

# Why Short Stories Are Essential and Why They Are Seldom Read

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I take the first part of my title from the great South American writer Jorge Luis Borges, who once said, “Unlike the novel, a short story may be, for all purposes, essential.”<sup>1</sup> I take the second part from the sad fact that, in spite of what Borges says, the short story is largely scorned by agents, editors, readers, and scholars. What I hope to do in this essay is to offer some possible justifications for Borges’s provocative remark, provide some explanations for the short story’s neglected status, and perhaps suggest how the former is the cause of the latter.

To that end, I wish to examine what I consider to be five of the most significant generic issues that have clustered about the short story as it has developed historically: how the short story deals with the relationship between sequence and significance, how it mediates mystery and pattern, how it constructs character, why its resolution is often metaphoric, and why it shuns explanation.

## Sequence and Significance

The basic question that interests me is this: What are the significant theoretical and historical implications of shortness in narrative? If, as Frederic Jameson has suggested, narrative is an epistemological category, one of the abstract coordinates by which we come to understand the world, I want to know if short narratives understand the world differently than do long narratives (95). As Mikhail M. Bakhtin and Pavel N. Medvedev note, “If we approach genre from the point of view of its intrinsic thematic relationship to reality and the generation of reality, we may say that every genre has its methods and means of seeing and conceptualizing reality, which are accessible to it alone” (133). What I want to know is, what methods and means of seeing are accessible to prose fictions that are short?

One of the most helpful discussions of the effect of artistic smallness on the perceiver is Claude Lévi-Strauss’s essay “The Science of the Concrete,” in which he argues that the reduction of scale or number of properties in an art work creates a reversal in the process of understanding. To understand a real object, says Lévi-Strauss, we tend

to divide it and to work from its parts. Reduction in scale reverses this situation. Knowledge of the whole seems to precede knowledge of the parts. Even if this is an illusion, he says, “the point of the procedure is to create or sustain the illusion, which gratifies the intelligence and gives rise to a sense of pleasure which can already be called aesthetic on these grounds alone” (148).

That the short story’s shortness creates the illusion that understanding of the whole precedes understanding of the parts was first proposed by Edgar Allan Poe. Indeed, Poe’s most significant contribution to the development of the short story as a new genre in American literature was his creation of an alternative definition of “plot.” Instead of “simple complexity” or “involution of incident,” Poe adapted from A. W. Schlegel a new meaning of the term—“that from which no part can be displaced without ruin to the whole.” By this one stroke, Poe shifted the reader’s narrative focus from mimetic events to aesthetic pattern. Poe argued that without the “key” of the overall design or plan of a work of fiction, many points would seem insignificant or unimportant through the impossibility of the reader’s comprehending them. Once the reader has the overall design in mind, however, all those points that might otherwise have been “insipid” or “null” will “break out in all directions like stars, and throw quadruple brilliance over the narrative.”<sup>22</sup>

What Poe’s approach to the shortness of story reflects is the basic paradox inherent in all narrative: the writer’s restriction to the dimension of time juxtaposed against his or her desire to create a structure that reflects an atemporal theme. The central problem, says C. S. Lewis, is that for stories to be stories, they must be a series of events; yet at the same time it must be understood that this series is only a net to catch something else. And this “something else” has no sequence in it; it is “something other than a process and much more like a state or quality.” The result is that the means of fiction are always at war with its end. Lewis says, “In real life, as in a story, something must happen. That is just the trouble. We grasp at a state and find only a succession of events in which the state is never quite embodied” (91).

The problem for the writer is how to convert mere events, one thing after another, into significance. This raises the additional problem that even as writers encourage the reader to keep turning pages to find out what happens next, they must make the poor reader understand that ultimately what happens next is not what is important. This basic incompatibility, which has been noted by many critics, is much more obvious in the short narrative (which, in its frequent focus on a frozen moment in time, seems atemporal) than the long narrative (which seems primarily just a matter of one thing after another).

Ambrose Bierce’s “An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge” is a particularly clear example of the paradox. At the end of part 1 of the story, when the protagonist looks down at the water below and contemplates how he might escape being hanged, the narrator cues the reader to the story’s inevitable artistic distortion of time: “As these

thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside." This is a self-reflexive reminder that although authors wish to communicate that which is instantaneous or timeless, they are always trapped by the time-bound nature of words. Thus we are shocked to discover what all fictions urge us to ignore in the reading but to be aware of in retrospect: that what seems to be taking place in time is an illusion necessitated by the time-bound nature of narrative language.

