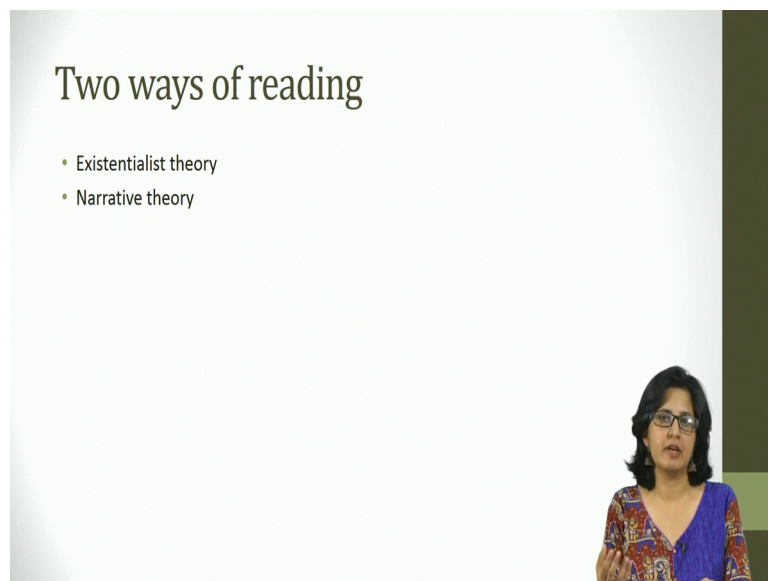


**Introduction to World Literature**  
**Professor Dr. Merin Simi Raj**  
**Department of Humanities and Social Sciences**  
**Indian Institute of Technology Madras**  
**The Wall by Sartre - 1**

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Good morning and welcome today's session, today we are looking at this short story The Wall and by Sartre, Sartre is a French philosopher and need to be precise he is one who is most associated with existential philosophy, instantly we are today looking one of his short stories, also proving that he was a multitalented many faceted person and in most of his short stories, we find his existentialist theory is getting reflected but as read along will also get to

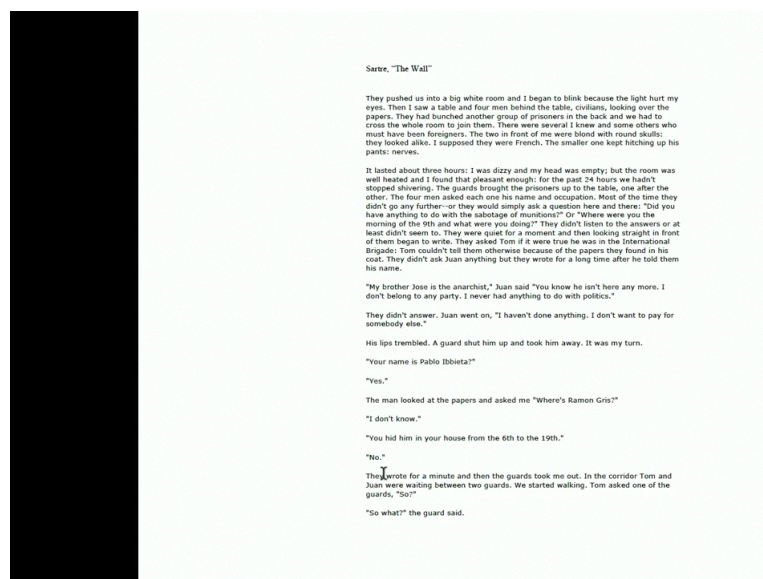
know that this story is slightly different from the other kinds of writings that he had produced.

Sartre wrote in French and his works have been translated across and he is considered as one of the most influential philosopher of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, he left from 1905 to 1980 and he has influence many different strands of thought when it comes to philosophy, literature about the various ways in which the modern disciplines would be link together and it would not be wrong to say that his influence as a writer, as a critic, as a philosopher, it is change the ways in which literature and philosophy has been understood, when conceded, when framed and thought across different academic institutions, even in the contemporary.

Sartre was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1964, but he refused to accept it, he declined it, saying that as a writer he did not want to become institutionalised, he did not want to become a part of any institutions, so with every single thing that he said, that he thought and kind of actions through which he represented himself, he was truly living theories that he believed in, truly conceiving the ways in which he could live out the theories that he thought about, that he conceded in that he had put forth.

He also had a very open relationship with the prominent, feminist thing that of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and also a fellow extensional philosopher, Simone de Beauvoir and took the, it is considered we had shared a wonderful intellectual partnership and this had in a very impressive way in influence each other, this works as well.

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So before we get into some of the analytical frameworks within which Sartre's works have been looking at, look at the story itself Sartre's 1939 short story, it is part of the larger collection, which is also titled *The Wall*, it has many other stories but the something the ending of this short story, that is something about the nature of structure and kind of things that it talks about, that it makes this story very different from Sartre's other works.

So in the beginning of the story, we get to know that there are a set of the people who are prisoners, it looks more likely, the political prisoners going to be executed, so I just read out first paragraphs that you get the tone and you get the setting and get the hand of the story and the language which is used here.

They pushed us into a big white room and began to be because the light hurt my eyes, then I saw a table and four men behind the table, civilians looking over the papers, they had a bunch another group of prisoners in the back and we had to cross the whole room to join, there were several I knew and some others who must have been foreigners, the two in front of me were blond with round skulls, they looked alike, I suppose they were French, the smaller one is hitching up his pants nervously.

So it is first person narrative, we get to know that the setting is in a prison and they are being interrogated and is the scene which is described over here, what is important for us throughout this story, now understanding a story is that, that is no sense of the past which invades the story in a very intensive way, it is more or less set in the present, it is about the thoughts and a few flashbacks, mostly in terms of thoughts that the protagonist is throughout this and that is the narrator who is made, he is Pablo that to we will get to know that there are two others were with him.

