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Ironic how well first love, a loss of faith, and psychotic behavior tie together. I have found “Araby” especially challenging to write about. I actually wrote this paper backwards. First love is trite by nature. Love its self as we define it is at least mildly psychotic. I loved once that was indeed beyond explaining, but why try to explain that? First loves are special and magical blahblahblah. Surely *the reader* is sick of that shit by now. First heartbreaks especially of the type in “Araby” are powerful personality shaping forces. Because it came from within, the child is likely to have great skills of emotional interpretation. The writer is reflecting though, which makes it hard to interpret just what the character went through in the bazaar, so perhaps those skills did not develop until much later, which again could be indicative of his initial psychological imbalance. When external forces make us aware of something beyond our control and beyond our ability to confront directly our minds are placed under great pressure to rationalize our initial intentions. What I found most interesting was the amount of religious introspection Joyce worked into the story. Perhaps what he intended is the comparison between psychotic idolization of a human and the psychosis of organized religion; the character’s plight was nothing fresh.

We all know the lady with the dog. She is a part of our day somehow. Something about her is seductive, almost enough so to drag us from our paradigm. We tempt and tease our consciousness with the thought of something new, but we have been trained to fear the plight of Dmitri. Not the conclusion I constructed for him maybe, but the one prior his playing with the little Pomeranian. Caution in grasping the tempting hand of fate is a universal anthropological trait. The lady with the dog may not be a lady, and she may not have a dog, but when we see her some part of our brain clicks and we certainly do not think of the future, or of the present, or of

the past. We certainly do not think at all, and that is the attraction. Dmitri Gurov took all the roads presented to him except for the one he paved himself, and there is no real lesson to be learned. There is the suggestion of the potential of lessons though. I felt like this story presented an excellent example of emotional relativism.

“The Story of an Hour” made me think of Ayn Rand. I am not sure if Ayn was ever married but I somehow doubt it. Individuality is a curse and a blessing. Like all behavioral dualisms, it represents the potential for responsibility and the inevitability of doubt. When humanity first made the decision to elope “til death do us part” they did something unamiable. As I sit typing this, embarrassingly near class time, my lover is asleep one wall behind me. Our relationship is stable, comfortable, and predictable. It is a refreshing counterpart in a refreshing new lifestyle relatively free of drugs, free of travel without intention, free of police, and of rock climbing. I do clearly see the well running dry. It was that very feeling that Mrs. (little did she know) Mallard had staring over the lush spring landscape that I reluctantly gave up to be here. For this reason I prefer to imagine that Mrs. Mallard’s last sight, her last memory, was not of her husband but of the trees. If the doctors diagnosed her correctly (for the sake of real love I will imply they did) her heart attack was all ready in an advanced state as she was led down the stairs. It was set off by the joy and anticipation of the endlessly free future. It was set off by images of soaring nude up steep hills, of tall trees, of long paths, and endless waters. Her poor husband is not likely to overcome his grief, because like all behavioral dualisms...