

Psychology of a Story. (Banquet of language)

I will quote a case of my own, not to put myself before the reader but as it is interest and awful in this matter, as subject-matter for analysis.

I was writing a story about a madman when ~~sad~~ who gives a banquet. I had arrived at the point where the said person had to make a proposal to his friend, when ~~the~~ instead of the words I was thinking to write I was to find out, this person passed through my brain, as the madness is a mood perhaps that now we could go and hang ourselves.

On having this thought I interrupted the tale I was writing and took note of the idea on a paper, as an indirect for a further tale. The note ran thus:

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^(I think omitted)

" / have a proposal to ~~make~~ ^{make} ~~that we~~
all go & hang ourselves? Great ap-
plause. Laughter. Hanging even in
the dining room. The Last Banquet.
By a natural association of ideas, every-
thing in the proposed new story took a
reference to a banquet since it was
in connection with such a function
that the words about the "bag" had
crept into my mind.

But let us set this aside. No
sooner had I written down this
than I perceived that one is it
to put into French to make a
story of this kind of thing? But no
sooner had I said this than I felt
it impossible to resist the impulse
of making a tale of that import.
Having done so, simultaneously I per-
suaded myself that in writing the
story I was betraying by fondness for
the strange. ^{very rare} & he more varied, more

"I have a proposal ~~(not omitted)~~ to make, that we all go and hang ourselves." Great applause. Laughter. Hanging even in the dining room. "*The Last Banquet*" By a natural association of ideas, everything in the proposed new story took a reference to a banquet, since it was in connection with such a function that the words about the longing had crept into our minds.

But let us set this aside. No sooner had I written down this than I pondered: what use is it to put into prose; to make a story of this horrid thing? But no sooner had I said this than I felt it impossible to resist the impulse of making a tale of that inspiration. Having done so, simultaneously, I persuaded myself that in writing the story I was letting my fondness for the strange. Nothing seemed to me more skilled, more reasoned.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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