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BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY
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BE BOUNDLESS

Mindscapes

VOLUME V

V SEMESTER BA

OPTIONAL ENGLISH

AMERICAN LITERATURE

&

EUROPEAN LITERATURE

Editor
Dr. Chitra Panikkar

PRASARANGA

BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY

BENGALURU

Mindscapes –V: Optional English Textbook for V Semester BA, under Faculty of Arts, Bengaluru City University, prepared by the Members of the Textbook Committee, Bengaluru City University and Published by Bengaluru City University Press.

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FOREWORD

*I am happy to present **Mindscapes-V** the textbook designed for V Semester BA Optional English course, under the Faculty of Arts, Bengaluru City University. It has been prepared by a committee of teachers from various colleges of Bengaluru City University. **Mindscapes- V** comprises of two papers, American Literature and European Literature. The objective of the selections is to orient students to the finer nuances of literature, broaden the vistas of perception and develop a sense of inclusivity.*

I congratulate the Editor Dr. Chitra Panikkar, the Chairperson and Members of the Textbook Committee on their earnest efforts in bringing out this textbook.

I thank the Director of Bengaluru City University Press and their personnel for bringing out the textbook on time.

I hope that this textbook will be welcomed by students and teachers alike.

Prof. Lingaraja Gandhi
Vice-Chancellor
Bengaluru City University
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PREFACE

It gives me immense pleasure to present, ***Mindscapes – V*** comprising: **Paper V: American Literature and Paper VI: European Literature** for the V Semester of the Optional English course of Bengaluru City University. The textbook includes poetry, novel, drama, essays, short stories, epistles, diary and a component on language.

Paper V has been designed to introduce students to American literature. It is hoped that America's multicultural status would help students engage with its rich and diverse forms of literary expression and access America's unique cultural history. The language part on Global English with emphasis on American English has been specially structured to suit contemporary taste.

Paper VI has been designed to orient students to a vast body of European writing spanning several centuries. Despite sharing the same cultural ancestry and a common sense of identity, the literature of each country within Europe has maintained a distinct set of special characteristics. The selection here celebrates these differences within Europe.

I would like to thank the Chairperson and her team of teachers who have worked relentlessly to put together this textbook. I thank the Vice Chancellor and the Registrar of BCU for their consistent support. I also thank the Prasaranga, Bengaluru City University, Bengaluru, who helped us to bring out the book on time.

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About the Text

Mindscapes-V is the Optional English text prescribed for the students of V Semester. It intends to initiate students to a comprehensive study of American and European Literary selections from the Classical Period to the Contemporary Period. It attempts to introduce students to the development of the various literary genres of the two continents North America and Europe (excluding Britain as it has been covered in the past semesters). Through discussions and analysis of various literary genres and elements, this text takes you on a trailblazing journey across the time and space conundrum. The text aims to hone the skills of students, to appreciate different literary pieces and respect the cultural diversities in each of the literary selections. It helps to trace the development of forms and ideas over time and bring in inclusivity in thought, word and action.

This text aids in understanding how reason and emotion interact and negotiate in various contexts across the two continents. The text contains poetry, short stories, essays, novel, dramas, epistles, diary and facets of language.

Objectives

- Demonstrate critical thinking skills in understanding the dynamics of American and European literature.
- Recognize the development of literary genres across Europe and America.
- Trace the historical, geographical and cultural contexts through their reading of the prescribed representative literary and cultural texts
- Apply critical and theoretical approaches to the reading and analysis of texts in multiple genres.
- Identify, analyse, interpret and expound critical ideas, values, and themes to understand the way it informs and impacts culture and society.

Outcomes

After the completion of this text Students will be able to :

- Know how a literary text, explicitly or allegorically negotiates,
- Trace the history of various literary movements and its textual representations.
- Locate and represent the various voices through the selections.
- Apply critical and theoretical approaches to the reading and analysis of literary and cultural texts in multiple genres
- Distinguish between the different varieties of English used all over the world.

I hope reading this text will be an enjoyable and enriching experience for both the teachers and the students.

Dr. Kavita Shastri

Chairperson, Optional English Textbook

Associate Professor and Head,

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**** The PDF copies of the dramas and novel are compiled in Book 2 of Mindscapes - V.**

Contents

Section III: Short Fiction

Section IV: Essays

Section V: Facets of Language

A Brief History of American Literature

American literature does not easily lend itself to classification by time period. Given the size of the United States and its varied population, there are often several literary movements happening at the same time. However, this hasn't stopped literary scholars from making an attempt. Here are some of the most commonly agreed upon periods of American literature from the colonial period to the present.

The Colonial Period (1607–1775)

This period encompasses the founding of Jamestown upto a decade before the Revolutionary War. The majority of writings were historical, practical, or religious in nature. Some writers not to miss from this period include Phillis Wheatley, Cotton Mather, William Bradford, Anne Bradstreet, and John Winthrop. The first account of an enslaved African person, "A Narrative of the Uncommon Sufferings, and Surprizing Deliverance of Briton Hammon, a Negro Man," was published during this period, in 1760 at Boston.

The Revolutionary Age (1765–1790)

Beginning a decade before the Revolutionary War and ending about 25 years later, this period includes the writings of Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, James Madison, and Alexander Hamilton. This is arguably the richest period of political writing since classical antiquity. Important works include the “Declaration of Independence,” "The Federalist Papers," and the poetry of Joel Barlow and Philip Freneau.

The Early National Period (1775–1828)

This era in American literature is responsible for notable first works, such as the first American comedy written for the stage—"The Contrast" by Royall Tyler, written in 1787—and the first American Novel—"The Power of Sympathy" by William Hill, written in 1789. Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and Charles Brockden Brown are credited with creating distinct American fiction, while Edgar Allan Poe and

William Cullen Bryant began writing poetry that was markedly different from that of the English tradition.

The American Renaissance (1828–1865)

Also known as the Romantic Period in America and the Age of Transcendentalism, this period is commonly accepted to be the greatest of American literature. Major writers include Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, and Herman Melville. Emerson, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller are credited with shaping the literature and ideals of many later writers. Other major contributions include the poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and the short stories of Melville, Poe, Hawthorne, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Additionally, this era is the inaugural point of American literary criticism, led by Poe, James Russell Lowell and William Gilmore Simms. The years 1853 and 1859 brought the first novels written by African American authors, both male and female: "Clotel," by William Wells Brown and "Our Nig," by Harriet E. Wilson.

The Realistic Period (1865–1900)

As a result of the American Civil War, Reconstruction and the age of industrialism, American ideals and self-awareness changed in profound ways, and American literature responded. Certain romantic notions of the American Renaissance were replaced by realistic descriptions of American life, such as those represented in the works of William Dean Howells, Henry James, and Mark Twain. This period also gave rise to regional writing, such as the works of Sarah Orne Jewett, Kate Chopin, Zitkala Sa, Bret Harte, Mary Wilkins Freeman, and George W. Cable. In addition to Walt Whitman, another master poet, Emily Dickinson, appeared at this time.

The Naturalist Period (1900–1914)

This relatively short period is defined by its insistence on recreating life as life really is, even more so than the realists had been doing in the decades before. American Naturalist writers such as Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, and Jack London created some of the most powerfully raw novels in American literary history. Their characters are victims

who fall prey to their own base instincts and to economic and sociological factors. Edith Wharton wrote some of her most beloved classics, such as "The Custom of the Country" (1913), "Ethan Frome" (1911), and "The House of Mirth" (1905) during this time period.

The Modern Period (1914–1939)

After the American Renaissance, the Modern Period is the second most influential and artistically rich age of American writing. Its major writers include such powerhouse poets as E.E. Cummings, Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, Langston Hughes, Ogden Nash Carl Sandburg, T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Novelists and other prose writers of the time include Willa Cather, John Dos Passos, Edith Wharton, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Gertrude Stein, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, and Sherwood Anderson. The Modern Period was a witness to certain major movements including the Jazz Age, the Harlem Renaissance and the Lost Generation. Many of these writers were influenced by World War I and the disillusionment that followed, especially the expatriates of the Lost Generation. Furthermore, the Great Depression and the New Deal resulted in some of America's greatest social issue writing, such as the novels of Faulkner and Steinbeck, and the drama of Eugene O'Neill.

The Beat Generation (1944–1962)

Beat writers, such as Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, were devoted to anti-traditional literature, in poetry and prose, and anti-establishment politics. This time period saw a rise in confessional poetry and sexuality in literature, which resulted in legal challenges and debates over censorship in America. William S. Burroughs and Henry Miller are two writers whose works faced censorship challenges. These two greats, along with other writers of the time, also inspired the counterculture movements of the next two decades.

The Contemporary Period (1939–Present)

After World War II, American literature has become broad and varied in terms of theme, mode, and purpose. Currently, there is little consensus as to how to go about classifying the last 80 years into periods or movements—more time must pass, perhaps, before scholars can make these determinations. That being said, there are a number of important

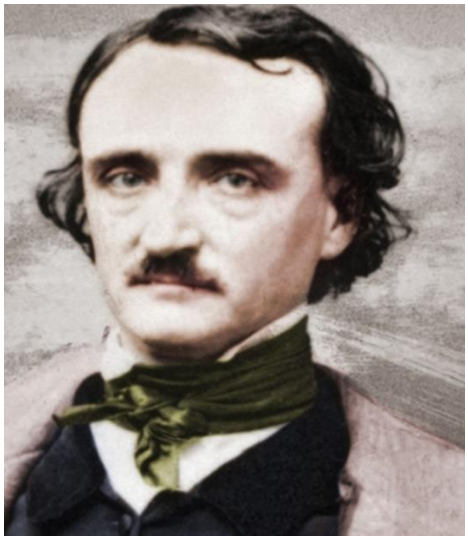
writers since 1939 whose works may already be considered “classic” and who are likely to become canonized. Some of these very established names are: Kurt Vonnegut, Amy Tan, John Updike, Eudora Welty, James Baldwin, Sylvia Plath, Arthur Miller, Toni Morrison, Ralph Ellison, Joan Didion, Thomas Pynchon, Elizabeth Bishop, Tennessee Williams, Philip Roth, Sandra Cisneros, Richard Wright, Tony Kushner, Adrienne Rich, Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow, Joyce Carol Oates, Thornton Wilder, Alice Walker, Edward Albee, Norman Mailer, John Barth, Maya Angelou, Jhumpa Lahari, Amy Tan and Robert Penn Warren.

Burgess, Adam. "A Brief Overview of American Literary Periods." ThoughtCo, Aug. 29, 2020, thoughtco.com/american-literary-periods-741872.

SECTION- I

POETRY

Dreams



Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

Edgar Allan Poe was born on January 19, 1809, in Boston, Massachusetts. He was an American short-story writer, poet, critic, and editor, famous for his love for mystery and the macabre.

Poe never really knew his parents — Elizabeth Arnold Poe, a British actress, and David Poe, Jr., an actor who was born in Baltimore. His father left the family early in Poe's life, and his mother passed away from tuberculosis when he was only three. Separated from his brother William and sister Rosalie, Poe went on to live with John and Frances Allan, a successful tobacco merchant and his wife, in Richmond, Virginia. Poe and Frances seemed to form a bond, but with Allan, Poe shared a turbulent relationship.

By the age of 13, Poe was a prolific poet, but his literary talents were discouraged by John Allan, who wanted Poe to follow him in the family business. Money was also an issue between Poe and John Allan. Poe went to the University of Virginia in 1826, where he excelled in academics. However, he didn't receive enough funds from Allan to cover all of his costs. Poe turned to gambling to cover the difference but ended up in debt.

Poe joined the U.S. Army in 1827. It was at this time that his publishing career began with the anonymous collection *Tamerlane and Other Poems* (1827), credited only to "a

Bostonian". Poe and Allan reached a temporary rapprochement after the death of Allan's wife in 1829. Poe later failed as an officer cadet at West Point Military Academy. Declaring a firm wish to be a poet and writer, he ultimately parted ways with Allan.

His second poetry collection, Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems**,** was published in 1829. Poe left for New York in February 1831 and released his third volume of poems, simply titled *Poems*. This book was financed by his fellow cadets at West Point. As a critic at the Southern Literary Messenger in Richmond from 1835 to 1837, Poe published some of his own works in the magazine, including two parts of his only novel, The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym**.**

In the late 1830's, Poe also published Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, a collection of short stories. It contained several of his most spine-tingling tales, including "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia" and "William Wilson."

In 1841, Poe launched a new genre of detective fiction with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." His literary innovations earned him the nickname "Father of the Detective Story." A writer on the rise, he won a literary prize in 1843 for "The Gold Bug," a tale of secret codes and hunting treasures.

Poe switched his focus to prose and spent the next few years working for literary journals and periodicals. His work forced him to move to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. He married his 13-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm in 1836, but Virginia died of tuberculosis in 1847.

Later in his career, Poe continued to work on different forms, examining his own methodology and writing in general. "The Philosophy of Composition," "The Poetic Principle" and "The Rationale of Verse" were some of his well-known essays. He also produced the thrilling tale, "The Cask of Amontillado," and poems such as "Ulalume" and "The Bells."

In January 1845, Poe published his poem "The Raven" to instant success. He planned for years to produce his own journal *The Penn* (later renamed *The Stylus*), but before it could be released, Poe died in Baltimore on October 7, 1849. The cause of his death is unknown

and has been variously attributed to disease, alcoholism, substance abuse, suicide, and other causes.

Poe's best known fictional works are Gothic,. His most recurring themes deal with questions of death, including its physical signs, the effects of decomposition, concerns of premature burial, the reanimation of the dead, and mourning. Many of his works are generally considered part of the dark romanticism, a literary reaction to transcendentalism, which Poe strongly disliked. His imaginative storytelling and tales of mystery and horror gave birth to the modern detective story. Many of Poe's works, including "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," became literary classics. Poe's life, like his literature, is shrouded in mystery and the line between fact and fiction blurs substantially.

About the Poem:

This poem was first published in 1827 in his first volume of poetry '*Tamerlane and other Poems'*. These poems received very little recognition during Poe's lifetime. Poe longed to return and revel in the days of his boyhood. He realized that the fleeting joys of growing up and its most carefree moments might be lost for ever. Poe went to the extent of implying that only death could awaken him from his current catatonic state of adulthood. He was disillusioned with his present and sought to recapture what time and growing up had taken away from him.

"Dreams", is written like a dream--shifting from emotion to emotion, memory to memory, and mood to mood. It states that sometimes it is better to be sad in dreams than sad awake. However, it is better to be awake when happy than asleep when happy. Obviously, the idea is not something new. However, Poe's use of words and emotions are what sets this work apart. "Dreams" has only two stanzas with one considerably longer than the other, written as rhyming couplets.

Dreams

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awakening, till the beam
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.
Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
'Twere better than the cold reality
Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,
And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.
But should it be- that dream eternally
Continuing- as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood- should it thus be given,
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven.
For I have revell'd, when the sun was bright
I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light
And loveliness, - have left my very heart
In climes of my imagining, apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought- what more could I have seen?
'Twas once- and only once- and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass- some power
Or spell had bound me- 'twas the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind
Its image on my spirit- or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too coldly- or the stars- howe'er it was
That dream was as that night-wind- let it pass.

I have been happy, tho' in a dream.
I have been happy- and I love the theme:
Dreams! in their vivid coloring of life,
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife
Of semblance with reality, which brings
To the delirious eye, more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love- and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

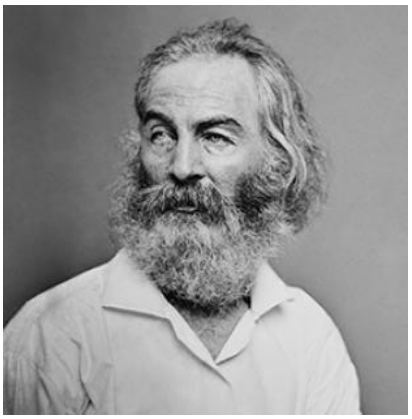
Glossary:

1.revell'd: to take great pleasure
2.climes: A region with reference to its climate
3.delirious: in an acutely disturbed state of mind characterized by restlessness, illusions, and incoherence.

Suggested Questions:

1.Analyse 'Dream' as a metaphor in context of the poem.
2.Why does Allan Poe wish for a lasting dream?
3.What is Edgar Allan Poe's concept of happiness according to the poem?

O Me! O Life!



Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892)

Walt (Walter) Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island on May 31, 1819. The family consisted of nine children who lived in Long Island and Brooklyn. His father, Walter Whitman, a house-builder, a wood-cutter and carpenter was a hardworking, kind but taciturn man to whom the boy was a veritable thorn in the flesh by reason of his wayward, self-willed and idle habits. His mother, Louisa Van Velsor was a loving, practical woman, whose unselfish disposition had a great impact on him and all those who came into contact with her.

An elementary education at Brooklyn was all that could be secured for the boy, even this was brought to an end after a few years, when he was put to work in a lawyer's office. He came into contact with all class of Americans as he worked as: an office boy for a lawyer, then for a doctor, as a country school teacher, as a printer, as a journalist, as a reformer and as a theatre-goer. He spent most of his life away from home, drifted from job to job and enjoyed long periods of idleness.

At the age of twelve, Whitman began to learn the printer's trade and fell in love with the written word. Self-taught, he read voraciously becoming acquainted with the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and the Bible. He took up teaching, he was both successful and popular, and a favourite among his students. From teaching he turned to journalism. He had contributed to *The Mirror*, a high-class weekly journal, while he was at the

printing works. In 1838 he started a weekly paper, the *Long Islander,* of which he became editor, printer and publisher. While the paper was a novelty Whitman was an assiduous worker, but as the novelty wore off, the *Long Islander* became more and more irregular in its appearance.

He wrote twelve poems in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* between 1855 to 1856. In 1863, when the country entered upon the disastrous Civil War, Whitman offered his services as nurse to the wounded. He devoted his life both in the camp and the hospital to tend the sick and the dying. After the war the Government offered him clerkship. In 1871 a fifth edition of the Leaves, which included *Drum Taps* was published.

During the "early candle-light of old age," as he so beautifully expressed, he wrote *Memoranda during the War (1875), Specimen Days (1882), November Boughs (1888). Goodbye, my Fancy (1891)* that he called his "last chirps". Whitman was thus not only a poet, but a prophet too.

About the Poem:

"O Me! O Life!" questions the very existence in a meaningless world of modernization and industrialization in the years just following the Civil War. The poem is written in free verse. Whitman poses a question in the first stanza and answers the question in the second. Whitman employs the anaphora "of" to begin five of the eight lines in the first stanza. The lines ponder the aimlessness of the world and his being in relation to it. The stanza's run-on, continuous phrase, exposes the poet's frantic and anxious thoughts about probing his existence in the face of a meaningless world. He laments the uselessness of life in the era of industrialization. He examines himself in a self-deprecating tone, labelling himself "foolish" and "faithless". He craves for light to validate his existence as he finds himself "empty" in a hopeless cycle of dissatisfaction and frustration.

The second stanza answers the first stanza's rambling question in three succinct lines. He reminds himself that life, "the powerful play", carries on and that the world continues to spin that he is alive and his mere physical presence matters. From that physical state, he can influence the world, make his mark in the society, and fill the empty void that

surrounds him. He celebrates the human condition and believes that physical existence is part of a battle against the futile world in which he exists As Whitman trails through his self-doubts and changing dynamics, he remembers the continuity of life and his role in it.

O Me! O Life!

O Me! O life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd

with the foolish,
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more

foolish than I, and who more faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects

mean, of the struggle ever renew'd,
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid

crowds I see around me,
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the

rest me intertwined,
The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good

amid these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists and

identity,
That the powerful play goes on, and you

may contribute a verse.

Glossary:

1.**Recurring:** occurring again periodically or repeatedly

2.**Reproaching**: to express disappointment, displeasure

3.**Vainly**: fruitlessly, useless, without success

4.**Renew'd**: begun, happening again

5.Plodding: slow moving, unexciting

6.**Sordid**: dishonourable actions, motives

7.**Intertwined**: to unite by winning one with another

8.**Recurring:** occurring again and again periodically or repeatedly

9.**Amid**: surrounded by

Suggested Questions:

1.Examine the reality and struggle picturized by the poet.

2.Bring out the significance of the title *O Me! O Life!*

3.What are the recurrent thoughts that confront Whitman in the poem?

I should not dare to leave my friend

Emily Dickenson (1830 – 1886)

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, on December 10, 1830 to Edward and Emily Norcross Dickinson. She is one of America's greatest and most original poets of all times. Like writers, such as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, and Walt Whitman, she experimented with expression in order to free it from conventional restraints, challenging the existing definitions and tenets of poetry. Dickinson's poetry was greatly influenced by the Metaphysical poets of seventeenth-century England, her reading of the Book of Revelation and her upbringing in a Puritan New England town, all of which encouraged her to develop a Calvinist, orthodox, and conservative approach to Christianity.

The speakers in Dickinson's poetry, like those in Brontë's and Browning's works, are keen observers who see the inescapable limitations of their societies as well as their imagined and imaginable escape. To make the abstract tangible, to define meaning without confining it, to inhabit a house that never became a prison, Dickinson created in her writing a distinctively elliptical language to express what was possible but not yet realized.

While Dickinson was extremely prolific as a poet and regularly enclosed poems in letters to friends, she was not publicly recognized during her lifetime. The first volume of her work was published posthumously in 1890 and the last volume in 1955. She died in Amherst in 1886. Upon her death, Dickinson's family discovered forty handbound

volumes of nearly 1,800 poems. Dickinson had assembled these booklets by folding and sewing five or six sheets of stationery paper and copying what seemed to be the final versions of poems. The handwritten poems show a variety of dash-like marks of various sizes and directions. In editing Dickinson's poems in the 1890s, Todd and Higginson invented titles and regularized diction, grammar, metre, and rhyme. The first scholarly editions of Dickinson's poems and letters, by Thomas H. Johnson, did not appear until the 1950s. A much improved edition of the complete poems was brought out in 1998 by R.W. Franklin.

About the Poem:

'I should not dare to leave my friend' is one of Emily Dickinson's greatest poems about friendship. Although she lived her life as a loner in Amherst, Massachusetts, friendship mattered a lot to Dickinson, as did family. In this poem, she delves deep into one of her familiar themes of death, and the last moments of the dying – but this time, from the perspective of a friend and comforter watching a loved one depart the mortal realm.

Dickinson isn't writing about comforting her dying acquaintances or easing their transition by her ministrations but her fear that a loved one who needed and wanted her, might die in her absence.

Emily Dickinson had expressed a similar sentiment in a letter of 1852.

'I'm afraid I'm growing selfish in my dear home, but I do love it so, and when some pleasant friend invites me to pass a week with her, I look at my father and mother and Vinnie, and all my friends, and I say no – no, can't leave them, what if they die when I'm gone.'

I should not dare to leave my friend

I should not dare to leave my friend,
Because — because if he should die
While I was gone — and I — too late —
Should reach the Heart that wanted me —

If I should disappoint the eyes
That hunted — hunted so — to see —
And could not bear to shut until
They “noticed” me — they noticed me —

If I should stab the patient faith
So sure I’d come — so sure I’d come —
It listening — listening — went to sleep —
Telling my tardy name —

My Heart would wish it broke before —
Since breaking then — since breaking then —
Were useless as next morning’s sun —
Where midnight frosts — had lain!

Glossary

1.Tardy: slow or late in happening or arriving

2.Lain: past participle of lie

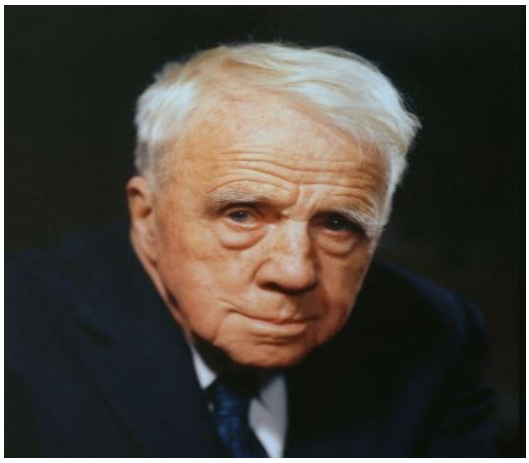
Suggested Questions:

1.Comment on the thematic concerns in the poem.

2.How is the fear of losing a friend brought out in the poem?

3. What thoughts torment Dickinson throughout the poem?

Birches



Robert Frost (1874-1938)

Robert Frost was born on March 26, 1874, in San Francisco, to William Prescott Frost Jr. and Isabelle Moodie. His first published poem, "My Butterfly," appeared on November 8, 1894, in the New York newspaper *The Independent*. In 1895, Frost married Elinor Miriam White, who was a major inspiration for his poetry until her death in 1938. The couple moved to England in 1912, after they tried and failed at farming in New Hampshire. Frost met contemporary British poets like Edward Thomas, Rupert Brooke, and Robert Graves and was greatly influenced by them. He also established a friendship with the poet. Ezra Pound, who helped to promote and publish his work.

