

V.S.Naipaul. *A Bend in the River* (1979). New York: Vintage International. 1979. {Naipaul's first-person narrator, Salim, is of Muslim Arab heritage from the northwest coast of India: his family has lived for many generations as traders on the east coast of Africa. A 'dhow' is small trading boat.}

Small things can start us off in new ways of thinking, and I was started off by the postage stamps of our area. The British administration gave us beautiful stamps. These stamps depicted local scenes and local things; there was one called "Arab Dhow." It was as though, in those stamps, a foreigner had said, "This is what is most striking about this place." Without that stamp of the dhow I might have taken the dhows for granted. As it was, I learned to look at them. Whenever I saw them tied up at the waterfront I thought of them as something peculiar to our region, quaint, something the foreigner would remark on, something not quite modern, and certainly nothing like the liners and cargo ships that berthed in our own modern docks.

So from an early age I developed the habit of looking, detaching myself from a familiar scene and trying to consider it as from a distance. It was from this habit of looking that the idea came to me that as a community we had fallen behind. And that was the beginning of my insecurity. [p15]

Futabatei Shimei. *Ukigumo* (Floating Cloud, 1887; tr. Marleigh Grayer Ryan). Ann Arbor: U. Michigan. 1965. {Sometimes called "Japan's first modern novel." The protagonist, Bunzô, has just been dismissed from his government job, and is dreading that he will have to face his haughty aunt with the bad news. Note how the reader is brought into the text.}

"From now on you can stay with your sweetheart from morning till night."

"Don't be a fool!" His lips twisted into a distorted smile as he bid his companion a curt goodbye and went on alone toward Ogawamachi. Bit by bit the smile left his face and his steps grew slower until he barely crawled along. He went a few more blocks, his head hanging forlornly. Suddenly he stopped, looked around, then retreated two or three steps and ducked down a side street. He entered the third house from the corner, a two-story building with a lattice door. Shall we go in, too? [ch1, p199]

José Rizal. *Noli me tangere* (1887). NY: Penguin Books. 2006.

Since no butlers or maids request invitation cards, or even inquire about them, let us go upstairs, my reader, my friend or foe, if you find the strains of the orchestra of the lights or the great clinking of the glasses and plates intriguing, and you wish to see a gathering in the Pearl of the Orient. If it were up to me, I would spare you a description of the house, but it is too important. [p6]

Edgar Rice Burroughs. *Tarzan* (1914). NY: Barnes & Noble Classics. 2006.

I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to any other...

When my convivial host discovered that he had told me so much, and that I was prone to doubtfulness, his foolish pride assumed the task the old vintage had commenced, and so he unearthed written evidence in the form of musty manuscript, and dry official records of the British Colonial Office to support many of the salient features of his remarkable narrative. [p5]