

The Door to Eternity and Other Stories

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The Door to Eternity and Other Stories.

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Creative Writing Thesis:

Titled: **A Door to Eternity and Other Stories**

A Manuscript of 17 Short Stories

Exegesis: A consideration of my thesis and the genre.

Thesis Supervisor:

Ms. B. Zander

Exegesis Supervisor:

Dr. Paul Mountfort

Abstract

The content of this manuscript is in two parts.

Part One is a Thesis

I present my Thesis as an example of creative writing. My work is fiction: 17 short stories.

Young boys explore the limits, sisters dance on a lawn, teens flutter their wings, and yes, young adults indulge in Shenanigans. Adults are none the wiser and fall off the rails, some make disastrous mistakes. Perhaps the wise are all too aware of the challenges, the turmoil, of their lives.

Part Two of this manuscript is an Exegesis related to Part One.

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Acknowledgement

I would like to express my thanks to Bianca Zander who as my thesis supervisor was my first reader. I am immensely grateful to her for her points of view, kind encouragement and knowledgeable guidance.

Authentication of Authorship

I did not title my thesis *To Be or Not To Be*, nor did I title it *Cogito Ergo Sum*, therefore I am able to declare that the content of this complete manuscript is wholly original. I declare that each sentence has been conceived and written by myself. I am the sole author of the stories in this manuscript.

My stories are fiction. The characters and events within my stories are fictitious.

The work that I submit as my thesis has not been previously presented to any institution or university for award or publication.

Quotes, extracts and references, within the exegesis, are fully acknowledged.

If you have found this manuscript on a library shelf or in a digital cloud, I advise you not to read it. The production of the manuscript was an exercise. Publication of my work *as is*, was not my intent.

I hereby attest that this manuscript is wholly my own work.

Author's Signature:

Paul Anthony Turnock

EXEGESIS

29th January 2016

Paul Turnock

Student no: 9017010

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Section 1 :

A. The Synopsis of my Thesis

I have created a collection of Short Stories.

As I / we/ one, may expect, young boys explore the limits, sisters dance on a lawn, teens flutter their wings, and yes, young adults indulge in Shenanigans. Adults are none the wiser and fall off the rails, that is: some make disastrous mistakes. Oh, could one be so wise, as to anticipate the turmoil, the challenges of existence.

B. The Motivation Behind my Thesis

What am I doing? What do I want to say? Where do I begin? Carpe Diem !

What am I inclined to say? What will I say? What genre will I choose? Where do I begin?

I have heard it said many times; it is often said everyone has a book in them, that everyone has a story to tell. I wondered if I might. I decided to find out.

Will I begin with Inklings, assorted Vignettes? Will I discover the Poet within?

Or do I want to tell tales, tell truths? Am I a travel writer? Quite possibly it's a memoir I want to write? Perhaps I'd rather develop fiction. Or am I more suited to flash fiction, translit? Short Stories ? A novel ? Where shall I begin?

What I did know is that I wanted to write a volume. I wanted to write a volume that satisfied me. Of course some of that satisfaction will be the knowledge that my effort may be appreciated by readers.

I decided to keep an open mind to all the mediums I have mentioned above. I determined simply, to engage the mind and produce. Randomly yes, aimlessly not. I decided to tease out and assemble the emotions, the thoughts, the characters and the themes that occur to/concern me.

To achieve results in any task, one must immerse oneself in the process, put the time in and produce. I began to think that the *short story* would be my genre of choice.

However, I decided to excavate and mine my own personal history. I began by making a story about my mother. I then made a story about my father. Next, I made a story of my first years of life, up until I left school. Those exercises were valuable and interesting, but were just a beginning. Those exercises are not included in this manuscript, but they were my starting point.

I chatted with my parents. I had an idea that I should write a story for my mother.

My eighty-three year old mother, despite a strong Catholic faith, loves to read crime stories. Even though she has almost lost sight in one eye she persists in reading. If she is not reading crime stories she is watching them on satellite television. I had half an idea to try and write one for her. I began with no fixed idea, just a thought to the weather. I had to find a character. So I envisaged a woman. I imagined her and placed her in a position. After a thousand words I became stuck. It occurred to me that I had presented too much information too soon. I decided to rework it. After leaving it aside for a few days I re-entered and completed it. I have not included the story in my Thesis because it does not fit with the other stories, but I have attached it in the Appendix, titled Extract 3 *Kirsten*. The story is one of my first. It contains too many characters and it is unresolved.

My father expressed an interest in what may be described as my own *lost years*, he told me to write the story, ‘and make it hot!’ His words have remained with me.

As I continued to write, I began to uncover emotions, people and situations that were significant in my childhood and teenage years. I began to imagine and construct fiction around them.

C. Introduction to Section Two:

The aim of my exegesis is to examine and analyse the process of creating short stories. In this section I may also examine theoretical aspects that relate to my own creative thesis. My exegesis will also attempt to frame my work within the context of what I understand to be the genre of the short story.

Section 2: Theoretical Section

One simply begins, one cannot expect a perfect result. I began.

Very soon a particular process seems to emerge ...

I began to formulate situations, characters. I achieved that by recalling certain events and people from my own life experience, and drawing down heavily from them. I then found it necessary to invent fictions to create stories. Through that process of creating stories, actual situations became reconstructed as something different, something new. Real people recalled from my life experience also became reconstructed; stripped down, torn apart, exaggerated. I created seven samples of my fiction writing potential.

My initial attempts at fiction were not notable. I had little experience in creating characters, imagining stories or developing plots, and it does seem obvious. What may have seemed simple in theory proved difficult in practise. My initial efforts were it seems plain; underdeveloped characters and inconclusive unconvincing stories that were short in length.

I set myself a task. I transcribed a Katherine Mansfield story *The Garden Party* onto my computer. I wondered if the process of typing her story would give me an insight into her literary style, a feel for narrative structure.

I also retrieved hand-written outpourings of thoughts and feelings which I had written decades ago, and transcribed them onto the computer also. The process stirred emotions and thoughts which had been forgotten after the passage of time. There were times when I grimaced with embarrassment.

I then attempted to write stories ambitiously, attempting to ‘do it correctly’ and produce ‘proper’ stories.

On my computer I still regarded them as New Samples 1, 2 & 3 but I had already named them as separate files; ‘Mary,’ ‘See how ...’ & ‘Besides,’ by which I mean that some themes, and some potential story lines became clear. Once explored and rendered, I felt that I had achieved the desired results, and they were put aside while I worked on more stories. After a period I went back to them and I became aware of their inadequacies.

An initial analysis made me aware of problems in my writing that were continuing to precipitate. These faults in my writing persisted as I wrote. Remember, that I am in *getting it down* mode, I am not trying to create perfection first time around. There was a problem with omniscience, my writing exhibited too much flicking between character points of view. I had to think again, acknowledge that point of view shifts are difficult for the reader. It is important not to disrupt the fictional dream of the reader. Upon re-writes my three stories transformed with tentative titles.

As time progressed, I had three further stories which I had just completed as first drafts.

What emerged was that of these six ... the first three drew heavily on actual real-life childhood experiences of mine, as their essential story. The other three stories were imagined fiction. At this point I began to feel comfortable with how I was developing as a writer. I was discovering myself as an imaginer.

Who am I, the writer? I remember seeing a painting, a triptych by the artist Patrick Hanly. The first panel was titled 'Who Am I ?' The second was titled 'I Am,' and the third was titled 'Do It.' The process Hanly was visually contemplating seems applicable to my own. I am not trying to tell another person's tale. I am not trying to narrate another person's story. There is an urge within to identify and describe something of my total experience. This process of wanting to identify and describe makes me naturally examine and question myself. In a busy life the process gets put to one side and forgotten. And yet I have activated the voices within and no matter who I am with, or what I am doing, the antennae and reflective thinking processes remain active. Consequently there is a subconscious urge perpetually wanting to express emotions, thoughts.

Feelings and thoughts percolate and crystallize, moments of clarity occur, and I know who I am. Having feelings and thoughts does not mean that they are expressed. Writing is one form, one method of expression. Hanly's painting has a resonance in my situation. I have the impulses, I have the moments of self realisation, but I have not *done it*. This Exegesis is a self observance of my decision to Do It.

To inform my initial self observation I have selected as my starting point a book by Brian Boyd, which I discovered while refreshing my knowledge of short stories. The title of Boyd's book *On the Origin of Stories* appealed to me, as a potential sounding board. I wondered if Boyd's book would stimulate and inform my desire to examine my own inclination and my own impulse to write a story.

I also selected *The Classic Short Story* by Florence Goyet. Immediately I was confronted by Emile 'Zola's call for the aesthetics of "slice of life" Naturalism...' (p13) I began to wonder what form of aesthetic my own writing might take.

I began to read stories written by authors I had heard of but was not familiar with. I did this not only to re-acquaint myself with the genre, but also to get a feel for the way people wrote.

I was very impressed to read Thomas Mann's 'Death in Venice'. I daydreamed ... to imagine myself so intellectual an aesthete as Mann, an impossibility I'm afraid to tell you.

I heard a writer being interviewed on the radio, a writer I had never heard of, Simon Ritch, who has had many short stories published in the New Yorker. He talked of the need to develop *rapid entertaining hooks ... to rip off*. I recalled the quote of Picasso ... *a great artist steals*. Oh, I wished it were that simple. Still ... I try...

My own attempts at short story fiction have been a trial. Throughout the process I have tried to keep reading. I have wanted to discover from other writers what the key is to unlock the writing process. Some stories I read seemed to meander. I came upon the idea that the trick is to simply write and ramble, let the voice make its own journey.

.....

The process had begun and was then in motion. I was trying to develop a multitude of different short story ideas. I then had six stories which had ended in a first draft, while another three are struggling to get across the line. The remainder, were an assortment of fits and starts which dissembled into notes and incomplete endings. They were still works in progress.

Intrinsic to the process of an attempt at creative writing, has been ... an academic observance and analysis of notable writers, also a consideration of relevant critical theory. For me, part of the creative writing process has also been to read more fiction. Previously, prior to beginning this task, my personality as a reader could be described like this: I would willingly indulge myself in the written story without too much of an intellectual presence. The story either satisfied me or it did not, end of read ... begin new action. Once the task of creating a body of creative writing of my own began, I began to sense an invested intellectual presence while reading. I became increasingly informed by theories of fiction with terms and concepts such as; foreshadowing, dramatic arc, turning point, and emotional purpose.

My initial reading included Katherine Mansfield, Sheridan Keith, Philip Roth, Thomas Mann. Also; Adam Begley, Brian Boyd, Florence Goyet, Lydia Wevers, and Mark Williams.

I became aware of Raymond Carver 'Where I'm Calling From' and Alice Munro 'Open Secrets.' I was so impressed to read Alice Munro's 'The Albanian Virgin' (*Open Secrets* 1994). I daydreamed ... to imagine myself conceiving a tale such as that of Munro's 'Lotar'. For the moment, I am unable.

Hearing a certain story on the radio, I decided to source and read Vincent O'Sullivan, his *Mrs Bennett And The Bears*. I used my reading of that story as a meditative background while I was trying to re-work my own story *Renoir Without You*. I also found 'Lost in Translation, New Zealand Stories.' My first draft of *Renoir Without You* was in the first person. I wasn't content. My second draft changed to He & She. I was still not happy with it. One morning I woke up and my brain was saying You. I have ended up with a composite playing with each perspective.

Discussion

Given that the short story is the genre to which I now confine my creative writing. I will briefly consider my work in the context of that genre. The notable short story writer H.E. Bates (1972) talks of the story of *Cain and Able* as being an example of a short story, but he suggests "the history of the English short story is very brief, for the simple reason that before the end of nineteenth century it had no history."