By the time Frost returned to the United States in 1915, he had published two full-length collections, '*A Boy's Will'* (1913) and *North of Boston* (1914), and his reputation as a writer was well established. He was the most celebrated poets in America, by the 1920s and with each new book whether it was *New Hampshire* (1923), *A Further Range* (1936), *Steeple Bush* (1947), or *In the Clearing* (1962), his fame and honour increased. Frost served as consultant in poetry, to the Library of Congress from 1958 to 1959. In 1962, he was presented the Congressional Gold Medal. He was also the recipient of four Pulitzer awards.

Though deeply rooted in the natural and human world of northern New England, his poetry has a universal appeal. Reviewing one of Frost's earliest and best collections of poems North of Boston (sub titled 'A Book of People'), W. Gibson commented: "Mr Frost has turned the living speech of men and women into poetry. Tales that might be mere anecdotes in the hands of another poet take on universal significance because of their native veracity and truth to local character." Frost's powerful use of plain language, his vivid observations of nature and rural landscape, and his understanding of human psychology combine to give his poetry a unique flavour. His deceptively simple style often hides the complexity of his thought. Frost's views on poetry are highlighted in his essay "*The Figure a Poem Makes*" where he stressed upon the fact that a poem "begins in delight and ends in wisdom....it runs a course of lucky events, and ends in a clarification of life - not necessarily a great clarification, such as sects and cults are founded on, but in a momentary stay against confusion." Symbols and metaphors are key to his poetic mode. He wrote, "There are many things I have found myself saying about poetry, but the chiefest of these is that it is metaphor, saying one thing and meaning another, the pleasure of ulteriority." Sharing the modernist respect for spoken language, his poems are free from the ornate poetic diction which characterized the 19th century poetry.

About the Poem:

Robert Frost wrote "Birches" between 1913 and 1914, and eventually published it in The Atlantic Monthly's August issue of 1915. The poem was later included in Frost's third collection of poetry, *Mountain Interval*. The poem consists of 59 lines and is written in blank verse. Birches is composed in a charmingly conversational tone. The poem features a speaker who likes to imagine that the reason, ice-covered birch trees are stooped is, that a young boy has been climbing them and swinging it to the ground while holding onto the flexible treetops. This eventually becomes clear and is something the speaker once did as a child, and this turns the poem into a nostalgic celebration of youthful joy while

also juxtaposing childish spontaneity with the more serious, mundane realities of adulthood.

The poem also delves into philosophical musings unravelling Frost's secret desire to withdraw from the cares and anxieties of the world yet not relinquishing the earth.

Birches

When I see birches bend to left and right

Across the lines of straighter darker trees,

I like to think some boy's been swinging them.

But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay

As ice-storms do. Often you must have seen them

Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning

After a rain. They click upon themselves

As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored

As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.

Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells

Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust--

Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away

You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.

They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,

And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed

So low for long, they never right themselves:

You may see their trunks arching in the woods

Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground

Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair

Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.

But I was going to say when Truth broke in

With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm

I should prefer to have some boy bend them

As he went out and in to fetch the cows--

Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,

Whose only play was what he found himself,

Summer or winter, and could play alone.

One by one he subdued his father's trees

By riding them down over and over again

Until he took the stiffness out of them,

And not one but hung limp, not one was left

For him to conquer. He learned all there was

To learn about not launching out too soon

And so not carrying the tree away

Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise

To the top branches, climbing carefully

With the same pains you use to fill a cup

Up to the brim, and even above the brim.

Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,

Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.

So, was I once myself a swinger of birches

And so, I dream of going back to be.

It's when I'm weary of considerations,

And life is too much like a pathless wood

Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs

Broken across it, and one eye is weeping

From a twig's having lashed across it open.

I'd like to get away from earth awhile

And then come back to it and begin over.

May no fate wilfully misunderstand me

And half grant what I wish and snatch me away

Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:

I don't know where it's likely to go better.

I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,

And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk

Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,

But dipped its top and set me down again.

That would be good both going and coming back.

One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

Glossary:

1.**Enamel:** An opaque or semi-transparent glossy substance similar to a glass

2.**Avalanching**: A mass of snow, ice, and rocks falling rapidly down a mountainside.

3.**Bracken**: A tall fern with coarse lobed fronds, which occurs worldwide and can cover large areas.

4.**Subdued**: quiet and rather reflective or depressed.

5.**Poised**: Having a composed and self-assured manner.

6.**Considerations:** Careful thought, typically over a period of time.

7.Wilfully: With a stubborn and determined intention to do as one wants, regardless of the consequences.

Suggested Questions:

1.How does the poem move from vivid descriptions of swinging Birches to deeper levels of meaning?

2.Comment on the abstract and philosophical ideas in the poem.

3. "Birches" illustrates the poet's power to blend imagination and observation. Substantiate.

Just Keep Quiet and Nobody Will Notice

Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

Frederick Ogden Nash was born in Rye, New York, to Edmund Strudwick Nash and Mattie Chenault, on August 19, 1902. The Nash family's ancestry in North Carolina dates back to the American Revolutionary era in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, Nash grew up in various East Coast communities and also lived in Savannah, Georgia, during his youth. He attended St. George's School in Newport and was accepted by the Harvard University to pursue his graduate program but dropped out just after a year.

Nash held a variety of jobs but none for very long. He was a school teacher for a year at St. George's School. In 1925 he was hired by the marketing department of the Doubleday publishing house and did well enough that he moved on to its editorial department as a manuscript reader.

Nash said that it was the poor quality of the manuscripts he read that led him to try writing. He attempted to produce serious verse but preferred to scribble comic verse on pages that he crumpled and tossed across the office. This led Nash and a friend named Joseph Alger to work together to produce a 1925 children's book, *The Cricket of Carador*. A few years later, Nash teamed with two Doubleday co-workers to

produce *Born in a Beer Garden; or, She Troupes to Conquer,* which made fun of classical literature.

In 1930, Nash wrote a poem called "Spring Comes to Murray Hill" and submitted it to the *New Yorker.* The *New Yorker* published the poem and invited Nash to submit more. It was a tremendous success, going into seven printings in its first year alone.

During the 1930s and 1940s, Nash's poems continued to appear in many magazines and anthologies, and he was praised as one of America's greatest humourists. He found great success with his ability to express disbelief and dismay at the problems of modern American life. He also criticized religious preaching and pompous senators and presented amusing quirks of the English language. British reviews of his work often criticized him for taking liberties with spelling and rhyme. One of his most famous examples is the line: "If called by a panther/ Don't anther."

In 1931 Nash married Frances Rider Leonard, with whom he had two daughters. His experiences with fatherhood provided more subject matter for his verse, evident in the 1936 collection *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse.* Nash also wrote screenplays for three Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films— *The Firefly* (1937), *The Shining Hair* (1938), and *The Feminine Touch* (1941).

Nash was elected to both the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and National Institute of Arts and Letters. During the 1950s he wrote more frequently for the children's market. He also wrote for television productions of *Peter and the Wolf* and *The Sorcerer's Apprentice.*

After suffering from various illnesses in his later years, he wrote a number of poems about the medical establishment. Nash died on May 19, 1971. Several collections of his work were published after his death, including *I Wouldn't Have Missed It* (1975) and *A Penny Saved Is Impossible* (1981).

Ogden Nash was the most widely known, appreciated, and imitated American creator of light verse, a reputation that continued even after his death. As Nash remarked in a late verse, the turbulent modern world has much need for relief that his unconventional poetry offers.

His major themes were; the countless banalities of contemporary city life and the futility of quest and this is expressed in the language of the whimsical. In Nash's verse the unusual usages are wild; the standard clichés, literary borrowings, and moralistic adages of commonplace poetry are altered and refocused creating hilarious effect.

Nash cheerfully sabotaged conventional spelling which was to become his trademark. His targets were rarely offended by his insults, thanks to the whimsical tone in which they were expressed.

About the Poem:

The poem grips the reader right away because of the creative rhyming of the first two lines: colleges/apologies. This isn't a rhyme that someone would have normally thought of, and it's almost-rhyme nature, just eases one into the poem. The other thing that catches the reader right away is the humour. To say that an apology is "sweet" when someone "runs over you" is the best kind of understatement, and makes one laugh. The poem is in no way too sweet, or too obvious, or too plain, or accessible. It makes fun of this 'minor idiocy.' It seems so right both in the description of these apologies (for who hasn't been subjected to been served), and for how they play out.

This is exactly the kind of social observation that one loves to read about: Nash is onto something, and now he's shared it with us in a clever and digestible way, and we can laugh at ourselves and others, and also improve our behaviour a tiny bit or even pull out the reference to this poem the next time a friend starts spewing unnecessary apologies.

Just Keep Quiet and Nobody Will Notice

There is one thing that ought to be taught in all the colleges,
Which is that people ought to be taught not to go around always making apologies.
I don't mean the kind of apologies people make when they run over you or borrow five dollars or step on your feet,
Because I think that is sort of sweet;
No, I object to one kind of apology alone,

Which is when people spend their time and yours apologizing for everything they own.

You go to their house for a meal,

And they apologize because the anchovies aren't caviar or the partridge is veal;

They apologize privately for the crudeness of the other guests,

And they apologize publicly for their wife's housekeeping or their husband's jests;

If they give you a book by Dickens they apologize because it isn't by Scott,

And if they take you to the theatre, they apologize for the acting and the dialogue and the plot;

They contain more milk of human kindness than the most capacious diary can,

But if you are from out of town they apologize for everything local and if you are a foreigner they apologize for everything American.

I dread these apologizers even as I am depicting them,

I shudder as I think of the hours that must be spend in contradicting them,

Because you are very rude if you let them emerge from an argument victorious,

And when they say something of theirs is awful, it is your duty to convince them politely that it is magnificent and glorious,

And what particularly bores me with them,

Is that half the time you have to politely contradict them when you rudely agree with them,

So I think there is one rule every host and hostess ought to keep with the comb and nail file and bicarbonate and aromatic spirits on a handy shelf,

Which is don't spoil the denouement by telling the guests everything is terrible, but let them have the thrill of finding it out for themselves.

Glossary:

1.anchovies: a small, common forage fish

2.caviar: the eggs of a large fish (a sturgeon) that is eaten. Caviar is usually very expensive.

3.partridge: a brown bird with a short tail, that people hunt for sport or food

4.veal: meat from a young cow

5.capacious: having a lot of space inside.

6.denouement: the end result of a situation.

Suggested Questions:

1.Justify the title of the poem.

2.Comment on the universal nature of apologising.

3.Write a note on the humour in the poem.

Caged Bird

Maya Angelou (1928-2014)

Maya Angelou was a prolific African American poet, memoirist, actress, playwright and has the credit of being Hollywood's first female black director. Angelou wrote, produced, directed, and starred in several stage, film, and television productions. She served as Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University.

Maya Angelou was also associated with the Civil Rights movement and she worked closely with Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X.

Maya Angelou had an extremely traumatic childhood and her works trace her psychological, spiritual, and political odyssey. She wrote a series of seven autobiographies, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* being the first. The quest for self-identity and emotional fulfilment can be seen in her works. Angelou's works explore the themes of economic, racial, and sexual oppression.

Maya Angelou has been the recipient of many awards. In 2000, she received the National Medal of Arts, and in 2010 she was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom by the then President, Barack Obama. She has scripted and produced several prize-winning documentaries, including "Afro-Americans in the Arts," a PBS special for which she received the Golden Eagle Award. She was nominated for a Tony Award for acting for her Broadway debut in 1973 for 'Look Away' and in 1977 for 'Roots'. In 1972 she wrote

the screenplay and composed the score for the film 'Georgia, Georgia', this was the first known film which had an Afro American woman write the screenplay for. Angelou was honoured with the Presidential Medal of the Arts in 2000 and 2008 and the Ford's Theatre Lincoln Medal. In 2011, President Barack Obama awarded her the nation's highest civilian honour, the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

Maya Angelou was invited by a few Presidents of the United States to serve in various capacities: President Ford appointed her to the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, President Carter invited her to serve on the Presidential Commission for the International Year of the Woman, President Clinton requested her to compose a poem to read at his inauguration in 1993. She read her poem "On the Pulse of the Morning" and it was broadcast live around the world.

Some of the well-known poems of Maya Angelou are *Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water 'fore I Die, Oh Pray My Wings Are Gonna Fit Me Well, And Still I Rise, I Shall Not Be Moved* and *On the Pulse of Morning*

About the Poem:

Maya Angelou's "Caged Bird" is a poem juxtaposing freedom and captivity. She uses the metaphor of birds - a free bird and a caged bird to represent the contemporary society. She compares the experiences of a bird that lives freely to a captive bird. The 'free' bird is floating freely with no boundaries restricting its flight. This 'free' bird symbolizes the 'white' American and the 'caged' bird symbolizes the African American people who were forced into captivity. Angelou refers to the lived experience of millions of people who have been physically, mentally or economically oppressed by those in power. Like most of her poems, 'Caged Bird' ends on an optimistic note and inspires the oppressed to voice and break free from the shackles of oppression.

Caged Bird

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so, he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn

and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so, he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Glossary:

1.**Downstream**: in the direction something flows

2.**Wing clipping**: the process of trimming a bird's primary wings so as to make the bird incapable of flight

3.Stalk: to walk angrily/haughtily

4.**Trill**: produce a warbling sound; a rapid vibratory sound

Suggested Questions:

1. The "Caged Bird" is a metaphor for racial oppression. Elaborate

2. Write about the concept of resilience and hope as depicted in "Caged Bird".

3. How does the poet bring out the contrast between the free bird and the caged bird?

SECTION-II

DRAMA

A Streetcar Named Desire

Tennessee Williams (1911-1983)

Thomas Lanier Williams III known by his pen name Tennessee Williams, was an American playwright and screenwriter. Along with contemporaries Eugene O'Neill and Arthur Miller, he is considered one among the three foremost playwrights of the 20th-century American drama.

Tennessee Williams was born in Columbus, Mississippi, in 1911. The name given to him at birth was Thomas Lanier Williams III. He did not acquire the nickname Tennessee until college, when classmates began calling him that in honour of his Southern accent and his father's home state. The Williams family had produced several illustrious politicians in the state of Tennessee but Williams's grandfather had squandered the family fortune. Williams's father, C.C. Williams, was a traveling salesman and a heavy drinker. Williams's mother, Edwina, was a Mississippi clergyman's daughter with a history of mental illness. Until Williams was seven, he, his parents, his older sister, Rose and his younger brother, Dakin, lived with Edwina's parents in Mississippi. After that, the family moved to St. Louis. There, the situation deteriorated. C.C.'s drinking increased, the family moved sixteen times in ten years and the young Williams, always shy and fragile, was ostracized and taunted at school. During these years, he and Rose

became extremely close. Rose, the model for the character Laura in *The Glass Menagerie,* suffered from mental illness later in life.

Williams worked at a shoe factory for three years, a job that culminated in a minor nervous breakdown. After that, he returned to college, this time at Washington University in St. Louis. While he was studying there, a St. Louis theatre group produced his plays *The Fugitive Kind* and *Candles to the Sun.* Personal problems led Williams to drop out of Washington University and enrol in the University of Iowa. While he was in Iowa, his sister, Rose, underwent a lobotomy, which left her institutionalized for the rest of her life. Despite this trauma, Williams finally graduated in 1938. In the years that followed, he lived a bohemian life, taking up menial jobs and wandering from city to city. He continued to work on drama, however, receiving a Rockefeller grant and studying playwriting at the New School in New York. During the early years of World War II, Williams worked in Hollywood as a scriptwriter. He drew from his memories of the period when he worked in a factory, and that of a particular co-worker, to create the character, Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

He received Rockefeller Fellowship in 1940 for his play Battle of Angels. During 1948 to 1959 Williams had seven of his plays produced on Broadway: *Summer and Smoke* (1948), *The Rose Tattoo* (1951), *Camino Real* (1953), *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1955), *Orpheus Descending* (1957), *Garden District* (1958), and *Sweet Bird of Youth* (1959). By 1959, he had earned two Pulitzer Prizes, three New York Drama Critics' Circle Awards, three Donaldson Awards, and a Tony Award.

An Overview:

Blanche DuBois, a school teacher from Laurel, Mississippi, arrives at the New Orleans apartment of her sister, Stella Kowalski. Despite the fact that Blanche seems to have fallen out of close contact with Stella, she intends to stay at Stella's apartment for an unspecified but likely lengthy period of time, given the large trunk she has with her. Blanche tells Stella that she lost Belle Reve, their ancestral home, following the death of

all their remaining relatives. She also mentions that she has been given a leave of absence from her teaching position because of her bad nerves.

Though Blanche does not seem to have enough money to afford a hotel, she is disdainful of the cramped quarters of the Kowalski's' two-room apartment and of the apartment's location in a noisy, diverse, working-class neighbourhood. Blanche's social condescension wins her the instant dislike of Stella's husband, an auto-parts supply man of Polish descent named Stanley Kowalski. It is clear that Stella was happy to leave behind, the social pretensions of her background in exchange for the gratification she gets from her husband; she even is pregnant with his baby. Stanley immediately distrusts Blanche to the extent that he suspects her of having cheated Stella out of her share of the family inheritance. In the process of defending herself to Stanley, Blanche reveals that Belle Reve was lost due to a foreclosed mortgage, a disclosure that signifies the dire nature of Blanche's financial circumstances. Blanche's heavy drinking, which she attempts to conceal from her sister and brother-in-law, is another sign that all is not well with Blanche.

The unhappiness that accompanies the animal magnetism of Stella and Stanley's marriage reveals itself when Stanley hosts a drunken poker game with his male friends at the apartment. Blanche gets under Stanley's skin, especially when she starts to win the affections of his close friend Mitch. After Mitch has been absent for a while, speaking with Blanche in the bedroom, Stanley erupts, storms into the bedroom, and throws the radio out of the window. When Stella yells at Stanley and defends Blanche, Stanley beats her. The men pull him off, the poker game breaks up, and Blanche and Stella escape to their upstairs neighbour Eunice's apartment. A short while later, Stanley is remorseful and cries up to Stella to forgive him. To Blanche's alarm, Stella returns to Stanley and embraces him passionately. Mitch meets Blanche outside of the Kowalski flat and comforts her in her distress.

The next day, Blanche tries to convince Stella to leave Stanley for a better man whose social status equals Stella's. Blanche suggests that she and Stella contact a millionaire named Shep Huntleigh for help escaping from New Orleans; when Stella laughs at her,

Blanche reveals that she is completely broke. Stanley walks in as Blanche is making fun of him and secretly overhears Blanche and Stella's conversation. Later, he threatens Blanche with hints that he has heard rumours of her disreputable past. She is visibly dismayed.

While Blanche is alone in the apartment one evening, waiting for Mitch to pick her up for a date, a teenage boy comes by to collect money for the newspaper. Blanche doesn't have any money for him, but she hits on him. Soon after the boy departs, Mitch arrives, and they go on their date. When Blanche returns, she is exhausted and clearly has been uneasy for the entire night about the rumours Stanley mentioned earlier. In a surprisingly sincere heart-to-heart discussion with Mitch, Blanche reveals the greatest tragedy of her past. Years ago, her young husband committed suicide after she discovered and chastised him for his homosexuality. Mitch describes his own loss of a former love, and he tells Blanche that they need each other.

When the next scene begins, about one month has passed. It is the afternoon of Blanche's birthday. Stella is preparing a dinner for Blanche, Mitch, Stanley, and herself, when Stanley comes in to tell her that he has learned news of Blanche's sordid past. He says that after losing the DuBois mansion, Blanche moved into a fleabag motel from which she was eventually evicted because of her numerous liaisons. Also, she was fired from her job as a school teacher because the principal discovered that she was having an affair with a teenage student. Stella is horrified to learn that Stanley has told Mitch these stories about Blanche.

The birthday dinner comes and goes, but Mitch never arrives. Stanley indicates to Blanche that he is aware of her past. For a birthday present, he gives her, a one-way bus ticket back to Laurel. Stanley's cruelty so disturbs Stella that it appears the Kowalski household is about to break up, but the onset of Stella's labour prevents the imminent fight.

Several hours later, Blanche, drunk, sits alone in the apartment. Mitch, also drunk, arrives and repeats all he's learned from Stanley. Eventually Blanche confesses that the stories are true, but she also reveals the need for human affection she felt after her husband's

death. Mitch tells Blanche that he can never marry her, saying she isn't fit to live in the same house as his mother. Having learned that Blanche is not the chaste lady she pretended to be, Mitch tries to have sex with Blanche, but she forces him to leave by yelling "Fire!" to attract the attention of passers by outside.

Later, Stanley returns from the hospital to find Blanche even more drunk. She tells him that she will soon be leaving New Orleans with her former suitor Shep Huntleigh, who is now a millionaire. Stanley knows that Blanche's story is entirely in her imagination, but he is so happy about his baby that he proposes they each celebrate their good fortune. Blanche spurns Stanley, and things grow contentious. When she tries to step past him, he refuses to move out of her way. Blanche becomes terrified to the point that she smashes a bottle on the table and threatens to smash Stanley in the face. Stanley grabs her arm and says that it's time for the "date" they've had set up since Blanche's arrival. Blanche resists, but Stanley uses his physical strength to overcome her. The pulsing music indicates that Stanley rapes Blanche.

The next scene takes place weeks later, as Stella and her neighbour Eunice pack Blanche's bags. Blanche is in the bath, and Stanley plays poker with his buddies in the front room. A doctor will arrive soon to take Blanche to an asylum, but Blanche believes she is leaving to join her millionaire lover. Stella confesses to Eunice that she simply cannot allow herself to believe Blanche's assertion that Stanley raped her. When Blanche emerges from the bathroom, her deluded talk makes it clear that she has lost her grip on reality.

The doctor arrives with a nurse, and Blanche initially panics and struggles against them when they try to take her away. Stanley and his friends fight to subdue Blanche, while Eunice holds Stella back to keep her from interfering. Mitch begins to cry. Finally, the doctor approaches Blanche in a gentle manner and convinces her to leave with him. She allows him to lead her away and does not look back or say goodbye as she goes. Stella sobs with her child in her arms, and Stanley comforts her with loving words and caresses.

Social Realism:

A term used for work produced by painters, printmakers, photographers, writers, novelists, playwrights and film makers that aims to draw attention to the real socio-political conditions of the working class as a means to critique the power structures behind these conditions. While the movement's characteristics vary from nation to nation, it almost always utilizes a form of descriptive or critical realism. Taking its roots from European Realism, Social Realism aims to reveal tensions between an oppressive, hegemonic force and its victims. A Streetcar named Desire belongs to this genre.

Napoleonic Code:

French Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte enacts a new legal framework for France, known as the "Napoleonic Code." The civil code gave post-revolutionary France its first coherent set of laws concerning property, colonial affairs, family and individual rights.

In 1800, General Napoleon Bonaparte, as the new dictator of France, began the arduous task of revising France's outdated and muddled legal system. He established a special commission, led by J.J. Cambaceres, which met more than 80 times to discuss the revolutionary legal revisions, and Napoleon presided over nearly half of these sessions. In March 1804, the Napoleonic Code was finally approved.

It codified several branches of law, including commercial and criminal law, and divided civil law into categories of property and family. The Napoleonic Code made the authority of men over their families stronger, deprived women of any individual rights, and reduced the rights of illegitimate children. All male citizens were also granted equal rights under the law and the right to religious dissent, but colonial slavery was reintroduced. The laws were applied to all territories under Napoleon's control and were influential in several other European countries and in South America.

Playwright's Remark:

When asked about the meaning of **A Streetcar Named Desire**, Williams responded, "the ravishment of the tender, the sensitive, the delicate, by the savage and brutal forces of modern society" (Haskell, 230). All the characters in **Streetcar** have been ravished by life to some degree. Although Stanley clearly functions as the most damaging force against Blanche, he, too, has also been forced to grow up too quickly as he spent his youth as a soldier serving in World War II. Reintegration into a mundane, peaceful world does not keep him fulfilled. He is moody and restless, and his animalistic tendencies are challenged by the overly refined Blanche.

Stella is a submissive character, placed in the middle of a war between gentrified society, represented by Blanche, and the rugged, practical world of the working class personified by Stanley. In war there are the victors and the vanquished. Blanche ultimately suffers the most damaging defeat, being institutionalized, while Stanley continues to brutalize his way through life.

Williams was enamoured of Chekhov's characters, finding them dynamically flawed and powerfully present. Chekhov's dramaturgical influence is inherent in **Streetcar**, as the psychological reality of the characters creates the dramatic tension and fuels the action to an unavoidable conclusion. Elements of Realism are abundant in the play.

