

## American Realism and Naturalism

Genre	American Author	Perceived the individual as...	
Romantics	Ralph Waldo Emerson	a god	Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap – poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated ( <i>in love</i> ) with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him.
Realists	Henry James, Mark Twain William Dean Howells	simply a person	
Naturalists	Stephen Crane, Frank Norris	a helpless object	
<b>Realism</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Character is more important than action and plot; complex ethical choices are often the subject</li> <li>Humans control their destinies; characters act on their environment rather than simply reacting to it.</li> <li>Realistic novels avoid the sensational, dramatic elements of naturalistic novels and romances.</li> <li>Class is important; the novel has traditionally served the interests and aspirations of an insurgent middle class (in America).</li> </ul>			But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday-school books, from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across any thing like this. Oh! no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably ( <i>always</i> ) get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly ( <i>neomylné</i> ) get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.
<b>Influences:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Photography</li> <li>Investigative journalism (muckrakers)</li> <li>Darwinism</li> </ul>			This Jim bore a charmed life – that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua fortis ( <i>žiravina</i> ). He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple ( <i>do spánku</i> ) with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah! no; he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.
<b>Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) (1835 – 1910)</b>			
<i>The Adventures of Tom Sawyer</i> (1876)  <i>The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i> (1885)			
<b>Motto:</b> Humor is nothing more than a good-natured side of the truth. And laughter without philosophy woven into it is but a sneeze at humor. Genuine (real) humor is replete with ( <i>full of</i> ) wisdom and if a piece of humor is to last, it must do two things, teach and preach. Not professedly ( <i>okázale</i> ). If it does those two things professedly, all is lost. But if it does them effectively, that piece of humor will last forever. ... Which is 30 years.			And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an ax one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality ( <i>darebáctví</i> ), and now he is the infernalesst wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature ( <i>zastupitelstvo</i> ). So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.
<b><i>The Story of the Bad Boy Who Didn't Come to Grief</i></b> Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up ( <i>žblnou</i> ) their good kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully ( <i>bad</i> ), in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar ( <i>debet</i> ), and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing any thing about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Every thing about this boy was curious – every thing turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.			<b>William Dean Howells (1837-1920)</b> <i>The Rise of Silas Lapham</i> (1885) - social consequences of divorce
			<b>Henry James (1843-1916)</b> <i>Daisy Miller, The Bostonians, The Ambassadors, The Portrait Of a Lady, The Golden Bowl, The American</i>
			<b>Kate Chopin (1850-1904)</b> "Local" literature Creole community in Louisiana  Taboo topics: female sexuality, miscegenation etc.
			<b>The Awakening (1899)</b> Short stories: <i>The Storm, The Story of an Hour, Respectable Woman, At the Cadian Ball</i>
Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish ( <i>trápit se</i> ) on a sick bed for weeks, and repent ( <i>kat se</i> ) and become good. Oh! no; he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange – nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.			<b>Ellen Glasgow (1873-1945)</b> <i>Barren Ground</i> <i>The Romantic Comedians</i>
			<b>Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1873-1945)</b> <i>The Yellow Wallpaper</i> - Neurasthenia, rest cure

<b>Naturalism</b>	<b><i>The Call of the Wild</i></b> - extract 2
<b>An extension or continuation of Realism with the addition of pessimistic determinism.</b>	Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• unpleasant experiences which reduce characters to "degrading" behavior in their struggle to survive</li> <li>• DETERMINISM <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ characters are conditioned and controlled by society, environment, heredity, chance, or instinct</li> </ul> </li> <li>• In contrast to a Realist, a Naturalist believes that a character is fundamentally an animal, without free will.</li> </ul>	<p>" 'Answers to the name of Buck,' " the man soliloquized (<i>mluvil sám k sobě</i>), quoting from the saloon-keeper's letter which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well, Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial (<i>žoviálním</i>) voice, "we've had our little ruction (<i>binec</i>), and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all 'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whale (<i>beat</i>) the stuffin' outa you. Understand?"</p> <p>As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand. He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation (<i>objev</i>). It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and while he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely (<i>poslušně</i>), and some raging and roaring as he had come; and, one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater.</p>
<b>Stephen Crane (1871-1900)</b>	
<b><i>The Red Badge Of Courage</i> (1895)</b> -American Civil War	Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would neither conciliate nor obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.
<i>Maggie: A Girl Of The Streets</i> <i>The Open Boat</i>	
<b>Jack London (1876 –1916)</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• White Fang</li> <li>• The Call of the Wild</li> <li>• The Iron Heel</li> <li>• Martin Eden</li> <li>• The Sea Wolf</li> </ul>	
<p><b><i>The Call of the Wild</i></b> - extract 1</p> <p>"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand. And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter (<i>záblesk</i>) in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged (<i>nabitě</i>) with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl (<i>zavrčení</i>) that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down. After a particularly fierce blow, he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself (<i>vrhl se</i>) at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described (<i>opsal</i>) a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest. For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.</p>	<p><b>Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945)</b></p> <p><i>Sister Carrie</i> (1900) Jennie Gerhardt (1911) <i>The American Tragedy</i> (1925) <i>Typhoon</i> (1925)</p> <p><b>Frank Norris (1870 – 1905)</b></p> <p><i>Mc Teague</i> - The influence of Darwinism</p>