I am of the impression that the types of short story are almost as numerable as the individual writers of short story. For my purposes, I have not endeavoured to fit into a theory of short story. The canon of the genre is immense. Although I have been informed of its depth by the extent of my reading over the years, I see my own work as being non-reactive to the work of other writers and, for the moment, apparently free of stylistic influence. Of course, that may not be entirely true. My work is post 1960s. My literary awakening, so to speak, that was/is my appreciation of literature in any significant sense, began in 1970 when I was fifteen years old. I clearly remember reading *A Fitting Tribute* by C.K. Stead, and *For All the Saints* by J.C. Sturm. Around that time I saw the film *God Boy*, an adaption of a novel by Ian Cross. Of course there were the

poems by Baxter, and through him I became aware of Fairburn and Glover. But for me there was Sam Hunt, larger than life.

A few years later I read *Dick Seddon's Great Dive* by Ian Wedde. As a young New Zealander, each of these works I've mentioned impressed me. Also, who cannot love reading Katherine Mansfield? I certainly did. In 1975 I purchased a new edition of Katherine Mansfield *The Complete Stories*. If I had thought of myself as a writer at that time, it would have been such works that I would have tried to emulate. Therefore it suffices to say these are my primary influences. In 1975 I also read J.D. Salinger, and eventually I went on to read other international writers like Doris Lessing, Margaret Atwood, Simone deBeauvoir, John Updike, Ian McEwan and Peter Handke. Yet, in reality I see myself locked in that period of my youth when I read such New Zealand stories such as *A Fitting Tribute* and *For All the Saints*.

Recently I went to the library and took out Wedde's *Dick Seddon's Great Dive*. I wanted to revisit the story that had impressed me almost forty years ago. The sensation was so peculiar, I had a feeling of being 'right at home' and almost knowing. I immediately sensed the style of writing that had absorbed me so long ago. It was an uncanny feeling to find a passage I remembered, 'In order to raise it she'd have to bend forward, grasp two handles set at pelvis level in the window frame, and slide the frame upward in its grooves. The action would push her belly forward, arch her back, tip her chin up ... her hands, at the top of her stretch, would be level with her head... the whole action would resemble that of a woman drawing a sweater or nightdress up over her head. Then she'd be standing naked ...' Wedde's narrative switched about and I was intrigued. Ian Wedde, the writer, writes at the beginning of his story of *He*. Wedde then writes of *She*. Then Wedde introduces the *I*, an *I* who wants to tell a story. The *I* is not a man, but a woman. The construct of different people in different times, different places, the interplay of third person narration and first person reflection intrigued me as it did forty years ago. To what extent were the characters fictional? Am I able to listen to the writer? Is the writer a *real* part of the story?

I would think a good title for my work would be *Telling Tales* or *Very Telling ... You Tell Me*. I say this because although I am telling tales, I am actually revealing a lot about myself.

Through the process of telling tales, I am actually discovering my own self in the process. The result is revealing to the reader and to me. So much so that a reader may have a more objective view than I have allowed myself time for. In a sense, I'm still too close to the production of these stories to adequately analyse them.

I happened upon John Updike (1) the notion of 'walking through volumes of the unexpressed.' (2) Updike talking about his writing process; plundering his memories 'in the self serving corruptions of his fiction.' I could relate to Updike's comments. [Adam Begley (2014) p.7]

It would be appropriate if I could steal the titles *To Be or Not To Be*, and *Unreliable Memoirs* because each have a pertinence that describe my work. Shakespeare's lines from Hamlet because they precisely pin point a theme throughout my work, in what manner does one exist? Does a central character observe or participate, recede or engage? I would like to use the title Clive James used; *Unreliable Memoirs* is such a brilliant term. In a way it would be so apt to title my work in such a way because my collection of stories spring from the trajectory of my life, but they are not my life. My stories are parallel lives. My stories are fictions developed from my life experiences.

After I had devised the stories and completed a first draft. I knew I would have to revisit them. I felt it was necessary to allow myself some distance from them. From time to time ideas that were related would precipitate. One part of me wanted to let them be. However, as the overall exercise is one of developing myself as a serious writer, I knew I would have to read over my work with a view to doing some remedial surgery on the stories to engage my potential readers. I had to breathe more life into them. At this point I became tentative with an inclination to treat the superficial, rather than attempt surgery. Part of my writing process is to read a book by a writer I like, so I may sit as a passenger in their vehicle and get a feel for the road and the manoeuvrings and thereby feel the confidence to drive myself. This is fine to a point. Perhaps if I

was a ten-year old with a high I.Q. this would be a great technique as a jump-start. In my case I realised that genius was not going to come to me in a simple osmosis while reading the work of others. I had to analyse my work, its structure. Of course I knew I had to put time into considering the rhythms and cadences of my language, attempting to be artistic to some extent to draw my reader in and sustain readers' interest. I realised that such concerns in themselves were not enough. I had to develop a scheme as a tool to examine my work. For a start ... plot. Then I decided to ask questions about my work, as though I had not written it myself. What is the guts/heart of this story? Is it an emotion? Is it a person? Is it about an idea or place or a thing? What is the plot? What drives the plot? What are the themes? Is there a background story? Who are the characters? What do they contribute? What do they steal? What do I, as a writer, long for?

The theory is to *arrive late, leave early*. I've said it before, and I may mention it again: it takes me awhile to enter a story, a long time. It's probably quite obvious. I sit at the keyboard, I delve into my past and picture myself there, I reminisce as it were. Slowly the story will begin to emerge. An objective reader will most likely wade through everything I've done to reach the story and wonder what an earth I'm trying to say. Then at a certain point they'll go 'Ah ha ! This is where the story begins.' For me the process is not so simple. Everything that led to that point is intrinsic, I want to retain it. After all that's why I'm writing, to reach in and examine the detail. I wanted to retain all that for my parents, my siblings, my children and grandchildren. It is very painful to discard it. I had to toughen up and let go material that the reader does not need. An example is my very first story in the collection, *Spiraling Out*. I had to accept that the preceding 1,512 words were not germane to the story. They were relevant to the story title, perhaps only from my point of view , but certainly not relevant to the actual story I had developed. I had to toughen up and embrace the theory I had been exposed to in class, the notion of arriving late and leaving early. Therefore the decision was made to cut that 1,512 word preamble.(Attached in Appendix, Extracts 1 & 2) If I really wanted to offer that to my family, I had better shape it into another project, another type of story. Perhaps if I was a particularly clever writer I could sift a few gems from the irrelevant detail, and hide them in my story. I wondered if I could do that... gather the accoutrements of my introspection.

After producing my own stories I took the time to read a short story by Eleanor Catton *Pawn Broken* and another by Charlotte Grimshaw *The Master Plan*, which I found in a collection *Lost in Translation New Zealand Stories* edited by Marco Sonzogni.

Regarding my own work, it became apparent that I was introducing too many characters into a story, which merely served to complicate. (*Kirsten* being a good example). I began to reduce characters to two or three. Place and Time.. I had to refine my perspective ... was I in the now? Or, am I now looking back ? Another problem that I had to deal with was point of view. Perhaps I was confusing myself, as well as any potential reader. When I read *No Shadow Kick* by Tze Ming Mok (In *Lost In Translation*) I had a recall of these difficulties. I realised that it is possible to write from two characters points of view, and it is also possible to complicate a story with extra characters, Tze Ming Mok does it well. but ...I wasn't wholly content with my own work. I endeavoured to make an effort to reduce my stories to one, two or three principal characters and not give a name to the others.

I chose Catton's story *Pawn Broken* because she is a well known prize-winning author. I chose Grimshaw because I had recently become aware that she was producing short story collections. As I read Catton's first sentence, I realised why she was winning acclaim; 'By 1860 the fever had swept across the Tasman to kiss the throat and stir the blood of even the least wistful of men.' (p37) I was immediately drawn to a time, a place, and an event which seemed extremely interesting. The story is. Grimshaw's first sentence didn't draw me in as easily, but I was immediately presented with two characters and a situation. It was simple to keep reading ... French being spoken. I considered the first sentences of my own work. I liked the way Grimshaw introduced a passage, a passage not essential, but a delightful passage that conjures a mood. 'Silence. A tiny click from the thermostat. Shafts of weak sunlight came in through the window, making a pattern on the floor.' (p95) I could relate to that style of writing. Before reading Grimshaw, I had attempted to employ a similar technique in my story *Before the Autumn*.

Before the Autumn is a story I put too much into. As I have said above; initially, I was not sure what the manuscript would be. I knew I wanted to reflect on life experiences, examine themes which had taken my interest. I didn't know how or what. My first idea was to make a story about a woman who was close to the tipping point, as far as her mental health was concerned, but was also a young mother living away from her family and the support links that

she had previously known. Full of ambition, I considered myself artful. As a writer, I was like a blind person finding my way through an unfamiliar house. I was writing my way into something I did not know. Despite that, it seemed natural for me to write in the first person. I soon became distracted, identifying with the character ... my experience became hers, her experience became mine. I soon realised that I was self conscious of myself as the writer ... but I was determined to talk my way through it, without letting my consciousness of a possible reader's criticism, prevent me reaching an end. To apply myself to the task, to persevere with the chore that it soon became, I had to entertain myself to some extent. So eventually I achieved a result, in the sense that I felt I had created some sort of story. Then the re-read and the subsequent cringe factor: thinking that although I had made a story, a story I was wedded to, this was not a story I was willing to let others read. I was wedded to the story because I had committed to it. In doing so I had enjoyed the romance. I had toiled and sweated. I had made obstacles for myself, which I overcame. During the process of making the story I sometimes entertained myself. Sometimes I thought I was clever. At other times I thought I was stupid. I was proud I had made a story. But in re-reading, I realised that from a reader's point of view ... my story was a lot of drivel. It was embarrassingly self conscious ... and contained too many personal references that no reader would understand. In the process of writing I had allowed myself a type of free reign to keep up a momentum. The result contained a lot of obscurity. I had felt some of this was important, because it was evidence of the character's state of mind. In retrospect the story contained a lot of nonsense. Actually, I soon tired of the effort. I could not bring myself to attempt a re-write. Was I artful? Well ... yes , I was a little artful. Was I awful? Yes, I was dreadfully conceited and this was plain to see. I still felt wedded. I didn't want to divorce. I wanted the marriage to remain a secret. I put the story aside and moved on. I happened to read *Along Rideout Road that Summer* by Maurice Duggan. What annoyed me in his story, is the same self consciousness that annoys me in my story. The thing is that it is about the lack of coherency, that's her condition, her dilemma. I'm still too close to the story to cut it down.

CONCLUSION

No amount of continued sweat and toil over my own work is likely to produce anything like the cleverness I discovered in *No Shadow Kick* from *Lost in Translation*, Tze Ming Mok's one word (ow). Nor will I develop the genius of plot that I revered in Nabokov's *A Matter of Chance*. My own situation might be better described by stealing a comment from Thomas Mann in his *Death in Venice*:

'He thought about his work, thought about the passage that he had once more been forced to abandon today, like yesterday, since it would yield neither to patient application nor to surprise attack. He reexamined that passage, tried to smash through or dissolve his block, and with a shudder of repugnance, he abandoned the assault.' (p291)

However, I now feel that I have 'material'. When I began my manuscript the process was a daunting task. I had little confidence and I did not have a clear idea of what I could produce. I certainly knew I was not going generate content that was significant or genre busting. Yet, the process of writing my collection of stories has given me a sense of satisfaction. I now feel *in the mode* as a writer. I have opened the process, as it were, kick started the writer within me. While I was in the process of creating the stories I have presented, other ideas have precipitated which I am keen to pursue. It has occurred to me that an interesting exercise would be to make a poem, perhaps a song, of each story ... in a further attempt to distill the essence of what I was trying to achieve.