A Streetcar Named Desire is a tragic drama. The play is a tragedy because its protagonist suffers an unfortunate fate and is fundamentally destroyed and lost at the play's end. *Streetcar* also qualifies as a tragic drama by adhering to the three unities of time, place, and action adapted from the Aristotelian rules for classic Greek tragedy. The story unfolds over a set time period (of roughly six months); it occurs within a single setting (within and around the Kowalski apartment); and it adheres to a single plot (the escalating conflict between Stanley Kowalski and Blanche DuBois).

As the play contains exaggerated emotions, explosive events, and theatrical effects, some critics classify it as a melodrama—more specifically, a sub-genre called Southern Gothic. Developed in the 1920s and typically written by native Southerners, works in the Southern Gothic genre take place in the contemporary American South, which remains

permeated by the legacy of the Civil War. An atmosphere of decay, impoverished settings, grotesque characters, and violent or lurid events characterize Southern Gothic literature. Instances of violence, insanity, and sex often figure prominently in the action, and all of these elements are readily apparent in the play.

Suggested Questions:

1. How does Belle Reve become significant in the play?
2. Discuss the relationship of Stanley and Stella?
3.Blanche Dubois says 'I don't want realism, I want magic'. What does it show about her character?
4.What essential differences bring in the conflict between the Kowalski's' and Dubois'?
5.'Mitch and Blanche are drawn to each other by sheer need for support'. Substantiate.
6.'Blanche and Stanley represent two different and conflicting images of life'. Discuss.
7.Sketch the character of Mitch.
8.Comment on the significance of the title 'A Streetcar Named Desire'.
9. Consider the play as a reflection of Fantasy and Delusion.
10.Compare and contrast the characters of Blanche and Stella.
11.Comment on the treatment of women in the play.
12.Consider 'A Streetcar Named Desire' as a play on social realism.

Short Questions:

1.Significance of Elysian Fields
2.Napoleonic code
3.Harold Mitchell (Mitch)
4.Stanley's apprehensions on Belle Reve
5.The music- Varsouviana
6.Fantasy and Delusion
7.Blanche's past
8.Femininity and Dependence

9.Naturalism in the play

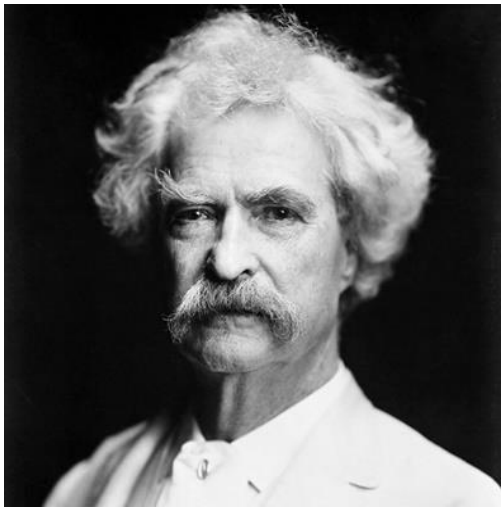
10.Allan

11.Stanley as an antagonist

12.Scene of Resolution in the play

SECTION- III
SHORT FICTION

Extracts From Adam's Diary



Mark Twain (1835 -1910)

Mark Twain, pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was born on November 30, 1835, Florida, Missouri to John Marshall and Jane Lampton Clemens. He started his career as a reporter for the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise in 1861. There he churned out news stories, editorials and sketches, and along the way adopted the pen name Mark Twain — steamboat slang for 12 feet of water. He got a big break in 1865, when one of his tales about life in a mining camp, "*The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*," was printed in newspapers and magazines around the country. Twain became one of the best-known storytellers in the West. He honed a distinctive narrative style — friendly, funny, irreverent, often satirical and always eager to deflate the pretentious.

A humourist, journalist, lecturer, and novelist Mark Twain acquired international fame for his travel narratives like *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), *Roughing It* (1872), and *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), and for his adventure stories of boyhood, especially *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885). A gifted raconteur, distinctive humourist, and irascible moralist, he transcended the apparent limitations of his origins to become a popular public figure and one of America's best and most beloved writers. His wit and satire earned him praise from critics and peers. He was a friend to presidents, artists, industrialists, and the European royalty.

About the Story:

In 1893, Mark Twain contributed a short story to the Niagara Falls souvenir collection, The Niagara Book. His clever tale being something of an oddity among stolid pieces on the geology, flora and fauna, and famous visitors of the falls. His contribution, a satirical take on a biblical love story, was entitled, The Earliest Authentic Mention of Niagara Falls: Extracts from Adam's Diary. Translated from the original, Twain took inspiration from the Book of Genesis to re-imagine the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. He sets his version in the more relatable 'paradise' of Niagara Falls.

The tale, later published in book form in 1904 as Extracts from Adam's Diary / Translated from the original MS and is told from Adam's perspective and follows his grouchy musings on the sudden, and unwelcome, appearance of a troublemaker in his world. Adam (based on Twain himself) describes how Eve (modelled after his wife Livy) gets introduced into the Garden of Eden, and how he has to deal with "this new creature with the long hair." It begins with the introduction of Eve, described as an annoying creature with a penchant for naming things, which Adam could do without. It moves on to more details of Eve eating the apple and finding Cain, a perplexing creature whom Adam cannot figure out. He devotes his ironically scientific mind to demystifying Cain's species, thinking it to be a fish, then a kangaroo, then a bear. Eventually he figures out it is a human, like himself.

The work is humorous and ironic, and gives a new spin on Genesis: few people have considered what life must have been like for Adam, who is discovering everything anew; the work does not consider God's role at all; and eventually, despite his initial deep annoyance with Eve, Adam finds himself in love with her. "Monday: This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way". Used to a solitary and lazy existence, Adam is initially bewildered and frustrated with the stranger's excessive industry and habit of naming everything she sees before he has the opportunity to do so himself. He is contemptuous of her existence and bemoans her notions of beauty and wonder: "Saturday: She fell in the pond yesterday when she was looking at herself, which she is always doing". However, he is begrudgingly won over by his new companion: "...for I

am coming to realize that she is quite a remarkably comely creature". Twain's wit is at his best in this acerbic take on what is a widely accepted creation story, with Adam's accounts gleefully dry at times: "I advised her to keep away from the tree. She said she wouldn't. I foresee trouble. Will emigrate". Adam's story poignantly ends with him speaking at Eve's grave.

The Literary Diary as a Genre:

Diary writing is the most pliable and elastic of literary genres, and we are so familiar with it that we hardly include it in our assessment of important literary forms.

Diary, a form of autobiographical writing is a regularly kept record of the diarist's activities and reflections. Written primarily for the writer's use alone, the diary has a frankness that is unlike writing done for publication. Its ancient lineage is indicated by the existence of the term in Latin, diarium, itself derived from dies ("day").

The diary form began to flower in the late Renaissance, when the importance of the individual began to be stressed. In addition to their revelation of the diarist's personality, diaries have been of immense importance for the recording of social and political history. Journal d'un bourgeois de Paris, kept by an anonymous French priest from 1409 to 1431 and continued by another hand to 1449, is invaluable to the historian of the reigns of Charles VI and Charles VII.

Samuel Pepys, whose diary accounts from January 1, 1660 to May 31, 1669, gives both an astonishingly frank picture of his foibles and frailties and a stunning picture of life in London, at the court and the theatre, in his own household, and in his naval office.

In the 18th century, a diary of extraordinary emotional interest was kept by Jonathan Swift and sent to Ireland as 'The Journal to Stella' (written in 1710–1713; published 1766–68). This work is a surprising amalgam of ambition, affection, wit, and freakishness. The most notable English diary of the late 18th century was 'Madame d'Arblay' by novelist Fanny Burney and was published in 1842–46.

Interest in the diary increased greatly in the first part of the 19th century, in which period many of the great diaries, including Pepys's, were first published. Those of unusual

literary interest include the Journal of Sir Walter Scott (published in 1890); the Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth (published after her death in 1855), which show her influence on her brother William; and the diary of Henry Crabb Robinson (1775–1867), published in 1869, with much biographical material on his literary acquaintances, including Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, and Coleridge.

In the 20th century, the diary of explorer Robert F. Scott (1910–12), the Journal of Katherine Mansfield (1927), the two-volume Journal of André Gide (1939, 1954), Anne Frank's The Diary of a Young Girl (1947), and the five-volume Diary of Virginia Woolf (1977–84) are among the most notable examples.

There are now many different ways of keeping a diary or journal in the 21st century - on tape, video, on a home computer, on a publicly accessible website. There are huge numbers of websites providing not just access to private diaries and journals but advice and encourage others interested in writing a diary. The ease with which communication can take place on the Internet seems to be transforming what was once an intensely private activity, taking place outside the wider community, into a recognisable subculture.

While all other literary forms are bound to the age and habits of the period which produced them, the diary stands outside these constraints; the diary is an intimate journal, a personal dialogue between the writer and his private persona, in which anything can be discussed outside the push and pull of editorial fashion. A writer's diary, kept over several years or a whole lifetime, is bound to be massive and may also be a valuable historical document of an individual's life and of historical or social circumstances of the time.

Extracts From Adam's Diary

MONDAY -- This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. . .. Cloudy today, wind in the east; think we shall have rain. . .. WE? Where did I get that word-the new creature uses it?

TUESDAY -- Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls-why, I am sure I do not know. Says it LOOKS like Niagara Falls. That is not a reason, it is mere waywardness and imbecility. I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. And always that same pretext is offered -- it LOOKS like the thing. There is a dodo, for instance. Says the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wearies me to fret about it, and it does no good, anyway. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

WEDNESDAY -- Built me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it so. I have never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note. And this new sound is so close to me; it is right at my shoulder, right at my ear, first on one side and then on the other, and I am used only to sounds that are more or less distant from me.

FRIDAY -- The naming goes recklessly on, in spite of anything I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty -- GARDEN OF EDEN. Privately, I continue to call it that, but not any longer publicly. The new creature says it

is all woods and rocks and scenery, and therefore has no resemblance to a garden. Says it LOOKS like a park, and does not look like anything BUT a park. Consequently, without consulting me, it has been new-named NIAGARA FALLS PARK. This is sufficiently high-handed; it seems to me. And already there is a sign up:

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

My life is not as happy as it was.

SATURDAY -- The new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short, most likely. "We" again -- that is ITS word; mine, too, now, from hearing it so much. Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself. This new creature does. It goes out in all weathers, and stumps right in with its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

SUNDAY -- Pulled through. This day is getting to be more and more trying. It was selected and set apart last November as a day of rest. I had already six of them per week before. This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

MONDAY -- The new creature says its name is Eve. That is all right, I have no objections. Says it is to call it by, when I want it to come. I said it was superfluous, then. The word evidently raised me in its respect; and indeed, it is a large, good word and will bear repetition. It says it is not an It, it is a She. This is probably doubtful; yet it is all one to me; what she is were nothing to me if she would but go by herself and not talk.

TUESDAY -- She has littered the whole estate with execrable names and offensive signs:

This way to the Whirlpool

This way to Goat Island

Cave of the Winds this way

She says this park would make a tidy summer resort if there was any custom for it. Summer resort -- another invention of hers-just words, without any meaning. What is a summer resort? But it is best not to ask her, she has such a rage for explaining.

FRIDAY -- She has taken to beseeching me to stop going over the Falls. What harm does it do? Says it makes her shudder. I wonder why; I have always done it -- always liked the plunge, and coolness. I supposed it was what the Falls were for. They have no other use that I can see, and they must have been made for something. She says they were only made for scenery -- like the rhinoceros and the mastodon.

I went over the Falls in a barrel -- not satisfactory to her. Went over in a tub -- still not satisfactory. Swam the Whirlpool and the Rapids in a fig-leaf suit. It got much damaged. Hence, tedious complaints about my extravagance. I am too much hampered here. What I need is a change of scene.

SATURDAY -- I escaped last Tuesday night, and travelled two days, and built me another shelter in a secluded place, and obliterated my tracks as well as I could, but she hunted me out by means of a beast which she has tamed and calls a wolf, and came making that pitiful noise again, and shedding that water out of the places she looks with. I was obliged to return with her, but will presently emigrate again when occasion offers. She engages herself in many foolish things; among others; to study out why the animals' called lions and tigers live on grass and flowers, when, as she says, the sort of teeth they wear would indicate that they were intended to eat each other. This is foolish, because to do that would be to kill each other, and that would introduce what, as I understand, is called "death"; and death, as I have been told, has not yet entered the Park. Which is a pity, on some accounts.

SUNDAY -- Pulled through.

MONDAY -- I believe I see what the week is for: it is to give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday. It seems a good idea. . .. She has been climbing that tree again. Clodded her out of it. She said nobody was looking. Seems to consider that a sufficient

justification for chancing any dangerous thing. Told her that. The word justification moved her admiration -- and envy, too, I thought. It is a good word.

TUESDAY -- She told me she was made out of a rib taken from my body. This is at least doubtful, if not more than that. I have not missed any rib. . .. She is in much trouble about the buzzard; says grass does not agree with it; is afraid she can't raise it; thinks it was intended to live on decayed flesh. The buzzard must get along the best it can with what is provided. We cannot overturn the whole scheme to accommodate the buzzard.

SATURDAY -- She fell in the pond yesterday when she was looking at herself in it, which she is always doing. She nearly strangled, and said it was most uncomfortable. This made her sorry for the creatures which live in there, which she calls fish, for she continues to fasten names on to things that don't need them and don't come when they are called by them, which is a matter of no consequence to her, she is such a numbskull, anyway; so she got a lot of them out and brought them in last night and put them in my bed to keep warm, but I have noticed them now and then all day and I don't see that they are any happier there then they were before, only quieter. When night comes, I shall throw them outdoors. I will not sleep with them again, for I find them clammy and unpleasant to lie among when a person hasn't anything on.

SUNDAY -- Pulled through.

TUESDAY -- She has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them; and I am glad because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

FRIDAY -- She says the snake advises her to try the fruit of the tree, and says the result will be a great and fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result, too -- it would introduce death into the world. That was a mistake -- it had been better to keep the remark to myself; it only gave her an idea -- she could save the sick buzzard, and furnish fresh meat to the despondent lions and tigers. I advised her to keep away from the tree. She said she wouldn't. I foresee trouble. Will emigrate.

WEDNESDAY -- I have had a variegated time. I escaped last night, and rode a horse all night as fast as he could go, hoping to get clear of the park and hide in some other country before the trouble should begin; but it was not to be. About an hour after sun-up, as I was riding through a flowery plain where thousands of animals were grazing, slumbering, or playing with each other, according to their wont, all of a sudden, they broke into a tempest of frightful noises, and in one moment the plain was a frantic commotion and every beast was destroying its neighbour. I knew what it meant-Eve had eaten that fruit, and death was come into the world. . .. The tigers ate my house, paying no attention when I ordered them to desist, and they would have eaten me if I had stayed-which I didn't, but went away in much haste. . .. I found this place, outside the park, and was fairly comfortable for a few days, but she has found me out. Found me out, and has named the place Tonawanda-says it LOOKS like that. In fact, I was not sorry she came, for there are but meagre pickings here, and she brought some of those apples. I was obliged to eat them; I was so hungry. It was against my principles, but I find that principles have no real force except when one is well fed... She came curtained in boughs and bunches of leaves, and when I asked her what she meant by such nonsense, and snatched them away and threw them down, she tittered and blushed. I had never seen a person titter and blush before, and to me it seemed unbecoming and idiotic. She said I would soon know how it was myself. This was correct. Hungry as I was, I laid down the apple half-eaten -- certainly the best one I ever saw, considering the lateness of the season-and arrayed myself in the discarded boughs and branches, and then spoke to her with some severity and ordered her to go and get some more and not make a spectacle or herself. She did it, and after this we crept down to where the wild-beast battle had been, and collected some skins, and I made her patch together a couple of suits proper for public occasions. They are uncomfortable, it is true, but stylish, and that is the main point about clothes. . .. I find she is a good deal of a companion. I see I should be lonesome and depressed without her, now that I have lost my property. Another thing, she says it is ordered that we work for our living hereafter. She will be useful. I will superintend.

TEN DAYS LATER -- She accuses ME of being the cause of our disaster! She says, with apparent sincerity and truth, that the Serpent assured her that the forbidden fruit was not apples, it was chestnuts. I said I was innocent, then, for I had not eaten any chestnuts. She said the Serpent informed her that "chestnut" was a figurative term meaning an aged and moldy joke. I turned pale at that, for I have made many jokes to pass the weary time, and some of them could have been of that sort, though I had honestly supposed that they were new when I made them. She asked me if I had made one just at the time of the catastrophe. I was obliged to admit that I had made one to myself, though not aloud. It was this. I was thinking about the Falls, and I said to myself, "How wonderful it is to see that vast body of water tumble down there!" Then in an instant a bright thought flashed into my head, and I let it fly, saying, "It would be a deal more wonderful to see it tumble UP there!" -- and I was just about to kill myself with laughing at it when all nature broke loose in war and death and I had to flee for my life. "There," she said, with triumph, "that is just it; the Serpent mentioned that very jest, and called it the First Chestnut, and said it was coeval with the creation." Alas, I am indeed to blame. Would that I were not witty; oh, that I had never had that radiant thought!

NEXT YEAR -- We have named it Cain. She caught it while I was up country trapping on the North Shore of the Erie; caught it in the timber a couple of miles from our dug-out -- or it might have been four, she isn't certain which. It resembles us in some ways, and may be a relation. That is what she thinks, but this is an error, in my judgment. The difference in size warrants the conclusion that it is a different and new kind of animal -- a fish, perhaps, though when I put it in the water to see, it sank, and she plunged in and snatched it out before there was opportunity for the experiment to determine the matter. I still think it is a fish, but she is indifferent about what it is, and will not let me have it to try. I do not understand this. The coming of the creature seems to have changed her whole nature and made her unreasonable about experiments. She thinks more of it than she does of any of the other animals, but is not able to explain why. Her mind is disordered -- everything shows it. Sometimes she carries the fish in her arms half the night when it complains and wants to get to the water. At such times the water comes out

of the places in her face that she looks out of, and she pats the fish on the back and makes soft sounds with her mouth to soothe it, and betrays sorrow and solicitude in a hundred ways. I have never seen her do like this with any other fish, and it troubles me greatly. She used to carry the young tigers around so, and play with them, before we lost our property, but it was only play; she never took on about them like this when their dinner disagreed with them.

SUNDAY -- She doesn't work, Sundays, but lies around all tired out, and likes to have the fish wallow over her; and she makes fool noises to amuse it, and pretends to chew its paws, and that makes it laugh. I have not seen a fish before that could laugh. This makes me doubt. . . . I have come to like Sunday myself. Superintending all the week tires a body so. There ought to be more Sundays. In the old days they were tough, but now they come handy.

WEDNESDAY -- It isn't a fish. I cannot quite make out what it is. It makes curious devilish noises when not satisfied, and says "goo-goo" when it is. It is not one of us, for it doesn't walk; it is not a bird, for it doesn't fly; it is not a frog, for it doesn't hop; it is not a snake, for it doesn't crawl; I feel sure it is not a fish, though I cannot get a chance to find out whether it can swim or not. It merely lies around, and mostly on its back, with its feet up. I have not seen any other animal do that before. I said I believed it was an enigma; but she only admired the word without understanding it. In my judgment it is either an enigma or some king of a bug. If it dies, I will take it apart and see what its arrangements are. I never had a thing perplex me so.

THREE MONTHS LATER -- The perplexity augments instead of diminishing. I sleep but little. It has ceased from lying around, and goes about on its four legs now. Yet it differs from the other four-legged animals, in that its front legs are unusually short, consequently this causes the main part of its person to stick up uncomfortably high in the air, and this is not attractive. It is built much as we are, but its method of traveling shows that it is not of our breed. The short front legs and long hind ones indicate that it is a of the kangaroo family, but it is a marked variation of that species, since the true kangaroo

hops, whereas this one never does. Still, it is a curious and interesting variety, and has not been catalogued before. As I discovered it, I have felt justified in securing the credit of the discovery by attaching my name to it, and hence have called it KANGAROORUM ADAMIENSIS. . .. It must have been a young one when it came, for it has grown exceedingly since. It must be five times as big, now, as it was then, and when discontented it is able to make from twenty-two to thirty-eight times the noise it made at first. Coercion does not modify this, but has the contrary effect. For this reason, I discontinued the system. She reconciles it by persuasion, and by giving it things which she had previously told me she wouldn't give it. As already observed, I was not at home when it first came, and she told me she found it in the woods. It seems odd that it should be the only one, yet it must be so, for I have worn myself out these many weeks trying to find another one to add to my collection, and for this to play with; for surely then it would be quieter and we could tame it more easily. But I find none, nor any vestige of any; and strangest of all, no tracks. It has to live on the ground, it cannot help itself; therefore, how does it get about without leaving a track? I have set a dozen traps, but they do no good. I catch all small animals except that one; animals that merely go into the trap out of curiosity, I think, to see what the milk is there for. They never drink it.

THREE MONTHS LATER -- The Kangaroo still continues to grow, which is very strange and perplexing. I never knew one to be so long getting its growth. It has fur on its head now; not like kangaroo fur, but exactly like our hair except that it is much finer and softer, and instead of being black is red. I am like to lose my mind over the capricious and harassing developments of this unclassifiable zoological freak. If I could catch another one -- but that is hopeless; it is a new variety, and the only sample; this is plain. But I caught a true kangaroo and brought it in, thinking that this one, being lonesome, would rather have that for company than have no kin at all, or any animal it could feel a nearness to or get sympathy from in its forlorn condition here among strangers who do not know its ways or habits, or what to do to make it feel that it is among friends; but it was a mistake -- it went into such fits at the sight of the kangaroo that I was convinced it had never seen one before. I pity the poor noisy little animal, but there is nothing I can

do to make it happy. If I could tame it -- but that is out of the question; the more I try the worse I seem to make it. It grieves me to the heart to see it in its little storms of sorrow and passion. I wanted to let it go, but she wouldn't hear of it. That seemed cruel and not like her; and yet she may be right. It might be lonelier than ever; for since I cannot find another one, how could IT?

FIVE MONTHS LATER -- It is not a kangaroo. No, for it supports itself by holding to her finger, and thus goes a few steps on its hind legs, and then falls down. It is probably some kind of a bear; and yet it has no tail -- as yet -- and no fur, except upon its head. It still keeps on growing -- that is a curious circumstance, for bears get their growth earlier than this. Bears are dangerous-since our catastrophe -- and I shall not be satisfied to have this one prowling about the place much longer without a muzzle on. I have offered to get her a kangaroo if she would let this one goes, but it did no good -- she is determined to run us into all sorts of foolish risks, I think. She was not like this before she lost her mind.

A FORTNIGHT LATER -- I examined its mouth. There is no danger yet: it has only one tooth. It has no tail yet. It makes more noise now than it ever did before -- and mainly at night. I have moved out. But I shall go over, mornings, to breakfast, and see if it has more teeth. If it gets a mouthful of teeth, it will be time for it to go, tail or no tail, for a bear does not need a tail in order to be dangerous.

FOUR MONTHS LATER -- I have been off hunting and fishing a month, up in the region that she calls Buffalo; I don't know why, unless it is because there are not any buffaloes there. Meantime the bear has learned to paddle around all by itself on its hind legs, and says "poppa" and "momma." It is certainly a new species. This resemblance to words may be purely accidental, of course, and may have no purpose or meaning; but even in that case it is still extraordinary, and is a thing which no other bear can do. This imitation of speech, taken together with general absence of fur and entire absence of tail, sufficiently indicates that this is a new kind of bear. The further study of it will be exceedingly interesting. Meantime I will go off on a far expedition among the forests of the north and make an exhaustive search. There must certainly be another one

somewhere, and this one will be less dangerous when it has company of its own species. I will go straightway; but I will muzzle this one first.

THREE MONTHS LATER -- It has been a weary, weary hunt, yet I have had no success. In the meantime, without stirring from the home estate, she has caught another one! I never saw such luck. I might have hunted these woods a hundred years; I never would have run across that thing.

NEXT DAY -- I have been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are of the same breed. I was going to stuff one of them for my collection, but she is prejudiced against it for some reason or other; so, I have relinquished the idea, though I think it is a mistake. It would be an irreparable loss to science if they should get away. The old one is tamer than it was and can laugh and talk like a parrot, having learned this, no doubt, from being with the parrot so much, and having the imitative faculty in a high developed degree. I shall be astonished if it turns out to be a new kind of parrot; and yet I ought not to be astonished, for it has already been everything else it could think of since those first days when it was a fish. The new one is as ugly as the old one was at first; has the same sulphur-and-raw-meat complexion and the same singular head without any fur on it. She calls it Abel.

