is hot enough to have warmed the very depths of the ocean. Could you get me a couple of towels? I’d better go right away, so as to be back in time. It would be a little too chilly if I waited till this afternoon.”

Mariequita ran over to Victor’s room, and returned with some towels, which she gave to Edna.

“I hope you have fish for dinner,” said Edna, as she started to walk away; “but don’t do anything extra if you haven’t.”

“Run and find Philomel’s mother,” Victor instructed the girl. “I’ll go to the kitchen and see what I can do. By Gimme! Women have no consideration! She might have sent me word.”

Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. She was not dwelling upon any particular train of thought. She had done all the thinking which was necessary after Robert went away, when she lay awake upon the sofa till morning.

She had said over and over to herself: “To-day it is Arabian; to-morrow it will be some one else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn’t matter about Leonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!” She understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adele Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had
overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul’s slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach.

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water.

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under, the sky! How delicious! She felt like some new-born creature opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.
She went on and on. She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no end.

Her arms and legs were growing tired.

She thought of Leonce and the children. They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul. How Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed, perhaps sneered, if she knew! “And you call yourself an artist! What pretensions, Madame! The artist must possess the courageous soul that dares and defies.”

Exhaustion was pressing upon and over-powering her.

“Good-by-----because I love you.” He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him----but it was too late; the shore was far behind her, and her strength was gone.

She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father’s voice and her sister Margaret’s. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the mushy odor of pinks filled the air.
อธิบายคำพหูพันธ์

1. Mulatresse = หญิงที่มีเสื้อผ้าที่มีความยาวและแขนยาว

2. Griffe woman = หญิงที่มีมือที่ยาว

3. Lucilean feast = งานเลี้ยงยิ่งใหญ่โดยใหญ่ที่สิ้นชีวิตในชื่อเพราะ

4. Venus rising from the foam = เทพีวันจนวิ่งความรักและความงามตามความเชื่อมของชาวไร้

5. houris = พวกนักป้องกันที่มีความงามและความสำเร็จอนาคต

แนววิวัฒน์

แก้ไขยืดหยุ่น

แคท ไอพรี แสดงให้เห็นสภาพสังคมมนุษย์ในศตวรรษที่ 19 ที่กำหนดบทบาทและ
สถานภาพของผู้หญิงให้เป็นเพียงกระจกและมานุษย์เท่านั้น ผู้หญิงเป็นแบบแบบเหมือนแบบซึ่งหนึ่งของ
สาม มีสิ่งไม่ยอมรับมานั้นผู้หญิงเป็นมนุษย์ที่มีความบรรทมและความคิดเห็นของตนเอง ผู้หญิง
ถูกครอบคลุมโดยสุทธิถูกทำให้เป็นความคร่ายการที่มีความรู้สึก โดยเฉพาะอย่างยิ่งความบรรทมทางเพศ
ตัวและแบบของไอพรีเป็นผู้หญิงที่แตกต่างจากผู้หญิงซึ่งตกสนุกในศตวรรษที่ 19 ที่กำหนด เธอ
กับความบรรทมทางเพศของตนเอง และพยายามที่จะตระหนักในสังคมที่มีความรู้สึกทางเพศ เธอเลือกชีวิตในที่สุด เพราะเธอไม่คิดไปไกลจากแก่ที่ไหนและมีนี้ช่วง กับว่างวันที่ชีวิตคือเป็น
หน้าที่ไปสู่เสรีภาพ และเป็นการหลุดพ้นจากการยับยั้งกับกฎเกณฑ์ที่ดักกำหนดคนนั้นเอง

