

On Raymond Carver
with special reference to
The Third Thing That Killed My Father Off

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If we are asked what the chief distinction of American literature in 1980's is, we will probably say that it is the Renaissance of short novels, and minimalism. The representative writers of minimalism, so called minimalists, are Raymond Carver, Frederick Barthelme, Bobbie Ann Mason, Tobias Wolf, and Susan Minot. All of them only tell us about the real incidents, which could happen to us all in our daily life, in very simple style. So we will wonder why such short novels could be a very remarkable literary phenomenon in 1980's. John Barth, who is one of Post-Modernists, analyzes the cause of such a phenomenon:¹

- 1) an after - effect of the Vietnam war; owing to the war, appeared the frigid prose style of minimalism which entirely closes the writer's mind.
- 2) a reaction against overabundance and wastefulness which have prevailed in America
- 3) the decline of reading and writing ability
- 4) the decrease of time to read caused by TV and VTR
- 5) a reaction against Post - modernists like Thomas Pynchon, John Barth and Robert Coover, who wrote their experimental major works through the first half of 1960's into 1970's
- 6) a reaction against extravagant advertisements for commerce and politics

There are the six main causes which John Barth thinks gave rise to minimalism. At any rate, it is a matter of course that a special character of minimalists who moved into the limelight in 1980's, is in their short stories. However, this may not be the only reason why there was a flood of many short stories in '80's. This boom of short stories seems to have been multiplied by the increase of writing courses at a lot of colleges. In fact, it is well known that even Carver gave a lecture of writing course to the students at Syracuse University. Now such courses are said to be more than three hundred all over the country, but they teach the students how to write short stories rather than long ones owing to the restriction of time. So the students buy short stories for study. Thus appear those writers who can write short novels only, and the writers made in this way teach students how to write short novels at writing courses for making a living, and then it is the turn of the students to buy short stories for study, and... Thus comes a closed circular construction between story writers and the writing course.

As for Raymond Carver who is a typical and representative minimalist, according to *Fires*, he

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suffered from the danger of his home collapse, and had no time for story writing:

Something terrible had happened to us. It was something that we had never seen occur in any other family. We couldn't fully comprehend what had happened. It was erosion, and we couldn't stop it. Somehow, when we weren't looking, the children had got into the driver's seat. As crazy as it sounds now, they held the reins, and the whip. We simply could not have anticipated anything like what was happening to us.²

The very reason why Carver could not write long novels may be partly because of the above-mentioned situation in his family. Carver himself admits it: "During these furious years of parenting, I usually didn't have the time, or the heart, to think about working on anything very lengthy."³ Thus he found his way to reveal his own genius spontaneously, that is to say, in short stories; "The shortest things I could sit down and, with any luck, write quickly and have done with. . . . Anyway, these circumstances dictated to the fullest possible extent, the forms my writing could take."⁴ In case of Carver, he was compelled to write short stories owing to his circumstances. However, Carver does write them in very simple style; he uses consciously lean and pruned style. And he treats the materials about an everyday affair, and has an accurate eye to the materials. Indeed these are also said the characteristics of minimalism.

The Third Thing That Killed My Father Off we will deal with in this paper is included in *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981). This story, like the rest of his stories, is written in very simple style. Whenever we read his short stories, we will notice a queer effect which issues from their surface simplicity, but the very simplicity contains a lot of implications, images and metaphors, which are inlaid here and there very skillfully. And Carver's is really the world of the homely and the unexceptional, colourless and normal people going about the business of their colourless and normal lives. As Carver explains his attitude of writing, he tries, in a poem or a short story, "to write about common - place things and objects using common - place but precise language, and to endow those things. . . with immense, even startling power."⁵ And also he tries "to write a line of seemingly innocuous dialogue and have it send a chill along the reader's spine."⁶

By a chill Carver means "some feeling of threat or sense of menace in short stories."⁷ Therefore, by paying careful attention to his simple but precise words with various implications, images and metaphors, we will examine what kind of world Carver tried to describe, and at the same time we will investigate his real intention of this short story in the following chapters.

I

This story is told by a boy named Jack. He tells us the three things which destroyed his father completely:

I'LL tell you what did my father in. The third thing was Dummy, that Dummy died. The first thing was Pearl Harbor. And the second thing was moving to my grandfather's farm near Wenatchee. That's where my father finished out his days, except they were probably finished before that.

My father blamed Dummy's death on Dummy's wife. Then he blamed it on the fish. And finally he blamed himself — because he was the one that showed Dummy the ad in the back of *Filled and Stream* for live black bass shipped anywhere in the U.S.