TEN YEARS LATER -- They are BOYS; we found it out long ago. It was their coming in that small immature shape that puzzled us; we were not used to it. There are some girls now. Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had stayed a bear, it would have improved him. After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her. At first, I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life. Blessed be the chestnut that brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

Glossary:

1.Dodo: A large extinct flightless bird with a stout body, stumpy wings, a large head, and a heavy hooked bill. It was found on Mauritius until the end of the 17th century.

2.Imbecility: Stupidity

3.Slur: Speak (words) indistinctly so that the sounds run into one another

4.High-handed: Using power or authority without considering the feelings of others.

5.Clod: A lump of earth or clay.

6.Execrable: Extremely bad or unpleasant.

7.Mastodon: A large extinct elephant-like mammal of the Miocene to Pleistocene epochs, having teeth of a relatively primitive form and number.

8.Buzzard: A large hawklike bird of prey with broad wings and a rounded tail, often seen soaring in wide circles.

9.Clammy: Unpleasantly damp and sticky to touch

10.Despondent: In low spirits from loss of hope or courage.

11.Variegated: Exhibiting different colours, especially as irregular patches or streaks.

12.Wont: One's customary behaviour.

13.Desist: Stop doing something; cease or abstain.

14.Tittered: Give a short, half-suppressed laugh; giggle

15.Superintend: Be responsible for the management or arrangement of (an activity or organization); oversee.

16.Catastrophe: An event causing great and usually sudden damage or suffering; a disaster.

17.Coeval: Having the same age or date of origin; contemporary.

18.Enigma: A person or thing that is mysterious or difficult to understand.

19.Augments: Make (something) greater by adding to it; increase.

20.**Coercion**: The practice of persuading someone to do something by using force or threats.

21.Vestige: A trace or remnant of something that is disappearing or no longer exists

22.Capricious: Given to sudden and unaccountable changes of mood or behaviour.

23.Prowling: (of a person or animal) move about restlessly and stealthily, especially in search of prey.

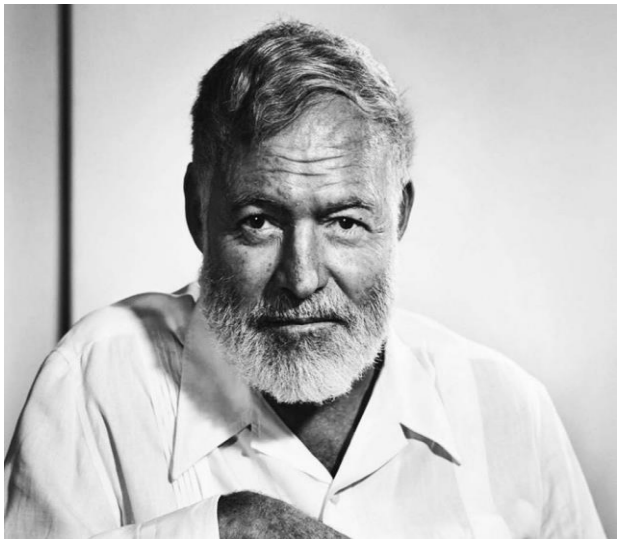
Suggested Questions:

1.How has Adam's view of Eve evolved over the course of time according to his diary?

2.Examine how Adam adjusts to the unwelcome and nosey intruder in the Garden of Eden.

3.Write a note on the Garden of Eden as depicted in this diary.

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place



Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961)

Ernest Miller Hemingway was born on July 21, 1899, in Cicero (now in Oak Park), Illinois. The first son of Clarence Edmonds Hemingway, a doctor and Grace Hall Hemingway, a musician, he was raised in the conservative suburb of Chicago.

He attended the Oak Park and River Forest High School in Oak Park from 1913 to 1917. He was a good athlete, involved with a number of sports like boxing, track and field, water polo, and football. He also performed in the school orchestra for two years with his sister Marcellin and received good grades in English classes. In high school, Hemingway worked on his school newspaper, Trapeze and Tabula**,** writing primarily about sports. Immediately after graduation, the budding journalist went to work for the Kansas City Star**,** gaining experience that would later influence his distinctively stripped-down prose style. He once said, "On the *Star* you are forced to learn to write a simple declarative sentence. This is useful to anyone. Newspaper work will not harm a young writer and could help him if he gets out of it in time."

In December 1917, after being rejected by the U.S Army for poor eyesight, Hemingway responded to a Red Cross recruitment effort and in 1918, went overseas to serve in the World War I as an ambulance driver for the Italian Army. He was awarded the Italian

Silver Medal of Bravery for his service but soon sustained injuries that landed him in a hospital in Milan. There he met a nurse named Agnes von Kurowsky, who soon accepted his proposal of marriage, but later left him for another man. This devastated the young writer but provided fodder for his works "A Very Short Story" and, more famously, *A Farewell to Arms*.

Still nursing his injury and recovering from the brutalities of war at the young age of 20, he returned to the United States and spent time in northern Michigan before taking a job at the *Toronto Star*. It was in Chicago that Hemingway met Hadley Richardson, the woman who became his first wife. The couple married and quickly moved to Paris, where Hemingway worked as a foreign correspondent for the *Star*.

In Paris, Hemingway soon became a key part of what Gertrude Stein would famously call "The Lost Generation." With Stein as his mentor, Hemingway made acquaintance with many great writers and artists of his generation, such as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ezra Pound, Pablo Picasso and James Joyce. In 1923, Hemingway and Hadley had a son, John Hadley Nicanor Hemingway. By this time, the writer had also begun frequenting the famous Festival of San Fermin in Pamplona, Spain. In 1925, the couple joined a group of British and American expatriates and took a trip to the festival that would later provide the basis for Hemingway's first novel, The Sun Also Rises**.** This novel is widely considered to be Hemingway's greatest work as it artfully examines the post war disillusionment of his generation.

Soon after the publication of The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway and Hadley divorced, due in part to his affair with a woman named Pauline Pfeiffer, who became Hemingway's second wife shortly after his divorce from Hadley was finalized. The author continued to work on his book of short stories, Men Without Women**.** Soon, Pauline became pregnant and the couple decided to move back to America. After the birth of their son Patrick Hemingway in 1928, they settled in Key West, Florida but summered in Wyoming. During this time, Hemingway finished his celebrated World War I novel A Farewell to Arms, securing his lasting place in the literary canon.

When he wasn't writing, Hemingway spent much of the 1930s chasing adventure: big-game hunting in Africa, bullfighting in Spain and deep-sea fishing in Florida. While reporting on the Spanish Civil War in 1937, Hemingway met a fellow war correspondent named Martha Gellhorn (soon to become his third wife) and gathered material for his next novel, For Whom the Bell Tolls**,** which was eventually nominated for the Pulitzer Prize. Almost predictably, his marriage to Pfeiffer deteriorated and the couple divorced. Gellhorn and Hemingway married soon after and purchased a farm near Havana, Cuba, which served as their winter residence.

When the United States entered World War II in 1941, Hemingway served as a correspondent and was present at several of the war's key moments, including the D-Day landing. Towards the end of the war, Hemingway met another war correspondent, Mary Welsh, whom he married after divorcing Gellhorn. In 1951, Hemingway wrote **The Old Man and the Sea**, which became his most famous book, finally winning him the Pulitzer Prize that he had long been denied. In 1954, he won the Nobel Prize in Literature. Even at the peak of his literary career, though, the burly Hemingway's body and mind were beginning to betray him, he wrote A Moveable Feast, a memoir of his years in Paris and retired permanently to Idaho. There he continued to battle with deteriorating mental and physical health. Early on the morning of July 2, 1961, Hemingway committed suicide in his Ketchum home.

Hemingway left behind an impressive body of work and an iconic style that still influences writers today. His personality and constant pursuit of adventure loomed almost as large as his creative talent.

About the Story: At first sight, Hemingway's "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" seems to be a very simple, unemotional, and almost unfinished short story. However, when readers look for deeper insight, they can find how meaningful this story is. The truth is buried underneath the story, the emotional darkness, eventual isolation, and existential depression caused by the ‘nada’, the nothingness.

Emotional darkness is the first component that must be unfolded when analysing the theme of the story. The symbol of an empty, meaningless life, emotional darkness, surrounds the old man and the old waiter. They both are victims of fear, loneliness, hopelessness, and "nada." They consider a "clean well-lighted cafe" a refuge from the deserted night. For them, the cafe with all its light and cleanliness is the only little oasis in the darkness where they can forget their fears. Unfortunately, the light which calms their nerves and brings warmth to their souls is temporary. Eventual isolation from life is another image the author uses to convey "nada."

The same idea is portrayed by the old man's deafness. He is not just literally deaf, but deaf to the world. The older waiter understands this. A loss of faith erases any chance of having a normal life. The old man's attempt to commit suicide, and the old waiter's interpretation of the Lord's Prayer, are the symptoms of the depression they both suffer.

Hemingway leaves the readers with nothing so as to help them feel the "nada" and understand the connection between emotional darkness, isolation, and existential depression. However, he shows a way to escape the pain of "nada." In order to survive with dignity, to cheat the "nada," one has to find a place, a pleasant place, "with the light, a certain cleanness, and order."

A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

It was very late and everyone had left the cafe except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the cafe knew that the old man was a little drunk, and whilehe was a good client, they knew that if he became too drunk, he would leave withoutpaying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

"He was in despair."

“What about?”

“Nothing."

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the cafe and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadowof the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by fiveminutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bedbefore three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the cafe and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of

the pile." Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the cafe. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said."He's drunk every night."
"What did he want to kill himself for?""How should I know."
"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope.""Who cut him down?"
"His niece."

"Why did they do it?""Fear for his soul."
"How much money has he got?" "He's got plenty.""He must be eighty years old."
"Anyway, I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me.""He had a wife once too."
"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him. You said she cut him down."

"I know." "I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

"Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

"Another brandy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurrycame over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip. The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him.""An hour is the same."
"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home.""It's not the same."
"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?""Are you trying to insult me?"
"No, hombre, only to make a joke."

No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metalshutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?""Everything but work."
"You have everything I have."

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young.""Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."
"I am of those who like to stay late at the cafe," the older waiter said.

"With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be someone who needs the cafe."

"Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant cafe. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself, it was the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly, you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not a fear or dread, it was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all anything and a man was a nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y naday pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood beforea bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

"What's yours?" asked the barman."Nada."
"Otro loco mas," said the barman and turned away."A little cup," said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

"The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished," the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

"You want another copita?" the barman asked.

"No, thank you," said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted cafe was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it's probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

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Glossary:

1.**Bodegas**: wine shops

2.**Otro loco mas**: another lunatic

3.**nada y pues nada y naday pues nada:** nothing and then nothing

4.**copita**: little cup

Suggested Questions:

1. ‘Emotional darkness’ is the first component that unfolds when analysing the theme of the story. Discuss.

2. Comment on the depth of loneliness the old man suffers and the intensity of his separation from the rest of the world in the short story.

3. What is the significance of the waiter’s usage of the word ‘nada’ in the Lord’s Prayer?

A Temporary Matter

Jhumpa Lahiri (Born – 1967)

Jhumpa Lahiri was born in 1967 in London, United Kingdom to Bengali parents, and grew up in Rhode Island, USA where her father worked as a librarian and her mother as a teacher. Lahiri received a B.A in English Literature at Barnard College, and later received her M.A in English, Creative writing, and Comparative Studies in Literature and the Arts, as well as a Ph. D in Renaissance Studies from Boston University. She is the author of two acclaimed books -*The Interpreter of Maladies,* her debut collection of short stories and a novel, *The Namesake*, which was made into a major motion picture by Mira Nair. She has received many awards and accolades, among them the Pulitzer Prize for fiction, the Henry Award for short stories, the PEN/Hemingway Award for best fiction debut, *The New Yorker's* best debut of the year, and a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Jhumpa Lahiri's elegant stories unfold the lives of Indians in exile. Lahiri's characters are often immigrants from India or children of immigrants who deal with issues of cultural displacement, marital troubles and issues of identity. While many of these stories are set in the United States, Lahiri's time in Calcutta is evident in her occasional use of Indian locales. Her stories help people to navigate between the conservative traditions they've inherited and the baffling new world order they must encounter each day.

In 2011, Lahiri moved to Rome, Italy and has since then published two books of essays. She published her first novel in Italian called *Dove mi trovo* in 2018 and also compiled, edited and translated the Penguin Book of Italian Short Stories which consisted of 40 Italian short stories written by 40 different Italian writers. She has been a professor of creative writing at Princeton University since 2015.

About the Story:

"A Temporary Matter" was originally published in the *New Yorker* in April 1998 and is the first story in Jhumpa Lahiri's debut collection, *Interpreter of Maladies* (1999). A Temporary Matter is a story of an Indian Bengali couple Shoba and Shukumar whose marriage is almost on the verge of falling apart and becomes a temporary matter for them. It is informed to them that there would be blackout for five days. The couple thinks of an idea of revealing secrets to each other during the hours of darkness and decides to tell the untold facts of their lives. This one hour of darkness brings light in their animated life and illuminates their dusky relationship as in every blackout they decide to share one or another secret and at last Shukumar reveals the bitter truth which he kept buried in his heart that their still born baby was a boy. This brings an affirmative change in their married life as Shoba wanted to keep this fact hidden during her pregnancy and feels relieved to know that her husband kept his promise and still loves her as he used to do earlier. They shun the burdens of their lives after expressing their feelings and restore the same trust and faith which used to be there before this tragic incident. This sanguine view clears all the misunderstandings and confusions between them and makes them a happy couple.

A Temporary Matter

THE NOTICE INFORMED THEM that it was a temporary matter: for five days their electricity would be cut off for one hour, beginning at eight PM. A line had gone down in the last snowstorm, and the repairmen were going to take advantage of the milder evenings to set it right. The work would affect only the houses on the quiet tree-lined street, within walking distance of a row of brick-faced stores and a trolley stop, where Shoba and Shukumar had lived for three years.

"It's good of them to warn us," Shoba conceded after reading the notice aloud, more for her own benefit than Shukumar's. She let the strap of her leather satchel, plump with files, slip from her shoulders, and left it in the hallway as she walked into the kitchen. She wore a navy-blue poplin raincoat over gray sweatpants and white sneakers, looking, at thirty-three, like the type of woman she'd once claimed she would never resemble.

She'd come from the gym. Her cranberry lipstick was visible only on the outer reaches of her mouth, and her eyeliner had left charcoal patches beneath her lower lashes. She used to look this way sometimes, Shukumar thought, on mornings after a party or a night at a bar, when she'd been too lazy to wash her face, too eager to collapse into his arms. She dropped a sheaf of mail on the table without a glance. Her eyes were still fixed on the notice in her other hand. "But they should do this sort of thing during the day."

"When I'm here, you mean," Shukumar said. He put a glass lid on a pot of lamb, adjusting it so only the slightest bit of steam could escape. Since January he'd been working at home, trying to complete the final chapters of his dissertation on agrarian revolts in India. "When do the repairs start?"

"It says March nineteenth. Is today the nineteenth?" Shoba walked over to the framed corkboard that hung on the wall by the fridge, bare except for a calendar of William Morris wallpaper patterns. She looked at it as if for the first time, studying the wallpaper pattern carefully on the top half before allowing her eyes to fall to the numbered grid on the bottom. A friend had sent the calendar in the mail as a Christmas gift, even though Shoba and Shukumar hadn't celebrated Christmas that year.

"Today then," Shoba announced. "You have a dentist appointment next Friday, by the way."

He ran his tongue over the tops of his teeth; he'd forgotten to brush them that morning. It wasn't the first time. He hadn't left the house at all that day, or the day before. The more Shoba stayed out, the more she began putting in extra hours at work and taking on additional projects, the more he wanted to stay, in, not even leaving to get the mail, or to buy fruit or wine at the stores by the trolley stop.

Six months ago, in September, Shukumar was at an academic conference in Baltimore when Shoba went into labor, three weeks before her due date. He hadn't wanted to go to the conference, but she had insisted; it was important to make contacts, and he would be entering the job market next year. She told him that she had his number at the hotel, and a copy of his schedule and flight numbers, and she had arranged with her friend Gillian for a ride to the hospital in the event of an emergency. When the cab pulled away that morning for the airport, Shoba stood waving good-bye in her robe, with one arm resting on the mound of her belly as if it were a perfectly natural part of her body.

Each time he thought of that moment, the last moment he saw Shoba pregnant, it was the cab he remembered most, a station wagon, painted red with blue lettering. It was cavernous compared to their own car. Although Shukumar was six feet tall, with hands too big ever to rest comfortably in the pockets of his jeans, he felt

dwarfed in the back seat. As the cab sped down Beacon Street, he imagined a day when he and Shoba might need to buy a station wagon of their own, to cart their children back and forth from music lessons and dentist appointments. He imagined himself gripping the wheel, as Shoba turned around to hand the children juice boxes. Once, these images of parenthood had troubled Shukumar, adding to his anxiety that he was still a student at thirty-five. But that early autumn morning, the trees still heavy with bronze leaves, he welcomed the image for the first time.

A member of the staff had found him somehow among the identical convention rooms and handed him a stiff square of stationery. It was only a telephone number, but Shukumar knew it was the hospital. When he returned to Boston it was over. The baby had been born dead. Shoba was lying on a bed, asleep, in a private room so small there was barely enough space to stand beside her, in a wing of the hospital they hadn't been to on the tour for expectant parents. Her placenta had weakened and she'd had a caesarean, though not quickly enough. The doctor explained that these things happen. He smiled in the kindest way it was possible to smile at people known only professionally. Shoba would be back on her feet in a few weeks. There was nothing to indicate that she would not be able to have children in the future.

These days Shoba was always gone by the time Shukumar woke up. He would open his eyes and see the long black hairs she shed on her pillow and think of her, dressed, sipping her third cup of coffee already, in her office downtown, where she searched for typographical errors in textbooks and marked them, in a code she had once explained to him, with an assortment of colored pencils. She would do the same for his dissertation, she promised, when it was ready. He envied her the specificity of her task, so unlike the elusive nature of his. He was a mediocre student who had a facility for absorbing details without curiosity. Until September he had been diligent if not dedicated, summarizing chapters, outlining arguments on pads of yellow lined paper. But now he would lie in their bed until he grew bored, gazing at his side of

the closet which Shoba always left partly open, at the row of the tweed jackets and corduroy trousers he would not have to choose from to teach his classes that semester. After the baby died it was too late to withdraw from his teaching duties. But his adviser had arranged things so that he had the spring semester to himself. Shukumar was in his sixth year of graduate school. "That and the summer should give you a good push," his adviser had said. "You should be able to wrap things up by next September."

But nothing was pushing Shukumar. Instead, he thought of how he and Shoba had become experts at avoiding each other in their three-bedroom house, spending as much time on separate floors as possible. He thought of how he no longer looked forward to weekends, when she sat for hours on the sofa with her colored pencils and her files, so that he feared that put-ting on a record in his own house might be rude. He thought of how long it had been since she looked into his eyes and smiled, or whispered his name on those rare occasions they still reached for each other's bodies before sleeping.

In the beginning he had believed that it would pass, that he and Shoba would get through it all somehow. She was only thirty-three. She was strong, on her feet again. But it wasn't a consolation. It was often nearly lunchtime when Shukumar would finally pull himself out of bed and head downstairs to the coffeepot, pouring out the extra bit Shoba left for him, along with an empty mug, on the countertop.

Shukumar gathered onion skins in his hands and let them drop into the garbage pail, on top of the ribbons of fat he'd trimmed from the lamb. He ran the water in the sink, soaking the knife and the cutting board, and rubbed a lemon half along his fingertips to get rid of the garlic smell, a trick he'd learned from Shoba. It was seven-thirty. Through the window he saw the sky, like soft black pitch. Uneven banks of snow still lined the sidewalks, though it was warm enough for people to walk about without hats or gloves. Nearly three feet had fallen in the last storm, so that for a

week people had to walk single file, in narrow trenches. For a week that was Shukumar's excuse for not leaving the house. But now the trenches were widening, and water drained steadily into grates in the pavement.

"The lamb won't be done by eight," Shukumar said. "We may have to eat in the dark."

"We can light candles," Shoba suggested. She undipped her hair, coiled neatly at her nape during the days, and pried the sneakers from her feet without untying them. 'I'm going to shower before the lights go," she said, heading for the staircase. "I'll be down."

Shukumar moved her satchel and her sneakers to the side of the fridge. She wasn't this way before. She used to put her coat on a hanger, her sneakers in the closet, and she paid bills as soon as they came. But now she treated the house as if it were a hotel. The fact that the yellow chintz armchair in the living room clashed with the blue-and-maroon Turkish carpet no longer bothered her. On the enclosed porch at the back of the house, a crisp white bag still sat on the wicker chaise, filled with lace she had once planned to turn into curtains.

While Shoba showered, Shukumar went into the downstairs bathroom and found a new toothbrush in its box beneath the sink. The cheap, stiff bristles hurt his gums, and he spit some blood into the basin. The spare brush was one of many stored in a metal basket. Shoba had bought them once when they were on sale, in the event that a visitor decided, at the last minute, to spend the night.

It was typical of her. She was the type to prepare for surprises, good and bad. If she found a skirt or a purse, she liked she bought two. She kept the bonuses from her job in a separate bank account in her name. It hadn't bothered him. His own mother had fallen to pieces when his father died, abandoning the house he grew up in and moving back to Calcutta, leaving Shukumar to settle it all. He liked that Shoba was

different. It astonished him, her capacity to think ahead. When she used to do the shopping, the pantry was always stocked with extra bottles of olive and corn oil, depending on whether they were cooking Italian or Indian. There were endless boxes of pasta in all shapes and colors, zippered sacks of basmati rice, whole sides of lambs and goats from the Muslim butchers at Haymarket, chopped up and frozen in endless plastic bags. Every other Saturday they wound through the maze of stalls Shukumar eventually knew by heart. He watched in disbelief as she bought more food, trailing behind her with canvas bags as she pushed through the crowd, arguing under the morning sun with boys too young to shave but already missing teeth, who twisted up brown paper bags of artichokes, plums, gin-gerroot, and yams, and dropped them on their scales, and tossed them to Shoba one by one. She didn't mind being jostled, even when she was pregnant. She was tall, and broad-shouldered, with hips that her obstetrician assured her were made for childbearing. During the drive back home, as the car curved along the Charles, they invariably marvelled at how much food they'd bought.

It never went to waste. When friends dropped by, Shoba would throw together meals that appeared to have taken half a day to prepare, from things she had frozen and bottled, not cheap things in tins but peppers she had marinated herself with rosemary, and chutneys that she cooked on Sundays, stirring boiling pots of tomatoes and prunes. Her labeled mason jars lined the shelves of the kitchen, in endless sealed pyramids, enough, they'd agreed, to last for their grandchildren to taste. They'd eaten it all by now. Shukumar had been going through their supplies steadily, preparing meals for the two of them, measuring out cupful of rice, defrosting bags made after day. He combed through her cookbooks every afternoon, following her penciled instructions to use two teaspoons of ground coriander seeds instead of one, or red lentils instead of yellow. Each of the recipes was dated, telling the first time they had eaten the dish together. April 2, cauliflower with fennel. January 14, chicken with almonds and sultanas. He had no memory of eating those

meals, and yet there they were, recorded in her neat proof-reader's hand. Shukumar enjoyed cooking now. It was the one thing that made him feel productive. If it weren't for him, he knew, Shoba would eat a bowl of cereal for her dinner.

Tonight, with no lights, they would have to eat together. For months now they'd served themselves from the stove, and he'd taken his plate into his study, letting the meal grow cold on his desk before shoving it into his mouth without pause, while Shoba took her plate to the living room and watched game shows, or proofread files with her arsenal of colored pencils at hand.

At some point in the evening, she visited him. When he heard her approach, he would put away his novel and begin typing sentences. She would rest her hands on his shoulders and stare with him into the blue glow of the computer screen. "Don't work too hard," she would say after a minute or two, and head off to bed. It was the one time in the day she sought him out, and yet he'd come to dread it. He knew it was something she forced herself to do. She would look around the walls of the room, which they had decorated together last summer. with a border of marching ducks and rabbits playing trumpets and drums. By the end of August there was a cherry crib under the window, a white changing table with mint-green knobs, and a rocking chair with checkered cushions. Shukumar had disassembled it all before bringing Shoba back from the hospital, scraping off the rabbits and ducks with a spatula. For some reason the room did not haunt him the way it haunted Shoba. In January, when he stopped working at his carrel in the library, he set up his desk there deliberately, partly because the room soothed him, and partly because it was a place Shoba avoided.