โครงเรื่อง

คุณลักษณะ 2 คุณ อายุ 4 และ 5 ขวบ เลียงขุนเลียงทองให้ความสุขทางกายภาพดีโดยการ
ปรับปรุงห้องพักพักพักที่มี ของท่าน เผยแพร่การสร้างกับเธอเป็นสมบัติมีค่าที่นั่งของเขายัง
เท่านั้น เมื่อครอบครัวพ่อนครู พยาบาลในการช่วยผู้ป่วย เกณฑ์ ใกล้ เลียงลูกขุนเลียงทอง
โรงพยาบาล เลียงเรือน ช่วยหนุ่มเจริญสารีริอิส วัยเด็กกับเธอ เท้าของคนพิการกับความ
ความที่พักพิงนั้นก็คือความรักโรบิตร คัดลอกไปจากชีวิตของเธอเพื่อให้ครอบครัว
ของเธอสนับสนุน เลียงท่านได้กับความเป็นคนแท้จริงของตนเองแล้ว ไม่สามารถศึกษา
ที่ถูกอยู่ในสังคมที่มีกฎเกณฑ์ปิดบังค่ะเธอได้ก็ต่อไป เรียบง่ายไปอยู่ในหลักสูตรความ
ความสุขเพื่อเสรีภาพที่เธอประสบ เลียงชีวิตที่โค้งคืบของเธอเมื่อวันนั้นออกไปไกลจากเพื่อน
มากินไปจนหมดแรมและจนมาติดในที่สุด

การดำเนินเรื่อง

บท ไล่เวียง ดำเนินเรื่องได้อย่างน่าติดตามโดยการใช้ของกลั้นที่แสดงถึงการพัฒนา
ของตัวละคร และสถานการณ์ต่างๆ ที่จะนำไปสู่การ “คืน” ขึ้นเป็นผู้จัดตนเองและความประสบการณ์ที่
แท้จริง การสร้างนิยามและที่ปรากฏจากทำให้ผู้อ่านมีความคืบหน้าและครอบคลุมขอบเขต
เรื่องอย่างใจจัง

การใช้สัญลักษณ์ (Symbolism)

1.1 ไล่เวียงเป็นบทเรียนชีวิตที่มีความสุขทางด้านรักถูกใช้สร้างภาพทางความคิดของเธอ ถูกกับ
แก่ในโครง
A green and yellow parrot, which hung in a cage outside the door, kept repeating over and over:

“Allez vous-en! Allez vous-en! Sapristi! That’s all right!”3 [“go away! Go away! For god’s sake!”]

“Well, for instance, when I [Edna] left her [Mademoiselle Reisz] today, she put her arms around me and felt my shoulder blades, to see if my wings were strong, she said. ‘The bird that would soar above the level plain of tradition and prejudice must have strong wings. It is a sad spectacle to see the weaklings bruised, exhausted, fluttering back to earth’”(82)

The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, mumuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace. (15)
Edna had attempted all summer to learn to swim... A certain ungovernable dread hung about her when in the water, unless there was a hand near by that might reach out and reassure her.

But that night she was like the little tottering, stumbling, clutching child, who of a sudden realizes its powers, and walks for the first time alone, boldly and with over-confidence. (28)

The hot wind beating in my face made me think... without any connection that I can trace... of a summer day in Kentucky, of a meadow that seemed as big as the ocean to the very little girl walking through the grass, which was higher than her waist...

I could see only the stretch of green before me, and I felt as if I must walk on forever, without coming to the end of it. I don’t remember whether I was frightened or pleased. I must have been entertained....

"Sometimes I feel this summer as if I were walking through the green meadow again; idly, aimlessly, unthinking and unguided. (17)
Once she stopped, and taking off her wedding ring, flung it upon the carpet. When she saw it lying there, she stamped her heel upon it, striving to crush it. But her small boot heel did not make an indenture, not a mark upon the little glittering circlet. (53)

The shadows deepened in the little room. The music grew strange and fantastic—turbulent, insistent, plaintive and soft with entreaty. The shadows grew deeper. The music filled the room. It floated out upon the night, over the housetops, the Crescent of the river, losing itself in the silence of the upper air.