Scholars read and evaluate short stories determining their value by evaluating them in terms such as humanity, realism, modernism, post-modernism etc. I have read discussions which become quite intellectual and very interesting. For instance Lydia Wevers in discussion of Owen Marshall's title story *The Lynx Hunter*, says, 'there is no mediation between the narrator and narration, no orderly sequence of possible events which might allow a reader to construct the narrator by or against the narrative.' (The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature in English, p256).

To analyse my own work and attempt to place it in the genre would at this stage of my development be premature and pretentious. My own work remains flawed. I apologise that it may be some time before I develop adequately, if at all, for my own work to be of any merit.

Simply, I was essentially a non-writer, a latent writer. By creating the stories I have taken the first steps to becoming a writer, a better writer. I feel I now have material to work with. I also know I have ideas for new material. Although I am partially satisfied with the work I have produced, I am not wholly satisfied. To be honest, although I have taken the first steps of becoming a writer, I know I must apply myself more strenuously to become a better writer. I think I must re-visit my stories and give them as much time again as I have already. I must re-work my stories, because in my earnest endeavour to get down my words, to get out my stories ... the result has been an emphasis on content. The work I have presented in this manuscript is as it is. Consequently, a literary analyst will easily recognise the calibre of my work in all its limitations. I do not consider myself particularly clever. Over the past few months I have been living within my stories, and in a sense I cannot see *the wood for the trees*. Once I have taken a break, once I have allowed some distance between myself and the stories, I think I need to return to them with a view to improving them. I may have new ideas and perspectives. I may be able to make my stories more lyrical, more artful, by returning to them with a view to re-creating them. A criticism of my work may be that the stories remain too much as summations of events. I could improve my work by putting more time into descriptions, thinking more about the characters, and by re-evaluating the points of drama. I need to develop more sophisticated narrative concepts that enable a stronger reader engagement.

Having created 18 stories (17 in the thesis and 1 in the appendix) I can reveal that my process of 'self discovery' as an author is a work in progress. I've allowed myself to ramble with words. I have found that I do have stories. The point is now, what do I do with my inclination to make stories? The process is in motion. In my rag bag of fits and starts I have many ideas and abandoned stories that I have been unable to explore within the present time frame (like the boy who was seriously threatened by his father with an axe ... like the French woman who wanted to pay for a lover, etc). For the purposes of this exercise there have been personal time constraints, I've not had the time to go off in tangents. Nor have I had the time to professionally re-work my 17 stories, let alone the exegesis.

As I submit this manuscript I remain embarrassed at the quality of my work, because I know I can improve the stories so much more. All I can hope, at this stage, is that a reader may gain sufficient satisfaction from each story I've written ... to feel prompted to turn the next page and feel no unwillingness to read the next story. I accept in reality that a reader may experience unwillingness. Having indulged myself I must now continue to redraft my work. I must give greater consideration to *the reader*.

If you are a reader who has read thus far ... I must say you are very determined. It is only now at the point of submitting my thesis and exegesis that I have become aware that my manuscript may be available to potential readers in the university library or as a digital copy. I grimace. I consider my work too underdeveloped for general consumption. But personally I am pleased with the collection of stories that I have managed to develop, because as a first manuscript of stories, the collection represents an engagement with my *voice* or *voices*. The process of writing the manuscript has allowed me interesting avenues of contemplation and moments of satisfying catharsis. I have discovered psychological threads and themes which demand further attention. The process of writing my manuscript has been a very humbling task. The completion of my thesis has given me a renewed admiration for those who write, and an immense respect for the adept writers I enjoy reading.

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APPENDIX

Extract 1

Spiraling Out, introduction to first draft.

(1391 words)

I lived on the main highway near Ballarat Street. I knew my neighbourhood from quite an early age, even before I rode my two-wheeler about. At school I befriended Joseph Mathews and Geoffrey Gow-Campbell. I was allowed to walk to their houses down near Marua Road. Geoffrey lived in Vause Street and Joe was in Lawry Street. But of course I'd known these streets since I'd been able to walk. Although we had a car, my mother did not have a driving licence and my father worked rotating shifts at the Penrose Power Station. The shops in Marua Road were the closest. Nearby to Joe's house, in Michael's Avenue there was a creek and swamp. I caught tadpoles and frogs, but I was absolutely afraid of the blood suckers that attached themselves to my legs. Even so I thought of myself as a tough person. In the winter I would still go to school barefoot. It was fun to run on the white frost and leave green skid marks.

I had my immediate neighbourhood friends. Actually one became a tele star, Kerry Smith lived over the road and we were often together in one of our homes. Kerry was the doctor and I was the patient. I was often in the back seat of her mother's Morry 8 when shopping needed to be done. Once we went all the way to the Meat works in Otahuhu so that Louis could purchase in bulk. Wilhelmina Mathews, lived next door to me, James Daniels and Paul Doherty beyond her, toward Panmure. Gloria, Martin, Brett Mulligan and Tony Wilmot lived on the Ellerslie side. Further down the road, toward Brewster's nursery, lived the Tomlinson's. I spent a lot of time there playing footy with Mark, Allan and Stephen. They had a sister Irene, and the youngest in the family was Anne-Marie. For some reason they all referred to her as Nookie. I remember asking my mum why they called her Nookie. My mother just said 'Shhh, be quiet, just eat your dinner.' Although I played with all of these young locals, these particular friendships lessened as I became older, considering that all those I've mentioned went to state schools, while I went to

the Ellerslie Convent School, Saint Mary's. Eventually I became somewhat attached to two particular classmates.

Mark Fray lived with his parents in Ladies Mile. Have you ever heard of Ladies Mile? I think it a delightful name for a road. It's the road which connects the main street of Ellerslie with Remuera Road. An original settler, Robert Graham, named the first bridle track that connected his own Ellerslie home to his brother's Remuera home as 'Ladies Mile' after his wife Sophia, who rode along it every morning. Anyway, Mark lived in Ladies Mile overlooking Ellerslie racecourse. His mother Vera recalled dating my mother's older brother. My uncle Desmonde, the sculptor, denies ever dating Vera. Mark's older brother was a cadet journalist for The Northern Advocate, which intrigued me. His older sister studied Russian, which perplexed me, as the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republic was the enemy beyond the Iron Curtain. Christopher Brown lived further down Ellerslie Highway passed Stanhope Road down near Mount Wellington, on the way to Panmure. His mother Peggy was always baking something wonderful. His sister Anne Marie was best friends with my sister Mary. My parents lived in-between the Brown's and the Frays at 284 Ellerslie Highway. At Mark's house we could listen to the radio; Syd Tonks would be calling the race with his voice galloping at the same pace as the horses we could easily observe down on the race track, " ... as they turn we have Fair Account leading Stipulate with Royal Duty and Trial Offer immediately behind, Lucky Son and Senyor at the back of the field. Fair Account has lost pace, Stipulate is holding his own, Trial Offer is coming up rapidly on the outside. Lucky Son is also making a dash for the post. Trial Offer is first, Stipulate second, Fair Account comes in third, with Lucky Son taking fourth, Royal Duty fifth ahead of Senyor."

Christopher's parents must have owned a half-acre because there was a magnificent lawn beside their house where we could play rugby and kick up-and-unders into the gigantic sky. Opposite my house, next to Kerry Smith's there was a long driveway to an old house where I was often sent to buy free range eggs. I would pay with a three-pence silver coin, a thruppence, or three pennies for a paper bag full. Beyond this old house there was barren land all the way to the Fletcher's Mansion in Penrose. It's amazing to think that after the War, when our parents bought their sections and began building their homes, that there was still an expanse of farmland about in these inner suburbs.

I was already familiar with my neighbourhood. The previous year, a month before Kennedy was shot, my mother was in 'the home' giving birth. The 'home' was Saint Helen's in Pitt Street. I was sent to stay with refugees from war torn Europe, whom we knew from the parish. It is disappointing to recall that Mr. Van Hees was subject to severe discrimination in this country which he had adopted for his family. He was a very kind man, a superb baker, and a very hard worker but he was ostracized and made fun of for his faltering English. Many New Zealand males were cruel like that. One of his sons, Paul, was in the same class as me. Once we had to take a steel wheel-barrow to school. It was quite heavy for us as eight year olds, so we had one handle each. Sometimes we wandered about after school, we bought firecrackers and found places to let them off. You can't buy the firecrackers that we were personally able to purchase at that time, they are illegal now. I delighted in putting a lit double happy in an empty baking powder tin and putting the lid back on, it gave a tremendous explosion. We found a concrete tunnel where sewer drains were being laid and made some mighty bangs. Because I sometimes walked home from school, I would take back roads. Although it took me longer to get home it was interesting to explore. I discovered a big bin of discarded wood at Seacraft, where they made Sea Nymph boats. One piece of wood was nicely turned and became my very own baseball bat. Anyway the point is that I knew my neighbourhood.

By the time Christopher, Mark and I were in year 5, we each had our own bicycle and would ride to school if so inclined. So it stands to reason that on our bicycles, in our free time, we would get around. On a given day Chris probably said he was going to my place. Mark may've said he was off to Chris's place. I most likely said I was going to Mark's. We weren't being dishonest. It was simply that we were so accustomed to using the family phone to phone one another, then getting on our bicycles and meeting up to go exploring. It was of no real concern to us that our busy parents might want to know where we actually were.

For example during school holidays we had cycled to Maungakeikei, yes the mountain surrounded by Cornwall Park, immortalised to some extent by the band U2 who made a tribute to their New Zealand roadie in their song 'One Tree Hill.' At the edge of a volcanic crater we abandoned our bikes and climbed a tree. We were up in the tops of the tree, when we saw a young adult couple approaching from the base of the crater. On that beautiful sunny day we quietly observed them walking in our direction. We looked at each other in glee when the couple

came all the way up under our tree, they put down a picnic blanket and opened a little case with a drink and snacks. Unbeknownst to them we perched quietly like hunters. It was a tremendous moment when the couple lay down and began kissing, an absolutely hilarious occasion for three prepubescent boys. I don't recall who whistled first, but there we were high in the tree, the three ... etc

Extract 2

Spiraling Out, introduction 2nd Draft

(1,513 words)

I enjoyed my immediate neighbourhood friends. Wilhelmina, lived next door to me, beyond her was Jimmy and further beyond, toward Panmure, lived Paul. In the other direction, toward Ellerslie, Gloria, Brett and Tony lived with their respective families. Further down the road, toward Brewster's nursery, lived Stephen. I spent a lot of time there playing footy with Stephen and his brother. Stephen also had a sister, Anne-Marie. For some reason Stephen and his brother referred to her as Nookie. I remember asking my mum why they called her Nookie. My mother, with a glimmer in her eye, answered, 'Shhh, be quiet, just eat your dinner.'

Kerry lived over the road and we were frequently together in one of our homes. Kerry was older than me and took the initiative, she was the doctor and I was the patient. I was often in the back seat of her mother's Morry-8 when shopping needed to be done. Once we went all the way to the smelly Meat Works on the Penrose Farm, near Otahuhu, to purchase in bulk. Life was a mystery and a flux of incidental relationships. These were my first human relationships outside my family. I had fist fights with Paul and Brett. They thought they were tough, but as turned out ... they had to learn that I was tougher. Those flare-ups were of no consequence. The worst thing that ever happened was that Paul and I were caught having the time of our lives, playing chicken, running across the road in front of traffic one wet day, then jumping in the deep puddles on the other side of the road. It was humiliating to be caught out doing something so wonderfully bad. I played with all of these young locals, until things began to change. Stephen moved up North to

Paihia. My friends went to the state schools and we drifted apart, because I went to the Ellerslie Convent School, the Catholic school, Saint Mary's.