It was after he got the fish that Dummy started acting peculiar. The fish changed Dummy's whole personality. That's what my father said.⁸

The boy itemizes the real reasons of his father's mental damage; the first was Pearl Harbor made an air - raid on by Japanese army, which was the outbreak of war between Japan and America. The second thing was moving to Wenatchee, Washington, where his father was to finish out his days. And the third thing, which the boy tells us first of all, was Dummy's death. Above all, it seems to have given a great shock to the father, so he blames Dummy's death on Dummy's wife, and then on black bass, and finally on himself, because it was he that showed Dummy the advertisement for rearing of black bass. And Dummy begins acting peculiar after getting the fish. According to the father, the fish changes Dummy's whole personality. Thus remembering his father's talk during his lifetime, the boy begins to tell us the whole summary of the story. This story, opened in this way, proceeds to the ending as a plot but as a story — a story which links a line of connection about the details of Dummy's death — it begins to be resolved little by little, and many things become more mysterious as the story proceeds to the ending. This is one of Carver's techniques quite different from those of the rest of his short stories.

Thus following his memory, the boy continues to tell us about Dummy's features. The boy never knew Dummy's real name, but remembers him by Dummy now:

He was a little wrinkled man, bald - headed, short but very powerful in the arms and legs. If he grinned, which was seldom, his lips folded back over brown, broken teeth. It gave him a crafty expression. His watery eyes stayed fastened on your mouth when you were talking — and if you weren't, they'd go to someplace queer on your body.⁹

Here Carver describes Dummy's queer nature and features in detail. The boy does not think Dummy was really deaf though he pretended to be. But he could not speak at all, and had been working at a common laborer at the sawmill in Yakima, Washington since the 1920's. Here we will remember at once that Yakima is Carver's birth - place. As far as the boy knew, Dummy was working as a cleanup man. All those years, Dummy always wore a felt hat, a khaki workshirt, a denim jacket over a pair of coveralls. And Dummy carried the same things the millwrights did; wrenches, pliers, screwdrivers, friction tape. Also he carried a flashlight even in the daytime. Because of this kind of behavior, people kidded Dummy, but he treated it as a joke. The boy thinks he'd gotten used to it. In spite of this kind of queer behavior and attire of Dummy's, the boy's father never kidded Dummy like other people:

My father never kidded Dummy. Not to my knowledge, anyway. Dad was a big, heavy - shouldered man with a crew - haircut, double chin, and a belly, and a belly of real size. Dummy was always staring at that belly. He'd come to the filing room where my father worked, and he'd sit on a stool and

watch my dad's belly while he used the big emery wheels on the saws.¹⁰

Though Dummy is "a little wrinkled man, bald - headed," the boy's father is "a heavy - shouldered man with a crew-haircut, double chin, and a belly of real size." This description shows us a very remarkable contrast between the two, and also gives us a spice of humour like cartoons. However, a kind of friendship seems to bud out between these persons. Indeed Dummy is a quite queer man, but he has a house of his own:

Dummy had a house as good as anyone's.

It was a tarpaper - covered affair near town. Half a mile behind the house, at the end of a pasture, there lay a big gravel pit that the state had dug when they were paving the road around there. Three good-sized holes had been scooped out, and over the years they'd filled with water. By and by, the three ponds came together to make one.

It was deep. It had a darkish look to it.¹¹

At this point the boy seems to tell the story with a serene state of mind, but he may feel a super - natural power in the number 3, which we will discuss later. At any rate, by the three ponds which came together to make one, Carver lays an underplot of the later incidents, so the pond gives a very mysterious impression to the boy.

Besides his own house, Dummy has a wife who is years younger and is said to go around with Mexicans. But the boy's father reproaches his son, saying that busybodies say such a thing. She was a small stout woman with glittery little eyes. When the boy stopped at Dummy's with his friend to get a glass of water, the woman, as rumor says, seduces even the boys, saying, "You little fellas had a car now, I might catch ride with you."¹² In the meantime, the day came when the black bass arrived, and the boy and his father went out to give Dummy a hand. They went to the railway station to get "three tanks Parcel Post from Baton Rouge, Louisiana."¹³ Here we will notice the use of a mysterious number 3. Dummy drove his pickup very carefully all the way to his house. Now it was nearly dark, and Dummy kept his headlights on. And Dummy and the father pulled the crates close to the water and tried to tear the first one:

The barrel inside was wrapped in burlap, and there were these nickel-sized holes in the lid. They raised it off and Dummy aimed his flashlight in. It looked like a million bass fingerlings were finning inside. It was the strangest sight, all those live things busy in there, like a little ocean that had come on the train.¹⁴

When they looked into the barrel inside with the flashlight, they saw a million bass fingerlings finning. It was the strangest sight, and it seemed to the boy that it was "a little ocean that had come on the train." In this phrase we will notice Carver's another use of metaphors. In spite of the father's request of tearing the other crates, Dummy refuses it and undoes them for himself though he rips his hand doing it. Dummy seems to have been quite another man now:

FROM that night on, Dummy was different.