Peter Brooks has reminded us that prior events in narrative are so only retrospectively. Brooks says, "In this sense, the metaphoric work of eventual totalization determines the meaning and status of the metonymic work of sequence—though it must also be claimed that the metonymies of the middle produced, gave birth to, the final metaphor. The contradiction may be in the very nature of narrative, which not only uses but is a double logic" (29). The illusion Lévi-Strauss describes of perceiving the totality before perceiving the parts, that is, perceiving the discourse or pattern before perceiving the sequence of events, makes the short story, as Georg Lukács has said, the "most purely artistic form" (51).

### Mystery and Pattern

Two basic characteristics of the short story as a universal mode have been recognized by authors and critics throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, both of which are results of the shortness of the form and the tradition from which it derives. They are the story's focus on a basic sense of mystery unsupported by a social framework and its consequent dependence on formal pattern and structure.

Critics of the nineteenth-century German *Novelle*, the precursor of the so-called tale proper for which Poe laid out characteristics in the famous *Twice-Told Tales* review, note that every discussion of that form has some cognate word that suggests strangeness, the unusual, the unexpected, concluding that the "element of the strange, the unheard of" is one of nineteenth-century short fiction's "essential ingredients." This typical short story focus continues in the twentieth century. Flannery O'Connor has said that short stories make "alive some experience which we are not accustomed to observe everyday, or which the ordinary man may never experience in his ordinary life. . . . Their fictional qualities lean away from typical social patterns, toward mystery and the unexpected." The unique problem of the short story writer, says O'Connor, is "how to make the action he describes reveal as much of the mystery of existence as possible" (40, 98).

Terry Eagleton has recently noted that whereas realism, the most common modal perspective of the novel, is primarily a "cognitive form concerned to map the causal processes underlying events, the short story, by contrast, can yield us some single bizarre occurrence of epiphany of terror whose impact would merely be blunted by lengthy realist elaboration." As Eagleton notes, "since realism is a chronically naturalizing

mode, it is hard for it to cope with the ineffable or unfathomable, given those built-in mechanisms which offer to transmute all of this into the assuringly familiar" (150).

The short story's focus on mystery and the unfamiliar is partially attributable to the fact that, as Boris Eichenbaum has pointed out, it is a fundamental, elementary form (81). As a result, the short story has remained closer than the novel to what Northrop Frye has called the primal origin and model of all narrative, the "secular scripture" of the romance. The "strange, unheard-of" experiences of "the ineffable or unfathomable" on which the short story most often seems to focus can best be understood as those moments of crisis and awareness identified by twentieth-century existentialist thought. The ability of the short tale to reflect human reality in moments that cannot be so easily naturalized underlies the distinction between "story" and what Isak Dinesen calls a "novel" art of narration that, for the sake of realism and individual characters, sacrifices story. Whereas the novel, Dinesen says, is a human product, "the divine art is the story. In the beginning was the story." And within our whole universe, she continues, "the story only has authority to answer that cry of heart of its characters, that one cry of heart of each of them: 'Who am I?'" (26). And as Heidegger says, trying to answer the question "Who am I?" by focusing merely on description of everyday existence is bound to be unauthentic (113–16).

The short story's focus on the mysteries of dreams, fears, and anxieties based on experiences or perceptions outside the realm of familiar, everyday life has always been closely related to the formal demands of the genre. What often has been termed the "artificial" patterning of the short story heightens intensity, thus creating the cryptic, elliptical nature of the genre. Let me comment briefly on the title story of Alice Munro's collection *The Love of a Good Woman* as an example of the difference between novelistic elaboration and short story mystery and intensity. The story begins with three boys finding the body of the town's optometrist in his car submerged in the river. Although one might expect the plot immediately to focus on the mystery of the drowned man, Munro is in absolutely no hurry to satisfy the reader's curiosity. She follows the three boys into their individual homes and leisurely explores their ordinary secrets. At the beginning of the next section of the story, Munro leaves the body and the boys altogether and focuses on a cranky dying woman, Mrs. Quinn, cared for by a lonely home nurse named Enid. Mrs. Quinn tells Enid that Rupert, her husband, killed the optometrist when he saw him trying to fondle her. When Mrs. Quinn dies, Enid, who cares for Rupert, decides she must tell him what she has heard and urge him to give himself up. The way she decides to do this, however, creates the open-ended ambiguity of the story: she asks him to row her out on the river, where she will tell him what she knows, also informing him that she cannot swim. At the last minute, she changes her mind but cannot escape the situation. The story ends just before they leave the shore, so the reader does not know whether Enid confronts Rupert and, if she does, whether he pushes her in the river or rows them both back to the shore.