We get to know about that in the second paragraph, there is Juan and Tom and they were being interrogated, there are being asked whether they were part of this international brigade and we also get to know that the story is that during a time of Spanish Civil War and this was in the 1930s and during this turbulent times they are caught as political prisoners and are being interrogated, they do run the risk of getting executed as well and this is the existential elements over here.

Sartre some level wants to show us the dilemma of engaging with existentialism, the dilemma of engaging with the life, even when one is faced with this reality of death, how concrete is this philosophy when one talks about existentialism and talks about death and

when death is such a convenient eminent thing and as slowly progresses, we will get to know that three of them are Pablo, Juan and Tom.

They are going to be executed, they are going to get killed the very next day, how would one response to that, they are of course radicals, they are rebels, the revolutionaries and they are the ones the interrogators think the holds secrets which could be extremely important in changing the course of the politics, the revelation, but look at the way in which they respond and Sartres is very succinctly, very poignantly and in a very matter of fact, they are drawing our attention to the innermost thoughts that these three men have and one thing is extremely important here.

The narrator, the speaker he is perhaps narrating this from a later point of time, if you are familiar with the story, if you already read this, you would know what the ending is like and you would also know that narrator is still elite to narrate the story and this is extremely important because there is a certain kinds of prospective that the story brings in and this is necessarily need not tie up with the many existentialists that is Sartres spoke about and this is one of the quarrels that many critics also had with the story that the ending did not really tie up well, it did not sit well together with the many things that Sartre wrote otherwise.

So coming back to the story, we will read only certain exurbs to give you a sense of, how these characters, this three men are reacting, when they are faced with death, when they are faced with these possibility of an execution awaiting then the following day.

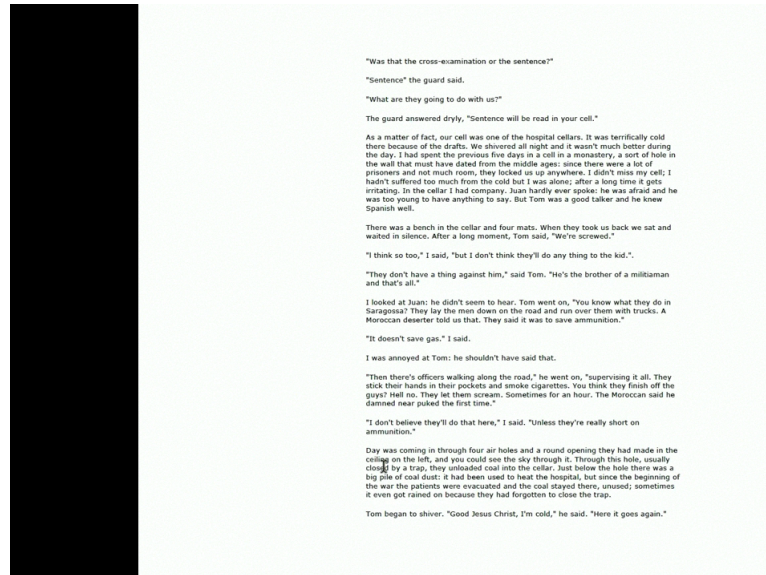
My brother Jose is archaist once it, you know he is not here anymore, he do not belong to any party, I never had anything to do with the politics, look at the kind of denial and look at the way in which the confidence and the revolutionary, rebellious, streaks going down when they are faced with something very, very existential, very, very real, they did answer, Juan went on I have not done anything, I do not want to pay for somebody else, his lips tremble, the guard shut him up and took him away, it was my turn, your name is Pablo Ibbieta, yes, the man looked at the papers and asked me, where is Ramon Gris?

Ramon Gris is a character, which will be continue to be center throughout this, we will not get to see him, but also know that Ramon Gris becomes extremely important in changing the course of events, in changing the future itself of a Pablo Ibbieta, there is Ramon Gris. I do not know, you hit him in your house from the 6 to the 19<sup>th</sup> again deny, no, they wrote for a minute



and then the guards took me out, in the corridor, Tom and John were waiting between two guards, we started walking, Tom ask one of the guards, so.

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So what? Was that the cross examination of the sentence, sentence guards said, what would they going to do with us, the guard answer dryly, sentence will be ready in your cell, so all of a sudden we realise that this three mens we are just not in control of their lives, they have no idea what is happening, of course, they do know that what awaits them as something which is inevitable, it is almost death, but at the same time, they seem to have lost complete control over their lives and the need to rely on the present guards and the ones whom they see around them and the setting has entirely change for them, from revolutionary rebellious very, very political background that they came from, they find themselves from being helpless very nique and awaiting orders and awaiting decisions to be taken for them.

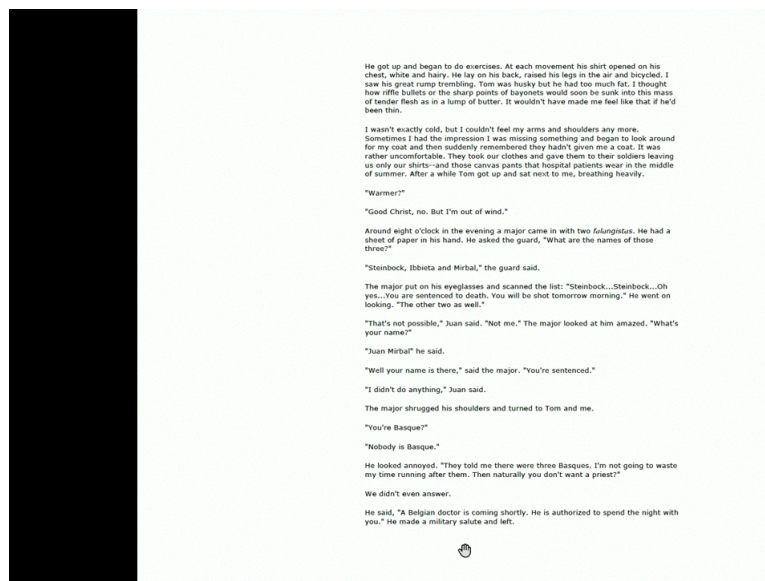
And this is something which I would say very significant point that Sartre is trying to drive across and this extremely important giving the context that these three men. They are also radical revolutionaries, who are been caught for the things that they did, there being made accountable for what they did, they always had the liberty and the confidence to choose and act according to their will, but at this point when they are within that prison, when they are within confinement. They realise that all kinds of freedom is being taken away from them, they are unable to a ignition for themselves and we also get to know that, the kind of willpower that they had presumably been displaying throughout whatever a political period of activity that they had.