Dummy wouldn't let anyone come around now anymore. He put up fencing all around the pasture, and then he fenced off the pond with electrical barbed wire. They said it cost him all his savings for that fence.¹⁵

Of course the boy notices that Dummy was different, and tells us his singularity in detail. Now he will not let anyone come around the fish, and puts up fencing all around the pasture. Moreover he fences off the pond with electrical barbed wire. Such being the case, the father will not have anything to do with Dummy after that. And Dummy goes so far as to prevent the father from trying to have a look at the fish.

In the meantime, two years pass. One evening the boy takes his father his food and tea for his overtime work, and overhears him talking with Syd Glover, the millwright. In response to the father's saying, "You'd reckon the food was married to them fish, the way he acts."¹⁶ Syd says, "From what I hear, he'd better to put that fence round his house."¹⁷ Of course they talk about Dummy and his wife, but the father, seeing his son, stops talking with the millwright by signaling him with his eyes. For two years the father has had nothing with Dummy, but he is anxious about Dummy and his fish. Therefore, a month later, he finally makes Dummy remove the weak fish in order to keep things fit for the rest of them. In spite of his persuasion to do it tomorrow, Dummy does not say "yes" or "no," but he only pulls on his ear some more and seems to have tacit understanding. And when the day came, the boy and his father goes out to Dummy's with fishing - tackle and some food in the back seat. The father hurries Dummy up, and Dummy turns abruptly. They follow him through the spongy pasture and the rocky ground. When they get to the place where they can see the glare of water over Dummy's shoulder, Dummy stops abruptly, but he starts walking again in disregard of the father's suggestion to thin out the fish before it gets dark. Soon they reach the place where they can see the whole pond, and there the water is dimpled with rising fish. The father exclaims at the splendid sight. The boy sees what has fascinated his father so much and describes the sight vividly:

A school of bass was cruising, twenty, thirty, not one of them under two pounds. They veered off, and then they shifted and came back, so densely spaced they looked like they were bumping up against each other. I could see their big, heavy - lidded eyes watching us as they went by. They flashed away again, and again they came back.

They were asking for it. It didn't make any difference if we stayed squatted or stood up. The fish just didn't think a thing about us. I tell you, it was a sight to behold.¹⁸

So splendid is the sight that the boy and his father sit there for quite a while, watching the school of bass be so innocently busy with their business. After that the father signals to cast the brass, and the boy is shaky with excitement. When the boy is trying to get the hooks out, Dummy seizes the boy's shoulder with his big fingers. When the boy sees Dummy, he works his chin in the direction of the boy's father. By that Dummy means that he wants them to use no more than one pole, so his father gives up fishing and moves over to when his son stands. When the boy looks at Dummy just before he lays out his cast, he finds Dummy's face has gone rigid with a thin line of drivel on his chin, and at last the boy sends the plug out. At once he has a bite, and the father yells beside his son.

The boy tries to wear the bass out and to pull it nearer. The bass, which looks six or seven pounds in weight, gives the boy such a great shock that he can hardly stand. When the father wades out over his shoes, and reaches for the fish, Dummy begins "sputtering, shaking his head, waving his arms,"¹⁹ and keeps "carrying on and gesturing toward to pond."²⁰ In spite of the father's saying that he will not let the fish go, Dummy reaches for his line. So the bass gains some strength back, and turns himself over and begins swimming. The boy, becoming upset, yells and slams down the brake on the rod and begins winding, but the bass makes a last, furious run, and the line breaks. So the boy almost falls on his back. The father, flying into a rage, goes back, saying that he will go back before he knocks down the damned fool.