Shukumar returned to the kitchen and began to open drawers. He tried to locate a candle among the scissors, the eggbeaters and whisks, the mortar and pestle she'd bought in a bazaar in Calcutta, and used to pound garlic cloves and cardamom pods, back when she used to cook. He found a flashlight, but no batteries, and a half empty

box of birthday candles. Shoba had thrown him a surprise birthday party last May. One hundred and twenty people had crammed into the house — all the friends and the friends of friends they now systematically avoided. Bottles of vinho verde had nested in a bed of ice in the bathtub. Shoba was in her fifth month, drinking ginger ale from a martini glass. She had made a vanilla cream cake with custard and spun sugar. All night she kept Shukumar's long fingers linked with hers as they walked among the guests at the party.

Since September their only guest had been Shoba's mother. She came from Arizona and stayed with them for two months after Shoba returned from the hospital. She cooked dinner every night, drove herself to the supermarket, washed their clothes, put them away. She was a religious woman. She set up a small shrine, a framed picture of a lavender-faced goddess and a plate of marigold petals, on the bedside table in the guest room, and prayed twice a day for healthy grandchildren in the future. She was polite to Shukumar without being friendly. She folded his sweaters with an expertise she had learned from her job in a department store. She replaced a missing button on his winter coat and knit him a beige and brown scarf, presenting it to him without the least bit of ceremony, as if he had only dropped it and hadn't noticed. She never talked to him about Shoba; once, when he mentioned the baby's death, she looked up from her knitting, and said, "But you weren't even there."

It struck him as odd that there were no real candles in the house. That Shoba hadn't prepared for such an ordinary emergency. He looked now for something to put the birthday candles in and settled on the soil of a potted ivy that normally sat on the windowsill over the sink. Even though the plant was inches from the tap, the soil was so dry that he had to water it first before the candles would stand straight. He pushed aside the things on the kitchen table, the piles of mail, the unread library books. He remembered their first meals there, when they were so thrilled to be married, to be living together in the same house at last, that they would just reach

foreach other foolishly, more eager to make love than to eat. He put down two embroidered place mats, a wedding gift from an uncle in Lucknow, and set out the plates and wineglasses they usually saved for guests. He put the ivy in the middle, the white-edged, star-shaped leaves girded by ten little candles. He switched on the digital clock radio and tuned it to a jazz station.

"What's all this?" Shoba said when she came downstairs. Her hair was wrapped in a thick white towel. She undid the towel and draped it over a chair, allowing her hair, damp and dark, to fall across her back. As she walked absently toward the stove, she took out a few tangles with her fingers. She wore a clean pair of sweatpants, a T-shirt, an old flannel robe. Her stomach was flat again, her waist narrows before the flare of her hips, the belt of the robe tied in a floppy knot.

It was nearly eight. Shukumar put the rice on the table and the lentils from the night before into the microwave oven, punching the numbers on the timer.

"You made *rogan josh*," Shoba observed, looking through the glass lid at the bright paprika stew.

Shukumar took out a piece of lamb, pinching it quickly between his fingers so as not to scald himself. He prodded a larger piece with a serving spoon to make sure the meat slipped easily from the bone. "It's ready," he announced.

The microwave had just beeped when the lights went out, and the music disappeared. "Perfect timing," Shoba said.

"All I could find were birthday candles." He lit up the ivy, keeping the rest of the candles and a book of matches by his plate.

"It doesn't matter," she said, running a finger along the stem of her wineglass. "It looks lovely."

In the dimness, he knew how she sat, a bit forward in her chair, ankles crossed against the lowest rung, left elbow on the table. During his search for the candles,

Shukumar had found a bottle of wine in a crate he had thought was empty. He clamped the bottle between his knees while he turned in the corkscrew. He worried about spilling, and so he picked up the glasses and held them close to his lap while he filled them. They servedthemselves, stirring the rice with their forks, squinting as they extracted bay leaves and cloves from the stew. Every few minutes Shukumar lit a few more birthday candles and drove them into the soil of the pot.

"It's like India," Shoba said, watching him tend his makeshift candelabra. "Sometimes the current disappears for hours at a stretch. I once had to attend an entire rice ceremony in the dark. The baby just cried and cried. It must have been so hot."

Their baby had never cried, Shukumar considered. Their baby would never have a rice ceremony, even though Shoba had already made the guest list, and decided on which of her three brothers she was going to ask to feed the child its first taste of solid food, at six months if it was a boy, seven if it was a girl.

"Are you hot?" he asked her. He pushed the blazing ivy pot to the other end of the table, closer to the piles of books and mail, making it even more difficult for them to see each other. He was suddenly irritated that he couldn't go upstairs and sit in front of the computer.

"No. It's delicious," she said, tapping her plate with her fork. "It really is."
He refilled the wine in her glass. She thanked him.
They weren't like this before. Now he had to struggle to say something that interested her, something that made her look up from her plate, or from her proofreading files. Eventually he gave up trying to amuse her. He learned not to mind the silences.

“I remember during power failures at my grandmother’s house, we all had to say something,” Shoba continued. He could barely see her face, but from her tone he knew her eyes were narrowed, as if trying to focuson a distant object. It was a habit of hers.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. A little poem. A joke. A fact about the world. For some reason my relatives always wanted meto tell them the names of my friends in America. I don’t know why the information was so interesting to them. The last time I saw my aunt she asked after four girls I went to elementary school with in Tucson. I barely remember them now.”

Shukumar hadn’t spent as much time in India as Shoba had. His parents, who settled in New Hampshire, usedto go back without him. The first time he’d gone as an infant he’d nearly died of amoebic dysentery. His father, a nervous type, was afraid to take him again, in case something was to happen, and left him with his aunt and uncle in Concord. As a teenager he preferred sailing camp or scooping ice cream during the summers to going to Calcutta. It wasn’t until after his father died, in his last year of college, that the country began to interest him,and he studied its history from course books as if it were any other subject. He wished now that he had his own childhood story of India.

“Let’s do that,” she said suddenly.“Do what?”

“Say something to each other in the dark.”“Like what? I don’t know any jokes.”

“No, no jokes.” She thought for a minute.

“How about telling each other something we’ve never told before.”

“I used to play this game in high school,” Shukumar recalled. “When I got drunk.”

“You’re thinking of truth or dare. This is different. Okay, I’ll start.” She took a sip of wine. “The first time Iwas alone in your apartment, I looked in your address book to see if you’d written me in. I think we’d known each other two weeks.”

“Where was I?”

“You went to answer the telephone in the other room. It was your mother, and I figured it would be a longcall. I wanted to know if you’d promoted me from the margins of your newspaper.”

“Had I?”

“No. But I didn’t give up on you. Now it’s your turn.”

He couldn’t think of anything, but Shoba was waiting for him to speak. She hadn’t appeared so determined inmonths. What was there left to say to her? He thought back to their first meeting, four years earlier at a lecture hall in Cambridge, where a group of Bengali poets were giving a recital. They’d ended up side by side, on folding wooden chairs. Shukumar was soon bored; he was unable to decipher the literary diction, and couldn’t join the rest of the audience as they sighed and nodded solemnly after certain phrases. Peering at the newspaperfolded in his lap, he studied the temperatures of cities around the world. Ninety-one degrees in Singapore yesterday, fifty-one in Stockholm. When he turned his head to the left, he saw a woman next to him making a grocery list on the back of a folder, and was startled to find that she was beautiful.

“Okay” he said, remembering. “The first time we went out to dinner, to the Portuguese place, I forgot to tipthe waiter. I went back the next morning, found out his name, left money with the manager.”

“You went all the way back to Somerville just to tip a waiter?”“I took a cab.”
“Why did you forget to tip the waiter?”

The birthday candles had burned out, but he pictured her face clearly in the dark, the wide tilting eyes, thefull grape-toned lips, the fall at age two from her high chair still visible as a comma on her chin. Each day, Shukumar noticed, her beauty, which had once overwhelmed him, seemed to fade. The cosmetics that had seemed superfluous were necessary now, not to improve her but to define her somehow.

“By the end of the meal I had a funny feeling that I might marry you,” he said, admitting it to himself as wellas to her for the first time. “It must have distracted me.”

The next night Shoba came home earlier than usual. There was lamb left over from the evening before, and Shukumar heated it up so that they were able to eat by seven. He’d gone out that day, through the melting snow,and bought a packet of taper candles from the corner store, and batteries to fit the flashlight. He had the candles ready on the countertop, standing in brass holders shaped like lotuses, but they ate under the glow of the copper-shaded ceiling lamp that hung over the table.

When they had finished eating, Shukumar was surprised to see that Shoba was stacking her plate on top ofhis, and then carrying them over to the sink. He had assumed she would retreat to the living room, behind herbarricade of files.

“Don’t worry about the dishes,” he said, taking them from her hands.
“It seems silly not to,” she replied, pouring a drop of detergent onto a sponge.
“It’s nearly eight o’clock.” His heart quickened. All day Shukumar had looked forward to the lights going out. He thought about what
Shoba had said the night before, about looking in his address book. It felt good to remember her as she was then, how bold yet nervous she’d been when they first met, how hopeful. They stood side by side at the sink, their reflections fitting together in the frame of the window. It made him shy, the way he felt the first time

they stood together in a mirror. He couldn't recall the last time they'd been photographed. They had stopped attending parties, went nowhere together. The film in his camera still contained pictures of Shoba, in the yard, when she was pregnant.

After finishing the dishes, they leaned against the counter, drying their hands on either end of a towel. Ateight o'clock the house went black. Shukumar lit the wicks of the candles, impressed by their long, steady flames.

"Let's sit outside," Shoba said. "I think it's warm still."

They each took a candle and sat down on the steps. It seemed strange to be sitting outside with patches ofsnow still on the ground. But everyone was out of their houses tonight, the air fresh enough to make people restless. Screen doors opened and closed. A small parade of neighbors passed by with flashlights.

"We're going to the bookstore to browse," a silver-haired man called out. He was walking with his wife, athin woman in a windbreaker, and holding a dog on a leash. They were the Bradfords, and they had tucked a sympathy card into Shoba and Shukumar's mailbox back in September. "I hear they've got their power."

"They'd better," Shukumar said. "Or you'll be browsing in the dark."

The woman laughed, slipping her arm through the crook of her husband's elbow. "Want to join us?"

"No thanks," Shoba and Shukumar called out together. It surprised Shukumar that his words matched hers.

He wondered what Shoba would tell him in the dark. The worst possibilities had already run through his head. That she'd had an affair. That she didn't respect him

for being thirty-five and still a student. That she blamed him for being in Baltimore the way her mother did. But he knew those things weren't true. She'd been faithful, as had he. She believed in him. It was she who had insisted he go to Baltimore. What didn't they knowabout each other? He knew she curled her fingers tightly when she slept, that her body twitched during bad dreams. He knew it was honeydew she favored over cantaloupe. He knew that when they returned from the hospital the first thing she did when she walked into the house was pick out objects of theirs and toss them into a pile in the hallway: books from the shelves, plants from the windowsills, paintings from walls, photos from tables, pots and pans that hung from the hooks over the stove. Shukumar had stepped out of her way, watching as she moved methodically from room to room. When she was satisfied, she stood there staring at the pile she'd made, her lips drawn back in such distaste that Shukumar had thought she would spit. Then she'd started to cry.

He began to feel cold as he sat there on the steps. He felt that he needed her to talk first, in order toreciprocate.

"That time when your mother came to visit us," she said finally. "When I said one night that I had to stay lateat work, I went out with Gillian and had a martini."

He looked at her profile, the slender nose, the slightly masculine set of her jaw. He remembered that night well; eating with his mother, tired from teaching two classes back-to-back, wishing Shoba were there to say more of the right things because he came up with only the wrong ones. It had been twelve years since his father had died, and his mother had come to spend two weeks with him and Shoba, so they could honor his father's memory together. Each night his mother cooked something his father had liked, but she was too upset to eat thedishes herself, and her eyes would well up as Shoba stroked her hand. "It's so touching," Shoba had said to him at the time. Now he pictured Shoba with Gillian, in a bar with striped velvet sofas,

the one they used to go to after the movies, making sure she got her extra olive, asking Gillian for a cigarette. He imagined her complaining, and Gillian sympathizing about visits from in-laws. It was Gillian who had driven Shoba to the hospital.

"Your turn," she said, stopping his thoughts.

At the end of their street Shukumar heard sounds of a drill and the electricians shouting over it. He looked atthe darkened facades of the houses lining the street. Candles glowed in the windows of one. In spite of the warmth, smoke rose from the chimney.

"I cheated on my Oriental Civilization exam in college," he said. "It was my last semester, my last set of exams. My father had died a few months before. I could see the blue book of the guy next to me. He was an American guy, a maniac. He knew Urdu and Sanskrit. I couldn't remember if the verse we had to identify was an example of a *ghazal* or not. I looked at his answer and copied it down."

It had happened over fifteen years ago. He felt relief now, having told her.

She turned to him, looking not at his face, but at his shoes — old moccasins he wore as if they were slippers,the leather at the back permanently flattened. He wondered if it bothered her, what he'd said. She took his handand pressed it. "You didn't have to tell me why you did it," she said, moving closer to him.

They sat together until nine o'clock, when the lights came on. They heard some people across the street clapping from their porch, and televisions being turned on. The Bradfords walked back down the street, eating ice-cream cones and waving.

Shoba and Shukumar waved back. Then they stood up, his hand still in hers, and went inside.

Somehow, without saying anything, it had turned into this. Into an exchange of confessions — the little ways they'd hurt or disappointed each other, and themselves. The following day Shukumar thought for hours about what to say to her. He was torn between admitting that he once ripped out a photo of a woman in one of the fashion magazines she used to subscribe to and carried it in his books for a week, or saying that he really hadn'tlost the sweater-vest she bought him for their third wedding anniversary but had exchanged it for cash at Filene's, and that he had gotten drunk alone in the middle of the day at a hotel bar. For their first anniversary, Shoba had cooked a ten-course dinner just for him. The vest depressed him. "My wife gave me a sweater-vest for our anniversary," he complained to the bartender, his head heavy with cognac. "What do you expect?" the bartender had replied. "You're married."

As for the picture of the woman, he didn't know why he'd ripped it out. She wasn't as pretty as Shoba. She wore a white sequined dress, and had a sullen face and lean, mannish legs. Her bare arms were raised, her fists around her head, as if she were about to punch herself in the ears. It was an advertisement for stockings. Shoba had been pregnant at the time, her stomach suddenly immense, to the point where Shukumar no longer wanted to touch her. The first time he saw the picture he was lying in bed next to her, watching her as she read. When he noticed the magazine in the recycling pile, he found the woman and tore out the page as carefully as he could. For about a week he allowed himself a glimpse each day. He felt an intense desire for the woman, but it was a desire that turned to disgust after a minute or two. It was the closest he'd come to infidelity.

He told Shoba about the sweater on the third night, the picture on the fourth. She said nothing as he spoke, expressed no protest or reproach. She simply listened, and then she took his hand, pressing it as she had before. On the third night, she told

him that once after a lecture they'd attended, she let him speak to the chairman of his department without telling him that he had a dab of pâté on his chin. She'd been irritated with him for some reason, and so she'd let him go on and on, about securing his fellowship for the following semester, without putting a finger to her own chin as a signal. The fourth night, she said that she never liked the one poem he'd ever published in his life, in a literary magazine in Utah. He'd written the poem after meeting Shoba. She addedthat she found the poem sentimental.

Something happened when the house was dark. They were able to talk to each other again. The third night after supper they'd sat together on the sofa, and once it was dark, he began kissing her awkwardly on her forehead and her face, and though it was dark he closed his eyes, and knew that she did, too. The fourth night they walked carefully upstairs, to bed, feeling together for the final step with their feet before the landing, andmaking love with a desperation they had forgotten. She wept without sound, and whispered his name, and traced his eyebrows with her finger in the dark. As he made love to her, he wondered what he would say to herthe next night, and what she would say, the thought of it exciting him. "Hold me," he said, "hold me in your arms," By the time the lights came back on downstairs, they'd fallen asleep.

The morning of the fifth night Shukumar found another notice from the electric company in the mailbox. The line had been repaired ahead of schedule, it said. He was disappointed. He had planned on making shrimp *malai*for Shoba, but when he arrived at the store, he didn't feel like cooking anymore. It wasn't the same, he thought, knowing that the lights wouldn't go out. In the store the shrimp looked gray and thin. The coconut milk tin was dusty and overpriced. Still, he bought them, along with a beeswax candle and two bottles of wine.

She came home at seven-thirty. “I suppose this is the end of our game,” he said when he saw her reading thenotice.

She looked at him. “You can still light candles if you want.” She hadn’t been to the gym tonight. She wore asuit beneath the raincoat. Her makeup had been retouched recently.
When she went upstairs to change, Shukumar poured himself some wine and put on a record, a ThelониousMonk album he knew she liked.

When she came downstairs, they ate together. She didn’t thank him or compliment him. They simply ate in a darkened room, in the glow of a beeswax candle. They had survived a difficult time. They finished off the shrimp. They finished off the first bottle of wine and moved on to the second. They sat together until the candle had nearly burned away. She shifted in her chair, and Shukumar thought that she was about to say something. But instead, she blew out the candle, stood up, turned on the light switch, and sat down again.

“Shouldn’t we keep the lights off?” Shukumar asked. She set her plate aside and clasped her hands on thetable. “I want you to see my face when I tell you this,” she said gently.

His heart began to pound. The day she told him she was pregnant, she had used the very same words, sayingthem in the same gentle way, turning off the basketball game he’d been watching on television. He hadn’t beenprepared then. Now he was.

Only he didn’t want her to be pregnant again. He didn’t want to have to pretend to be happy.

“I’ve been looking for an apartment and I’ve found one,” she said, narrowing her eyes on something, it seemed, behind his left shoulder. It was nobody’s fault, she continued. They’d been through enough. She needed some time alone. She had money saved up for a security deposit. The apartment was on Beacon Hill, soshe could walk to work. She had signed the lease that night before coming home.

She wouldn’t look at him, but he stared at her. It was obvious that she’d rehearsed the lines. All this time she’d been looking for an apartment, testing the water pressure, asking a realtor if heat and hot water were included in the rent. It sickened Shukumar, knowing that she had spent these past evenings preparing for a life without him. He was relieved and yet he was sickened. This was what she’d been trying to tell him for the pastfour evenings. This was the point of her game.

Now it was his turn to speak. There was something he’d sworn he would never tell her, and for six months hehad done his best to block it from his mind. Before the ultrasound she had asked the doctor not to tell her the sex of their child, and Shukumar had agreed. She had wanted it to be a surprise.

Later, those few times they talked about what had happened, she said at least they’d been spared that knowledge. In a way she almost took pride in her decision, for it enabled her to seek refuge in a mystery. He knew that she assumed it was a mystery for him, too. He’d arrived too late from Baltimore — when it was allover and she was lying on the hospital bed. But he hadn’t. He’d arrived early enough to see their baby, and tohold him before they cremated him. At first, he had recoiled at the suggestion, but the doctor said holding the baby might help him with the process of grieving. Shoba was asleep. The baby had been cleaned off; his bulbous lids shut tight to the world.

"Our baby was a boy," he said. "His skin was more red than brown. He had black hair on his head. Heweighed almost five pounds. His fingers were curled shut, just like yours in the night."

Shoba looked at him now, her face contorted with sorrow. He had cheated on a college exam, ripped a pictureof a woman out of a magazine. He had returned a sweater and got drunk in the middle of the day instead. These were the things he had told her. He had held his son, who had known life only within her, against his chest in a darkened room in an unknown wing of the hospital. He had held him until a nurse knocked and took him away, and he promised himself that day that he would never tell Shoba, because he still loved her then, and it was the one thing in her life that she had wanted to be a sure wanted to be a surprise.

Shukumar stood up and stacked his plate on top of hers. He carried the plates to the sink, but instead of running the tap he looked out the window. Outside the evening was still warm, and the Bradfords were walking arm in arm. As he watched the couple the room went dark, and he spun around. Shoba had turned the lights off.

She came back to the table and sat down, and after a moment Shukumar joined her. They wept together, for the things they now knew.

Glossary:

1. **Cavernous**: dark depths, resembling
2. **Expectant**: showing an excited feeling, anticipates receiving something
3. **Horrendous**: horrifying, extremely unpleasant
4. **Intuitive:** having the ability to know or understand things
5. **Aftermath:** consequences, after-effects
6. **Traumatic:** deeply disturbing, distressing
7. **Obstacle**: prevents action

Suggested Questions:

1.Bring out the conflict in A *Temporary Matter*.

2.*A Temporary Matter* is a story about grief and secrets. Elucidate

3.How is Shukumar an outsider, lost in his own home? Explain

SECTION- IV

ESSAYS

Why I Am a Pagan

Zitkala-Ša (1876-1938)

"A wee child toddling in a wonder world, I prefer to their dogma my excursions into the natural gardens where the voice of the Great Spirit is heard in the twittering of birds, the rippling of mighty waters, and the sweet breathing of flowers. If this is Paganism, then at present, at least, I am a Pagan."

Gertrude Simmons who adopted the name Zitkala-Sa in her teens, was a writer, editor, translator, musician, educator, and reformer. She was born in South Dakota in the upper Midwestern United States. She endeavoured to safeguard the cultures of Native Americans. She wrote several books recounting her struggles with cultural identity, and the dilemma faced by the natives between their culture and the white culture in which they were educated. Zitkala's books are among the first works to bring traditional Native American stories to the white English-speaking readers. Zitkála-Šá is also known as one of the most influential Native American activists of the 20th century.

Zitkala's mother, Ellen Tate Iyohinwin Simmons, was a Sioux (a native American tribe) and her father, Felker, was a man of French descent. Zitkala was raised by her mother and aunts as her father deserted the family. When Zitkala was eight years she was sent to White's Manual Labor Institute, Wabash, Indiana to attend a boarding school run by the whites Quakers (Protestant Christians). In *The School Days of an Indian Girl,* she

describes the pain and struggle she underwent when she was forced to pray as a Quaker and to cut her long hair which is an identity marker of a native girl. Back at home she found her own culture alienating and the reason for this was the influence of the white culture. While at Earlham College (run by the Quakers) where she graduated from, she gathered traditional stories from a number of Native tribes and translated them into Latin and English for children. She also proved her oratorical talents with a speech entitled "Side by Side".

She educated her audience about the reservation superintendents "tyrannical powers" over a "voiceless people" who had no say in how their land or money was managed. There were also many dangers posed by the education imposed on Native children at government schools, as well as Indians' lack of citizenship, which kept them from being able to address these issues. She emphasized the causticness that the "First Americans" faced, that is they lacked the rights all other Americans had. She also drew their attention to the thousands of Native men, including her husband, who were fighting for the country during the Great War, but were still legally classified as wards of the government, not citizens. She called out to the white Americans to change the state of affairs and said that the only solution was the granting of US citizenship and the enfranchisement of Indian men and women.

Zitkala spoke about women's equality and was influenced by her mother and the Dakota women who raised her, and also by the Quakers, who were known for their ideas of spiritual equality of the sexes.

In 1902, Zitkala married Raymond Talesfase Bonnin (who was half Euro-American and half Sioux) and moved to a reservation in Utah. She became a correspondent for the Society of the American Indians, the first reform organization to be completely administered by Native Americans. In 1913 she collaborated with William F. Hanson a composer, writing the libretto for the opera ‘The Sun Dance’, the first opera by a Native American.

As an activist she founded the National Council of American Indians in 1926, and, as the organization’s president, she advocated citizenship rights, better educational

opportunities, improved health care and cultural recognition and preservation. She was appointed as an adviser to the U.S. government's Meriam Commission of 1928, the findings of which eventually led to several important reforms. She remained active as a spokesperson for Native American concerns until her death.

Her prominent works include *American Indian Stories, Old Indian Legends, Oklahoma's Poor Rich Indians, Impressions of an Indian Childhood, The Acceptable Sacrifice or The Excellency of a Broken Heart.*

About the Essay:

Zitkala – Sa deftly addresses the issue of cultural identity faced by the Native Americans in "Why I Am a Pagan". She discreetly speaks about Sioux culture, tradition and spirituality being erased by the White. Zitkala-Sa finds her God in the beautiful natural setting around her. Her description of the hill, water, sky, ancestor, bird and dog speak about her connect, association, pride and kinship with her land and culture.

She contrasts her idea of divinity with the divinity of Christianity. She feels that the Christian God shows himself in documents(bible) and beliefs formulated by man. Zitkala -Sa speaks about beliefs and practices inherent in Christianity but in no way demeans the religion. Through this essay she reiterates her ability to have a personal connection with her Creator which she finds absent in Christianity.

Why I Am a Pagan?