We find that also dwindle, they become different people all together and this shift and this radical shift is extremely important and it also tells us about this refutable power of human will and it also tells us about how contextual it is and how things can completely change your personality when you are taking out your familiar circumstances, when you are taken out of those situations which allow you to bloom and these three men when they are there, this is how they begin talking about, it is hardly promising, it is hardly encouraging, they have nothing to look forward to the, do not have any optimistic faith in the future ahead.

After a long moment, Tom said we are screwed, I think so too. I said that I do not think anything to the kid, they do not have a thing against him, said Tom, is the brother of a militia man and that is all, I looked at Juan, he did not seem to hear, you know what they do in Saragossa? They lay the men down on the road and run over them with trucks, a Moroccan desert and told us that, they said it was to save ammunition.

It does not save gas. I said, I was annoyed at Tom, he should not have said that you also get take a closer look at how these three mens are responding, we almost get a sense that Juan possibly was not entirely involved in the many things that they were accused of, but Pablo and Tom they were in it all the way, but at the same time, Tom comes across as being Monaie when he is definitely very, very scared, but Pablo though he is scared, he is trying to somehow evade that reality, he is trying to sound very matter of fact, is trying to present himself as very, very calm, but we also get to know that inside is also breaking and inside he is also wishing that the Tom had not spoken about this and that they did not have to deal with this at all.

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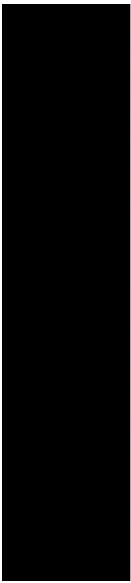


So, very soon the sentence that they have had when a while waiting for, it arrives in this cell, around 8 o'clock in the evening a major came in with two falungistas, he had a sheet of paper in his hand, he asked the guard, what are the names of those three? Steinbock, Ibbieta and Mirbal, those are their surnames, the major put on his eyeglass and scanned the list, Steinbock, Steinbock oh yes, you are sentenced to death, you will be shot tomorrow morning, he went on looking, the other two as well.

That is not possible Juan said, not me, the major looked at him amazed, what is your name? Juan Mirbal, he said, well, you are name is their said, the major, you are sentenced, it into anything, the major shrugged his shoulder and turned to Tom and me, you are Basque? Nobody is Basque, he looked annoyed, they told me there were three Basque, I am not going to waste my time running after them, then naturally, you do not want a priest? We did not even answer, he said a Belgian doctor is coming shortly, he is authorized to spend the night with you, he made a military salute and left.

So this is it, now they are being, there are going to be sentenced to death, they are going to be shot the very next morning and is asking about their religious requirements, whether they need a priest and how he initially thought that they were all Basque and he perhaps arrange for a priest accordingly, and now he also tells them that doctor has been arrange for just to make sure that nothing goes wrong at the end and now it is back to this three, they are having this conversation.

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"What did I tell you," Tom said. "We get it."

"Yes, I said, "it's a rotten deal for the kid."

I said that to be decent but I didn't like the kid. His face was too thin and fear and suffering had disfigured it, twisting all his features. Three days before he was a smart sort of kid, not too bad; but now he looked like an old fairy and I thought how he'd never be young again, even if they were to let him go. It wouldn't have been too hard to have a little pity for him but pity disgusts me, or rather it horrifies me. He hadn't said anything more but he had turned grey; his face and hands were both grey. He sat down again and looked at the ground with round eyes. Tom was good hearted, he wanted to take his arm, but the kid tore himself away violently and made a face.

"Let him alone," I said in a low voice, "you can see he's going to blubber."

Tom obeyed regretfully: he would have liked to comfort the kid, it would have passed his time and he wouldn't have been tempted to think about himself. But it annoyed me: I'd never thought about death because I never had any reason to, but now the reason was here and there was nothing to do but think about it.

Tom began to talk. "So you think you've knocked guys off, do you?" he asked me. I didn't answer. He began explaining to me that he had knocked off six since the beginning of August; he didn't realize the situation and I could tell he didn't want to realize it. I hadn't quite realized it myself, I wondered if it hurt much, I thought of bullets, I imagined their burning trail through my body. All that was beside the real question; but I was calm: we had all night to understand. After a while Tom stopped talking and I watched him out of the corner of my eye. I saw he too had turned grey and he looked rotten; I told myself "now it starts." It was almost dark, a dim glow filtered through the air holes and the pile of coal and made a big stain beneath the spot of sky; I could already see a star through the hole in the ceiling: the night would be pure and icy.

The door opened and two guards came in, followed by a blonde man in a tan uniform. He saluted us. "I am the doctor," he said. "I have authorization to help you in these trying hours."

He had an agreeable and distinguished voice. I said, "What do you want here?"

"I am at your disposal. I shall do all I can to make your last moments less difficult."