Time passes, and in February that year, the river floods because it snowed pretty heavy in December and stayed where it was, and moreover, the Chinook wind struck toward the end of January and the steady drizzle of water fell. After the wind blew for five days, the river begins to rise on the third day. The water level becomes fifteen feet, which is three feet higher than usual, so the father is afraid that Dummy will lose his darlings. The boy worries about Dummy and wants to see how high the water is running, but the father will not allow him to do so. Two days later, the river reaches the highest level, and the water begins to subside gradually. So a week after, the boy bicycles out to see the river with his friends. They find the river still swollen at the end of the pasture. The water is still high and out of its channel, and the current runs heavy and swift toward the middle of the river. Now and then a bush floats by, or a tree with its branches sticking up the water. Soon the boys come to Dummy's fence and find that a cow dies wedged in up against the wire. The boy calls the scene to his mind: "It was the first dead thing of any size I'd ever seen. I remember Orin took a stick and touched the open eyes."²¹ Here we will remember some resemblance of Nick Adams' Stories by Hemingway. Then the boys make another discovery; the ponds and river are joined together. The boy describes the sight minutely:

We crossed over and followed the new channel that cut directly into Dummy's land and headed straight for his pond, going into it lengthwise and forcing an outlet for itself at the other end, then twisting off until it joined up with the river farther on.²²

So the boy thinks that most of Dummy's bass were carried off by the flood, and that those staying there are free to come and go. Just then he sees Dummy, and the boys lower their bodies in fear. Here the boy makes another discovery: "Dummy was standing at the far side of the pond near where the water was rushing out. He was just standing there, the saddest man I ever saw."²³ For the first time, the boy sees a state of sadness of a man.

A few weeks after, the father says at supper that he does feel sorry for old Dummy, and that the poor devil brought it on himself. Indeed he cannot help worrying about him. And he goes on saying that someone saw Dummy's wife sitting in a club with a Mexican. At this the mother, looking at her husband with a sharp eye, reproaches him, but her husband doesn't mind saying that his son is old enough, while the boy pretends as if he heard nothing.

In the meanwhile, Dummy has changed a lot: he is never around any of the men anymore, and no one feels like joking with him. What is still worse, there is a rumour that he is laid off because he takes a rest from his work one or two days a week. Even the boy's father says, "Clear crazy if he

don't watch out."²⁴

On Sunday afternoon when the father and his son are cleaning the garage, the mother comes to the back door, there is a telephone call for the father from one of the neighbours. The telephone call informs that Dummy killed his wife with a hammer and drowned himself. At once the father and his son make haste to the actual spot, but there is a policeman there, who says that they should go away if they get business there. The father asks the policeman to let them go because they know Dummy pretty well, and take pretty much the same route they had the other day. There were two motorboats floating on the pond, and uniformed men are dragging the pond, one man steering and the other man handling the boat and hooks. An ambulance waits on the gravel beach where the boy and his father tried to cast for Dummy's bass the other day. In a little while, one of the boats stopped. The man in back stands up and begins to pull his rope. Soon an arm comes out of the water. The boy tells himself eagerly that it is not Dummy, but something else laid there for years. However, the two men finally haul the dripping thing over the side. At once the boy looks at his father and finds that his face is funny the way it is set. The father says, "Woman. That's the wrong kind of woman can do to you, Jack."²⁵ Now Dummy has drowned himself in the pond. After some years, the boy, looking back upon the past, thinks over the matter and concludes: "I don't think Dad really believed it, I think he just didn't know who to blame or what to say."²⁶

Furthermore, the boy ends the story by telling us a sequence to the incident:

It seemed to me everything took a bad turn for my father after that. Just like Dummy, he wasn't the same man anymore. That arm coming up and going back down in the water, it was like so long to good times and hello to bad. Because it was nothing but that all the years after Dummy drowned himself in that dark water.

Is that what happens when a friend dies? Bad luck for the pals he left behind?

But as I said, Pearl Harbor and having to move back to his dad's place didn't do my dad one bit of good, either.²⁷

II

As we have seen, the period as a setting of this story is not very clear, but if we guess it on the grounds that there are some accounts overlapping the author's biographical facts, it is perhaps between the end of 1940's and the beginning of 1950's. This story is written in the form of the recollection of the boy named Jack who saw in his childhood the incident between his father Del and Dummy, his friend at his workshop who is a deaf - mate. Dummy is often made fun of by his fellow workers because of his physical defect and strange behaviours. One day Dummy buys some black bass through mail order business, and stocks the pond near his house with them. From this moment, he becomes quite another man, and never allows anyone to come near the pond by barbed wires around it. Del, worrying about too many fish in so small a pond, persuades Dummy to remove the weak fish in order to keep things fit for the rest of them, and lets his son angle for some fish in Dummy's presence. However, Dummy resists them hard and tries to let the caught fish return the pond. So far Del has never befooled him, but he parts from Dummy owing to this behaviour of his.

