

Michael Thomas Harbuck  
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Ambrose

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### Here is the News

The modern age of communication has brought with it a multitude of benefits to human beings who wish to partake of the new technology. From life-saving calls to hospitals and rescue personnel, to the ever-needed phone call to the pizza parlor for that Friday night delivery, the use of communication equipment has filled the lives of most all humans, either directly or indirectly. One amazing aspect of the communication revolution, which started at the beginning even of the era of cinema, and continued onwards into radio, and of course with the natural progression: television, is the evening news. Here, the gossip and trash of the day becomes a vivid part of our early or late evening, for as many times as the human eyes and ears are able to stand the input. I would like to ask: How is the evening news a part of the literary academia, and what aspects of news reporting on a local level compare to the literary characteristics of famous works authored by well known persons?

As large as a city might grow, there obviously remains the need for the gossip and name calling and general curiosity of small town life to be kept in full swing by persons who have no other goal in life, than to delve into the affairs of others. *A Rose for Emily* by William Faulkner is a stunning example of the literary art form used so descriptively and with such detail and playfulness that there is no doubt as to the eternal ironic seriousness of his subject.

William Faulkner places inside the confines of the paragraphs of non chronological order within the story the inklings and vivid foreshadowing which can only be compared to the ranting of the news host upon the subject of the hour. All is told, except of course the actual story, and final ending, which must be gleaned from the very last minute of the very last of the late evening news programs of the day. As the general townsfolk will go about the business of minding that of another for sake of nothing better

to be done that hour, so it is nearly one hundred years after the authoring of Mr. Faulkner's story, that 'modern' man will find the same pleasure in a much, or as little.

Our omniscient and all powerful narrator in *A Rose...* has the all encompassing power to tell all, and of course, is not wrong, or in error of detail, unless of course he is wrong, and in error. The clarity and immense objectivity of the declaration of environment such as very nearly giving away the end of the story with the line: 'So she vanquished them....like the smell. That was two years....and a short time after her sweetheart – the one who we believed would marry her – had deserted her.' (15) How ever so open can one be when wanting and waiting for the bold truth of the matter. Our unfortunate and pitiful replete existence has lumbered upon the edge of the literary wall of no return, where the once engorged literary pages are replaced with the neo-classic equivalent of William Faulkner's tale of a lonely woman seen by all the townsfolk on the screen of a television each evening. Our television narrator will begin to detail his or her story, but of course must wait until the end before releasing the penned frustration of each persons' daily life through the culmination of the story, yeah whether this story be of importance or total frivolity.

Such drama could not a writer on the small screen call up today which would be more worrisome and thought stopping as such a line: "I want some poison," (33) With the disappearance of a man, and the request for poison, there should be no doubt in the mind of the reader, that something is askew. So strikingly akin is this line to that of the intermediate news réclame during the nightly prime-time show, that the comparison should be an easy one for each person do draw upon in making the connection between had been read, and what now is watched. If only the news reporter had the capacity of the author, or half of the wit and charm, then there would possibly be some merit as to these technological advances which are perceived as god-sends.

By no means do I wish to compare the validity of literature with the seemingly wastefulness of the American local news anchoring. To the contrary, I hope that this story can now be viewed by those who has read this small paper, as a frivolity of the human nature of overbearing curiosity of those who

believe to be concerned and affected by the actions of others, however, are not in the slightest indeed. The verity of the foreshadowing which Mr. Faulkner is capable of is nothing short of amazing. His compact, yet sensuously tantalizing detail causes the Pavlov reaction in each educated reader's conscience, waiting and wanting what will be delivered at the end of the short route down the literary lane.