I was aware of the wider vicinity of my neighbourhood from quite an early age, even before I rode my two-wheeler about. I'd known those streets since I'd been able to walk. Although we had a car, my mother did not have a driving licence and my father worked rotating shifts at the Penrose Power Station. The shops in Marua Road were as close to our home, as were the shops at Harris Road. My mother pushed the pram, which could fit three. I was the walker. At school as a six year old I found new playmates in my class. They lived further away from my local friends. Yet, I was allowed to walk to their houses a few blocks away, down near Marua Road. One lived in Vause Street and the other was in Lawry Street. Nearby, in Michael's Avenue, there was a creek and swamp. I remember going there on my own, with a glass jar. I caught tadpoles and a frog, but I was absolutely afraid of the blood suckers that attached themselves to my legs. Even so ... I thought of myself as a tough person. In the winter I would still go to school barefoot. It was fun to run on the white frosted lawns then skid, searing the frost from the grass and leaving grassy green skid marks. At school I liked the tough boys.

While I was at school in Year 4, a month before Kennedy was shot in Dallas, my mother was in 'the home' giving birth to her fifth. The 'home' was Saint Helen's in Pitt Street. I was surprised when I was sent to stay with a tough boy who was in my class at school. Ivan was blonde, blue eyed, handsome and lively. His parents, church-goers in our Parish, were refugees from war torn Europe. Ivan's older brother was a Franciscan Priest in New Guinea. Ivan's three older sisters knelt in the living room every night to pray the Rosary. I would kneel in respect and participate. Ivan's irreverent skylarking was a shock, my first experience of impious behaviour. It is disappointing to recall that Ivan's father was subject to severe discrimination here in Auckland. He was a very kind man, a superb baker, and a very hard worker but he was ostracized and made fun of for his faltering English. Many New Zealand males were cruel like that.

In those days parents did a lot of the building and maintenance of the school property. Ivan's father did more than his share. One day Ivan and I had to take a steel wheel-barrow to school. It was quite heavy for us as eight year olds, so we had one handle each, with our school bags in the barrow. Living with this family I became familiar with previously unknown streets. Another day Ivan and I wandered about after school, we bought firecrackers and found places to let them off.

You can't buy the firecrackers that we were personally able to purchase at that time, they are illegal now. I delighted in putting a lit double-happy in an empty baking powder tin and putting the lid back on, it gave a tremendous explosion. We found a concrete tunnel where sewer drains were being laid and made some mighty bangs. After I returned to my own home to see my glowing mother and her newborn, I had been initiated to walking as an alternative to catching a bus to school. Consequently, I sometimes walked home from school. I would take back roads. Although it took me longer to get home they were interesting to explore. I discovered a big bin of discarded wood at Seacraft, where they made Sea Nymph boats. One piece of wood was nicely turned and became my very own baseball bat.

By Year 5, I had become somewhat attached to two particular classmates. They were not just tough, they were intelligent and informed me about things I knew nothing of. Leo was quite the reader. Leo lived further down Ellerslie Highway, down near Mount Wellington, before you got to the Green Door Dairy. His mother was always baking something wonderful. When I visited there was always some freshly baked biscuits or scones, or a cake, to enjoy with our glass of milk. In symmetry, Leo's sister was best friends with my sister. I guess it was kismet. Leo's parents must have owned a half-acre because there was a magnificent lawn beside their house where we could play rugby and kick up-and-unders into the gigantic sky. Leo was skinny like me, but he was not afraid to play rough and tackle hard. He kept me on my toes.

By comparison Evan was heavy set, big, strong and invincible. Evan lived in Ladies Mile. The name of the road, and the road itself, had as powerful a presence in my childhood as did the horses which were often seen being exercised. Ladies Mile is the road which connects the main street of Ellerslie with Remuera Road. An original settler, Robert Graham, named the first bridle track that connected his own Ellerslie home to his brother's Remuera home as 'Ladies Mile' after his wife Sophia, who rode along it every morning. Evan's house in Ladies Mile overlooked Ellerslie racecourse. His mother recalled dating my mother's older brother. My uncle, the sculptor, denied ever dating her. Evan's older brother was a cadet journalist for The Northern Advocate, which intrigued me. His older sister studied Russian, which perplexed me, as the

Union of the Soviet Socialist Republic was the enemy beyond the Iron Curtain. At Evan's house we could hear Syd Tonks calling the race with his voice galloping at the same pace as the horses we could easily observe down on the race track, "... as they turn we have Fair Account leading Stipulate with Royal Duty and Trial Offer immediately behind, Lucky Son and Senyor at the back of the field. Fair Account has lost pace, Stipulate is holding his own, Trial Offer is coming up rapidly on the outside. Lucky Son is also making a dash for the post. Trial Offer is first, Stipulate second, Fair Account comes in third, with Lucky Son taking fourth, Royal Duty fifth ahead of Senyor."

I lived midway between Leo's house and Evan's house. I lived at 284 Ellerslie Highway. By the time we were nine-year-olds we each had our own bicycle and would ride to school if so inclined. So it stands to reason that on our bicycles, in our free time, we would get around. Our bicycles enabled us to spiral out. On a given day Leo probably said he was going to my place. Evan may've said he was off to Leo's place. I most likely said I was going to Evan's. We weren't being dishonest. It was simply that we were so accustomed to using the family phone to phone one another, then getting on our bicycles and meeting up to go exploring. It was of no real concern to us that our busy parents might want to know where we actually were. Etc.

Extract 3

Kirsten, a 1st draft.

(2,401 words)

"Jean, he's going to have to buck up."

"Yes, he'll have to, I know. Kirsten, take the job, Frances is here for me. I'll be fine. I mean it, take the job, go! Bye now."

Kirsten put the phone back in her pocket. "Damn it," she said to herself, feeling annoyed that just when life was good, it had become suddenly complicated. Jean had hoped that her oldest friend Phoebe would die happily of old age, but the onset of her friend's illness had been difficult for

Jean. Consequently Phoebe's son had also come to stay, his presence was problematic. The details revealed in the phone call made it clear that he was a piece of work. Kirsten realized how content she'd been in the previous year. Now her circumstances, these last few months, became burdened because of her enduring relationship with Jean. The invitation to work in the north-west was a welcome diversion. She decided to go.

The driver, Inspector Glen Owens, was getting impatient. Besides, it was going to rain. He knew this but it was the furthest thing from Kirsten's mind. She felt calm, quiet, pleasantly alone. The clouds were darkening, the wind irritating. He stood by the car with his cigarette while she walked with hers. There had been a time when she didn't smoke, had given up, but that was before her daughter died, seven years ago now. The driver did not want her to come here. He knew the area. He knew its history and the families who lived here. Kirsten Black kicked the gravel of the unsealed road and walked purposefully forward as thoughts accelerated through her mind. She knew that she had to get back for the funeral, but she had wanted to visit here first and get a feel for the place. This was her starting point. Owens thought she looked attractive. He wondered how old she was, he thought about 45, and he wondered what she'd be like in bed.

The roadside was lined with a second growth of natural fauna, growing for perhaps a hundred and fifty years since the original track had been established, thick Nikau palms on either side. The main road, the sealed road by which they had arrived, carried on down to the west coast beach. This side road to the right meandered down the valley across a bridged stream and half way up the hills on the other side. It was a no exit, country road. According to the police report, the position where Kirsten walked was where Anna had last been sighted. Why here? Of course it had occurred to Kirsten that she would not find an answer immediately. However, she thought it was important to at least visit the vicinity indicated by the only apparent witness. Kirsten walked back to the car and instructed the Owens to drive her up to the end of the road.

The area commander, Tom Field, had known Kirsten when had been young detectives in Hamilton. Now she was highly regarded. The search for Anna had led nowhere and for more than four years there had been no new leads or information. His own detectives working the case had not reviewed it because they had become busy with too many new cases. Tom had made a formal application to National headquarters to have Kirsten review the disappearance of Anna. He was able to do this because Inspector Black had established an enviable track record of successful results. She had become one of the 'go to' detectives when cases were not solved. Kirsten had said that she would consider undertaking the review, once there was some respite from her own work. Now the moment had come, and despite the complications in her personal life, she had booked flights and met Tom for lunch. He had given her the file and they had talked at length. Once Owens had been made available, they parted. She had not told Tom about Jean and saw no reason to, that was personal, private.

The witness, Graham Reid, was thought to be reliable. Married to a local high school teacher who was also a ceramic artist, father of two, he was one of the AA mechanics for the region and

had been on-call that night. One night he'd been called out three times, but most nights he never received a call. That night there was only the one. He was phoned near 1.30am and asked to drive almost 20km to assist a nurse whose car had broken down on the way home from her evening shift. For the witness it was not unusual to see young people walking down the road in the early hours of the morning after a night out in the city, it was a long walk from the last bus-stop, and hitch-hiking was a frequent option after the buses. Most times they were clearly identifiable as local residents, but often they seemed like unknown friends from the nearest city. Anna's last known description had been on the television, the radio, also in the papers; approximately 1.5m in height, blonde hair, white top, blue jeans and red sneakers. He had noticed a woman matching that description, and informed the police.

Entrances to the various properties of the valley were plain and very similar, just a numbered letter- box beside a bush clad driveway. Kirsten paid particular interest to Graham Reid's entrance, but the excursion was a preliminary exercise and the rain was now unpleasant. She felt like an encumbered spirit. It was a relief when Owens returned her to the airport and she was able to fly away. Yes, the invitation to review a case of a missing person was a timely diversion. It was also an opportunity to distance herself from the complexities of home. Back in Wellington she did not return home. She went to a nearby hotel. The bland environment and anonymity were just as she'd wished. She poured a wine, opened the door to the terrace and lit a cigarette. Of course, she thought to herself, I'm going to give up, but not anytime soon, perhaps next month. She phoned Jean. After saying goodnight she poured another wine made a cursory reading of the file, before a shower. The first thing she noticed was that the bulk of the file had been written by Owens. Now that she considered him in retrospect her first impressions of him made her feel uneasy, and she began to wonder about the thoroughness of the initial investigation. The trouble, she believed, with these types of non-digital police files, still prevalent, is that they sometimes slipped some information, disappeared behind the back of a drawer, remained on some person's desk. Such shoddy compilation and filing of information was simply unacceptable to Kirsten. She had become a thorough professional. She expected the same exacting standards from all her colleagues. Missing Persons had become her major professional interest. The number of people missing was rising. Most of them were women, only a few were men, many were children. Many families were affected.

Showered and draped in a bathrobe, glass in hand, she began a more studious examination of the file of Anna Golding. She had successful parents, they lived in an up-market Auckland suburb with their two other children. The father was a property developer, the mother a chartered accountant. Their oldest child was only 24 years old when she disappeared. Anna was a university drop-out but apparently a talented illustrator. It seems that she was aiming for a major in history and her actual life was taking her in a different direction. Her social life revolved around some musicians and alternative types. She was attractive and popular, but was estranged from her parents and had moved out of home as an eighteen year old. There had been issues concerning certain boyfriends, and money. The parents had not actually seen Anna for almost a

month before what was authentically assumed to be the last known sighting of her by Graham Reid.

Without any need of an alarm, Kirsten awoke naturally as usual around six thirty a.m. It was good for her, she felt, to enjoy the quietness and the solitude. Soon she would go home. Their landline will be ringing, people will be at the door. So preferable, she felt, to enjoy a morning shower, and a coffee, before her having to deal with all of that intrusion. At eight a.m. she phoned Jean's sister, Frances, as she had said she would. After ascertaining that the two of them were bearing up to the circumstances, it was confirmed that their mutual friend, with his seven seater, would bring Frances to Kirsten's house and take them, along with Phil, to the funeral. Kirsten knew it was going to be an intense day for Jean, with everyone remembering Phoebe, talking of her life and her achievements, how they'd miss her, how sad it was that she'd had to die like that, how brave she had been. Kirsten's mind, however, was already locking in, wondering about Anna. Before leaving the hotel in a cab she made the second call of the day and phoned her office to order a topographical map of the valley she had visited, and council maps of the properties detailing boundaries and titles, so that she could make a thorough reference to the police file.