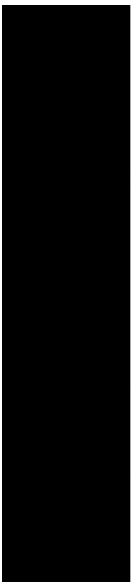
"What did you come here for? There are others, the hospital's full of them."

"I was sent here," he answered with a vague look. "Ah! Would you like to smoke?" he added humbly, "I have cigarettes and even cigars."

He offered us English cigarettes and purses, but we refused. I looked him in the eyes and he seemed irritated. I said to him: "You aren't here on an errand of mercy. Besides, I know you. I saw you with the fascists in the barracks yard the day I was arrested."

What did I tell you? Tom said, we get it, yes I said, it is a rotten deal for the kid, I said that we decent, but I did like a kid, I like this intervention, I like the way in which of this character Pablo is being made to open up in a very subtle but in a very, very real sense to, he is always trying to say the right things, he is always trying to put up a front, a brave fronts, sometimes a decent nice front, sometimes which he is not unfortunately and there are then these usual rituals in the prison where, a doctor comes in, I am at your disposal, I shall do all I can to make your last moments less difficult, so all those routines prison rituals are also taking place.

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I was going to continue, but something surprising suddenly happened to me; the presence of this doctor no longer interested me. Generally when I'm on somebody I don't let go. But the desire to talk left me completely; I shrugged and turned my eyes away. A little later I raised my head; he was watching me curiously. The guards were sitting on a mat. Pedro, the tall thin one, was bawling his thumbs; the other shook his head from time to time to keep from falling asleep.

"Do you want a light?" Pedro suddenly asked the doctor. The other nodded "Yes": I think he was about as smart as a dog, but he surely wasn't bad. Looking in his cold blue eyes it seemed to me that his only sin was lack of imagination. Pedro went out and came back with an oil lamp which he set on the corner of the bench. It gave a bad light but it was better than nothing: they had left us in the dark the night before. For a long time I watched the circle of light the lamp made on the ceiling. I was fascinated. Then suddenly I woke up, the circle of light disappeared and I felt myself crushed under an enormous weight. It was not the thought of death, or fear; it was nameless. My cheeks burned and my head ached.

I shook myself and looked at my two friends. Tom had hidden his face in his hands. I could only see the fat white nape of his neck. Little Juan was the worst, his mouth was open and his nostrils trembled. The doctor went to him and put his hand on his shoulder to comfort him; but his eyes stayed cold. Then I saw the Belgian's hand drop stealthily along Juan's arm, down to the wrist. Juan paid no attention. The Belgian took his wrist between three fingers, distractedly, the same time drawing back a little and turning his back to me. But I leaned backward and saw him take a watch from his pocket and look at it for a moment, never letting go of the wrist. After a minute he let the hand fall inert and went and leaned his back against the wall, then, as if he suddenly remembered something very important which had to be jotted down on the spot, he took a notebook from his pocket and wrote a few lines. "Bastard," I thought angrily, "let him come and take my pulse. I'll shove my fist in his rotten face."

He didn't come but I felt him watching me. I raised my head and returned his look. Impersonally, he said to me "Doesn't it seem cold to you here?" He looked cold, he was blue.

I'm not cold," I told him.

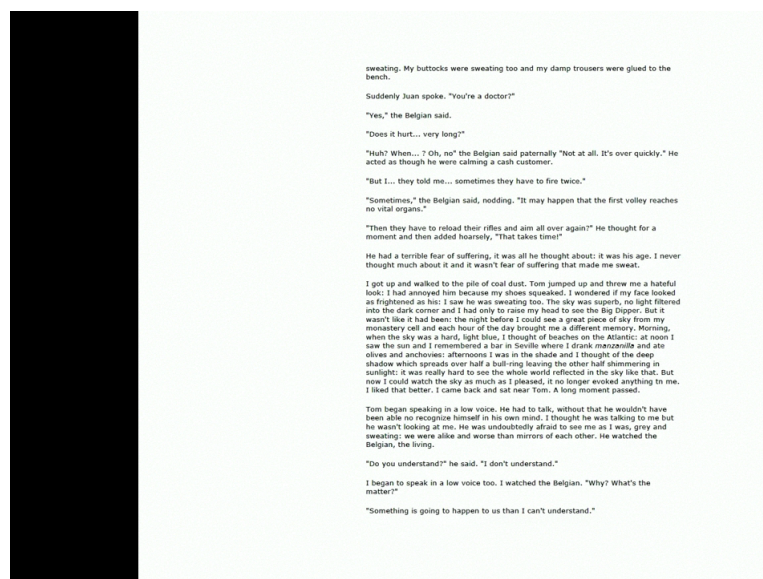
He never took his hard eyes off me. Suddenly I understood and my hands went to my face: I was drenched in sweat. In this cellar, in the midst of winter, in the midst of drafts, I was sweating. I ran my hands through my hair, gummed together with perspiration; at the same time I saw my shirt was damp and sticking to my skin: I had been dripping for an hour and hadn't felt it. But that same of a Belgian hadn't missed a thing: he had seen the drops rolling down my cheeks and thought: this is the manifestation of an almost pathological state of terror; and he had felt normal and proud of being alive because he was cold. I wanted to stand up and smash his face but no sooner had I made the slightest gesture than my rage and shame were wiped out; I fell back on the bench with indifference.

I satisfied myself by rubbing my neck with my handkerchief because now I felt the sweat dripping from my hair onto my neck and it was unpleasant: I soon gave up rubbing, it was useless; my handkerchief was already soaked and I was still

And there are also certain ways in which the doctor is trying to comfort them, but it is not really going down well with them, and this is the segment, this is the paragraph where get to know what Pablo is really, really, feeling. he never took his hard eyes of me, suddenly I understood that my hands went to my face, I was drenched in sweat, in this cellar, in the midst of winter, in the midst of drafts I was sweating, I ran my hands through my hand, come together with perspiration, at the same time I saw my shirt was damp and sticking to my skin.

