



**Comments on:**

***The Yellow wallpaper***

“He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making, a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try. I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.”

I have read this short story multiple times, and it never ceases to amaze and inspire me. The author does not quite disclose the plot. In a way, this short story is similar to Elliot Perlman’s *Seven Types of Ambiguity* because it raises more questions than it answers.

Question marks keep appearing before your eyes as you read each paragraph. Is she truly psychotic, or is she driven to such a state due to the suffocating atmosphere of the house, and the medications that the husband prescribes? Another issue that comes to mind is that this short story (written in 6000 words according to Wikipedia), was first published in 1892. Did the author intend to convey the message that women were living under repressive conditions at that time?

Despite all the unanswered questions that come to my mind, every time I read this intriguing tale, I still get absorbed in it. Maybe it is because of the ambiguous nature of this psycho thriller that one cannot put it down until read to the last word. I have reached

the conclusion that ambiguity can be an effective tool in writing because it allows the reader to draw his or her own conclusions.

Another aspect of the writer's skill is the way the reader is slowly taken into the mind of the main character and is allowed to see life from the point of view of a mad woman. One clearly senses the suffocation she feels, when she has to sleep or rest at all times, is deprived of social intercourse and friendly company and feels trapped and imprisoned by her own family.

“There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes. When the sun shoots in through the east window—I always watch for that first long, straight ray—it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it. That is why I watch it always. By moonlight—the moon shines in all night when there is a moon—I wouldn't know it was the same paper. At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candle light, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.”

The story is also timeless. Written in the late nineteenth century, it still holds true today for women undergoing psychological illnesses, as it did when it was first published. I suppose it was among the first to address mental illness in women at that time. The author expertly describes the illusions of a psychotic mind and gives the reader a glimpse into a brain that has gone out of control.