Phoebe's death was so sudden and unexpected. Particularly for Jean who had been her friend since they met at law school. Phoebe had become a well-respected lawyer, a QC, well liked and absolutely loved by family and friends. Lymphoma cancer took all by surprise. This morning when Kirsten, Jean and Frances arrived there with their friend and Phil, people were assembled at the door of the chapel. Inside there were already many seated. Some exchanged glances and smiles, some chatted. Kirsten recollected that in her own childhood and youth... it was the custom to present oneself in a solemn manner. She wished it were so now, which is why she did not want to remove her sun glasses, but she did. She felt that this morning was going to be more difficult than she had anticipated. Not only was she aware of Jean's feelings, but knew that her own buried feelings about her daughter and her mother were easily triggered to the surface in such circumstances.

After the funeral service Tom came toward her.

"Tom. What are you doing here?"

"I'm Phil's uncle."

"What? Impossible! You can't be!"

"Well ... Yes it's true. My older brother was Phoebe's first husband."

"Really? Okay good, he can live with you."

“No sorry it doesn’t work like that. My wife would not cope. Look, we’ll talk about it, but not now, later. I’m going to talk to Phil, to Jean and Frances, then I’m going. You still coming day after tomorrow? Do you need to be here longer?”

“I’m driving up tomorrow, so I’ll see you as we’ve arranged. We’ll be discussing Philip.”

“Okay, see you then.”

....

Kirsten has always been a good driver, confident, and like her father unafraid of speed, she motored north through the changing landscape listening appropriately at first to a version of Mozart’s Requiem, then later to Handel’s Water Music.

The first day on the job she found a place to buy a coffee and went to the office, above a shop, that had been made available to her. A young woman constable delivered the maps, plans, and titles.

“Do you know the AA man, Graham Reid?”

“Yes I do, I know his wife.”

“Good. Please phone her and ask when I can meet him. Can I visit him today?”

Kirsten began to examine the ownership titles, carefully cross referencing with addresses in the police reports.

“She says after lunch, about two.”

“Thanks. Write down his phone number for me. Then you can go.”

Kirsten buckled up her seatbelt and inserted a compact disc, her current favourite, Mendelsshon’s Opus 38, and proceeded out of town.

When Kirsten arrived Graham was wiring a fence. The meadow in front of his house looked delightful. A Labrador dog approached her barking, Kirsten lowered a hand which he licked, and she exchanged greetings with Graham.

“Yes, that house was the original old farm house before the farm was divied up into 10 acre blocks.”

“So someone is living there?”

“No, it’s been abandoned.”

“Who are the owners, where are they?”

“Old man Gilles died, and that was it.”

“When? What do you mean?”

“About 1973. There has been nobody there since then.”

Saying good bye, Kirsten inserted a new c.d. ... this time one she hadn't listened to for some time, Alicia de Larrocha playing Chopin, and left with a wave. Graham, she decided, was likeable. Leaving the Reid's house, in control of her own car, busy at her work, Kirsten listened to the music as she drove along the road with a thick glade of native bush on either side. Her mind drifted into a peaceful autopilot mode. Then a sudden consciousness occurred, a curiosity made her slow down, pause ... stop, then drive up the Gilles driveway. The place certainly looked abandoned. She decided to get out and have a look about.

When Kirsten did not show, as arranged, Tom phoned her. It went straight to answer phone. He left a message but it was not like her to miss a meeting without making contact. They had arranged to meet at 5pm, not just to discuss the case but to discuss Philip. He phoned the station.

“Where's Inspector Black, have you heard from her?”

“She said that she'd arranged to meet the witness at his home ... yes ... at two p.m.”

“What's his number?”

Tom left a message with the Maitre D and decided to visit the witness.

“Yes, after a cup of tea and a chat with me, she left about three thirty.”

“That's plenty of time to get back to town.”

There was still no response on her phone, and there was no sign of her car on this road.

Tom phoned Owens to see if he knew anything.

“She phoned me around 3.30, wanted to know why there weren't any statements from residents at the old Gilles place. I told her that there was no one living there. There had been a search.”

“Get in your car, I'll meet you there, hurry !”

NOTES (for further contemplation of exegesis):

The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature in English 2nd Edition. Mark Williams:

Mark Williams p703 ‘Chris Baldick observes that ‘the proper humanist response to the effete fluidities of the impressionist school is to mount a “virile” reaction against the prevailing philosophy of the flux’. Ezra Pound advocated a hard edged modernism focused on the image as means of overcoming the softness and vagueness of impressionist writing. In New Zealand the ‘impressionism’ associated with Mansfield’s writing provoked a similar response among a succeeding generation of writers whose reaction is also trenchantly masculinist in its assumptions and language. Sargeson found Mansfield’s writing feminine, overly laden with sensibility, and ‘virtually free from any sense of social tradition’. His masculine modernism valued the unadorned, direct, and colloquial, and it was expedient for him to identify ‘feminine’ impressionism with Mansfield’s writing, perhaps in order to avoid the power her writing might have exerted on his own.’

Mark Williams p703/704 ‘... Lawrence Jones’s distinction between masculine outwardness and feminine inwardness (‘Barbed Wire’ and ‘Mirrors’) – which also informs *Where Did She Come From?*, Heather Robert’s 1989 study of the New Zealand women’s novel – seems to suggest two quite separate traditions in New Zealand fiction deriving from, or signified by, Mansfield and Sargeson. The distinction may, however, be seen as one between tendencies within the local adaptations of modernism rather than discrete lines. Moreover, these tendencies may coexist in the work of given writers and they are not neatly divided along gender lines. Both are present in the fiction of Mansfield, Hyde, Duggan, Frame, and Stead. They are found together in Sargeson’s *I Saw in MY Dream* (1949).

proletarian virtue

political commitment

political doctrine

nationalist

humanism

‘rooted in life’

openness to opinions

Mark Williams, Eliot & Murry, p705 ‘...must not coerce but elucidate...’ ‘see literature “beyond Time” ’.

706 ‘... relate it intelligently and independently to international trends...’

Britain 1920s = modernism, NZ = still conservative in Universities.

The Crash of 29, ... led to savage disenchantment with the political complacency of the 1920s.

so (British) modernism took root in nz in the 30’s

as did American-inspired post-modern influence in the late 60s

p708 ‘The most direct source of ideas about modernism, organicism, and Marxism for New Zealand literary intellectuals between the wars, however, was to be found in England, in the high modernism of Lawrence and Eliot and, later, in the socially committed modernism of the Auden Group.’

the poet-critic

the man of letters (including editors and reviewers)

the academic critic

power and coherence

p712 ‘... the unfolding narrative of the poet’s self in time.’

the Fall of Man

p712 ‘Nevertheless, [Allen] Curnow’s insistence on making a world out of what lies to hand involves an acceptance of a fall from a richer ‘plenitude’, a fall from Tradition that echoes the Fall of Man from God (or the poet from belief).’

p712 ‘The need to recognize and accept the world, to attend to it as though it is the whole of what exists not the outward signs of some hidden order of meanings, indicates the extent of the loss and the scepticism that will always attend post-lapsarian knowledge.’

713 ‘placing individual utterances in larger patterns of intelligibility, by connecting private narratives to public ones...’ ... ‘... to ‘the imaginative coherence’ of national life.’

exegetes exploratory approach

p714 **McCormick, Baxter, Stead**, 1950 – 1980

Sociological direction

Literary technique, narrative, voice

Slab of life technique, lacks art.

(control of) Narrative stance

Cultural differences

Reality prior to the poem

In the honest meeting of language and experience p715

Kendrick Smithyman's *A Way of Seeing* 1965 = sophisticated and critically erudite study

Reflect stresses in the writer's situation

Intimate and organic

The reality suffered

Baxter ... occasion of illumination ... mirror of a spiritual event.

Baxter: The self which man unconsciously assumes = kind of tribal mask = *persona*. p718

Interested in the unconscious

Post-structuralist & post-colonial

p722 Cherry Hankin (editor) Heinmann 1982 [commissioned essays on short story]

p729 *Dreams of Speech and Violence* (1987) W.H.New which investigates the complex mapping of language and location in the short story genre in Canada and New Zealand.

p703 re Katherine Mansfield. 'She takes the modern writer's condition in literature, as in the world. As being without secure footholds, deeply implicated in the dislocation of all those who find themselves between worlds.'

p703 '... such patrician assurance of form was untenable...'

'... impressionism, a term used loosely with respect to her work.'

'...evolving set of positions and judgements which illuminate her own art...'

Oxford, Lydia Wevers:

Academic discourse considers that New Zealanders, as writers and readers, have enjoyed a preference for the genre of short stories. 'Cultural choice' 'Cultural preference' Weavers p203

Phoenix, 1932, (... hunger for) words that give us a ‘home in thought.’ Weavers p203

‘... the characteristic fictional form of these words in New Zealand for a long time was the short story.’ Weavers p203

‘... socialist realist country of Sargesonian narrative ...’ Weavers p245 ‘cultural oppositions’

1953 Māori writer short story competition ‘... should be mimetic, documentary, educational, and concerned to demonstrate group identity....’ Weavers p248

‘... cultural identity is textual as well as racial, ceremonial, historical, and linguistic.’ Weavers p249

‘ rural/urban, pastoral/technological, rural/labour-based economy/income-wage earning economy, tribal knowledge expressed in legends, beliefs and behaviour, as opposed to acquired knowledge of Pakeha education and behaviour, especially behaviour induced by the ability to earn money: drinking, smoking, or being fashionable.’ Weavers p249

Oxford, Lydia Wevers: continued ...

Page 251 Elizabeth Bowen; distinction between ‘free’ story and symbolist or modernist short fiction.

P252 ‘Shadbolt uses events to reveal character, and by extension, society.’

253 ‘Gees stories Behaviour of individuals is similarly suggestive of larger social pressures...’ ‘... characters’ psychological and motivational distinctiveness that governs the narrative...’

253 ‘dominated by the “free” story, with its emphasis on socially realistic settings and character - based narratives.

253/254 ‘... the way individuals mark themselves out from, or capitulate to, group identities...’