“The Love of a Good Woman” begins like a novel, but instead of continuing to broaden out, as it introduces new characters and seemingly new stories, it tightens up, slowly connecting what at first seemed disparate and unrelated. It is a classic example of Munro’s most characteristic technique of creating a world that has all the illusion of external reality, while all the time pulling the reader deeper and deeper into what becomes a hallucinatory inner world of mystery, secrecy, and deception. Unlike the novel, which would be bound to develop some sort of satisfying closure, Munro’s story reaches a moral impasse, an ambiguous, open end in which the reader suddenly realizes that instead of living in the world of apparent reality, he or she has been whirled, as if by a centrifugal force, to an almost unbearable central point of intensity.

One of the most significant implications of the compactness demanded of the short story is its need to transform mere objects and events into significance. Whereas the particular can remain merely the particular in the novel, in the short story, Elizabeth Bowen suggests, “the particular must be given general significance” (259). The novel gains assent to the reality of the work by the creation of enough detail to give the reader the illusion that he or she “knows” the experience, although, of course, he or she cannot know it in the same way that he or she knows actual experience. In the short story, however, detail is transformed into metaphoric significance. For example, the hard details in Daniel Defoe’s *Robinson Crusoe* exist as a resistance to be overcome in Crusoe’s encounter with the external world. However, in a short story, such as Hemingway’s “Big, Two-Hearted River,” which is also filled with details, the physical realities exist only to embody Nick’s psychic problem. As opposed to Crusoe, Nick is not concerned with surviving an external conflict but rather an internal one. In the short story the hard material outlines of the external world are inevitably transformed into the objectifications of psychic distress. Thus, at the end of Hemingway’s story, Nick’s refusal to go into the swamp is purely a metaphoric refusal, having nothing to do with the “real” qualities of the swamp.

### The Problem of Character

In his famous essay “Freud and the Future,” Thomas Mann reminds us that life is a “mingling of the individual elements and the formal stock-in-trade; a mingling in which the individual, as it were, only lifts his head above the formal and impersonal elements.” Much of the “extra-personal,” Mann insists, “much unconscious identification, much that is conventional and schematic, is none the less decisive for the experience not only of the artist but of the human being in general.” Mann says the author thus gains a knowledge of the “schema in which and according to which the supposed individual lives, unaware, in his naive belief in himself as unique in space and time, of the extent to which his life is but formula and repetition” (421–22).

Our interest in fictional characters, Mann implies, is, regardless of the events in which they are enmeshed, always centrally located in the process by which they try

to find their identity, the means by which they attempt to answer the age-old Oedipal question: Who am I? In such a process the two forces of the subjective and the schematic are decisive. As Robert Langbaum has described it, when you realize that introspection leads to nothing but endless reflection, you see that the only way to find out who you are is to don a mask and step into a story. "The point is," says Langbaum, "at that level of experience where events fall into a pattern . . . they are an objectification of your deepest will, since they make you do things other than you consciously intend; so that in responding like a marionette to the necessities of the story, you actually find out what you really want and who you really are." Echoing Mann, Langbaum says, "psychological interest passes over into the mythical at that psychological depth where we desire to repeat mythical patterns. Life at its intensest is repetition" (177).

However, neither Mann nor Langbaum tells us in what manner a character in fiction pursues his desire to repeat mythical patterns, nor how a psychologically real person can be transformed into a psychological archetype by such a desire. We must assume that as the psychological character, thinking, speaking, acting much like a person in real life, attempts to answer the question—Who am I?—he or she seems to create his or her own individual story. But because story is always schematic and conventionalized, the character is transformed into an automaton-like figure governed by his or her place in the story itself. Thus, the character seems to be the determiner of the schema, which in turn determines the character. The problem for the critic is isolating the specific mechanisms by which the psychological passes into the mythical, that is, the means by which the individual story is transformed into the schematic. This involves finding a way to trace the conventional nature of the story to its source in the desires of the psychological character and then showing how this conventional schema transforms the character into an archetype of desire.