When the spirit swells my breast, I love to roam leisurely among the green hills; or sometimes, sitting on the brink of the murmuring Missouri, I marvel at the great blue overhead. With half closed eyes I watch the huge cloud shadows in their noiseless play upon the high bluffs opposite me, while into my ear ripple the sweet, soft cadences of the river's song. Folded hands lie in my lap, for the time forgot. My heart and I lie small upon the earth like a grain of throbbing sand. Drifting clouds and tinkling waters, together with the warmth of a genial summer day, bespeak with eloquence the loving Mystery

round about us. During the idle while I sat upon the sunny river brink, I grew somewhat, though my response be not so clearly manifest as in the green grass fringing the edge of the high bluff back of me.

At length retracing the uncertain footpath scaling the precipitous embankment, I seek the level lands where grow the wild prairie flowers. And they, the lovely little folk, soothe my soul with their perfumed breath.

Their quaint round faces of varied hue convince the heart which leaps with glad surprise that they, too, are living symbols of omnipotent thought. With a child's eager eye, I drink in the myriad star shapes wrought in luxuriant color upon the green. Beautiful is the spiritual essence they embody.

I leave them nodding in the breeze, but take along with me their impress upon my heart. I pause to rest me upon a rock embedded on the side of a foothill facing the low river bottom. Here the Stone-Boy, of whom the American aborigine tells, frolics about, shooting his baby arrows and shouting aloud with glee at the tiny shafts of lightning that flash from the flying arrow-beaks. What an ideal warrior he became, baffling the siege of the pests of all the land till he triumphed over their united attack. And here he lay,—Inyan our great-great-grandfather, older than the hill he rested on, older than the race of men who love to tell of his wonderful career.

Interwoven with the thread of this Indian legend of the rock, I fain would trace a subtle knowledge of the native folk which enabled them to recognize a kinship to any and all parts of this vast universe. By the leading of an ancient trail, I move toward the Indian village.

With the strong, happy sense that both great and small are so surely enfolded in His magnitude that, without a miss, each has his allotted individual ground of opportunities, I am buoyant with good nature.

Yellow Breast, swaying upon the slender stem of a wild sunflower, warbles a sweet assurance of this as I pass nearby. Breaking off the clear crystal song, he turns his wee head from side to side eyeing me wisely as slowly I plod with moccasined feet. Then again, he yields himself to his song of joy. Flit, flit hither and yon, he fills the summer

sky with his swift, sweet melody. And truly does it seem his vigorous freedom lies more in his little spirit than in his wing.

With these thoughts I reach the log cabin whither I am strongly drawn by the tie of a child to an aged mother. Out bounds my four-footed friend to meet me, frisking about my path with unmistakable delight. Chän is a black shaggy dog, “a thorough bred little mongrel” of whom I am very fond. Chän seems to understand many words in Sioux, and will go to her mat even when I whisper the word, though generally I think she is guided by the tone of the voice. Often, she tries to imitate the sliding inflection and long-drawn-out voice to the amusement of our guests, but her articulation is quite beyond my ear. In both my hands I hold her shaggy head and gaze into her large brown eyes. At once the dilated pupil’s contract into tiny black dots, as if the roguish spirit within would evade my questioning.

Finally resuming the chair at my desk, I feel in keen sympathy with my fellow creatures, for I seem to see clearly again that all are akin.

The racial lines, which once were bitterly real, now serve nothing more than marking out a living mosaic of human beings. And even here men of the same color are like the ivory keys of one instrument where each resembles all the rest, yet varies from them in pitch and quality of voice. And those creatures who are for a time mere echo of another’s note are not unlike the fable of the thin sick man whose distorted shadow, dressed like a real creature, came to the old master to make him follow as a shadow. Thus, with a compassion for all echoes in human guise, I greet the solemn-faced “native preacher” whom I find awaiting me. I listen with respect for God’s creature, though he mouths most strangely the jangling phrases of a bigoted creed.

As our tribe is one large family, where every person is related to all the others, he addressed me: –

“Cousin, I came from the morning church service to talk with you.”

“Yes?” I said interrogatively, as he paused for some word from me.

Shifting uneasily about in the straight-backed chair he sat upon, he began: “Every holy day (Sunday) I look about our little God’s house, and not seeing you there, I am

disappointed. This is why I come to-day. Cousin, as I watch you from afar, I see no unbecoming behavior and hear only good reports of you, which all the more burns me with the wish that you were a church member. Cousin, I was taught long years ago by kind missionaries to read the holy book. These godly men taught me also the folly of our old beliefs.

"There is one God who gives reward or punishment to the race of dead men. In the upper region the Christian dead are gathered in unceasing song and prayer. In the deep pit below, the sinful one's dance in torturing flames.

"Think upon these things, my cousin, and choose now to avoid the afterdoom of hell fire!" Then followed a long silence in which he clasped tighter and 2 unclasped again his interlocked fingers.

Like instantaneous lightning flashes came pictures of my own mother's making, for she, too, is now a follower of the new superstition.

"Knocking out the chinking of our log cabin, some evil hand thrust in a burning taper of braided dry grass, but failed of his intent, for the fire died out and the half burned brand fell inward to the floor. Directly above it, on a shelf, lay the holy book. This is what we found after our return from a several days' visit. Surely some great power is hid in the sacred book!"

Brushing away from my eyes many like pictures, I offered midday meal to the converted Indian sitting wordless and with downcast face. No sooner had he risen from the table with "Cousin, I have relished it," than the church bell rang.

Thither he hurried forth with his afternoon sermon. I watched him as he hastened along, his eyes bent fast upon the dusty road till he disappeared at the end of a quarter of a mile. The little incident recalled to mind the copy of a missionary paper brought to my notice a few days ago, in which a "Christian" pugilist commented upon a recent article of mine, grossly perverting the spirit of my pen. Still, I would not forget that the pale-faced missionary and the hoodooed aborigine are both God's creatures, though small indeed their own conceptions of Infinite Love. A wee child toddling in a wonder world, I prefer to their dogma my excursions into the natural gardens where the voice of the Great Spirit

is heard in the twittering of birds, the rippling of mighty waters, and the sweet breathing of flowers. If this is Paganism, then at present, at least, I am a Pagan.

**(This text is based on the version prepared by Glynis Carr for The Online Archive of Nineteenth-Century U.S. Women's Writings http://www.facstaff.bucknell.edu/gcarr/19cUSWW/. Unabridged. Originally published in the Atlantic Monthly 90 (December 1902): 801-803. This version prepared by Matthew J. Brown, Fall 2018).

Glossary:

1.**Pagan:** a follower of a polytheistic (multiple gods) religion/ Belief that divinity is inherent and knit in every aspect of the earth.

2.**Bluff:** high steep bank

3.**Cadence**: rhythmic sequence

4.**Fringing:** edge, border

5.**Prairie**: grassland

6.**Stone-Boy**: legend in Sioux mythology

7.**Warble**: melodious succession of low pleasing sounds

8.**Sioux**: Native American tribe

9.Mosaic: picture or pattern

10.**Jangling**: discordant sound

11.**Bigoted**: blind opinion or practice, illiberal

12.**Pugilist**: fighter

Suggested Questions:

1.How does Zitkala- Sa celebrate the natural world in the essay "Why I am a Pagan"?

2. Zitkala -Sa celebrates her culture and spiritual beliefs in the essay. Explain.

3. Zitkala -Sa worships a God that created the beauty in the world and a religion that embraces "a kinship to any and all parts of this vast universe". Elaborate.

4. Write a short note on the author's views on Christianity.

The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain

Langston Hughes (1902-1937)

James Mercer Langston Hughes was born on February 1, 1902, in Joplin, Missouri. His parents separated when he was a young child, and his father moved to Mexico. He was raised by his grandmother until he was thirteen years old. He later moved to Lincoln, Illinois, to live with his mother and her husband, before the family eventually settled in Cleveland, Ohio. It was in Lincoln that Hughes began his creative journey. After graduating from high school, he spent a year in Mexico followed by a year at Columbia University in New York City. During this time, he worked as an assistant cook, launderer, and busboy. He also travelled to Africa and Europe working as a seaman. In November 1924, he moved to Washington. D. C. He published his first book of poetry, The Weary Blues, in 1926. He finished his graduation at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania three years later. In 1930 his first novel, Not Without Laughter, won the Harmon gold medal for literature.

Hughes was greatly influenced by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Carl Sandburg, and Walt Whitman. He wrote novels, short stories, plays, and poetry, and is also known for his contribution to the world of jazz and the influence it had on his writing. He used street slang and jazz rhythms in blues-based poems like “Harlem Night Club,” but he also

crafted more sophisticated works like “Theme for English B” and stories in “The Ways of White Folks”.

His life and work were enormously important in shaping the artistic contributions of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s. Hughes refused to differentiate between his personal experience and the common experience of black America. He wanted to tell the stories of his people in ways of the White Folks. He was one of the most important writers and thinkers of the Harlem Renaissance, which was the African American artistic movement in the 1920s that celebrated black life and culture. Hughes’s creative genius was influenced by his life in New York City’s Harlem, a primarily African American neighbourhood. His literary works helped shape American literature and politics. Hughes, like others active in the Harlem Renaissance, had a strong sense of racial pride. Through his poetry, novels, plays, essays and children’s books, he promoted equality, condemned racism and injustice, and celebrated African American culture, humour and spirituality. Langston Hughes had come to be called as “The Poet Laureate of Harlem” by the time he died on May 22, 1967.

About the Essay:

Hughes opens his essay with an anecdote regarding a promising young black poet’s statement that he doesn’t want to be “a negro”. In this essay, Hughes presents a situation where the African Americans felt inferior about their colour and their culture and strove to embrace the culture of the white. Hughes states that people like this grew up in affluent black homes and had parents who were constantly striving to be white, using examples of black people who enjoyed jazz and dancing and clubs as the worst sort of people, the type of people that this young man should stay away from. Those were times when the White people despised and looked down on the black people. The essay also talks about the difference between the upper class and the middle-class African Americans. Hughes also speaks about those African American artists who were true to their culture. They held faithfully to their culture, a thing that made the rest of the people to alienate them.

Hughes' essay aims to elevate the beauty of the African Americans' language and lifestyles to the national literary stage. For him, culture is a large part of writing, and so the desire to be white and to rid oneself of one's culture is antithetic to being a great poet or writer. Instead, a writer should embrace their culture, learn that "black is beautiful," and pursue writing about what they want within that black cultural framework.

The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain

Langston Hughes One of the most promising of the young Negro poets said to me once, "I want to be a poet--not a Negro poet," meaning, I believe, "I want to write like a white poet"; meaning subconsciously, "I would like to be a white poet"; meaning behind that, "I would like to be white." And I was sorry the young man said that, for no great poet has ever been afraid of being himself. And I doubted then that, with his desire to run away spiritually from his race, this boy would ever be a great poet. But this is the mountain standing in the way of any true Negro art in America--this urge within the race toward whiteness, the desire to pour racial individuality into the mould of American standardization, and to be as little Negro and as much American as possible.

But let us look at the immediate background of this young poet. His family is of what I suppose one would call the Negro middle class: people who are by no means rich yet never uncomfortable nor hungry--smug, contented, respectable folk, members of the Baptist church. The father goes to work every morning. He is a chief steward at a large white club. The mother sometimes does fancy sewing or supervises parties for the rich families of the town. The children go to a mixed school. In the home they read white papers and magazines. And the mother often says "Don't be like niggers" when the children are bad. A frequent phrase from the father is, "Look how well a white man does things." And so, the word white comes to be unconsciously a symbol of all virtues. It holds for the children beauty, morality, and money. The whisper of "I want to be white" runs silently through their

minds. This young poet's home is, I believe, a fairly typical home of the coloured middle class. One sees immediately how difficult it would be for an artist born in such a home to interest himself in interpreting the beauty of his own people. He is never taught to see that beauty. He is taught rather not to see it, or if he does, to be ashamed of it when it is not according to Caucasian patterns.

For racial culture the home of a self-styled "high-class" Negro has nothing better to offer. Instead, there will perhaps be more aping of things white than in a less cultured or less wealthy home. The father is perhaps a doctor, lawyer, landowner, or politician. The mother may be a social worker, or a teacher, or she may do nothing and have a maid. Father is often dark but he has usually married the lightest woman he could find. The family attend a fashionable church where few really coloured faces are to be found. And they themselves draw a colour line. In the North they go to white theatres and white movies. And in the South, they have at least two cars and house "like white folks." Nordic manners, Nordic faces, Nordic hair, Nordic art (if any), and an Episcopal heaven. A very high mountain indeed for the would-be racial artist to climb in order to discover himself and his people.

But then there are the low-down folks, the so-called common element, and they are the majority---may the Lord be praised! The people who have their hip of gin on Saturday nights and are not too important to themselves or the community, or too well fed, or too learned to watch the lazy world go round. They live on Seventh Street in Washington or State Street in Chicago and they do not particularly care whether they are like white folks or anybody else. Their joy runs, bang! into ecstasy. Their religion soars to a shout. Work maybe a little today, rest a little tomorrow. Play awhile. Sing awhile. O, let's dance! These common people are not afraid of spirituals, as for a long time their more intellectual brethren were, and jazz is their child. They furnish a wealth of colourful, distinctive material for any artist because they still hold their own individuality in the face of American standardizations. And perhaps these common people will give to the world its truly great Negro artist, the one who is not afraid to be himself. Whereas the better-class Negro would tell the

artist what to do, the people at least let him alone when he does appear. And they are not ashamed of him--if they know he exists at all. And they accept what beauty is their own without question.

Certainly, there is, for the American Negro artist who can escape the restrictions the more advanced among his own group would put upon him, a great field of unused material ready for his art. Without going outside his race, and even among the better classes with their "white" culture and conscious American manners, but still Negro enough to be different, there is sufficient matter to furnish a black artist with a lifetime of creative work. And when he chooses to touch on the relations between Negroes and whites in this country, with their innumerable overtones and undertones surely, and especially for literature and the drama, there is an inexhaustible supply of themes at hand. To these the Negro artist can give his racial individuality, his heritage of rhythm and warmth, and his incongruous humour that so often, as in the Blues, becomes ironic laughter mixed with tears. But let us look again at the mountain.

A prominent Negro clubwoman in Philadelphia paid eleven dollars to hear Raquel Meller sing Andalusian popular songs. But she told me a few weeks before she would not think of going to hear "that woman," Clara Smith, a great black artist, sing Negro folksongs. And many an upper -class Negro church, even now, would not dream of employing a spiritual in its services. The drab melodies in white folks' hymnbooks are much to be preferred. "We want to worship the Lord correctly and quietly. We don't believe in 'shouting.' Let's be dull like the Nordics," they say, in effect.

The road for the serious black artist, then, who would produce a racial art is most certainly rocky and the mountain is high. Until recently he received almost no encouragement for his work from either white or colored people. The fine novels of Chesnutt go out of print with neither race noticing their passing. The quaint charm and humor of Dunbar's' dialect verse brought to him, in his day, largely the same

kind of encouragement one would give a sideshow freak (A colored man writing poetry! How odd!) or a clown (How amusing!).

The present vogue in things Negro, although it may do as much harm as good for the budding artist, has at least done this: it has brought him forcibly to the attention of his own people among whom for so long, unless the other race had noticed him beforehand, he was a prophet with little honor.

The Negro artist works against an undertow of sharp criticism and misunderstanding from his own group and unintentional bribes from the whites. "Oh, be respectable, write about nice people, show how good we are," say the Negroes. "Be stereotyped, don't go too far, don't shatter our illusions about you, don't amuse us too seriously. We will pay you," say the whites. Both would have told Jean Toomer not to write Cane. The colored people did not praise it. The white people did not buy it. Most of the colored people who did read Cane hate it. They are afraid of it. Although the critics gave it good reviews the public remained indifferent. Yet (excepting the work of Du Bois) Cane contains the finest prose written by a Negro in America. And like the singing of Robeson, it is truly racial.

But in spite of the Nordicized Negro intelligentsia and the desires of some white editors we have an honest American Negro literature already with us. Now I await the rise of the Negro theatre. Our folk music, having achieved world-wide fame, offers itself to the genius of the great individual American composer who is to come. And within the next decade I expect to see the work of a growing school of colored artists who paint and model the beauty of dark faces and create with new technique the expressions of their own soul-world. And the Negro dancers who will dance like flame and the singers who will continue to carry our songs to all who listen-they will be with us in even greater numbers tomorrow.

Most of my own poems are racial in theme and treatment, derived from the life I know. In many of them I try to grasp and hold some of the meanings and rhythms of jazz. I am as sincere as I know how to be in these poems and yet after every reading, I answer questions like these from my own people: Do you think Negroes

should always write about Negroes? I wish you wouldn't read some of your poems to white folks. How do you find anything interesting in a place like a cabaret? Why do you write about black people? You aren't black. What makes you do so many jazz poems?

But jazz to me is one of the inherent expressions of Negro life in America; the eternal tom-tom beating in the Negro soul--the tom-tom of revolt against weariness in a white world, a world of subway trains, and work, work, work; the tom-tom of joy and laughter, and pain swallowed in a smile. Yet the Philadelphia clubwoman is ashamed to say that her race created it and she does not like me to write about it, the old subconscious "white is best" runs through her mind. Years of study under white teachers, a lifetime of white books, pictures, and papers, and white manners, morals, and Puritan standards made her dislike the spirituals. And now she turns up her nose at jazz and all its manifestations--likewise almost everything else distinctly racial. She doesn't care for the Winhold Reiss' portraits of Negroes because they are "too Negro." She does not want a true picture of herself from anybody. She wants the artist to flatter her, to make the white world believe that all negroes are as smug and as near white in soul as she wants to be. But, to my mind, it is the duty of the younger Negro artist, if he accepts any duties at all from outsiders, to change through the force of his art that old whispering "I want to be white," hidden in the aspirations of his people, to "Why should I want to be white? I am a Negro--and beautiful"?

So, I am ashamed for the black poet who says, "I want to be a poet, not a Negro poet," as though his own racial world were not as interesting as any other world. I am ashamed, too, for the colored artist who runs from the painting of Negro faces to the painting of sunsets after the manner of the academicians because he fears the strange unwhiteness of his own features. An artist must be free to choose what he does, certainly, but he must also never be afraid to do what he must choose.

Let the blare of Negro jazz bands and the bellowing voice of Bessie Smith singing the Blues penetrate the closed ears of the colored near intellectuals until they listen

and perhaps understand. Let Paul Robeson singing "Water Boy," and Rudolph Fisher writing about the streets of Harlem, and Jean Toomer holding the heart of Georgia in his hands, and Aaron Douglas's drawing strange black fantasies cause the smug Negro middle class to turn from their white, respectable, ordinary books and papers to catch a glimmer of their own beauty. We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased, we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either. We build our temples for tomorrow, strong as we know how, and we stand on top of the mountain free within ourselves.

Glossary:

1.**Racial Mountain**: the mountain standing in the way of any true Negro art in America

2.Subconsciously: when something is done unconsciously

3.**Standardization**: a framework of agreements

4.**Smug:** showing an excessive pride in oneself or one's achievement

5.**Baptist:** a Protestant Christian who advocates baptism

6.**Steward**: a person who takes care of passengers

7.**Nigger**: a contemptuous term used to refer to a Black person

8.**Caucasian:** white skinned; of European origin

9.**Nordic**: consisting of five states Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden

10.**Ecstasy:** intense joy or delight

11.**Soars:** to rise or increase

12.**Overtones:** a musical tone which is a part of the harmonic series above a fundamental note

13.**Philadelphia**: a city in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the United States

14.Andalusia: a native or inhabitant of Andalusia

15.**Vogue**: a period of popularity or acceptance

16.**Jazz poems:** music of black American origin which emerged at the beginning of the 20th century

Suggested Questions:

1.What does the mountain symbolize in *The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain?*

2.Examine the challenges faced by the Negro artist in The *Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain.*

3.Hughes refers to a drum (the tom-tom) several times in this piece. How does the tom-tom figure in the argument ?

Mother Tongue

Amy Ruth Tan (Born in 1952)

Amy Ruth Tan, Chinese American writer was born in Oakland, California. Both of her parents were Chinese immigrants. Her father, John Tan, was an electrical engineer and Baptist minister who came to America to escape the turmoil of the Chinese Civil War. Her mother, Daisy had divorced an abusive husband but lost custody of her three daughters. She was forced to leave them behind in China when she escaped on the last boat to leave Shanghai, before the Communist takeover in 1949. Her marriage to John Tan produced three children, Amy and her two brothers. Tragedy struck the Tan family when Amy's father and her oldest brother both died of brain tumours within a year of each other. Mrs. Tan moved to Switzerland, with Amy and her brother. Amy did her schooling in Switzerland, and then went on to study English and Linguistics at San Jose State University and the University of California, Berkeley. As a young girl, Amy Tan shared a very discordant relationship with her mother.

Amy Tan is the author of many novels that focus on Chinese- American women and immigrant experiences She is not only a prolific writer but also a co -producer and co-screenwriter for the film adaptation of her book *The Joy Luck Club*. She was a Consultant for "Sagwa," the Emmy nominated PBS television series for children, which was aired

worldwide, including in the UK, Latin America, Hong Kong, China, Taiwan, and Singapore and has delivered lectures at many renowned universities like Stanford, Oxford, Jagiellonian University, Beijing, and Georgetown etc.

Amy Tan visited China in 1987 with her mother, where she met her mother's first husband and her half- sisters. This visit was the inspiration for her first novel *The Joy Luck Club* (1989; film 1993).

Her works have been translated into 35 languages, from Spanish, French, and Finnish to Chinese, Arabic, and Hebrew. Her novels include *The Kitchen God's Wife, The Hundred Secret Senses, The Bonesetter's Daughter, Saving Fish from Drowning, The Valley of Amazement.* She also penned Children's books *like The Moon Lady and Sagwa, The Chinese Siamese Cat*. She also wrote a short story titled "Rules for Virgins". *The Opposite of Fate* and *Where the Past Begins: A Writer's Memoir* are her memoirs.

About the Essay:

Amy Tan explores the connection with the English language, her mother, and writing. This essay was originally given as a talk at the State of the Language Symposium (1989) and it was published in 1990 by 'The Threepenny Review'. The essay "Mother Tongue" has won notable awards and honours and was selected for the 1991 edition of Best American Essays.

Amy Tan voices the language predicament faced by migrants and how language is an identity marker. She focuses on the problems faced by migrant Asians or Asian Americans. Mother tongue, is not just about the adjustments one makes with regard to the English language but also to the American culture. The author addresses three aspects in the essay: different Englishes, her mother's English and its impact and her writing and writing style. Tan highlights the bias that is created by language. People base their opinions, form judgements based on the way one speaks. People who speak 'Broken' 'limited' English are scorned and jeered and this causes

discomfort and demoralises the speaker. Amy Tan expresses her thoughts and views very effectively through the use of figurative language.

Mother Tongue

I am not a scholar of English or literature. I cannot give you much more than personal opinions on the English language and its variations in this country or others.

I am a writer. And by that definition, I am someone who has always loved language. I am fascinated by language in daily life. I spend a great deal of my time thinking about the power of language -- the way it can evoke an emotion, a visual image, a complex idea, or a simple truth. Language is the tool of my trade. And I use them all -- all the Englishes I grew up with.

Recently, I was made keenly aware of the different Englishes I do use. I was giving a talk to a large group of people, the same talk I had already given to half a dozen other groups. The nature of the talk was about my writing, my life, and my book, The Joy Luck Club. The talk was going along well enough, until I remembered one major difference that made the whole talk sound wrong. My mother was in the room. And it was perhaps the first time she had heard me give a lengthy speech, using the kind of English I have never used with her. I was saying things like, "The intersection of memory upon imagination" and "There is an aspect of my fiction that relates to thus-and-thus'--a speech filled with carefully wrought grammatical phrases, burdened, it suddenly seemed to me, with nominalized forms, past perfect tenses, conditional phrases, all the forms of standard English that I had learned in school and through books, the forms of English I did not use at home with my mother.

Just last week, I was walking down the street with my mother, and I again found myself conscious of the English I was using, the English I do use with her. We were talking about the price of new and used furniture and I heard myself saying this:

"Not waste money that way." My husband was with us as well, and he didn't notice any switch in my English. And then I realized why. It's because over the twenty years we've been together I've often used that same kind of English with him, and sometimes he even uses it with me. It has become our language of intimacy, a different sort of English that relates to family talk, the language I grew up with.

