he could hardly settle down to any serious work. Serious work seemed to be trifling to him because that stood in the way of the fulfilment of his desire. It was a child's play for him. His one serious concern was to go to Araby and bring a lovely gift for the girl for whom he had been cherishing a secret and silent passion.

9. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. (Page 113)

This sentence occurs in James Joyce's story, *Araby*. Here the author describes the scene of Araby as he found it on his reaching there at about ten o' clock at night.

The author was late in his arrival at Araby. But he had shock of surprise and disappointment. The place was silent. He expected the place to be humming and glittering. He entered the place by handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. Almost all the stalls were closed. The greater part of the hall was dark—the place was silent. A silence pervades the place. The silence of the place was comparable to the silence that settles in a church after the service was over. He did not like the silence, but he felt that the silence was holy.

10. Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself was a creature driven and derided by vanity ; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger. (Page 114) [C. U. 1982, '84 '95]

This is the concluding sentence of James Joyce's brilliant psychological story, *Araby*. Here the author describes his shock of disappointment and anguish at his experience of Araby. It is the shock of frustrated dream.

Araby for the author as a boy was a dreamland of beauty and romance. It would, for a time, lift him out of the drab and dark surroundings in which he lived. It was more alluring to him because he would carry a gift for the girl he loved from the bazaar. He arrived there late at ten o' clock at night. He found most of the stalls closed. There was darkness and dullness. He heard the counting of coins. He found a young lady talking with two young gentlemen in a frivolous manner. He stood before the stall and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. The lady asked him if he would take anything in a very casual matter-of-fact manner. He found his stay in the bazaar useless, because he would not get the gift that he wanted to present to his ladylove. His dream was frustrated. He went there in quest of ideal beauty, and his quest was baffled. When darkness enveloped the place, his sense of frustration was more intense. He felt humiliated, ridiculed by his own vanity. The reality belied his dream. He was filled with anger and anguish. He was angry because his hopes and dreams were falsified, and he could not have the opportunity to give his desired gift to his ladylove. Moreover, the commercialism, frivolity and dullness of the place shook his faith in romance and beauty.

LIBRARY

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THE FLY

Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923)

Introduction : Katherine Mansfield (Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp) was born in Wellington, Newzealand. She edited *Signature* (1915) with D. H. Lawrence.

Her short stories are like the stories of Chekhov, the Russian writer. Her stories rarely display plot and character. She is interested in moments of illumination when a human being learns something about himself or die. Her first volume of sketches in *In a German Pension* (1911). Her short stories are included in volumes *The Garden Party* (1928) and *The Dove's Nest* (1923). *The Fly* is taken from the latter. *The Fly* is regarded as one of the fifteen finest short stories ever written.

Analytical summary of the story.

Mr. Woodifield visits the boss.

Mr. Woodifield, a friend and colleague who has retired, visits the boss in his office. He appreciates the smugness (পরিচ্ছন্নতা) and comfort of the room. His talks are over and it is time for him to go. But he prolongs his stay, because he is allowed to come outside only on Tuesday since he has retired. He is talkative and wears out the hearers by his talks. He sits there, smokes and stares at the boss rolling in his office chair greedily.

The boss is proud of the room and enjoys the company of his friend.

The boss is proud of the room and agrees that it is comfortable. He points to the new carpet, new furniture, electric heating and five transparent white sausages tilted in the copper pan. He, however, does show the photograph of the boy in uniform standing in one of the photographers' parks.

Mr. Woodifield is trying to say something ; the boss stops him by offering him whisky. He says that a good drink will brace him up. Mr. Woodifield has a hearty drink and feels warm.

Mr. Woodifield says something that rakes up the past sorrow :

Mr. Woodifield then says that the girls visited Belgium and saw the grave of the son of the boss lying in the same place where his

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Araby