254 ‘ the signifying individual ‘ ‘larger environment’ ‘social criticism’

254 ‘... local short story writing as the province of a brand of realism in which individual character is made the vehicle of social criticism.’

point of transition / a recognition of loss

social patterns

p256 re Owen Marshall's title story *The Lynx Hunter* '... there is no mediation between the narrator and narration, no orderly sequence of possible events which might allow a reader to construct the narrator by or against the narrative.'

p257 '...symbolizes the freedom and pleasures of adult life'

p257 'By the early 1980's, what has come to be called the postmodern story was well established in New Zealand, published regularly in periodicals (*Islands, Mate, Landfall, Climate, Untold, Sport* and *Parallax*), and challenging the domination of short fiction by the realist-humanist or 'free' story.'

p258 John Barth ...

p258 In New Zealand the case for the post-modern short story was presented in an anthology (*The New Fiction*), edited by Michael Morrissey and published in 1985.

p 258 'The writer who introduced New Zealand readers to the post-modern story was Russell Haley, whose *The Sauna Bath Mysteries and Other Stories* appeared in 1978.

p258 'Haley's fictions broke with both modernism and realism [... ..] concentrating instead on an essentially playful breakdown of narrative certainties. Like the succeeding works of Ian Wedde, Chris Else, [Michael] Morrissey, and others, Haley's continually draws attention to the fictional nature of subjectivity, to language, and to writing itself as subject matter. Since no distinction between the 'real' and the 'unreal' is allowed in such fiction, it is often preoccupied with shifts in time and place that complicate and undermine the boundaries between memory, dream, experience, and knowledge. Haley's 'Barbados – A Love Story', which opens Morrissey's anthology, suggests in its title and opening sentences a typical pattern of displacement and fictional complication: '

p259 'Such stories directly challenge notions of probability, and exploit the possibilities offered by discontinuities of space, time, and place, collapsing the conventions of meaning normally shared between reader and text. The postmodern text is continually interrupted and invaded, deflected from the narrative it appears to offer at any one point as its principal concern. The only constant factor is the process of transformation itself, which never concludes, and remains obstinately self-referential, emphasizing its own artifice.'

p260 'Post-modern fiction in New Zealand has mainly been the province of Pakeha male writers. However, during the 1980's its influence was gradually diffused through the short story writing and reading environment, shifting and altering the main short story forms, so that by the end of the decade it was rare to find social-humanist-realist stories in major periodicals. But though it challenged a number of orthodox literary concerns and expectations, post modern fiction did not disengage itself from the masculine. From Haley to Wedde and after, the narrators of post-modern fiction are identified with their masculinity. The desire is predominately heterosexual and their identification of the languages and codes of power, as well as their social relations and fictional contexts, are defined by their sexuality. Postmodernism, in its origins, was a masculine act, and gender is a continuing preoccupation, as it had been with writers of the 'free' story. If race is no a form of difference which it explores, gender is.'

p261 'By transferring the scene of the post modern story out of the specified regional context of The New Fiction ans into an environment of multiple socio-economic signifiers, Michael Gifkins locates his fictions and his atmosphere of high fictionality that characterizes late capitalism.'

p 261 'The titles of Gifkins' collections suggest both the fictional code by which we recognize their play, and their mimetic reference to a recognizable real world of novels and tabloid magazines ... as well as the fluid transmission of fiction from one direction to another.'

p261 'In Gifkins' work the postmodern story creates an undifferentiated continuum on which 'Art' and 'Life', 'fiction' and the 'real', 'home' and 'away' coexist. The displacement of his characters which result in a kind of circumstantial self-reflexivity always return the linear narrative to circularity; the reader is returned to fictionality however much the story may suggest that a transition from narrative to commentary can be effected. In the end the text reasserts itself as text in which the reader, too, must be constructed. The stories close, not with conclusiveness or with endings, a sense of resolution, but with the camera clicking its shutter on the perfect shot, a moment of immobility chosen by the imaginative will, in which the reader is compelled to acquiesce; the text imagined as memento, souvenir, holiday snap, the moment of reflection:' ("e;) "You pause before the mirror but the mirror lets you pass. You are wearing your small black dress. You smile. You toss back glistening curls. The Mediterranean proceeds to Africa. Mimosa is close outside the window and light reflects its calm back to the world." Gifkins, The Amphibians p167

p262 John Cranna The Visitors) 'Cranna's stories enact the post-modern fictional environment by constructing the reader as visitor to the narrative, unable to fully possess and comprehend it, while playing with mimetic referentiality to the 'real' world of history, geography, literature, politics and behaviour.'

p262 'Bill Manhire's stories (The New Land: A Picture Book, 1990) resist textual classification....'

p263 'Manhire's stories reveal a shift from a post-modern to a post-colonial consciousness.' '... the reader is continually engaged in a post-colonial process of recognition and discovery.'

p263 'The growth of anthologies of women's writing in the 1980s reflected an interest in gender-based categories of writing as distinct from traditional generic groupings.'

p263 '... the work of women does reveal some common preoccupations and literary choices, which are as suggestive of the constraints women writers may have felt themselves to be under in a restricted market as they are of anything that might stand for a collective identity.'

p264 'Cowley's description of her practice as a writer suggests a view of language as a medium for emotion, and of storytelling as an articulation of the territory of the self: ("Since stories must be written with the heart, the intellect can know little about them until the work is finished. Then the mind reads them, as it were, for the first time." From prologue of *Heart Attack and Other Stories* 1985.

p264 'Very often the narrative concerns of fiction of the 1970s and early 1980s identify selfhood as a product of emotional self knowledge, and stories delicately investigate where the boundaries in social relations lie, giving metaphorical density to the identification with particular social roles that women see themselves as making.'

p264 '... Cowley's fiction, like that of Sutherland and Kidman, is effectively anti-romantic. Post-marital rather than pre-marital, its choices and possibilities occur in the competing self-interests of marriages and families, where selfhood is so closely identified with role that the playful constructions of a Herman Flag or a Julian Harp have no space in which to exist.'

p265 'Kidman's stories are representative of the work of many women writers in that they make domestic space into a metaphor and identify female subjectivity with its area of occupation. More specifically, female sexuality is often identified with the possession of enclosed space.'

p265 (re Sutherland) 'The inability of men to manage or articulate feeling, or to accommodate ambiguity, is commonplace in fiction by women, particularly during the 1970s.'

p265 'The focus of both Kidman and Sutherland on the metaphors of female sexuality and on the structures by which it is regulated and contained can be seen as the groundwork from which short fiction in the 1980s reformulated and reshaped the connection between female identities and roles.'

p265/ 266 'By the mid-1980's the process of investigation of gender roles, which was often a process of affirmation, had started to shift into more fluid representations, a shift represented at its most politically radical in lesbian writing, which surfaced in feminist periodicals: *Broadsheet*, *Hecate* and *Spiral*. Lesbian short fiction typically challenges the heterosexual family by rewriting romance as lesbian. In this respect it adopts in order to subvert what has been the dominant model for both male and female writers (though romance is mostly written by women)

for representing heterosexual gender roles. Lesbian romance preserves the essentialist attributes of heterosexual romance (recognition of selfhood and value in the discovery of oneself as a lover or as beloved) but transfers them to a liaison which threatens the social fabric.'

p266 '... by redefining the environment of short fiction it [i.e. lesbian romance] radically extends the territory of 'women's writing'.'

p266 'Janet Frame's anti -individualistic, anti-essentialist fiction, which questions all given structures of knowledge, is the most radical of all New Zealand writing, and in the specific ways in which she deconstructs gender roles and the importance of the individual self her texts are reference points for recent writing.'

p266 '... Barbara Anderson's 'Up the River with Mrs Gallant,' a story written without a narrator and composed entirely of reported speech of the flattest kind, the speech of provincial newspapers. [... ...] ... a device which draws attention to the absence of a narrative frame, inviting readers to 'read' the story for themselves.'

p267 'As well as removing emphasis from the narrator and (under the influence of post-modernism) moving away from unitary narrative, recent writing has also burst out of the domestic post-romance frame characteristic of earlier writing by women.'

p267 'As the expansion of the physical environment of fiction by women breaks down the metonymic association between 'home' and 'woman', gender roles, particularly in the work of Johnson and Reidy, become conscious game playing.'

p268 'In recent writing by women, gender, role, nationality, and culture, like the text itself, have burst out of containment, calling into question all the terms which might precondition identity: wife, mother, daughter, lover, woman, New Zealander, narrative, story.'

Women 1970s Check out:

Joy Cowley, Margaret Sutherland, Fiona Kidman, Patricia Grace, Yvonne du Fresne

Women 1980s Check out:

Shonagh Koea, Barabara Anderson, Anne Kennedy, Stepahie Johnson, Sue Reidy.

check out **Mark Williams** Leaving the Highway

check out **Russell Haley** 'Barbados – A Love Story'

check out **Malcolm Fraser** 'The Original Community of James Fox'

check out Ian Wedde **The Shirt Factory**

check out **Michael Gifkins The Amphibians**

check out *The Power and the Glory* 1987 edited by Miriam Shaphira

Florence Goyet ‘The Classic Short Story’ :

p14/15 ‘Anton Chekhov claimed that the short story should tell “how Peter married Mary”, and Giovanni Verga argued that the short story should be free from all rhetoric. Leo Tolstoy, for his part, considered that the short story was the rendition of “how she came to love him”.’

p15 ‘The most interesting opinion for us is Verga’s, because it is articulated and developed in a famous short story, constantly quoted in Italian criticism: *L’Amante di Gramigna* (*Gramigna’s Mistress*). Immediately after developing his theory of the art text as the offspring of Zola’s *Le Roman expérimental*, Verga introduces *Gramigna’s Mistress* as an illustrative model of what the modern text should be. The short story, in itself a fragment, is particularly suited to meet Zola’s requirements. It is not expected to cover everything on its subject, nor to elaborate; it will offer the reader a partial but revealing insight into the life of its characters. It can be a “human document”, given to the reader in its rough form: an unadorned account whose value lies in its truth.’

p15 Verga: simple subject / everyday life/ ordinary people and a simplicity of treatment.

P15 Giovanni Verga: ‘the reader must be put “face to face with the naked and unadulterated fact” and will not have to work through the author’s interpretation. The short story is a linear account, where “the hand of the artist will remain absolutely invisible”. As a contribution to the “science of the human heart”, it is the ideal form for presenting a “slice of life”.’

p16 ‘... in favour of psychological truth.’

p16 ‘relies heavily on rhetorical techniques ... small number of characters and events ... their common place character. But these very elements are always characterised in excess, they are what they are *prodigiously* – every state, every quality, every feeling is carried to the ultimate. This is not simply a feature of Italian Verism but rather the standard way of dealing with narrative material in the short story: Henry James and Chekhov will bear witness to this. ... ‘... the short story is in need of this aggrandizement of its objects, and how it uses it to achieve brevity. I will remain to be shown... how the short story makes its reader forget, in the excitement of the narrative, both its extremism and the extremely rhetorical structure in which it is used.’

Foucault, Simon During:

P2. Historicism & hermeneutics.

P2/3 Foucault's argument against interpretation goes like this: to set up textual analysis as a play between origins and texts leads to infinite regression. It is not just that each interpretation, being a text itself, requires further commentary; no text can ever have a moment when it is present to itself. As he bluntly put it: "If interpretation can never be achieved it is simply because there is nothing to interpret" (Foucault 1971b, 187). It is always too late to uncover an "original meaning," a stable "context," so that, as Foucault also wrote, "everything is already interpretation" (ibid.).

political/ academic

'theoretical self-reflection which is clearly inadequate and in deconstruction, articulates its own lack of grounds' p4

p4 '...why the ideals of the left have lost their legitimacy? (legitimation?) Foucault offers two, connected answers: first, because the enlightened categories of "justice" and "equality" fail to come into close enough contact with the specific needs and wants of individuals and groups; and second ... because technologies of social administration have become detached from that political apparatus established in the age of revolutions, whose developed form is modern representative democracy. Almost invisibly, power and politics have become disjunct.'

p7 'techniques of self'

locate yourself ?

p8 Satre: 'reinvent your own tradition' (Cohen-Solal 1988,463)

p7 regarding 'the kind of avant-garde writing he associates, for instance, with Sade, Artaud, Raymond Roussel and the French "new new novelists" of the sixties...' '...believed that such writing revealed something profound and limiting about the relation between language and the modern world, and thus about knowledge and all cultural practices whatsoever.' '... a certain mode of avant-garde writing replaces traditional ethics in the modern world. It marks and transgresses a limit which frames two influential theories of language – first, the theory that language can be adequately analyzed as a set of representations which mirror the world (the so-called "correspondence theory"), and, second, that language forms an internally consistent system that can unambiguously hook on to the world (the so-called "coherence theory"). In disrupting these notions of language, transgressive writing (as it is often called) also aims to clear an ideological space: a space for action, experimentation, chance, freedom, mobility. It also breaks with the notion that writing is the product of a single and simple self.'

p9 after discerning universal intellectual from specific intellectual; ‘... concentrate not on experimental writing or the history of knowledge but on the mechanisms of social control and production.’

p10 ‘... subversive alliances...’

p11 ‘...examining the techniques in which individuals fashion themselves...’

p12 ‘...a way of writing is a manner of living...’

p14 ... Arnold. ‘... enemy of technocratism, revolution, popular culture, the domination of science, provinciality, introspection and individual or “crackpot” religious enthusiasm.’