I had been keeping for an hour and had not felt it, but that is swine of a Belgian had not missed a thing, he had seen the drops rolling down my cheeks and thought, this is the manifestation of an almost pathological state of terror, and yet felt normal and proud of being alive because he was cold, I wanted to stand up and smashes face but no sooner had I made the slightest gesture than my rage and shame were wiped out, I fell back on the bench with indifference. I satisfied myself by rubbing my neck with my handkerchief, because now I felt the sweet dropping from my hand onto my neck and it was unpleasant. I soon gave up my rubbing, it was useless, my handkerchief was already soaked.

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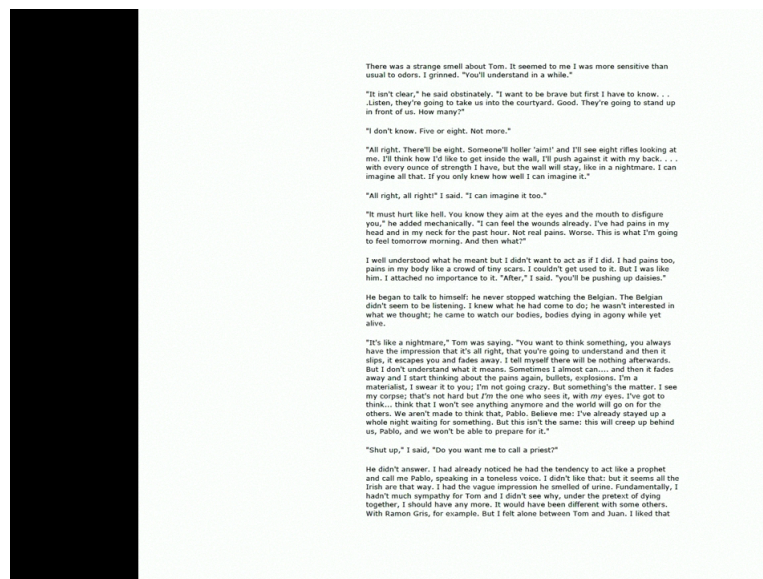
And I was still sweating, my buttocks was sweating too and my dam trousers were glued to the bench, so this is what Pablo, the speaker, the narrator is really, really feeling, he is now not thinking about politics, not thinking about Ramon Gris, he is not worried about the kid, he is only thinking about what awaits him, perhaps he is still too scared to spell it out and but we know from the way his body response that this, that he is also feeling this inevitable end and the details which Sartres while describing the way his body response is very, very important, it is also tells us about the way in which body responded in respect of the way the



mind wants, the body and the mind to feel to stay strong and to not bother about things you have a matter of fact approach.

And these details is being used every now and then from now on, Tom is undoubtedly very, very disturbed and it also becomes evident to it at some point, that Tom is actually looking up to Pablo and when he sees a mirror image of himself and he realise this is set in, there is nothing to look forward to and look at this conversation between them, something is going to happen to ask that I cannot understand that is Tom.

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There was a strange smell about Tom, it seemed to me. I was more sensitive than usual to odors. I grinned, you will understand in a while, it is not clear, he said obstinately. I want to be brave, but first I have to know, listen, they are going to take us into the courtyard. Good. Here are going to stand up in front of first, how many, I do not know five or eight not more, alright, there will be eight, he is trying to picture the scene between in his mind about what is going to happen, so that they are also thinking perhaps, these mens there also thinking know what awaits him, maybe they will able to better deal with it, maybe they will be able to deal with better in their mind and then we will be ready for it, when the moment actually comes.

Alright, there will be eight, someone will holler aim, I see a rifles looking at me, I think how I had like to get inside the wall, I will push against it with my back with every ounce of strength I have, but the wall will stay like in a nightmare. I can imagine all that, if you only knew how well I can imagine it. Alright, alright. I said. I can imagine it too.



Look at this conversations, Tom wants to go on, give the description, imagine and picture it vividly in his mind, but Pablo cuts in short like will keep doing almost throughout. it must hurt like hell, you know the aim at the eyes and the mouth to disfigure you, he added mechanically, I can feel the wounds already, I have had pains in my hand and in my neck for the past hour, not real pains, worse. This is what I am going to feel tomorrow morning and then what?

I will understood what he meant, but did not want to act as if I did, I had pains too, pains in body like a crowd of tiny scars. I could not get used to it, but I was like him. I attached no importance to it, after I said, you will be pushing up daisies and this is perhaps the sweetest things that Pablo will have say it throughout the story, and he wants to think about the life after death, and try to sound hopeful, one is not to show whether he is saying his to make Tom feel nice, Tom is actually beginning to imagine what it would feel like tomorrow it to be shoot from different angles by eight different rifles and he is also thinking about that wall, out of which he can never, never get out, want to begins to signify death here.

And the title also begins to make more sense from this point onwards and from now on, if you read on, there is a pattern in the conversations, Tom wants to go on and there is another fairly long paragraph, where he is talk about, it is a nightmare and how he is trying to imagine it, I see my corpse that is not hard, but I am the one who sees it with my eyes, I got to think, think that I will not see anything anymore in the world will go on for others, the Army to think that Pablo believe me.