When we analyze a character in a story as if he or she were a real person, we approach the character in terms of the context of the similitude of a real world the story presents; when we interpret a character as an archetype, we must discover the latent structure of the plot, that is, the schema or code that makes the character an archetype by virtue of the position he or she holds in the fable itself. The former is a response to what is individual, subjective, and metonymic; the latter is a response to the traditional, the schematic, and the metaphoric.

To see how metonymic and metaphoric devices interact in a mixed, that is, both realistic and romantic, fiction, it is perhaps best to begin with the extreme form of the metaphoric or romance pole, the allegory. In an allegory, the only way to approach the characters is by reference to their position in a preexistent code. An analysis of the metonymic context leads nowhere. Angus Fletcher suggests the code-bound nature of the allegorical figure when he says that if we were to meet an allegorical character in real life, we would think the person driven by some central obsession (68). The

obsessive-like behavior of the character is, of course, a result of his or her actions being totally determined by the position he or she holds in the preexistent code. The difference between an allegorical character and a character in a romance is that the romance figure not only acts as if obsessed because of his or her position in the story but also seems obsessed in reference to the similitude of real life created in the work itself.

This combination seems most effectively achieved when a psychologically real character's obsession is so extreme that he or she projects the obsession on someone or something outside the self and then, ignoring that the source of the obsession is within, acts as if it were without. Thus, although the obsessive action takes place within a similitude of a realistic world, once the character has projected an inner state outward and then has reacted to the projection as if it were outside, this very reaction transforms the character into a parabolic rather than a realistic figure.

The most obvious early examples are those stories by Poe that focus on "the perverse," that obsessive-like behavior that compels someone to act in a way that may go against reason, common sense, even the best interests of the survival of the physical self. In many of Poe's most important stories, the obsession occurs as behavior that can be manifested only in elliptical or symbolic ways. For example, in "The Tell-Tale Heart" the narrator's desire to kill the old man because of his eye can be understood only when we realize that "eye" must be heard, not seen, as the first-person pronoun "I."

Two of Hawthorne's best-known stories—"Wakefield" and "Young Goodman Brown"—also manifest this same mysterious sense of obsessive acts that have no obvious, commonsense motivation. Goodman Brown alternately acts as if he were an allegorical figure who must make his journey into the forest as an inevitable working out of the preordained mythic story of which he is a part, and as a psychologically complex, realistic character who, although obsessed with his journey, is able to question its wisdom and morality. In "Wakefield" Hawthorne is not interested in a man who is realistically motivated to leave his wife because he no longer cares for her, but rather a character who gets so entangled in an obsessive act that he can neither explain it nor escape it.

Melville's *Bartleby* cannot explain why he is compelled to behave as he does either. He responds to the wall outside his window as if it were not merely a metaphor for the absurdity that confronts him, but rather the absurdity itself and, thus, like Kurtz in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, he responds to the map as if it were the territory, kicks himself loose from the earth, and becomes transformed into a character who no longer can be defined within social, historical, or cultural contexts. As a result, the reader is caught in an ambivalent situation of not knowing whether to respond to Bartleby as if he is a character who is psychologically obsessed or an allegorical emblem of obsession. It is typical of the short story that when an obsessed character makes the

metaphoric mistake of perceiving a metaphor as real, he or she becomes transformed into a parabolic figure in a fable of his or her own creation.

### Metaphoric Resolution

A primary characteristic of the modern post-Chekhovian short story is that stories that depend on the metaphoric meaning of events and objects can only achieve closure aesthetically rather than phenomenologically. James Joyce's stories often end with tacit epiphanies, for example, in which a spinster understands but cannot explain the significance of clay or in which a young boy understands but cannot explain the significance of Araby. His most respected short fiction, "The Dead," is like a textbook case of a story that transforms hard matter into metaphor and that is resolved only aesthetically. Throughout the story the "stuff" described stubbornly remains mere metonymic details; even the snow that is introduced casually into the story on the shoes of the party-goers' feet is merely the cold white stuff that covers the ground—that is, until the end of the story when Gabriel's recognition transforms it into a metaphor that closes the work by mystically covering over everything.