p15 ‘So nothing in France prepares the way for modern Anglo-American literary criticism which in its purest forms, in T.S. Eliot, I.A. Richards and Leavis’s earlier works, cannot be turned into a tool for morality or even for explicating the *meaning* of texts -- whatever forms of individuality it can help mould. For modern literary criticism, texts are untranslatable into beliefs or propositions: it analyzes “the life in language,” and produces selves, at least in principle, turned against mere administration, ...’

p16 At the very beginning of his essay “Force and Signification” (1963), arguably the first poststructuralist essay, Derrida noted that “structuralist consciousness is a catastrophic consciousness, simultaneously destroyed and destructive, *destructuring*” (Derrida 1978, 5-6: italics his)

p16. ‘For the young Derrida, structuralism must be understood in primal and ontological forms, in its relation to Being. As such, surprisingly it comes to be regarded as a mode of responding to, and safeguarding oneself from, the menace of the world. For him, structuralism returns the threat of the world back onto the world, breaking its objects of familiar ties (“destructuring” them) at the same moment as it discovers their totality and autonomy.’

p16. ‘In *The Order of Things*, Foucault also analyzes the “common ground” between structuralism and phenomenology: he sees them both as attempting to find discursive regularities in experience, ...’ (Foucault 1970a, 299).

p17 ‘Structuralism carves the world up into large units texts, genres [... ...] Post-structuralism points out ... [structuralism]is an effect of the desire to know, and, believing this a limit rather than an end, reworks structuralism in three directions. ... destructuring in an ethico-political spirit, It attempts to undo the formal and bounded categories And it hearkens philosophically’

p 17 ‘His [Foucault’s] early History of Madness is a Heideggerian history of how an affirmative connection with the ontological unfixability of things is lost in modernity; his The Order of Things is a history of knowledge’s disruption by primal absence of order, ...’

p17 ‘To cite Edward Said’s useful term, the young Foucault attempted to secularize, to *world*, post-structuralist ontology by writing histories of those institutions that permit the forgetting of chancy, “meaningless” Being.’

p18 ‘representation or mimesis’

p18 ‘In placing modernity firmly under the sign of humanism Foucault is developing Heidegger’s thought – it is this orientation that allowed him, near the end of his life, flatly to declare: “For me Heidegger has always been the essential philosopher,” even if he went on to remark that Nietzsche had had a more powerful impact still (Foucault 1988b,250).’

p18 ‘... consciousness determines behaviour ...’ ‘Where consciousness fails to control action, and emotions fail to connect with reason, there humanists find alienation.’

p18 Humanists ‘... invest immense cultural value in *Bildung*, a term which refers not only to the development that harmonious intermeshing of all human faculties within the individual, but also to the analogous development and harmonious intermeshing of all individuals within an (organic) society.’

p18 ‘ Thus humanism carries with it not only an analytic presupposition – that there are features essential to *all* human beings , but a morality – life-stories and history ought to tend towards completion as an interlocking of related but separate parts. Implicitly, humanism also carries an administrative protocol: society is to produce individuals who fulfil their human potential. This is the moral politics (as one might call it) that Nietzsche recognised in George Eliot for whom a faith in the perfection of God has been transformed into a faith in the perfection of Humanity.’

p19. Heidegger ... concerned with ontology ‘... he developed what he called an “existential analytic” which analyzes the basic structures of Being-in-the-world (*Dasein*) as against a human essence already expressed in, or signified by, human history; independently, that is, of any social and cultural determinations.

p19 *Dasein* is the structure within which ‘Being manifests itself among beings.’

p19 ‘Thus *Dasein* is also a form of fundamental “transcendence” – just because no fixed or limited project or object can satisfy the questioning of Being.’

p20 ‘... a practice that produces an individual’s way of life or selfhood.’

p20 *Dasein* ... ‘continually and restlessly transcends limits and origins.’

p20 ‘*Dasein* is constituted by anxiety at the instability and chanciness of its own being, by an experience of nullity and meaningless most intensely expressed in death’s simultaneous necessity and arbitrariness. This anxiety separates *Dasein* from other beings in the world: it is individualized, as Heidegger put it, in its anticipation of death. With anxiety comes a care

(*Sorge*) for the otherness of things which in turn is linked to a learning in the process of doing rather than doing in line with what has been learnt. ’

p20 ‘In his later work, after what is called the “turn” (*Kehre*), Heidegger reads the history of the West after Socrates as the history of the forgetting of the question concerning the truth of Being, or, in another formulation, as the story of the “withdrawal of Being.” The forgetting of Being occurs within a historical process ordered by a will to power, and the primacy of rationality and use-value.’

‘... for Heidegger ... the forgetting of Being belongs to Being – which, indeed, discloses itself by withdrawal.’ (p20) ‘(This notion of retreat of Being, along with a certain reading of Nietzsche, will leads to those later French theories of transgression...)’

p20 ‘In the first instance, then, Heidegger avoids humanism because the object of his own concern and analytic, *Daesin*, is not a man or consciousness but is describable only in terms of the basic presuppositions for Being-in-the-world – a so called “transcendental structure.” Furthermore, Heidegger suggests that thought is not primarily concerned with the human – for him, to believe that man exists at the centre of things is to forget the question concerning the truth of Being and the simultaneously close and distant relation that the human race has both with Being and with the ready-at-hand world.’

p20 ‘Humanism is a metaphysics in that it replaces concern for Being with an interest in man and the whole apparatus – representations, most of all – that permit man to frame the world as what Heidegger calls a “standing reserve” – there for humanity’s control and use.’

p21 ‘Since this forgetting is characteristic of metaphysics in general, and therefore of all Western conceptual dealings with the world after Socrates and Plato, Heidegger argues that it is only in his own thought that the death of humanism can be glimpsed. In intellectual historical terms, Heidegger (rather than Levi-Strauss) opens the way for Foucault’s claim that he, in turn, foresees the “death of man,” as well as for his concentration on the ways in which the humanist subject “man” is, in fact, the effect of administrative and governmental agencies.’

p21 ‘This may seem take us some distance from poststructuralism. Yet in his astute reading of *The Letter on Humanism*, published as “The Ends of Man,” Derrida points out that what Heidegger says about *Dasein* and what he says about the potential of man or “we”/“us” cannot be rigorously distinguished.

p21 ‘Which carries the implication, characteristic of Derrida, that so long as we do philosophy in the language that we inherit from the philosophic tradition, then we can never finally eradicate a residual humanism.’

p21 ‘But it is also in that lecture on the ends of man (written in the exciting months of April / May 1968) that Derrida feels the necessity to define the contemporary field of French thought.’

p21 ‘... he sees that field as ordered by the attempts to break with metaphysics and humanism, and sketches what he calls the “trembling” of French thought at this epoch under three headings – each of which is worth briefly attending to because they too clarify the cultural field in which Foucault’s work was produced and received.’

FIRST p21 ‘The first of Derrida’s categories is the “reduction of meaning”: the structuralist endeavour to determine “the possibility of *meaning* on the basis of a ‘formal’ organization which in itself has no meaning” Derrida 1982c,134; italics his). This is a negative description of Foucault’s archaeology, which demonstrates how the conditions for “meaning” or truth change throughout modern history; a history for Foucault, without linear direction.’

p21 ‘... Derrida also declares that this project is a “critique of phenomenology” because phenomenology attempts to reveal and understand the basic structures of existence through what lies ready-to-hand. Yet, as Derrida notes, the critique of phenomenology – the refusal of the drive to come closer to an understanding of how things are – requires a radical break from *all* forms of Western “meaning” or “thought.” This break is itself motivated by a sense of progress, that is, of progressing beyond the limits within which the order of things is conceived of as having, or grounding, meaning. Thus the “critique of phenomenology” “has all the characteristics” (as Derrida puts it) of the progressive humanism that it rejects.’

SECOND p21 ‘The second of the moves considered by Derrida is “the strategic bet”: the attempt to locate oneself outside the conceptual frame that one inhabits, an outside which must exist at least in so far as Western thought is (as it seemed in 1968) “trembling” under new pressures. Such a strategy can either try to work towards the outside from within current procedures and the language we inherit – and, of course, there is no other language available. But this runs the risk of consolidating what we already have just because it claims the aura of the different, the outside, for the same, the inside. On the other hand, it may try something totally “discontinuous” and new – and run the risk of blindly treating the already known as if it were that something. For Derrida at this point of his career, deconstruction must weave But this runs the risk of consolidating what we already have just because it claims the aura of the different, the outside, for the same, the inside. On the other hand, it may try something totally “discontinuous” and new – and run the risk of blindly treating the already known as if it were that something. For Derrida at this point of his career, deconstruction must “weave and interlace these two motifs ... which amounts to saying that it must speak several languages and produce several texts at once.” (135) In the haedy days of the late sixties it looked as though those who embraced the “strategic bet” could embark on a long and radical project of *fröhlich* (joyful) self-undoing and a refusal to live or think in terms which give primary value either to nostalgic categories like the “forgetting of Being” or proleptic and existential ones like the “inevitability of death.”

THIRD p22 ‘The last – Utopian – move considered by Derrida turns toward Nietzsche. It insists on the difference between human perfection as conceived by humanism and those who do not believe that a questioning directed towards Being will permit anything fundamental to be

engaged. The latter is the lesson of Nietzsche's Superman, and it falls outside of anything academic labour can provide. It requires a form of language not in the service of technology, will or self-discovery – a kind of poetry in fact. And at crucial moments, both Heidegger and the young Foucault write or "think" through such language. As Foucault remarked at the presentation of his thesis (*Madness and Civilization*) to the Sorbonne in 1961, "To speak of madness, it is necessary to have the talent of a poet." To which the examiner, Georges Canguilhem, replied, "Mais vous l'avez, monsieur" (Eribon 1989, 133).'

SO ... p22 'If we allow that the field of French thought around 1968 is organized by these three possibilities: (1) structuralism or "the reduction of meaning"; (2) the "strategic bet" or deconstruction as the continuation of phenomenology by a mode of analysis which attempts neither to repeat nor to invert Western thought but to place "it under erasure" by showing that all insides are always also outsides and vice-versa, all identities are constituted by differences and vice-versa; (3) the leap beyond man into a writing that undoes origins and ends, then Foucault ultimately goes another way altogether.'

p22 '...Foucault ultimately goes another way altogether. These possibilities may have helped ordered his *oeuvre* up until 1970 but his final response to the end of man will not be to dissolve the "subject" into texts, to reduce meaning, or to place a stake on the total defamiliarization of our conceptual web. He follows Nietzsche, and a certain side of Heidegger, in insisting that the thinker's task is to show how knowledge is used to shape individuals, their lives and bodies.'

p22/23 'For him [Foucault] the large questions and the large claims can only be articulated following careful attention to documents both well known and forgotten, and after deliberation on analytic methods. In the archives, traditional debates take on a different appearance: they become discourses – sets of sentences with their own materiality. In particular, the grand ontological questions concerning Being, the humanist emphasis on "lack" and "completion" lose their seduction.'

p23 '...grand ontological questions concerning Being, the humanist emphasis on "lack" and "completion" lose their seduction. So do grandiose claims for the intellectual – who now becomes what might be called a discursive technician. Foucault works toward a world that carries less aura for political reasons – he believes that the glamour of concepts such as "Humanity" or "Art" have been obstacles which obscure the relations between the individual and the apparatuses that administer modern society. They have reduced liberty, beauty and risk.'

p23 'Liberty, beauty and risk may be reclaimed, if at all, in the techniques that people are able to apply to the shaping of their own existence. This, then, is Foucault's way of becoming not an anti-humanist but a post-humanist, not a writer on the left but a post-revolutionary writer.'

p23 ‘... within academic literary studies, Foucault’s shift has been absorbed into that “new historicism” which rejects what the late Foucault rejected but, generally speaking, without maintaining the concrete ethical and political interests that drove his work.’