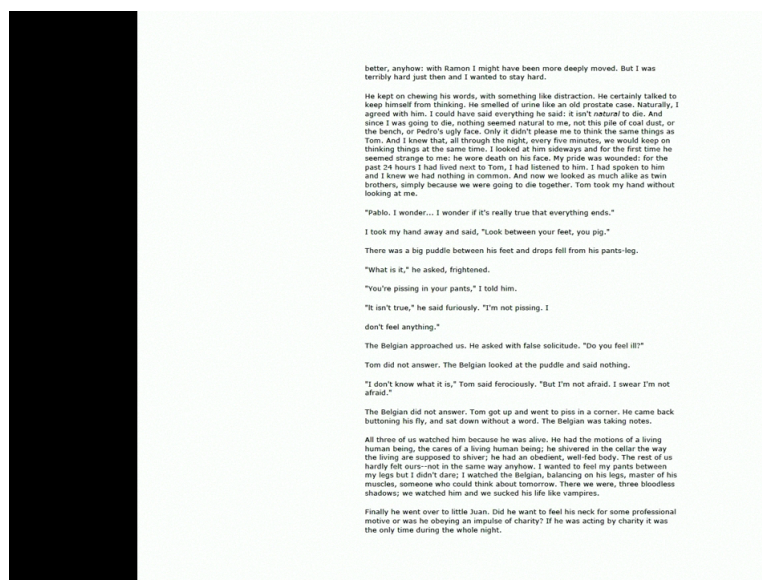
And we find that Pablo is almost using patience, not because he cannot relate to that but because this is not something that he wants to think about at this point, shut up, I said, do you want me to call a priest? So we also get a sense of the kind of personality and they are, maybe Pablo was always this kind, who would not talk nonsense, are very no-nonsense person would just do his things right perfectly, will not mess things up and will be very, very matter of fact when he comes to, when it comes to dealing with something.

And look at him facing death also in the same way and now we also feel curious about whether Pablo will stay the same throughout because at some level, Tom looks as if he is more prepared to meet his end, Tom looked as if he is prepared to think about nothing, now at the end and the death which is going to be gruesome, which is going to be forgotten in no time, but we know too sure whether Pablo is already there and think about this as well Pablo is writing this from a point of time, which is later, this is his recollection.

So one is not even sure whether there is a way in which you has filtered out certain things, as whether he has given only that bit of it, which will perhaps continue to show him in a good light, there is no way of knowing that either and in between, we also get to know that Tom also loses complete control over his bladder, he is very, very scared and he has absolutely no control anymore above over his bodily functions, around this time is a change which we find happening within Pablo.

Fundamentally, I had not much sympathy for Tom and I did not see why, under the pretext of dying together, I should have any more, it would not have been different with some others, with Ramon Gris, for example, but I felt alone between Tom and Juan.

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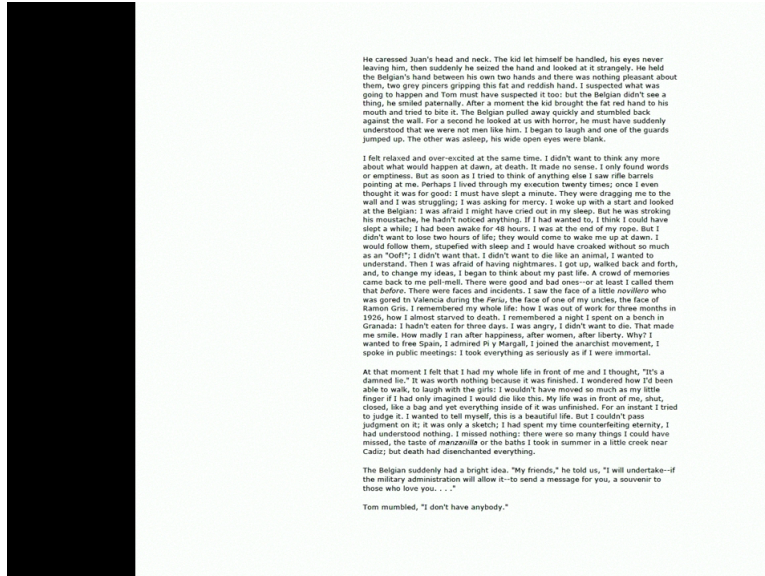


I like that better anyhow, with Ramon, I might have been more deeply moved, but I was terribly hard just then and I wanted to stay and we get to know here that Ramon Gris someone with whom he obviously had shared a relationship more than just political co-workers, in more than just go revolutionaries, but there is an emotional bonding as well and this is important in understanding the ending of the story, which is ironical and which is, which also gives is a glimpse into how little we have under our control and in the next few segments will also get to know that the Tom is gradually.

But fairly steadily losing control over all his bodily activities, he has urinating and he is not even realizing that and Pablo is trying to draw attention to that but Tom has completely crossed over all of those boundaries of appropriateness of a priority and he does not think

about anything else other than the corpse, his own corpse that here, he thinks he will see with his own eyes the very next day.