Edna was sobbing, just as she had wept one midnight at Grand Isle when strange, new voices awoke in her. (64)
The very first chords which Mademoiselle Reisze struck upon the piano sent a keen tremor down Mrs. Pontellier’s spinal column. It was not the first time she had heard an artist at the piano. Perhaps it was the first time she was ready, perhaps the first time her being was tempered to take an impress of the abiding truth . . . . She trembled, she was choking, and the tears blinded her. (27)

One piece which that lady played Edna had entitled “Solitude.” It was a short, plaintive, minor strain. . . . When she heard its tune came before her imagination the figure of a man standing beside a desolate rock on the seashore. He was naked. His attitude was one of hopeless resignation as he looked toward a distant bird winging its flight away from him. (27)
The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude . . A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water . . . when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stored naked in the open air . . .

She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles . . . . The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace. (113)

2.2 โฉ่ง กล่าวถึงคนซึ่งมีเนื้อหาและทำความท่านอยู่กับความรู้และความสะอาดครั้งพรึ ้ เครือมผู้อ่านให้คาดเลยเหตุการณ์ดังกล่าวได้ว่า ความรักของเธออาจจะไม่สมหวัง

Two young girls, the Farival twins, were playing a duet from “Zampa” upon the piano. (4)

Zampa เป็นซิทของโรมันติดต่อเพราะของทูต์ซ์ เอริอด์ (Louis Herold) ที่มีเนื้อเรื่องเกี่ยวกับความตายของทูต์ซ์ในทะเล
“Mademoiselle had glided from the Chopin into the quivering love notes of Isolde’s song, and back again to the Impromptu with its soulful and poignant longing.” (64)

“To be an artist includes much; one must possess many gifts—absolute gifts—which have not been acquired by one’s own effort. And, moreover, to succeed, the artist must possess the courageous soul . . . The brave soul. The soul that dares and defies.” (63)

A feeling of exultation overtook her, as if some power of significant import had been given her to control the working of her body and her soul. She grew daring and reckless, overestimating her strength. She wanted to swim far out, where no woman had swum before. (28)

การที่เยนสามารถทำให้ความสามารถทางความต้านทานของลำน้ำได้ขึ้นเป็นจำนวนมาก เหล่าทหารล่าส่วนใหญ่ได้หยุดการขับเคลื่อนเป็นการเริ่มต้นของความมีเสรีภาพและความเป็นตัวของลำน้ำมากกว่า อีกหนึ่งสิ่งที่สำคัญมากที่สุดในการผลักดันข้อกฎหมายของธรรมชาติและการทำให้ความอบอุ่นขึ้นชั่วนิรันดร์นั่นเอง.
As she swam, she seemed to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose coarsely.

Once she turned and looked toward the shore, toward the people she had left there. She had not gone any great distance . . . . But to her unaccustomed vision the stretch of water behind her assumed the aspect of a barrier which her unaided strength would never be able to overcome.

A quick vision of death smote her soul, and for a second of time appalled and enfeebled her senses. But by an effort she rallied her staggering faculties and managed to regain the land.

She made no mention of the encounter with death and her flash of terror.

ในตอนจบเธอไม่มีความหวั่นกลัวทะลุงต่ำใส่

She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no end. (I 13-114)
Sailing across the bay to the Cheniere Caminada, Edna felt as if she were being borne away from some anchorage which had held her fast, whose chains had been loosening . . . had snapped the night before when the mystic spirit was abroad, leaving her free drift whithersover she chose to set her sails. (35)

Edna had once told Madame Ratignolle that she would never sacrifice herself for her children, or for any one. . . .

"I would give up the unessential; I would give my money. I would give my life for my children; but I wouldn’t give myself. I can’t make it more clear; it’s only something which I am beginning to comprehend, which is revealing itself to me.” (48)
The Doctor would have liked during the course of conversation to ask, “Is there any man in the case?” but he knew his Creole too well to make such a blunder as that. (67)

Robert was not waiting for her in the little parlor. He was nowhere at hand. The house was empty. But he had scrawled on a piece of paper that lay in the lamplight:

“I love you. Good- by -- because I love you.” (111)
She had said over and over to herself: To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be someone else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn’t matter about Leonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etierme! “she understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adele Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert: and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul’s slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them.