After a while from that day, it rains heavily and causes a flood. Overflowed water of the river passes through Dummy's pond, and with the turbid water the fish get loose into the river. Jack observes Dummy's figure who is quite at a loss what to do with the muddy water running through the pond. Then one warm Sunday afternoon, Del knows by a telephone call from one of his fellow workers that Dummy killed his wife and threw himself into the pond. Del and Jack see Dummy recovered at the same place where they struggled to fish a big black bass several months ago. This incident gives a deep shock to the narrator's father, which becomes the third thing that kills the father off.

This story is one of the works full of Carver's own autobiographical facts. The scene of this story is laid in Yakima, Washington, where Carver spent his boyhood till the age of ten. It is true Carver's father worked for a sawmill and his job was to set a saw, but there is no guarantee at all that the three things that killed the father off coincide with the autobiographical facts. So we will have to appreciate this story as it is without adhering to the writer's autobiographical facts too much. At any rate, this story proceeds to the ending as a plot, but as a story—a story which links a line of connection about the details of Dummy's death—it begins to be resolved little by little.

In order to appreciate this story, we will have to investigate some metaphors found in this work. First of all, Jack, who is the narrator of this story, seems to feel some supernatural power on the figure 3. The incidents that killed the father off, the reasons brought about Dummy's ruin, and the barrels of black bass—all of them include the figure. The figure is meaningless in itself. It is tinged with special tone of colour in the context at the scene where the gravel pit is described; some water stays at the three good-sized holes made by digging some gravel, and soon they become three ponds, and some together to make one. Urged by the narrator, we will think that one-made pond has come to possess some magical power by coming together. Of course it is quite a groundless imagination, but both the three incidents that killed the father off and three reasons which caused Dummy to kill himself, seem to have brought forth a much stranger destructive power by overlapping one another than the individual one. At any rate, as the story is written through the eyes of the boy who finds out some mysteries and irrationality, magic of the figure 3 seems to be made most of in the work. Ernest Hemingway also uses the figure 3 in his works; especially the use of the figure is often found in *For Whom The Bell Tolls* (1940); Hemingway often uses the figure 3 made use of in magic, and contrives to emphasize the hero's destiny and mystery. Geordon, who has blasted trains *three* times, comes to be the recesses of a mountain near Madrid *three* days after his general ordered that the railway bridge should be blown up. As soon as he meets Maria at a den of guerrilla, he falls in love with her, and the two confirm each other's love in the sleeping-bag out of doors for *three* nights in succession. Maria belonged to a member of the guerrilla after she was rescued when her train was attacked by the Nazi's *three* years ago. It is not until on the *third* night after Geordon's arrival that she tells him that her family and she were violated by them. More than anything else, this story is written in the form of condensation of Geordon's whole life into 70 to 72 hours (*three* days). And Hemingway makes use of the figure so often in other scenes in the story. Like Hemingway, perhaps Carver uses the figure in order to emphasize Del's destiny and mystery, which will be discussed in the following chapter.

Moreover as another metaphor which links Dummy and black bass into closer relations with each other, we will have to mention "superfluous power of life." The moment Dummy saw the numer-

ous fry of black bass swimming about in the small barrels, a remarkable change appears in Dummy's behaviour. The man, who is made fun of by the fellow workers, and whose wife is unfaithful quite openly, has been stimulated the power of life hidden inside by that of the fish almost overflowing the barrels. Dummy seems to have felt some delight as if the root of his power of life were shaken by the power of growing and breeding of the numerous fish which fret the surface of the pond like boiling hot water. So it is very natural that Dummy should have refused the father's advice to remove the weak fish with a frantic look, because the death of the fish causes the decrease of his life. However, the superfluous power of life cannot be confined in the small pond; the overflowing power of life seeks for a larger vessel. The helpless eyes of Dummy's watching the school of the fish running away with overflowing muddy water, seem to have looked at himself who is at a loss what do with his strong power of life arising from his inwards. Without any black bass, his power of life is virtually lost. Therefore, Dummy cracks down on his wife who has been false to him, and drowns himself in the pond with the black bass which have aroused his power of life. Like the other stories of his, Carver has some awe and respect to water. When they open the lid of the first barrel, the boy sees "a little ocean that had come on the train." And there is a flood as if it were led by the water of the pond where numerous bass grow up and seem to feel stifling, and the swift current swallows the bank up passing through the pond, and running on from one end of the pond. The water from the barrel poured into the pond when they stock it with black bass, seems to be literally priming *water* rousing the wild god of water. Indeed Carver often uses rivers, ponds and lakes in his works, and is most obsessed with water in materials. In parenthesis, a collection of poems written by him in 1985 is clearly entitled *Where Water Comes Together With Other Water*.