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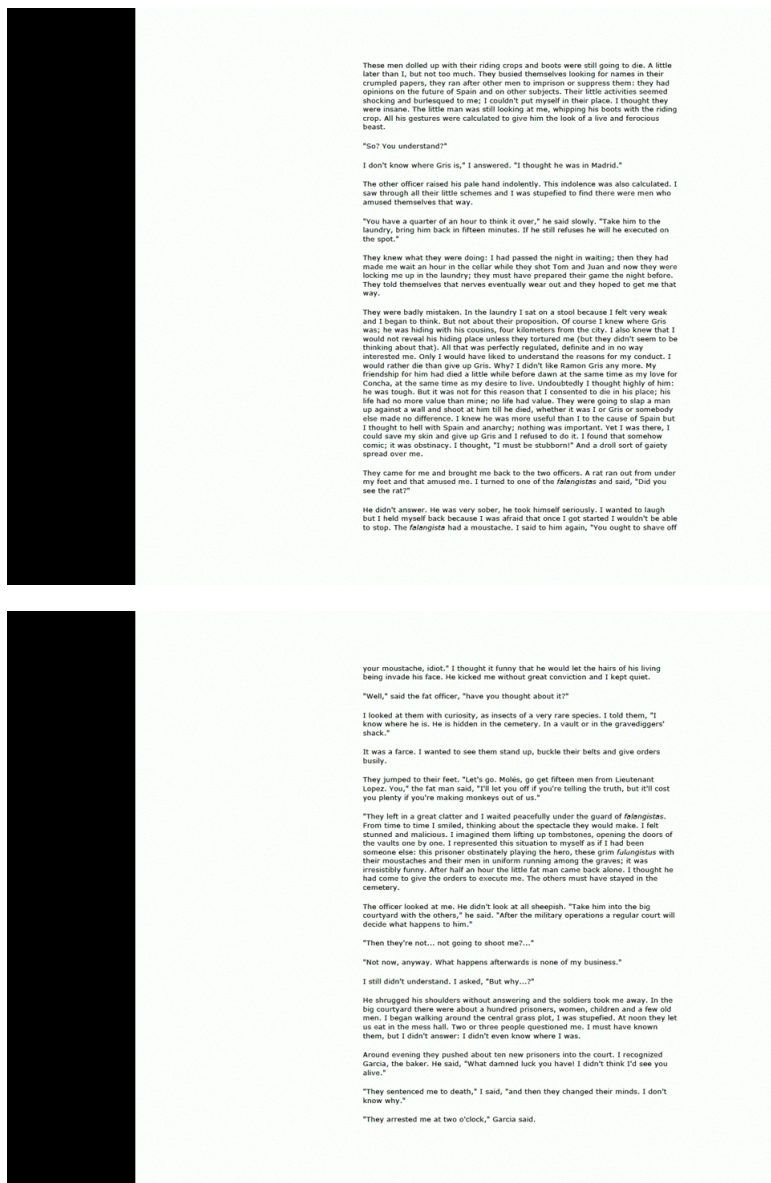


Now Pablo continues to have these thoughts all to themselves, they are not really having a conversation, but he is having a lot of thoughts about life, about death and this is perhaps the most poignant thing that, he thinks about that night, and that moment I felt that I had my whole life in front of me and I thought, it is a dam lie, it was worth nothing, because it was finished, I wondered how I had been able to walk, to laugh with the girls, I would not have moved so much as my little finger. If I had only imagined I would die like this, while I was in front of me short, closed like a bad and yet everything inside of it was unfinished, for an instant it right to judge it. I wanted to tell myself, this is beautiful life, but I could not pass judgement on it, it was only a sketch, I had spent my time counterfeiting eternity, I had understood nothing, I am is nothing, there were so many things I could have missed, the taste of manzanilla or the baths I took in summer in a little creek near Cadiz, part death had, disenchanted everything.

This perhaps is that moment when the reality of death really strikes him, very, very hard and this is a timing he gets to know that it is good that he never got to know that this is going to be the end, then perhaps he would never have been able to live life to full it extent and now when is trying to in some ways evaluate his life, looking ahead, looking back, nothing makes sense, it was worth nothing, because it was finished and even before it is finished, we get to know that Pablo is arriving at that moment, when he realizes that it is really not worth it at all.

And if this is not the crux of existentialism that Sartre is talking about nothing else could be and this is that moment where we find an active revolutionary and active political worker like Pablo who is the stuck in the middle of nowhere, not knowing what the future holds for him, but just knowing the reality of that sentence and he is unable to make sense of his life, and that is all it takes for him to reevaluate his life, reevaluates the choice that he made, and then said that it was worth nothing, because it was finished.

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Actually, I leave it to read the rest of the other details which are packed into the short story on your own, now I wanted to come to be ending of the story, so this is what happens in the morning, they are all awaiting sentence, so, read out to you the last segment, after half an hour. The little fat man came back alone. I thought he had come to give the orders to execute

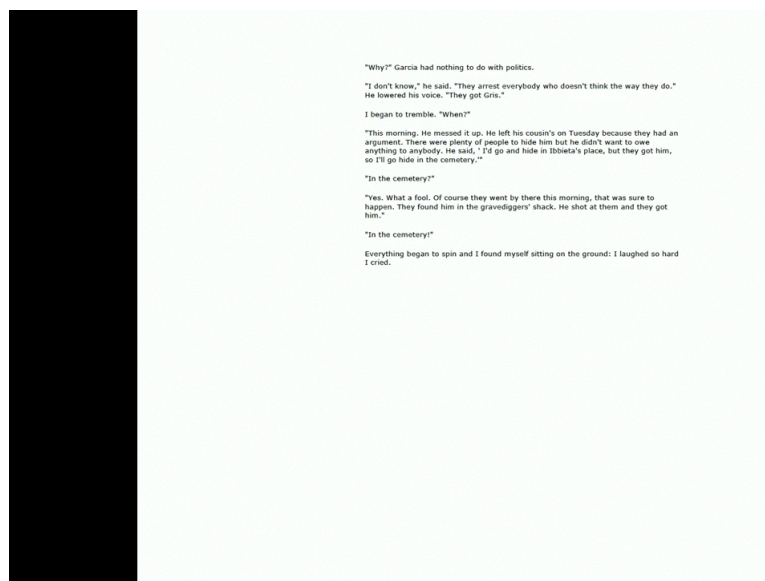


me, the other must have stayed in the cemetery, the officers looked at me, he did not look at all sheepish. They came into the big courtyard with the others, he said, after the military operations are regular court decide will what happens to him.

No, then they are not, not going to shoot me? Not now anyway what happens afterwards is none of my business, I still did not understand. I asked her why? He stopped his shoulder without answering and the soldiers took me away. The big courtyard there were about a hundred prisoners, woman, children and a few old men. I began walking around a central grass plot, I was stupefied at the noon they let us eat in the mess hall, two or three people question me, I must have known them, but I did not answer, I did not know where I was.