So, you'll have some idea of what this family talk I heard sounds like, I'11 quote what my mother said during a recent conversation which I videotaped and then transcribed. During this conversation, my mother was talking about a political gangster in Shanghai who had the same last name as her family's, Du, and how the gangster in his early years wanted to be adopted by her family, which was rich by comparison. Later, the gangster became more powerful, far richer than my mother's family, and one day showed up at my mother's wedding to pay his respects. Here's what she said in part: "Du Yusong having business like fruit stand. Like off the street kind. He is Du like Du Zong -- but not Tsung-ming Island people. The local people call putong, the river east side, he belongs to that side local people. That man wants to ask Du Zong father take him in like become own family. Du Zong father wasn't look down on him, but didn't take seriously, until that man big like become a mafia. Now important person, very hard to inviting him. Chinese way, came only to show respect, don't stay for dinner. Respect for making big celebration, he shows up. Mean gives lots of respect. Chinese custom. Chinese social life that way. If too important won't have to stay too long. He come to my wedding. I didn't see, I heard it. I gone to boy's side; they have YMCA dinner. Chinese age I was nineteen."

You should know that my mother's expressive command of English belies how much she actually understands. She reads the Forbes report, listens to Wall Street Week, converses daily with her stockbroker, reads all of Shirley MacLaine's books with ease--all kinds of things I can't begin to understand. Yet some of my friends tell me they understand 50 percent of what my mother says. Some say they understand 80 to 90 percent. Some say they understand none of it, as if she were

speaking pure Chinese. But to me, my mother's English is perfectly clear, perfectly natural. It's my mother tongue. Her language, as I hear it, is vivid, direct, full of observation and imagery. That was the language that helped shape the way I saw things, expressed things, made sense of the world.

Lately, I've been giving more thought to the kind of English my mother speaks. Like others, I have described it to people as 'broken" or "fractured" English. But I wince when I say that. It has always bothered me that I can think of no way to describe it other than "broken," as if it were damaged and needed to be fixed, as if it lacked a certain wholeness and soundness. I've heard other terms used, "limited English," for example. But they seem just as bad, as if everything is limited, including people's perceptions of the limited English speaker.

I know this for a fact, because when I was growing up, my mother's "limited" English limited my perception of her. I was ashamed of her English. I believed that her English reflected the quality of what she had to say That is, because she expressed them imperfectly her thoughts were imperfect. And I had plenty of empirical evidence to support me: the fact that people in department stores, at banks, and at restaurants did not take her seriously, did not give her good service, pretended not to understand her, or even acted as if they did not hear her.

My mother has long realized the limitations of her English as well. When I was fifteen, she used to have me call people on the phone to pretend I was she. In this guise, I was forced to ask for information or even to complain and yell at people who had been rude to her. One time it was a call to her stockbroker in New York. She had cashed out her small portfolio and it just so happened we were going to go to New York the next week, our very first trip outside California. I had to get on the phone and say in an adolescent voice that was not very convincing, "This is Mrs. Tan."

And my mother was standing in the back whispering loudly, "Why he doesn’t send me check, already two weeks late. So mad he lies to me, losing me money.

And then I said in perfect English, "Yes, I'm getting rather concerned. You had agreed to send the check two weeks ago, but it hasn't arrived."

Then she began to talk more loudly. "What he wants, I come to New York tell him front of his boss, you cheating me?" And I was trying to calm her down, make her be quiet, while telling the stockbroker, "I can't tolerate any more excuses. If I don't receive the check immediately, I am going to have to speak to your manager when I'm in New York next week." And sure enough, the following week there we were in front of this astonished stockbroker, and I was sitting there red-faced and quiet, and my mother, the real Mrs. Tan, was shouting at his boss in her impeccable broken English.

We used a similar routine just five days ago, for a situation that was far less humorous. My mother had gone to the hospital for an appointment, to find out about a benign brain tumor a CAT scan had revealed a month ago. She said she had spoken very good English, her best English, no mistakes. Still, she said, the hospital did not apologize when they said they had lost the CAT scan and she had come for nothing. She said they did not seem to have any sympathy when she told them she was anxious to know the exact diagnosis, since her husband and son had both died of brain tumors. She said they would not give her any more information until the next time and she would have to make another appointment for that. So, she said she would not leave until the doctor called her daughter. She wouldn't budge. And when the doctor finally called her daughter, me, who spoke in perfect English -- lo and behold -- we had assurances the CAT scan would be found, promises that a conference call on Monday would be held, and apologies for any suffering my mother had gone through for a most regrettable mistake.

I think my mother's English almost had an effect on limiting my possibilities in life as well. Sociologists and linguists probably will tell you that a person's developing language skills are more influenced by peers. But I do think that the language spoken in the family, especially in immigrant families which are more insular, plays a large role in shaping the language of the child. And I believe that it affected my

results on achievement tests, I.Q. tests, and the SAT. While my English skills were never judged as poor, compared to math, English could not be considered my strong suit. In grade school I did moderately well, getting perhaps B's, sometimes B-pluses, in English and scoring perhaps in the sixtieth or seventieth percentile on achievement tests. But those scores were not good enough to override the opinion that my true abilities lay in math and science, because in those areas I achieved A's and scored in the ninetieth percentile or higher.

This was understandable. Math is precise; there is only one correct answer. Whereas, for me at least, the answers on English tests were always a judgment call, a matter of opinion and personal experience. Those tests were constructed around items like fill-in-the-blank sentence completion, such as, "Even though Tom was, Mary thought he was --." And the correct answer always seemed to be the most bland combinations of thoughts, for example, "Even though Tom was shy, Mary thought he was charming:' with the grammatical structure "even though" limiting the correct answer to some sort of semantic opposites, so you wouldn't get answers like, "Even though Tom was foolish, Mary thought he was ridiculous:' Well, according to my mother, there were very few limitations as to what Tom could have been and what Mary might have thought of him. So, I never did well on tests like that.

The same was true with word analogies, pairs of words in which you were supposed to find some sort of logical, semantic relationship -- for example, "Sunset is to nightfall as is to ." And here you would be presented with a list of four possible pairs, one of which showed the same kind of relationship: red is to stoplight, bus is to arrival, chills are to fever, yawn is to boring: Well, I could never think that way. I knew what the tests were asking, but I could not block out of my mind the images already created by the first pair, "sunset is to nightfall"--and I would see a burst of colors against a darkening sky, the moon rising, the lowering of a curtain of stars. And all the other pairs of words --red, bus, stoplight, boring--just threw up a mass

of confusing images, making it impossible for me to sort out something as logical as saying: "A sunset precedes nightfall" is the same as "a chill precedes a fever." The only way I would have gotten that answer right would have been to imagine an associative situation, for example, my being disobedient and staying out past sunset, catching a chill at night, which turns into feverish pneumonia as punishment, which indeed did happen to me.

I have been thinking about all this lately, about my mother's English, about achievement tests. Because lately I've been asked, as a writer, why there are not more Asian Americans represented in American literature. Why are there few Asian Americans enrolled in creative writing programs? Why do so many Chinese students go into engineering! Well, these are broad sociological questions I can't begin to answer. But I have noticed in surveys -- in fact, just last week – that Asian student, as a whole, always do significantly better on math achievement tests than in English. And this makes me think that there are other Asian-American students whose English spoken in the home might also be described as "broken" or "limited." And perhaps they also have teachers who are steering them away from writing and into math and science, which is what happened to me.

Fortunately, I happen to be rebellious in nature and enjoy the challenge of disproving assumptions made about me. I became an English major my first year in college, after being enrolled as pre-med. I started writing nonfiction as a freelancer the week after I was told by my former boss that writing was my worst skill and I should hone my talents toward account management.

But it wasn't until 1985 that I finally began to write fiction. And at first, I wrote using what I thought to be wittily crafted sentences, sentences that would finally prove I had mastery over the English language. Here's an example from the first draft of a story that later made its way into The Joy Luck Club, but without this line: "That was my mental quandary in its nascent state." A terrible line, which I can barely pronounce.

Fortunately, for reasons I won't get into today, I later decided I should envision a reader for the stories I would write. And the reader I decided upon was my mother, because these were stories about mothers. So with this reader in mind -- and in fact she did read my early drafts--I began to write stories using all the Englishes I grew up with: the English I spoke to my mother, which for lack of a better term might be described as "simple"; the English she used with me, which for lack of a better term might be described as "broken"; my translation of her Chinese, which could certainly be described as "watered down"; and what I imagined to be her translation of her Chinese if she could speak in perfect English, her internal language, and for that I sought to preserve the essence, but neither an English nor a Chinese structure. I wanted to capture what language ability tests can never reveal: her intent, her passion, her imagery, the rhythms of her speech and the nature of her thoughts.

Apart from what any critic had to say about my writing, I knew I had succeeded where it counted when my mother finished reading my book and gave me her verdict: "So easy to read."

Glossary:

1.**Forbes**: American business magazine

2.**Wall Street Week**: investment news and information TV program

3.**Shirley MacLaine**: American author, actor, dancer, singer and activist

4.**Wince**: grimace, cringe

5.**Guise**: manner, pretext

6.**Quandry**: dilemma

7.**Nascent**: budding, inceptive

Suggested Questions:

1. What does the author mean by ‘different Englishes’?

2.Write about the connection between identity and language as brought out in the essay?

3. What was the impact of English language on Amy Tan’s life?

4. What is the significance of the term ‘Mother Tongue’ in the essay?

5. Write about the relationship between the mother and daughter.

SECTION- V
FACETS OF LANGUAGE

GLOBAL ENGLISHES

Spread of English around the world:

There have been many attempts to divide the spread of the English language into various stages, and one that is often cited in **World Englishes** is the diasporic division of the British Empire. The first diaspora involved large-scale migrations of English speakers from the British Isles to North America, Australia and New Zealand in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As people of various dialects mixed with each other, English underwent a number of linguistic changes in each of these regions, leading to the emergence of new varieties of native Englishes. The second diaspora led to the spread of English as a second and additional language to new communities through English colonizers. West Africa, for example, saw contact with the English speakers due to trade colonies and port settlements. English spread to Nigeria, Gambia, Ghana, Sierra Leone and Cameroon due to the slave trade. English was also brought to South Asia (now India, Nepal, Pakistan, Bangladesh and Bhutan), Hong Kong and Singapore. Therefore, the historical spread of English was the direct result of the expansion of the British Empire to the different parts of the world through settler colonization, slavery, trade and the last and most significant, globalization.

Globalization and the rise of the world Lingua Franca

Globalization has been a significant force behind the spread of English as it has strengthened the worldwide interconnectedness in terms of society, culture, economy, politics, business and commerce, spirituality and language. The strengthening of international relations through globalization saw the need to connect the world linguistically and English has actually filled this space.

English: a truly global language

Many languages have enjoyed the status of being lingua franca in history and had their power and influence such as, Sanskrit, Arabic, Aramaic, Latin and Greek. Despite their use as a lingua franca and their influence at the time, none of these were truly global languages. It has become part of the daily lives of many people from diverse linguistic

and cultural backgrounds and this is also true in countries where it is not a primary language but functions either as a second language or has a supranational language. For example, in many countries where English is not an official language, signages and signboards are often written in both, the local language and in English. English is not only used as the language of business with foreign clients and colleagues but also as an official working language.

Inherent Linguistic Qualities:

Many people have speculated over the reason why English has become the world's lingua franca, and many different explanations have been put forward. Some believe that it relates to its linguistic qualities, making it an easier language to learn and some to its charm, simplicity and logical structure. For example, English has few complex grammatical endings and learners do not have to remember the difference between masculine, feminine and neutral gender. English also has a historically mixed vocabulary, derived from both Romance language and Germanic roots which allows speakers of many language backgrounds to make associations. It can also be described as a flexible language. As a borrowing language with lexical borrowings and loan words it takes the names of ideas and things from other cultures it comes in contact with and expresses them in English. It has a great range of rules for the formation of new words. It welcomes new words, in contrast to other languages such as French, giving it a somewhat cosmopolitan character.

Pidgins and Creoles

Pidgins and Creoles arise in situations where two communities of people do not speak a common, mutually intelligible language. A pidgin is usually defined as a language that emerges in situations where a simple language is needed to communicate between two communities.

A **creole** is a language that has developed from a mixture of different languages and has become the main language in a particular place.

The distinction between a pidgin and a creole lies in the usage of the language. A creole usually develops via a generation of speakers for whom the contact language is the first

and primary language of communication. As a result, the language develops grammar and vocabulary, forming a complete working creole. The process of language development from a contact language to a creole is called **creolization.** Depending on the environment in which the language is used, creolization might be as short as a single generation of speakers, or develop slowly from a pidgin over decades of use. Sometimes, a pidgin might never move beyond an **extended pidgin**, lacking the grammatical and lexical complexity and stability to be defined as a creole. English pidgin and creole can be found worldwide, but are mostly concentrated in the Caribbean, along the west coast of Africa, and to a lesser extent, in Australasia.

Language-External factors:

The main reasons for the spread of English and its current status as the world's leading language are more to do with language-external factors. That is, the special position of English in a worldwide perspective is related to political and economic power dynamics and historical coincidences. By the mid twentieth century, most of England's former colonies had become independent but many continued to use English for several internal purposes. English with its colonial past, proved to be the apt language for global business and trade. It was also the language of the leading economic power, the United States of America. As Gramley, a linguist explains, "This aspect of the spread most likely runs parallel to first, the rise of Britain and then the United States as the major global players from the late eighteenth century onwards".

The modern spread of English was not only due to the economic and political power of America but also due to the volume of native speakers from America. With globalization came economic development, new communication technologies, multinational organizations, growth in competitive international businesses, increased power of the Press to cross national boundaries, popular global culture and increased mobility of the world's population. Globalization brought new linguistic opportunities and caused the need for a lingua franca for use in these diverse domains. English found itself in the midst of all these changes and soon became the leading language. Therefore, it was

simply a matter of the English Language being 'in the right place at the right time', as David Crystal, a Linguist puts it, 'A language achieves a genuinely global status when it develops a special role that is recognized in every country'.

Global varieties of English have been recognized and the use of English with modifications suitable to the native contexts has become popular.

McArthur's Circle of world English places **World Standard English** at the centre of the wheel. In this model, the existence of regional varieties is highlighted, including both standard and other forms and then eight regions are represented by various spokes that encircle the centre. These include the standard and other forms of African English, American English, Canadian English and Irish English. Beyond these, but linked to them by spokes marking off eight regions of the world, are the sub-varieties such as Aboriginal English, Inuit English, Ugandan English and Singapore English. Take a look at the varieties of English across the globe.

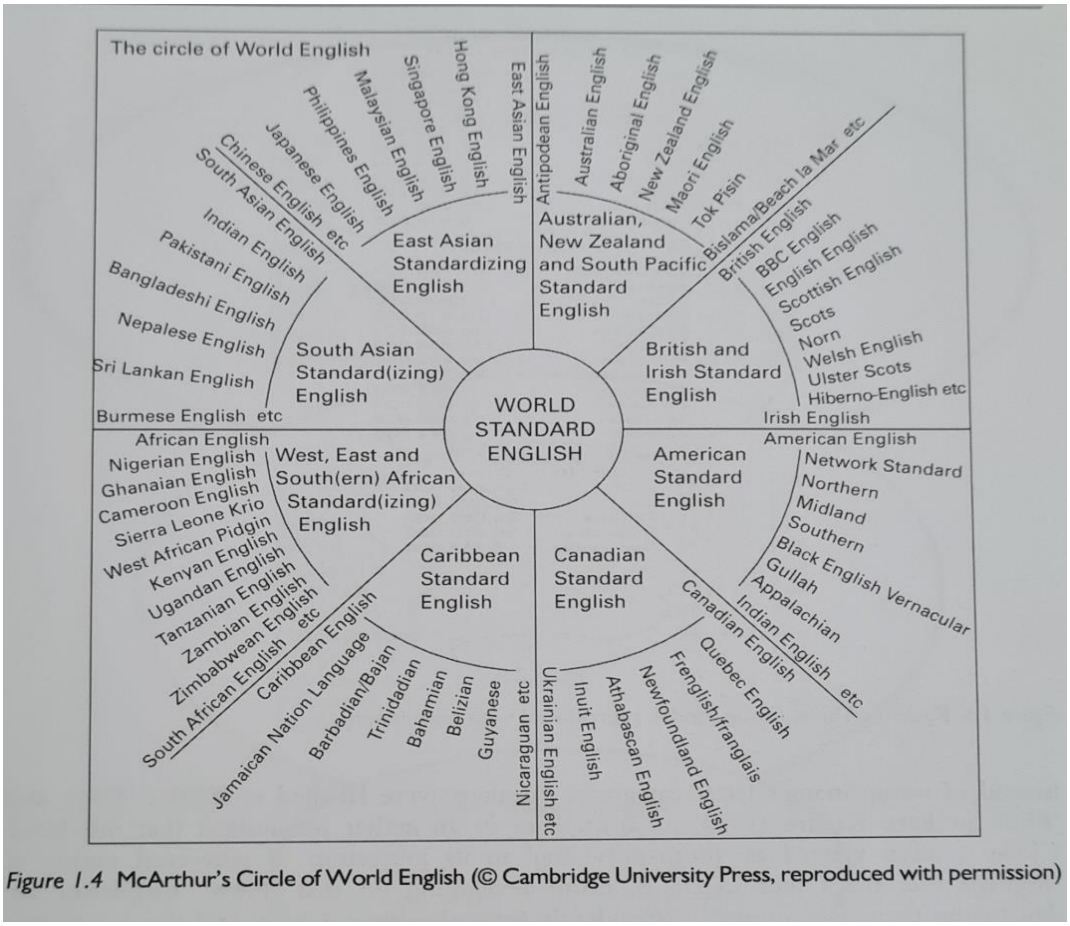


Figure 1.4 McArthur's Circle of World English (© Cambridge University Press, reproduced with permission)

Englishes across the world:

In the USA and Canada, English is the de facto official language for most political, administrative, and educational functions. While written American English is largely standardized across the country and spoken American English variants are highly mutually intelligible, there are several recognizable regional, ethnic and lexical distinctions. For example, Americans of East Asian descent have linguistic cues which distinguish them from Americans of European descent.

The Englishes that emerged in Australia and New Zealand were the result of a mixing of contact dialects from numerous parts of the British Isles. This type of mixing of dialects is referred to as **koineization**, which involves wide-scale levelling of mutually intelligible dialects. English became the de facto official language of Australia and New Zealand, alongside Māori and sign language. In New Zealand, English is spoken in 95 per cent of homes, although it is often used alongside other community languages in migrant populations. In Australia, it is the main language spoken in 80 per cent of homes, with others using a variety of community languages, such as Mandarin, Italian, Greek, Vietnamese, Cantonese, and Indian languages often alongside English in bilingual families and communities.

English is the official language of a number of Caribbean nations, including Antigua and Barbuda, the Bahamas, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, Saint Kitts and Nevis, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines, Trinidad and Tobago, and Belize. Only Jamaica lists its English creole (Patois) alongside English as a co-official language, although Bajan is a recognized regional language in Barbados. In most nations an official distinction is not made between the creole English and the official language. The language takes on **basilect** and **acrolect** forms.

There are more English speakers in South Asia than there are in Inner Circle countries. Although it is difficult to estimate the number and the proficiency levels, speakers of an educated variety of Indian English are estimated to be around 35-50 million, making Indian English as the third largest ‘variety’ of English worldwide, after British and

American English. (Mukherjee, 2010, p.167) The creative nature of South Asian English is evident in the innovative and ingenious ways in which South Asian poets and novelists have exploited English.

Just like in British English, there are plenty of varieties of Indian English as well, distinct from the acrolect or Standard Indian English. Silaja Pingali mentions that "the difference lies in the fact that the different varieties of English in India are not fixed in terms of their features" (Pingali, 2009: 14). By the English variety individuals speak, it is feasible to distinguish the person's social and linguistic background. These varieties are influenced by the different languages that are in contact with English in the different regions of the country, and we can draw the most notable differences in terms of phonology, to the extent that speakers of Indian English from different regions may sometimes not even be able to understand each other.

In a country like India in which there are 22 officially recognized regional languages and there is a continuous contact among them and the English language, the linguistic situation is therefore extraordinarily rich and complex. The most recognized dialects of English in India are Malayali English, Maharashtrian English, Punjabi English, Bengali English, Hindi English, Butler English (or Bearer English), Babu English, and Bazaar English, among others.

The two major varieties of English which have dominated the world over:

British English: is a kind of the English language which is used in Great Britain. It is one of the two most popular kinds of English in the world. When people talk about teaching or learning British English, they usually think of a standard form of British English called the Queen's English. The pronunciation (accent) of the Queen's English is called Received Pronunciation (RP). *Received Pronunciation* is the pronunciation of the British upper class. RP is the pronunciation model taught to foreigners, described in English dictionaries, and used at the oldest universities (such as Oxford and Cambridge). The term British English is used especially by those outside the British Isles, as well as by linguists and lexicographers; British people themselves generally use the term 'Standard English' or merely 'English'.

As with English around the world, the English language as used in the United Kingdom and Ireland is governed by convention rather than formal code: there is no equivalent body to the Académie franchise, and the authoritative dictionaries (e.g. Oxford English Dictionary, Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English, Chambers Dictionary, Collins Dictionary) record usage rather than prescribe it. As a result, there is significant variation in grammar, usage, spelling, and vocabulary. In addition, vocabulary and usage change with time; words are freely borrowed from other languages and other strains of English, and neologisms are frequent.

Attitude towards English variation in the British Isles:

In modern times, there seems to be a dichotomy of movement towards, and away from, standardization. While RP seems alive and well in UK political circles, in pop culture regional varieties of English are thriving. The Beatles' popularity did much to raise the international profile of the Liverpool accent. Likewise, celebrities like Cheryl Cole (a singer and a judge on a popular UK television show) have done much to raise the profile of the Newcastle accent. However, grammar-syntactical variation from the 'Norm' is still heavily associated with a lack of education, and thus attracts more negative social evaluation. While geography plays a major role in determining an accent in the UK, social boundaries also play a pivotal role; and RP accent can be found in almost any region of the UK, and is determined by socio-economic factors rather than geographic boundaries

American English: The term American English **(**or North American English**)** refers broadly to the varieties of the English language spoken and written in the United States and Canada. More narrowly (and more commonly), American English refers to the varieties of English used in the U.S. American English was the first major variety of the language that developed outside of Britain**.** Andy Kirkpatrick states, "American English is, without doubt, the most influential and powerful variety of English in the world today. There are many reasons for this. First, the United States is, at present, the most powerful nation on earth and such power always brings with it influence. . . .

Second, America's political influence is extended through American popular culture, in particular through the international reach of American films (movies, of course) and music. . . . Third, the international prominence of American English is closely associated with the extraordinarily quick development of communications technology."

Difference between British English and American English:

The British actually introduced the language to the Americas when they reached these lands by sea between the 16th and 17th centuries. At that time, spelling had not yet been standardised. It took the writing of the first dictionaries to set in stone how these words appeared. In the UK, the dictionary was compiled by London-based scholars. Meanwhile, in the United States, the lexicographer was a man named Noah Webster. Allegedly, he changed how the words were spelled to make the American version different from the British as a way of showing cultural independence from its mother country.

In terms of speech, the differences between American and British English actually took place after the first settlers arrived in America. These groups of people spoke using what was called rhotic speech, where the 'r' sounds of words are pronounced. Meanwhile, the higher classes in the UK wanted to distinguish the way they spoke from the common masses by softening their pronunciation of the 'r' sounds. Since the elite even back then were considered the standard for being fashionable, other people began to copy their speech, until it eventually became the common way of speaking in the south of England.

Spelling Variation:

1.Many nouns that end in **–ence** in British English end in **–ense** in the US. UK English only uses **–ense** for the corresponding verb; for example, you can ***license*** someone to do something, after which they hold a ***licence*** to do it.

2.Many final **–e** spellings come from French loanwords, where often the consonant before the final **–e** is doubled. American English tends to omit these in accordance with Noah Webster's spelling reforms.

British	**American**
Annex	Annexe
Glycerin	Glycerine

3.This is one of the more famous spelling differences between British and American English, and comes from French influence. Nearly all of these words originally come from Latin, and had the plain **–or** ending.

British	**American**
colour	Color
endeavour	Endeavor
favour	Favor
flavour	Flavor
harbour	Habor
honour	Honor
humour	Humor
labour	Labor
neighbour	Neighbor
odour	Odor
parlour	Parlor

4.Like **–our**, the **–re** spelling originally comes from French. In the United States it was replaced with **–er** to better reflect American pronunciation.

British	American
calibre	Caliber
centre	Center
fibre	Fiber
litre	Liter
lustre	Luster
meagre	Meager
metre	Meter

5. Sometimes British spelling requires a doubled consonant, for example in the past participle of certain verbs, where American spelling omits it. In other places, it is US English that has the doubled consonant; in certain verbal infinitives, or to preserve the root word of certain adjectives.