Notes, from Boyd

Boyd :

‘Dolphins explore new possibilities, and intently monitor others’ efforts’ Boyd p4

Kibale Forest, Uganda: Eight-year old chimp, Kakama plays with stick as doll/ toy baby. Boyd p5 (sustained imaginative imitation)

‘The feedback of action, attention, reaction, and the refinement of action to shape further attention and reaction provide an exclusively human basis for art.’ Boyd p7

‘... in our own species the impulse to art develops reliably in all normal individuals.’ Boyd p7

Boyd: continued ...

p10 “... our impulse to appeal to our own minds and reach out to others for the sheer pleasure of sensing what we can share...”

p10 “... our ability as readers to construct a story on meager hints, to fill gaps and infer situations.”

narrative comprehension

p11 ‘... and to offer a way beyond the errors of thought and practice in much modern academic literary study, which over the last few decades has often stifled – and has even sought to stifle – the *pleasure*, the *life*, and the *art* of literature.’

p49 ‘For the great bulk of the 600-million-year evolution of mind on Earth, this ability to think in sustained fashion beyond the here and now has not been available to *any* species. But humans not only have this ability; we also have a compulsion to tell and listen to stories with no relation to the here and now or even to any real past. As we will see, our compulsion for story improves our capacity to think in the evolutionary novel, complex and strategically invaluable way

sketched above. By developing our ability to think beyond the here and now, storytelling helps us to *override* the given, but to be less restricted by it, to cope with it more flexibly and on something more like our own terms.'

Sharing attention: 'To explain art we need to attend to attention. Art dies without attention,' (p99)

p 101 'Art offers us social benefits by encouraging us to share attention in coordinated ways that improve our attunement with one another.'

p101 'Partly through language, humans have learned to coordinate their activities in precise and flexible ways. But they have also been able to motivate continued cooperation on larger scales and in greater detail than other species. Art has played a key role in training and motivating us to share our attention in ever more finely-tuned forms.'

p101/102 'Attention has been central to the rise of sociality. An initial reason for adopting a social existence lies in the vigilance of others, in attending to other's sudden attention to threats.'

John Gardner:

Narrator, reliable, unreliable.

'... call attention to what the weirdly ironic use of tone and style must do to the narrative.' P.xi

'Since metafiction is by nature a fiction-like critique of conventional fiction, and since so-called deconstructive fiction (think of Robert Coover's story "Noah's Briother") uses conventional methods, it seems to me more important that young writers understand conventional fiction in all its complexity than that they be too much distracted from the fundamental.' P.xi

'Trustworthy aesthetic universals do exist....' p3

'... the well known dictum that all expectations raised by the work of fiction must be satisfied, explicitly or implicitly, within the fiction – the idea, to put it another way, that all legitimate questions raised in the reader's mind must be answered, however subtly, inside the work.' p3&4
Gardner says if Sheriff has Ph.D in Philosophy, philosophy will somehow help him do his job.
'loose ends'(p4) = the writer is careless, cynical.

'The mistakes that offend in a would-be work of art are serious slips in reasoning...' '... it has come to be axiomatic that a work should answer every question it raises, that all of a work's elements should fulfill themselves.' (p4)

'... aesthetic law is far from absolute, since from the beginning of time great writers have shown impatience with it.' (p4)

‘... as he faces a specific metaphysical dilemma, that of violating law for a higher law in an uncertain universe...’ (p6)

‘The center of every Shakespearian play, as of all great literature, is character ...’ (p6)

‘... refusing to let himself be slowed for an instant by trivial questions of plot logic or psychological consistency.’ (p6) ‘This refusal to be led off to the trivial is common in great literature.’

‘There is no proof that the general principle with which we began – the principle that a work should in some way give answers to the questions it raises – is valueless.’ (p6)

but ‘... aesthetic laws can sometimes be suspended.’ (p6)

‘Art depends heavily on feeling, intuition, taste. Feeling that gives the writer the rhythms of his sentences, the pattern of rise and fall in his episodes, the proportions of alternating elements, so that dialogue goes on only so long before a shift to description or narrative summary or some physical action. and his instinct touches every thread of his fabric, even the murkiest fringes of symbolic structure. He when and where to think up and spring surprises, those startling leaps of the imagination that characterize all of the very greatest writing.’ (p7)

p8 ‘... there are moral and aesthetic considerations every serious writer must sooner or later brood on a little, ...’

p8/9 “On reflection we see that the great writer’s authority consists of two elements. The first we may call, loosely, his sane humanness; that is, his trustworthiness as a judge of things, a stability rooted in the sum of those complex qualities of his character and personality (wisdom, generosity, compassion, strength of will) to which we respond, as we respond to what is best in our friends, with instant recognition and admiration, saying, “Yes you’re right, that’s how it is!” The second element, or perhaps I should say *force*, is the writer’s absolute trust (not blind faith) in his own aesthetic judgments and instincts, a trust grounded partly in his intelligence and sensitivity – his ability to perceive and understand the world around him – and partly in his experience as a craftsman; that is (by his own harsh standards), his knowledge, drawn from long practice, of what will work and what will not.”

p9 ‘... two of the finest teachers then living, Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein.’

p13 ‘... make out theme in a literary work...’ ‘... structure and meaning...’

p14 ‘The primary subject of fiction is and has always been human emotion, values and beliefs.’

p14/15 ‘The novelist Nicholas Delbanco has remarked that by the age of four one has experienced nearly everything one needs as a writer of fiction: love, pain, loss, boredom, rage, guilt, fear of death.’

p15 'The writer's business is to make up convincing human beings and create for them basic situations and actions by means of which they come to know themselves and reveal themselves to the reader.'

p15 '...learns to know the difference between emotion and sentimentality, ...'

'write about what you know' p 18

'write the kind of story you know and like best' p 18

genre

Faulkner's "Spotted Horses" 9the one that begins with the words "That Flem"), where techniques of the yarn – mainly diction, comic exaggeration, and cruel humour – are combined with techniques of the realistic-symbolic short story. (p20)

' Self-expression, whatever its pleasures, comes about incidentally. It also comes about inevitably.' p21

firm and predictable characters p21

precision of detail p22

When the realist's work convinces us, all effects, even the most subtle, have explicit or implicit causes. This kind of documentation, moment by moment authenticating detail, is the mainstay not only of realistic fiction but of all fiction. p23

'He must present, moment by moment, concrete images drawn from a careful observation of how people behave, and he must render the connections between moments, the exact gestures, facial expressions, or turns of speech that, within any given scene, move human beings from emotion to emotion, from one instant in time to the next.' Gardner p24

'... the tale voice has charmed us' p25

'... one great difference between the use of authenticating detail by a realist and the use of the same by a tale writer. The realist must authenticate continually, bombarding the reader with proofs; the writer of tales can simplify, persuading us partly by the beauty or interest of his language, using authenticating detail more sparingly, to give vividness to the tale's key moments.' p25

'The reader is regularly presented with proofs – in the form of closely observed details – that what is said to be happening is really happening.' p26

p31 'We read on – dream on – not passively but actively, worrying about the choices the characters have to make, ...'

p31 '... creating a dream in the reader's mind.'

p31 '...the dream must probably be vivid and continuous – *vivid* ...'

p31 '... and *continuous* because a repeatedly interrupted flow of action must necessarily have less force than an action directly carried through from its beginning to its conclusion.'

p31/32 '... one of the chief mistakes a writer can make is to allow or force the reader's mind to be distracted, even momentarily, from the fictional dream.'

p32 those who interrupt the fictional dream: '... such writers are not writing fiction at all, but something else, *metafiction* ...' '... artistic comments on art.' p34 '... own unique path.'

p34 '... is the fierce psychological battle a novel is.'

p36 'Good description does far more: It is one of the writer's means of reaching down into his unconscious mind, finding clues to what questions his fiction must ask, and with luck, hints about the answers.'

p36 'Good description is symbolic not because the writer plants symbols in it but because, by working in the proper way, he forces symbols still largely mysterious to him up into his conscious mind where, little by little as his fiction progresses, he can work with them and finally understand them.'

p36 '... the organized and intelligent fictional dream that will eventually fill the reader's mind *begins as a largely mysterious dream in the writer's mind.*'

p37 '... the rhythms of his sentences, his angle of vision...'

p37 '... the kinds of images that drift into the mind that has emptied itself of all but the desire to "tell the truth"; that is to get the feeling down in concrete details.'

p38 'Somehow the fictional dream persuades us that it's a clear, sharp, edited version of the dream all around us.'

p39 'To read or write well, we must steer between two extreme views of aesthetic interest: the overemphasis of things immediately pleasurable (exciting plot, vivid characterization, fascinating atmosphere) and exclusive concern with that which is secondarily but more lastingly pleasurable, the fusing artistic vision.'

p41 '... because they give joy, the incomparably rich experience we ask and expect of all true art, ...'

the author's purpose

p41 '... thorough and orderly exploration of ideas, his full development of the implications of his theme.'

p42 avoid confused, simple minded, plain wrong !

fiction's flashy young cousin metafiction

prejudices, tastes, background

aesthetic interest (origins)

p42 'Yet all writers, given adequate technique – technique that communicates – can stir our interest in their special subject matter, since at heart all fiction treats, directly or indirectly, the same thing: our love for people and the world, our aspirations and fears. The particular characters, actions, and settings are merely instances, variations on the universal theme.'

P43 Free will

P43 '—then it must follow that the first business of the writer must to make us see and feel vividly what his characters see and feel.'

p44 '... the writer should make his characters' world sensually available to a wide range of readers, knowing in advance that for many readers ... 'his characters' experience will be beyond comprehension.'

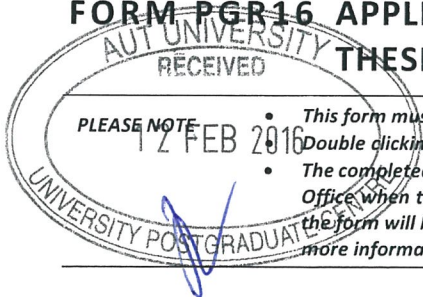
p44 'The writer must enable us to see and feel vividly what his characters see and feel; that is enable us to experience as directly and intensely as possible, though vicariously what his characters experience.'

p44/45 'The writer must of necessity write in a style that falls somewhere on the continuum running from objective to subjective; in other words, from the discursive, essayist's style, in which everything is spelled out as scientifically as possible, to the poetic style, in which nothing (or practically nothing) is explained, everything is evoked, or to use Henry James' term, "rendered." The essayist's style is by nature slow-moving and laborious, more wide than deep. It tends toward abstraction and precision without much power, as we see instantly when we compare any two descriptions, one discursive, one poetic. In the essayist's style we might write, for instance, "The man in the doorway was large and apparently ill at ease – so large that he had to stoop a little and draw in his elbows." The poetic style can run harder at its effects: "He filled the doorway, awkward as a horse." Both styles, needless to say, can be of use. One builds its world up slowly and completely, as Tolstoy does in *Anna Karenina*, where very few metaphors or similes appear; the other lights up its imaginary world by lightning flashes. In contemporary

fiction the essayist's style is somewhat out of fashion at the moment, or, rather, is used almost exclusively for purposes of irony and humor, since its labored pace can easily be made to reflect pompousness or ennui. But literary fashion never need be taken very seriously. Styles are born in human attitudes, and since Homer's time the total range of possible human attitudes has probably not changed much.'

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Faculty	Auckland University of Technology	School/Dept	School of Languages and Culture
Programme	Masters Creative Writing	Date of submission for examination	January 29th 2016
Research Output	Thesis <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Dissertation <input type="checkbox"/> Exegesis <input type="checkbox"/>	Points Value	120
Thesis Title	A Door to Eternity and Other Stories.		

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