Bernard Malamud is one of the best-known modern writers within this tradition of stories that end with aesthetic rather than dramatic resolutions. Critics have pointed out that although Malamud's manner is that of the teller of tales, his technique or structure is poetic and symbolic. He seems, says Earl Rovit, to "construct his stories backwards—beginning with his final climactic image and then manipulating his characters into the appropriate dramatic poses which will contribute to the total significance of that image." The dramatic action of the story leads the characters into a situation of conflict that is "resolved" by being "fixed poetically in the final ambiguity of conflicting forces frozen and united in their very opposition." Rovit furthermore remarks that "the aesthetic form of Malamud's story rounds upon itself and the 'meaning' of the story—the precise evaluation of forces—is left to the reader." In this way irreconcilable forces are resolved aesthetically (7).

Jonathan Culler has observed that narratives themselves often question the priority of story to discourse. "Positing the priority of events to the discourse which reports or presents them, narratology establishes a hierarchy which the functioning of narratives often subverts by presenting events not as givens but as the products of discursive forces or requirements" (29). The short story, more often than the novel, foregrounds the demands that discourse makes on preexisting story. A narrative, by its very nature, cannot be told until the events that it takes as its subject matter have already occurred. Consequently, the "end" of the events, both in terms of their actual termination and in terms of the purpose to which the narrator binds them, is the beginning of the discourse. It is therefore hardly necessary to say that the only narrative that the reader ever gets is that which is already discourse, already ended as an event so that there is nothing left for it but to move toward its end in its aesthetic, eventless way—via tone,

metaphor, and all the other purely artificial conventions of fictional discourse. Thus, it is inevitable that events in the narrative will be motivated or determined by demands of the discourse that may have little to do with the psychological motivation or phenomenological cause of the actual events.

The short story's most basic assumption is that everyday experience reveals the self as a mask of habits, expectations, duties, and conventions. But the short story insists that the self must be challenged by crisis and confrontation. This is the basic tension in the form; in primitive story the conflict can be seen as the confrontation between the profane, which is the everyday, and the sacred, which are those strange eruptions that primitive humans took to be the genuinely real. The short story, however, can never reconcile this tension either existentially or morally, for the tension between the necessity of the everyday metonymic world and the sacred metaphoric world is one of those basic tensions that can only be held in suspension. The only resolution possible is an aesthetic one.

#### The Refusal to Explain

Walter Benjamin has noted in his essay on the storyteller that the rise of the novel is one of the primary symptoms of the decline of storytelling, for the novel neither comes from the oral tradition nor goes into it. Benjamin says that "information" has come to predominate in the modern world. Whereas the "truth" of information derives from an abstracting effort to arrive at a distilled discursive meaning, the truth of story is communicated by a patterned recounting of a concrete experience in such a way that the truth is embodied rather than explained. The story has a compactness that defies psychological analysis, argues Benjamin.

According to Benjamin, whereas realistic narrative forms such as the novel focus on the relatively limited areas of human experience that indeed can be encompassed by information, characters in story encounter those most basic mysteries of human experience that cannot be explained by rational means. Stories do not demand plausibility or conformity to the laws of external reality, argues Benjamin. What story does is to show us how to deal with all that we cannot understand; it is half the art of storytelling to be free from information. Because the reader of story is permitted to interpret things, story has an amplitude lacking in information (83–109).

Storytellers have often expressed their impatience with explanation and their frustration with listeners who cannot understand the story they are trying to tell. Poe's narrator cannot seem to explain the mystery of Roderick Usher; Melville's lawyer struggles to account for the enigma of Bartleby; Sherwood Anderson laments that it would take a poet to tell the story of Wing Biddlebaum's hands; Chekhov's Ivan feels that he has failed to communicate the secret lives of those who suffer behind the scenes in "Gooseberries." And, in perhaps the most famous example of this frustration of the storyteller in modern Western literature, Conrad's Marlow sits cross-legged on the

ship deck and laments, “Do you see the story? . . . Do you see anything? It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream.”