ไม่ว่าการเสียชีวิตของเธอจะเป็นการเดินผ่านคาวายหรือไม่ ความสั้นเร็วของเธอ คือการได้วันเวริ่งที่เข้าแหวงตา และการเห็นพันจากกลุ่มเส้นของสังคมที่พันธนาการจิตวิญญาณของเธอไว้

She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father’s voice and her sister Margaret’s. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the Sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air. ( 124-25)
Mrs. Pontellier’s eyes were quick and bright; they were a yellowish brown, about the color of her hair. She had a way of turning them swiftly upon an object and holding them there as if lost in some inward maze of contemplation or thought. (5)

An indescribable oppression, which seemed to generate in some unfamiliar part of her consciousness, filled her whole being with a vague anguish. It was like a shadow, like a mist passing across her soul’s summer day. It was strange and unfamiliar; it was a mood. She did not sit there inwardly upbraiding her husband, lamenting at Fate, which had directed her footsteps to the path which they had taken. (10)
In short, Mrs. Pontellier was not a mother-woman. The mother-woman seemed to prevail that summer at Grand Isle. It was easy to know them, fluttering about with extended, protecting wings, when any harm, real or imaginary, threatened their precious brood. They were women who idolized their children, worshipped their husbands, and esteemed it a holy privilege to efface themselves as individuals and grow wings as ministering angels! (8)

Mrs. Pontellier, though she had married a Creole, was not thoroughly at home in the society of Creoles; never before had she been thrown so intimately among them. They were only Creoles that summer at Lebrun’s. They all knew each other, and felt like one large family, among whom existed the most amicable relations. A characteristic which distinguished them and which impressed Mrs. Pontellier most forcibly was their entire absence of prudery. Their freedom of expression was at first incomprehensible to her, though she had no difficulty in reconciling it with a lofty chastity which in the Creole woman seems to be inborn and unmistakable. (10)
Mrs. Pontellier was not a woman given to confidences, a characteristic hitherto contrary to her nature. Even as a child she had lived her own small life all within herself. At a very early period she had apprehended instinctively the dual life--that outward existence which conforms, the inward life which questions. (14) 

“Let Mrs. Pontellier alone.”

“She is not one of us; she is not like us. She might make the unfortunate blunder of taking you seriously.” (20-21)

Edna Pontellier could not have told why, wishing to go to the beach with Robert, she should in the first place have declined, and in the second place have followed in obedience to one of the two contradictory impulses which impelled her.
A certain light was beginning to dawn dimly within her,—the light which, showing the way, forbids it. (13)

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize his position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her. This may seem like a ponderous weight of wisdom to descend upon the soul of a young woman of twenty-eight . . . perhaps more wisdom than the Holy Ghost is usually pleased to vouchsafe to any woman.

But the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult! (14)

Her marriage to Leonce Pontellier was purely an accident, in this respect resembling many other marriages which masquerade as the decrees of Fate . . . . He pleaded her; his absolute devotion flattered her. She fancied there was a sympathy of thought and taste between them, in which fancy she was mistaken. Add to this the violent opposition of her father and her sister Margaret to her marriage with a Catholic, and we
need seek no further for the motives which led her to accept Monsieur Pontellier for her husband. (19)

She would sometimes gather them passionately to her ‘heart; she would sometimes forget them. . . . Feeling secure regarding their happiness and welfare, she did not miss them except with an occasional intense longing.

Their absence was a sort of relief, though she did not admit this, even to herself. It seemed to free her of a responsibility which she had blindly assumed and for which Fate had not fitted her. (19-20)

She missed him the days when some pretext served to take him away from her, just as one misses the sun on a cloudy day without having thought much about the sun when it was shining. (28-29)

Another time She would have gone in at his request. She would, through habit, have yielded to his desire; not with any sense of