Brown evening they push about ten new prisoners into the court, I recognized Garcia, the baker, he said. What damned luck you have, I did not think I had see you alive, the sentence me to that, I said, and then they changed their minds, I do not know why they arrested me at two o'clock Garcia said.

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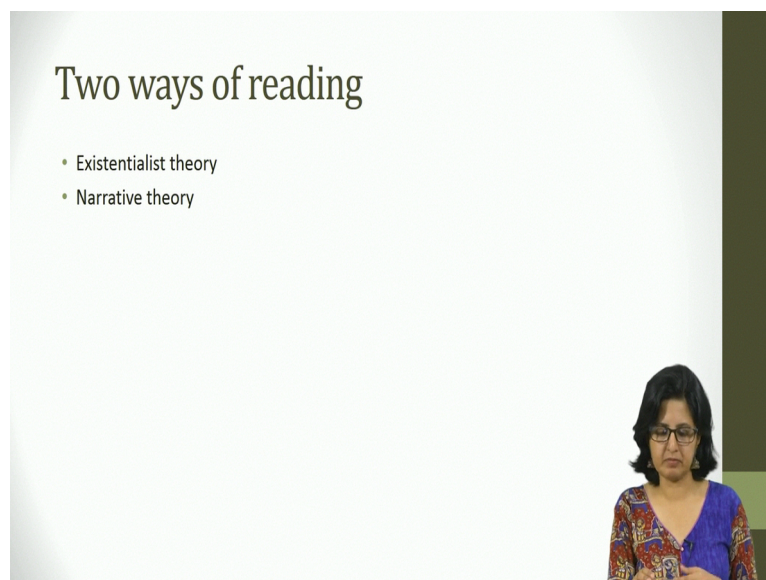


Why? Garcia had nothing to do with politics, I do not know, he said, they arrested everybody who does not think the way he do, he lowered his voice, the got Gris, I began to tremble when? This morning, he messed it up, he left his cousins on Tuesday because they had an argument. There were plenty of people to hide him, but he did not want to owe anything to anybody. He said I had go hide in Ibbietas does place, but they got him, so I will go hide in the cemetery.

In the cemetery, yes, what a fool, of course they went by there this morning, that was sure to happen. They found him in a gravediggers shack. He has shot at them and they got him, in the cemetery, everything began to spin and I found myself sitting on the ground, I laughed so hard, I cried.

There is nothing mysterious about ending, there is something which happens in between, in the middle of the story, which would also solve, thus mystery for you, so I leave you with this, as we begin to wrap up this session, I also wanted to pay attention to what had happened that changed the course of the story entirely and for this I encourage you to go back to the story and read it again and put those missing part the missing links together, so that will make better sense when we come back to discuss the story.

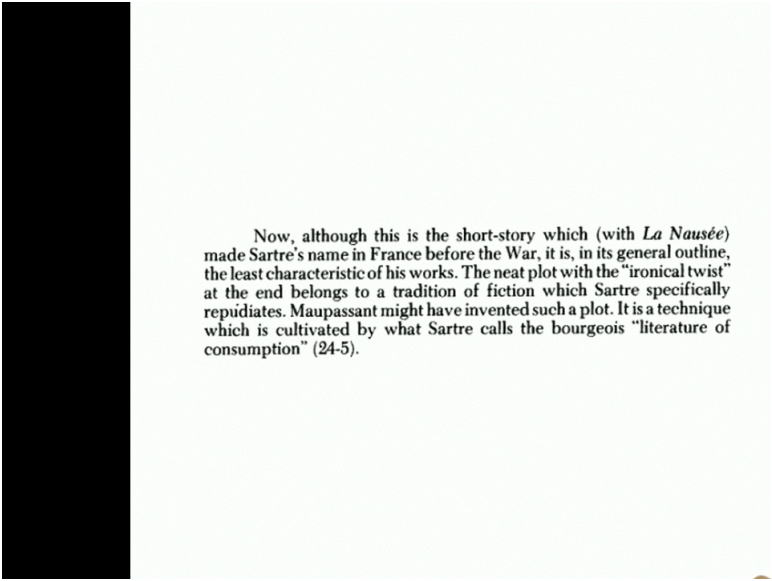
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And some of the elements which make it possible to read this story as a representative, text of existentialist theory and also as a masterpiece of narrative theory, many readers of Sartre, you should know this as when you read, proceed to read the story, there were both the admirers and the detractors, they tended to view the ending of the story as a flaw and in the next session when the discuss this in greater detail, we would also talk about why this was seen as a flaw and whether it is possible to have different interpretations and what is your take on it as well.



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Now, although this is the short-story which (with *La Nausée*) made Sartre's name in France before the War, it is, in its general outline, the least characteristic of his works. The neat plot with the "ironical twist" at the end belongs to a tradition of fiction which Sartre specifically repudiates. Maupassant might have invented such a plot. It is a technique which is cultivated by what Sartre calls the bourgeois "literature of consumption" (24-5).

I leave you with this code from Maurice Cranston, it is about the ending of the short story, now, although this is the short story which made Sartre's name in France before the war, it is, in its general outline, the least characteristic of his works. The neat plot with the ironical twist at the end belongs to a tradition of fiction which Sartre specifically repudiates. Maupassant might have invented such a plot. It is a technique which is cultivated by what Sartre calls the bourgeois literature of consumption.

As you go back to read the story, you would also read that the, you would also get to know that this is highly readable story, this has a very neat narrated structure, and as I mention also, encourage you to go and see the ironical twist, the detail which make this, with act situates the irony of this twist towards the end, so as we come back in the next session to talk more about this, we will also talk about how the existentialist theories that Sartre speaks about in many of his other works, they do not really fit in over here and also more about how as a narrative piece of writing, how there are a number of techniques which brilliantly come together to make this, want to find this short story ever written. I thank you for your attention and I look forward to see you the next section.