III

As we have seen, this story ends in an abrupt way; the father makes a failure of his life; he becomes incompetent to lead a normal life. Neither the narrator nor the writer tells us what kind of situation incompetency means. No, does the writer seem to tell us; not the narrator but the writer seems to tell it to us; Carver tells us that Dummy's body pulled up from the pond is the second one that the boy has ever seen throughout his life. So the dead body that the boy would see for the third time might be his father's. As above - mentioned, here again Carver uses the figure 3 for a symbol of the father's destiny and mystery. And the narrator does not tell us about it, but the work or narrator's turn of expression suggests the father's death. Here we will reread the beginning of this story:

I'LL tell you what did my father in. Third thing was Dummy, that Dummy died.²⁸

Now we will try accepting Dummy, not as a person's name but as a deaf - mute (dumbness). Third thing that caused the father to be beyond recovery, or finally to die, is dumbness, and loss of speech, that is, not talking. Dummy died; not talking died. There is no knowing what not talking tells. If we repeat the above - mentioned sentence with understanding about such a hypothesis, it follows that it is not talking itself that did "my father" in, and that not talking itself died, so I will talk. But who does not talking or did so? It is a person who said "I'll tell you what did my father in." If so, a

person who said so, does tell us what he does not tell us in spite of trying to tell us. And when he finishes telling us about it, the narrator does produce his father's death on the pages. That is what we talk about when we talk about Father and death. According to a certain critic who compares Hemingway's style with Carver's, Hemingway's polished style suggests that seven - eighths of untold iceberg is below the surface of the water, while Carver's style makes us feel that the seven - eighths of the iceberg may not exist below the surface of the water or we may not be able to make sure of even the seven - eighths. This story is included in *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love*. Then what we talk about when we talk about love? We talk about the thing which is called "what" not existed there, and at the same time we talk about the thing which is not called by name and is not existed there at all. Thus Carver talks about the privation of something, or something produces a kind of privation just because he talks about it in his peculiar way; talking itself makes a hollow or a gap.

Another concern of ours is whether this story can be said a story of initiation or not. Indeed initiation itself is not talked clearly in this story. It is not told at all whether or not the father's change of character has functioned as the initiation for the narrator. Nor is it told whether the father's change of character implies even his death. This is not a story about the father's death because the father's death itself is not told, but it can be a story producing his death. As above-mentioned, if the narrator finishes a story of his father without talking about his death, then his father's death does appear before the narrator. The very fact that the narrator does not write about the situation of the ruined father becomes his accomplishment of initiation, and a writing form as his accomplishment is indeed this story of Carver's. To give his memories of his father in brief without talking about or referring to his father's death; that is just what the narrator has performed, but by doing so, the writer has let the narrator kill his father, and the narrator himself has become the father, the father of this story. In this sense, it may safely be said that this is a story of initiation.

(NOTES)

1. See *Eureka* published by Seitosha Co., Ltd. (Tokyo, February 1990), p.98.
2. Raymond Carver, *Fires; Essays, Poems, Stories* (Capra Press, Santa Barbara, 1983), p.25.
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Ibid.*
5. Raymond Carver, *On Writing* (Capra Press, Santa Barbara, 1983), p.15. *On Writing* is one of the essays in *Fires*.
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*, p.17.
8. Raymond Carver, *The Third Thing That Killed My Father Off* in *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1981), p.89. Subsequent quotations from *The Third Thing That Killed My Father Off* will refer to this edition.
9. *Ibid.*, p.90.
10. *Ibid.*, pp.90-91.
11. *Ibid.*, p.91.

12. *Ibid.*, p.92.
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.*, p.93.
15. *Ibid.*
16. *Ibid.*, p.94.
17. *Ibid.*
18. *Ibid.*, pp.96-97.
19. *Ibid.*, p.98.
20. *Ibid.*
21. *Ibid.*, p.100.
22. *Ibid.*
23. *Ibid.*, p.101.
24. *Ibid.*
25. *Ibid.*, p.103.
26. *Ibid.*
27. *Ibid.*
28. *Ibid.*, p.89.