Raymond Carver knew well the short story’s tradition of centering on that which can be narrated but not explained; in “On Writing” he accepted Chekhov’s demanding dictum: “In short stories it is better to say not enough than to say too much, because,—because—I don’t know why.” (198). The more recent writer from whom he learned about the short story’s shunning of explanation was Flannery O’Connor, who argued that since the short story writer has only a small space in which to work and cannot make use of mere statement, “he has to make the concrete work double time” (98).

“Errand,” one of Carver’s final stories, is seemingly a straightforward, realistically detailed presentation of the last hours of Chekhov’s life. However, what makes it more than a realistic report is the young servant who is asked to bring in the champagne that Chekhov drinks just before his death and Olga Knipper’s urgent instructions to the young man at the end of the story. Although the young man sees the body of Chekhov in the next room on the bed, he also sees the cork from the bottle on the floor near the toe of his shoe. The moment is a delicate one, for as the young man awkwardly stands there listening to Chekhov’s distracted wife asking him to go get a mortician, the two seem to exist in different worlds.

What Carver brilliantly captures in the story is Olga’s storytelling effort to send the boy on his errand. In a manner that is typical in Carver’s stories, she repeatedly asks him, “Do you understand what I’m saying to you?” As he grapples to understand, she tells him a story describing his own actions in performing the errand. Because Olga’s narrative of what the boy is to do is described as if it were actually taking place, the verb tense of the story shifts from future to present: “The mortician would be in his forties. . . . He would be modest, unassuming. . . . Probably he would be wearing an apron. He might even be wiping his hands on a dark towel.” At this juncture, the point of view shifts to present tense: “The mortician takes the vase of roses. . . . The one time the young man mentions the name of the deceased, the mortician’s eyebrows rise just a little. Chekhov, you say? Just a minute, and I’ll be with you.” However, as Olga urges the waiter to perform his important errand, the young man is thinking about the cork at the toe of his shoe. And just before he leaves, he leans over without looking down and closes his hand around it—an embodiment of those seemingly innocuous but powerfully significant details that constitute the true genius of Chekhov’s art. It is the most poignant example in Carver’s fiction of his understanding of his Chekhovian realization: “It is possible, in a poem or a short story, to write about commonplace things and objects using commonplace but precise language, and to endow those things—a chair, a window curtain, a fork, a stone, a woman’s earring—with immense, even startling power.”<sup>3</sup>

## Conclusion

The very shortness of the short story, as well as the necessary artistic devices demanded by this shortness, force it to focus not on the whole of experience (whatever that is) in all its perceptual and conceptual categorization, but rather on a single experience lifted out of the everyday flow of human actuality and active striving, an experience that is lifted out precisely because it is not a slice of that reality, but rather a moment in which “reality” itself is challenged. The novel, by its very length, regardless of how many crisis moments it may present, still must in some way resolve them, cover them over, conceal them by the very bulk of its similitude to the ordinary flow of everyday experience. The short story, standing alone, with no life before it or after it, can receive no such comforting merging of the extraordinary with the ordinary. For example, we might hypothesize that after Miss Brill has been so emphatically made aware of her role in the park each Sunday, she will still go on with her life, but Katherine Mansfield’s story titled “Miss Brill” gives us no such comforting afterthought based on our confidence that “life goes on,” for it ends with the revelation.

The question of the short story’s form being true to reality or false to it, of being a natural form or a highly conventional one, requires a reevaluation of what we mean when we say “reality” or “natural.” If we assume that reality is what we experience every day, if we assume that reality is our well-controlled and comfortable self, then the short story is neither “realistic” nor natural. If, however, we feel that beneath the everyday or immanent in the everyday there is some other reality that somehow evades us, if our view is a religious one in its most basic sense, that is, if we feel that something is lacking, if we have a sense of the liminal nature of existence, then the short story is more “realistic” than the novel can possibly be. It is closer to the nature of “reality” as we experience it in those moments when we are made aware of the inauthenticity of everyday life, those moments when we sense the inadequacy of our categories of perception. It is for these reasons, I think, that short stories are essential and yet seldom read.

## Notes

1. Quoted by Halpern, *Art of the Tale*, v.
2. Quoted in May, *Edgar Allan Poe*, 121.
3. “On Writing,” 275.

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