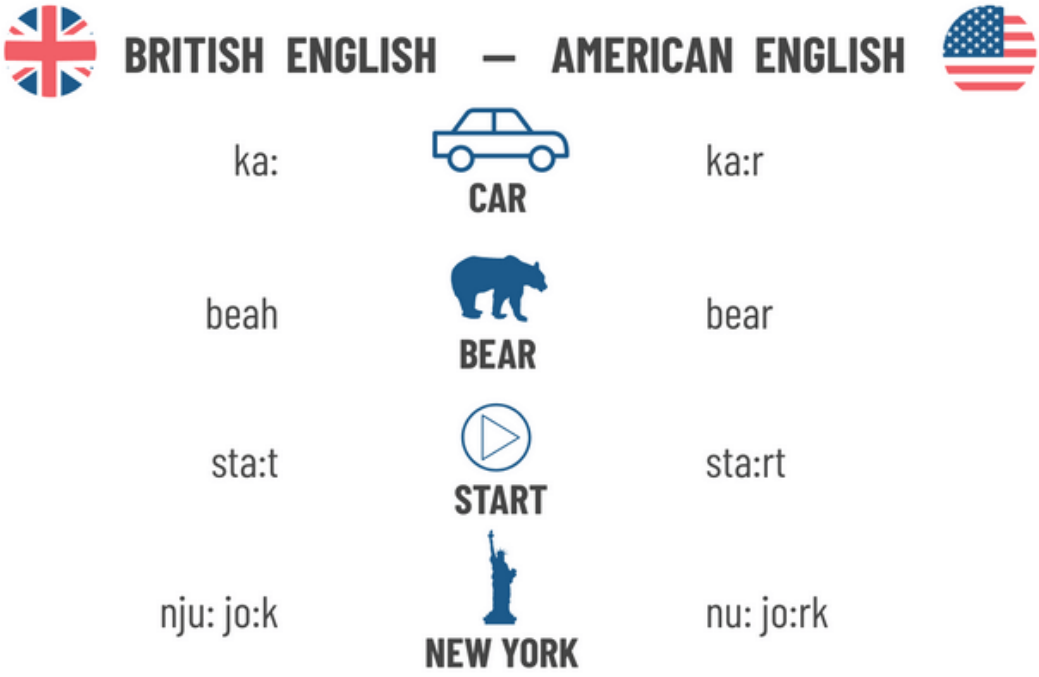
British	American
Distil	Distill
Enrol	Enroll
Fulfil	Fufill
instalment	Installment
Instil	Instill
Skilful	skillful
Woollen	woollen

Variation in words

Difference in Pronunciation:

British English and American English differ even more regarding their pronunciation. You immediately know the difference between British and American accents when heard.

While the **r** sound is pronounced in American English, it remains silent in British English unless it occupies an initial syllable position.



The stress can fall on different syllables as well:

British pronunciation	American pronunciation
A-dult	**a-DULT**
week-END	**WEEK-end**

American English sometimes simplifies the pronunciation by altering or omitting some vowel sounds:

British pronunciation	American pronunciation
waw-tah	**wa-der**
moun-tin	**moun-nn**

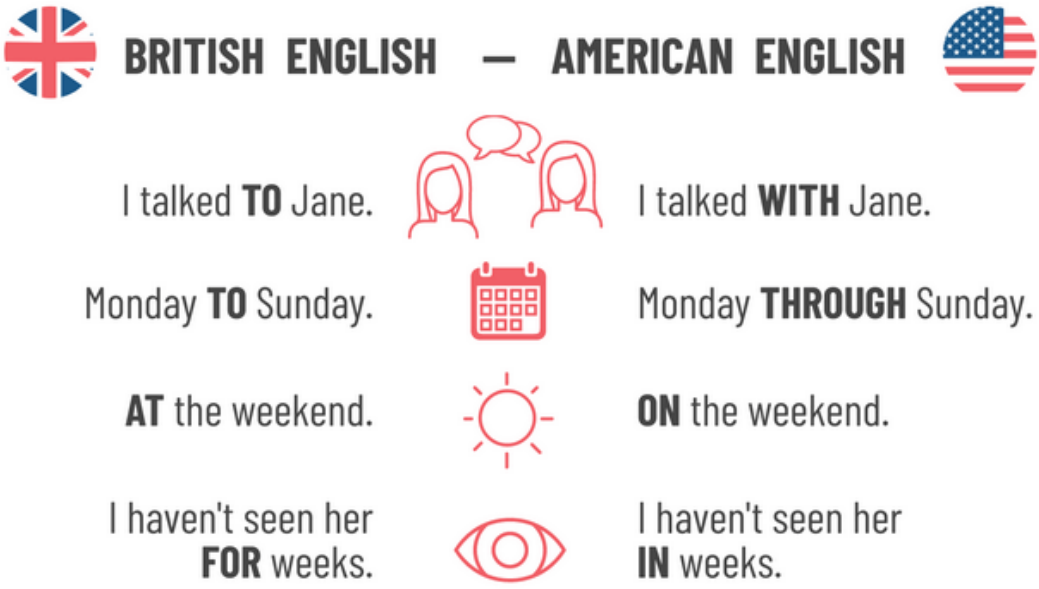
Grammatical Differences:

The differences between British and American English grammar are slightly more complicated. The differences are small, but they are significant.

Take the verb *to have*, for instance. To talk about possession, British English uses the verb *to have got* (*I have got a book.*), whereas American English uses *to have* (*I have a book.*). An important note: the verb *have got* is also used in American English, but mostly to indicate obligation (*I have got to go.*).

The present perfect tense usage differs as well. The British normally use the verb *to have* (*I have just arrived.*) in this tense, whereas the Americans usually omit this verb. As a result, the sentences sound simpler: *I just arrived*.

Other differences concern preposition usage:



The grammatical differences also include irregular verbs, for example:

British English	**American English**
spill, spilt, spilt	*spill, spilled, spilled*
dive, dived, dived	*dive, dove, dived*

Collective nouns are also used differently. The words *team* and *committee* can be either singular or plural in British English, with the plural being more frequent, pointing to the fact that the group consists of multiple individuals. In the United States, the group is considered as a single entity; consequently, these words are always considered as singular.

British and American slang and colloquialisms

"Taking a vacation" (American English) / "Going on a holiday" (British English) in either the US or Britain probably won't get you invited to a formal conference. Yet they will work well among regular people. Unsurprisingly, the slang is different in both countries. Whether you wind up in a bar or a pub, you might hear some of the words in the following table.

Standard Usage	**American**	**British**
Mouth	piehole	Cakehole
House	crib	Gaff
Friend	homie	mate, fam
Tired	beat	Knackered
Excited	hyped, amped	Buzzing
share the bill	go dutch	split the bill
police officer	cop	copper, bobby
Angry	pissed	pissed off
Pleased	stoked	Chuffed
Drunk	wasted, trashed	Hammered

Thus, America and British might use the same language which is English language but their English is different. American-English and British-English are different from their dialect which specifically divided to grammar, pronunciation, spelling, and vocabulary. “England and America are two countries separated by the same language!” This well-known statement is most popularly attributed to influential Irish playwright and commentator George Bernard Shaw. Whoever actually said it, they knew that British and American English are certainly different

Suggested Questions:

1.Why is English called a truly global language?

2.Mention any two inherent qualities of English that have made it a global language.

3.Give any two external factors which have helped English attain the status of a global language.

4.Mention four major reasons for the spread of English in the world.

5.Which other languages have been powerful and important in the past?

6.Why is English referred to as a ‘borrowing language’?

7.What are the specific features in which the variants of English differ?

8.Define American English.

9.Define a Pidgin.

10.What is a Creole?

11.What is Keonization?

12.What is a Lingua Franca?

Rewrite as Directed:

1.I would love to have some cookies. (Convert to British English)

2.Spell the word **flavour** in American English

3.I have just arrived. (Convert it to American English)

4.Share the bill (Convert to American English)

5.Flat is called as--------- in American Englis

Question Paper Pattern

Semester V

Paper V: American Literature

Maximum Marks -100 **Time:3 Hours**

Section A: Poetry	**20**
Section B: Drama	**20**
Section C: Short Fiction	**20**
Section D: Essays	**20**
Section E: Facets of Language	**20**

Model Question Paper

Paper V: American Literature

Time: 3 Hours **Max Marks: 100**

Instruction: Answer all Sections

Section – A

(Poetry)

I A) Answer any one of the following: **(1X15=15)**

1) What thoughts torment Emily Dickinson throughout the poem *I should not dare to leave my friend*?

2) Why does Allan Poe wish for a lasting dream?

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: **(1X 5=5)**

1) Resilience and hope in Caged Bird

2) Philosophical musings in Birches

3) Recurrent thoughts in *O Me! O Life!*

Section -B

(Drama-A Streetcar Named Desire)

II A) Answer any one of the following: **(1X15=15)**

1) Comment on the significance of the title '*A Street Car Named Desire'*.

2) Consider the play as a reflection of Fantasy and Delusion.

B) Write a short note on any one of the following:

1) Significance of Elysian Fields

2) Napoleonic code

3) Harold Mitchell (Mitch)

Section- C

(Short Fiction)

III A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15=15)

1. What is the significance of the waiter's usage of the word 'nada' in the Lord's Prayer in the story *A Clean, Well-Lighted Plac*e?

2. How has Adam's view of Eve evolved over the course of time according to his diary?

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5=5)

1. Intruder in the Garden of Eden
2. Loneliness *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place*
3. Secrets in *A Temporary Matter*

Section- D

(Essays)

IV A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15=15)

1. How does Zitkala- Sa celebrate the natural world in the essay "Why I am a Pagan"?

2. What does the mountain symbolize in *The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain*?

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5=5)

1. Spiritual beliefs in *Why I am a Pagan*
2. Identity and language in *Mother tongue*
3. The tom tom in *The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain?*

Section- E

(Facets of Language)

V A) Answer all the questions:

1.What do you mean by Lingua Franca? 2

2.Define a Pidgin. 2

3.Why is English called a truly global language? 2

4.What do you mean by creolization? 3

5.Mention four major reasons for the spread of English in the world. 3

6.Define British English and American English. 3

B) Do as directed: 5

1. I am going on a holiday. (Convert to American English)

2.Why have you **spilled** the milk? (Convert the underlined word to British English)

3.I haven't seen her **for** months. (Convert it to American English)

4.He has got a new watch. (Convert to American English)

5. Elevator is called as ----------in British English.

PAPER VI

EUROPEAN LITERATURE

Content

Section III: Prose

Section IV: Drama

Section V: Novel

A Brief Introduction to European Literature

European literature refers to the literature of Europe. It includes literature in many languages; among the most important of the modern written works are those in English, Spanish, French, Dutch, Polish, Ukrainian, German, Italian, Czech, Russian, Bosnian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Finnish and Irish. Important classical and medieval traditions are those in Latin, Old and Middle English, Ancient Greek, Old Norse, Medieval French and Medieval Italian. In colloquial speech, European literature is often used as a synonym for Western literature.

Greek literature dates back from the ancient Greek literature, beginning in 800 BC, to the modern Greek literature of today.

Ancient Greek literature was written in an Ancient Greek dialect and ranges from the oldest surviving written works until works from approximately the fifth century AD. This time period is divided into the Preclassical, Classical, Hellenistic, and Roman periods. Preclassical Greek literature primarily revolved around myths and includes the works of **Homer**; the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

The Classical period saw the dawn of many genres of western literature like lyrical poetry, odes, pastorals, elegies, epigrams; dramatic presentations of comedy and tragedy; histories, rhetorical treatises, philosophical dialectics, and philosophical treatises. The two major lyrical poets were Sappho and Pindar. Of the hundreds of tragedies written and performed during this time period, only a limited number of plays survived. These plays are authored by Aeschylus, **Sophocles**, and Euripides.

Russian literature refers to the literature of Russia and its émigrés and to Russian-language literature. The roots of Russian literature can be traced to the Middle Ages, when epics and chronicles in Old East Slavic were composed. By the Age of Enlightenment, literature had grown in importance, and from the early 1830s, Russian literature underwent an astounding golden age in poetry,

prose and drama. Mikhail Lermontov was one of the most important poets and novelists. In the second half of the century **Anton Chekhov** excelled in short stories and became a leading dramatist. The poets most often associated with the "Silver Age" are Konstantin Balmont, Valery Bryusov, Alexander Blok, **Anna Akhmatova**, Nikolay Gumilyov, Osip Mandelstam, Sergei Yesenin, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Marina Tsvetaeva and Boris Pasternak. This era produced some first-rate novelists and short-story writers, such as Aleksandr Kuprin, Nobel Prize winner Ivan Bunin, Leonid Andreyev, Fyodor Sologub, Yevgeny Zamyatin, Andrei Bely and Maxim Gorky.

German literature comprises those literary texts written in the German language. This includes literature written in Germany, Austria, the German parts of Switzerland and Belgium, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, South Tyrol in Italy and to a lesser extent works of the German diaspora.. The Old High German period is reckoned to run until about the mid-11th century; the most famous works are the *Hildebrandslied* and a heroic epic known as the *Heliand*. Middle High German starts in the 12th century; the key works include *The Ring* and the poems of Oswald von Wolkenstein and Johannes von Tepl. The Baroque period (1600 to 1720) was one of the most fertile times in German literature. Modern literature in German begins with the authors of the Enlightenment (such as Herder). The Sensibility movement of the 1750s–1770s ended with Goethe's best-selling *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774). The Sturm und Drang and Weimar Classicism movements were led by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Friedrich Schiller. Under the Nazi regime, some authors went into exile like : Ernst Bloch, **Bertolt Brecht,** Hermann Broch, Alfred Döblin, Lion Feuchtwanger, Bruno Frank,and others submitted to censorship like Gottfried Benn, Werner Bergengruen, Hans Blüher, Hans Heinrich Ehrler etc.

French literature refers to the body of written works in the French language produced within the geographic and political boundaries of France. From the early modern period onwards, France developed its own

distinctive and many-stranded cultural tradition, which, while never losing sight of the riches of the medieval base and the Judeo-Christian biblical tradition, has come chiefly to be thought of as Mediterranean in its allegiance, rooted in the imitation of Classical models as these were mediated through the great writers and thinkers of Renaissance Italy. The political and philosophical revolutions installed by the end of the 18th century, in the name of science and reason, were accompanied by transformations in the form and content of French writing. The 19th-century French novelists traced the fate of the individualistic sensibilities born of aristocratic and high bourgeois culture as they engaged with the collectivizing forms of a nation moving toward mass culture and the threshold of democracy. Some of the important writers are Marcel Proust, Victor Hugo Jules Verne Albert Camus, **Guy de Maupassant, Simone de Beauvoir** etc.

Spanish literature refers to literature (Spanish poetry, prose, and drama) written in the Spanish language within the territory that presently constitutes Spain. Its development coincides and frequently intersects with that of other literary traditions from regions within the same territory, particularly Catalan literature, Galician, Latin, Jewish, and Arabic literary traditions of the Iberian peninsula. *Cervantes' Don Quixote* is considered the most emblematic work in the canon of Spanish literature and founding classic of Western Literature. Poetry is a strong force within Spain with many examples proving the statement. Some of the important poets are Pedro Salinas, Jorge Guillen, **Federico García Lorca**, Vicente Aleixandre, Dámaso Alonso, Manuel Altolaguirre Some of the famous novelists such as Benjamín Jarnés, Rosa Chacel, Francisco Ayala, and Ramón J. Sender were experimental and academic.

Italian Literature refers to the body of written works produced in the Italian language that had its beginnings in the 13th century. Until that time nearly all literary works composed in Europe during the Middle Ages were written in Latin. Moreover, it was predominantly practical in nature and produced by writers

trained in ecclesiastical schools. Dante Alighieri, one of the greatest of Italian poets, is notable for his *Divine Comedy*. **Petrarch** did classical research and wrote lyric poetry. Boccaccio had the same enthusiastic love of antiquity and the same worship for the new Italian literature as Petrarch Renaissance humanism developed during the 14th and the beginning of the 15th centuries. Humanists sought to create a citizenry able to speak and write with eloquence and clarity. Some of the well-known writers are Niccolò di Bernardo dei Machiavelli. Ludovico Ariosto, Alessandro Manzoni etc.

Polish Literature refers to the literary tradition of Poland. Most Polish literature has been written in the Polish language, though other languages used in Poland over the centuries have also contributed to Polish literary traditions including Latin, Yiddish, Lithuanian, Russian, German and Esperanto.

According to Czesław Miłosz, for centuries Polish literature focused more on drama and poetic self-expression than on fiction. The reasons were manifold but mostly rested on the historical circumstances of the nation. Polish writers typically have had a more profound range of choices to motivate them to write, including past cataclysms of extraordinary violence that swept Poland (as the crossroads of Europe), but also, Poland's collective incongruities demanding an adequate reaction from the writing communities of any given period.

Some of the notable Polish writers are Wisława Szymborska, Czeslaw Milosz, Stanisław Lem, Adam Bernard Mickiewicz etc.

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SECTION I

POETRY

Far From Home

Homer

The Greek poet Homer was born sometime between the 12th and 8th centuries BC, possibly somewhere on the coast of Asia Minor. The Greek epic poet, credited with the enduring epic tales of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* is an enigma. Some scholars believe him to be one man; others think these iconic stories were created by a group. Therefore, since storytelling was an oral tradition, it is believed that Homer compiled the stories, and recited them from memory.

He was also one of the most influential authors in the widest sense, for the two epics provided the basis of Greek education and culture throughout the Classical age and formed the backbone of humane education down to the time of the Roman Empire and the spread of Christianity. The stories have repetitive elements, almost like a chorus or refrain, which suggests a musical element. However, Homer's works are designated as epic rather than lyric poetry, which was originally recited with a lyre in hand, much in the same vein as spoken-word performances.

Much speculation surrounds when Homer was born because of the dearth of real information about him. Guesses at his birth date range from 750 BC all the way

back to 1200 BC, the latter because *The Iliad* encompasses the story of the Trojan War, so some scholars have thought it fit to put the poet and chronicler nearer to the time of that actual event. Once again, the exact location of Homer's birth cannot be pinpointed, although that doesn't stop scholars from trying. It has been identified as Ionia, Smyrna or, at any rate, on the coast of Asia Minor or the island of Chios. But seven cities lay claim to Homer as their native son.

There is some basis for some of these claims, however the dialect that *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* are written in, is considered Asiatic Greek, specifically Ionic. That fact, paired with frequent mention of local phenomena such as strong winds blowing from the northwest from the direction of Thrace, suggests, scholars feel, a familiarity with that region that could only mean Homer came from there.

Virtually every biographical aspect ascribed to Homer is derived entirely from his poems. Homer is thought to have been blind, based solely on a character in *The Odyssey*, a blind poet/minstrel called Demodokos. A long disquisition on how Demodokos was welcomed into a gathering and regaled the audience with music and epic tales of conflict and heroes to much praise has been interpreted as Homer's hint as to what his own life was like. As a result, many busts and statues have been carved of Homer with thick curly hair and beard and sightless eyes.

"Homer and Sophocles saw clearly, felt keenly, and refrained from much," wrote Lane Cooper in *The Greek Genius and Its Influence: Select Essays and Extracts* in 1917, ascribing an emotional life to the writer. But he wasn't the first, nor was he the last. Countless attempts to recreate the life and personality of the author from the content of his epic poems have occupied writers for centuries.

'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey'

Homer's two epic poems have become archetypal road maps in world mythology. The stories provide an important insight into early human society, and illustrate, in some aspects, how little has changed. Even if *The Iliad* itself seems unfamiliar, the story of the siege of Troy, the Trojan War and Paris' kidnapping of Helen, the world's most beautiful woman, are all familiar characters or scenarios. Some scholars insist that Homer was personally familiar with the plain of Troy, due to the geographical accuracy in the poem. *The Odyssey* picks up after the fall of Troy. Further controversy about authorship springs from the differing styles of the two long narrative poems, indicating they were composed a century apart, while other historians claim only decades –the more formal structure of *The Iliad* is attributed to a poet at the height of his powers, whereas the more colloquial, novelistic approach in *The Odyssey* is attributed to an elderly Homer. Homer enriched his descriptive story with the liberal use of simile and metaphor, which has inspired a long path of writers behind him. His structuring device was to start in the middle–*in medias res*– and then fill in the missing information via remembrances.

The Iliad and *The Odyssey* have provided not only seeds but fertilizer for almost all the other arts and sciences in Western culture. For the Greeks, Homer was a godfather of their national culture, chronicling its mythology and collective memory in rich rhythmic tales that have permeated the collective imagination.

The *Odyssey* tends to be plainer in expression and sometimes more drawn-out in the progress of its action, but it presents an even more complex and harmonious structure than the *Iliad*. The main elements are the situation in Ithaca, where Penelope, Odysseus' wife, and their young son, Telemachus, are powerless before her arrogant suitors as they despair of Odysseus' return from the siege of Troy; Telemachus' secret journey to the Peloponnese for news of his father, and his encounters there with Nestor, Menelaus, and Helen; Odysseus' dangerous passage, opposed by the sea-god Poseidon himself, from Calypso's

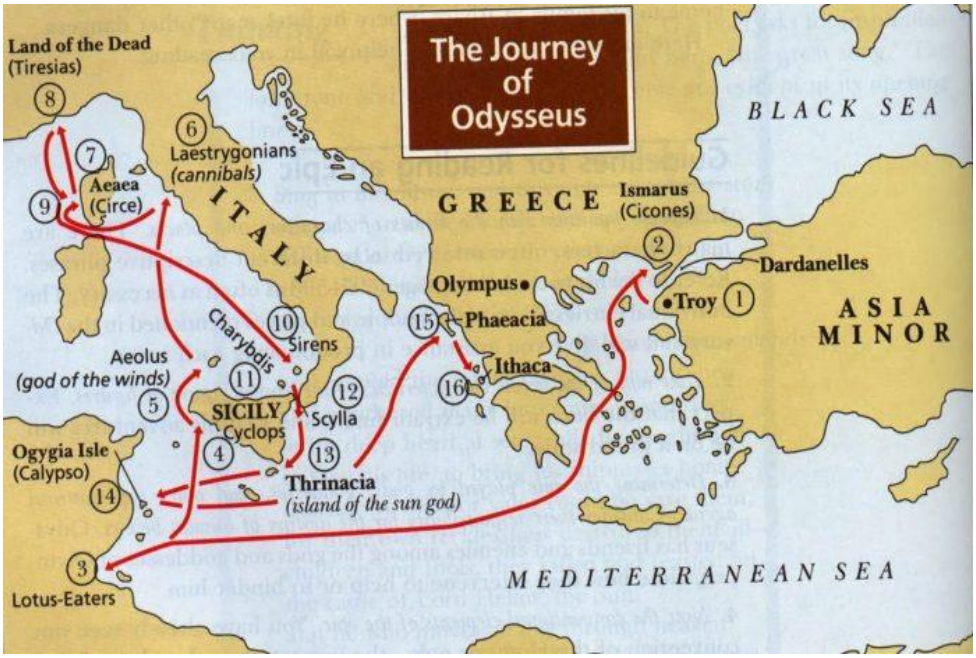
island to that of the Phaeacians, and his narrative there (from book 9 to book 12) of his fantastic adventures after leaving Troy, including his escape from the cave of the Cyclops, Polyphemus; his arrival back in Ithaca, solitary and by night, at the poem's halfway point, followed by his meeting with his protector-goddess Athena, his elaborate disguises, his self-revelation to the faithful swineherd Eumaeus and then to Telemachus, their complicated plan for disposing of the suitors, and its gory fulfilment. Finally comes the recognition by his faithful Penelope, his recounting to her of his adventures, his meeting with his aged father, Laertes, and the restitution, with Athena's help, of stability in his island kingdom of Ithaca.

About the extract from Book IX

Odysseus names himself and begins telling the story of his long travels after leaving Troy. In the beginning of the journey, he and his men sacked the city of the Cicones and carried away many spoils; Odysseus wanted to leave, but his men decided to stay and plunder and feast. Meanwhile the Cicones called their neighbors for backup, and the expanded army killed many Achaeans before the rest escaped. Zeus sent down a hurricane, the men rested for two days, and then a North wind sent the ships in the wrong direction. The story of the Cicones is a parable about moderation. If the men had restrained themselves, they could have escaped. Instead, their greed led to many deaths. After nine days, the ships reached the land of the Lotus Eaters. There, the crewmen that ate the fruit of lotus lost all desire to return and all memory of home – they only wanted to stay and eat lotus. But Odysseus forced them to return to the ships, tied them to the masts, and told the remaining men to set sail.

This book and the next three are largely told in flashback, as Odysseus fills in the details of his adventures over the past 10 years. His retelling reveals mistakes that he made, as well as the courageous or cunning actions he took. Odysseus is fairly direct in his recitation.

Even though Odysseus is initially hesitant in revealing his identity to Alcinous and the Phaeacians, his reputation as a war hero serves him well in this world. At this point Odysseus's wanderings seem to be patterned on the typical hero's journey: here he recounts the many trials he encountered that brought him the necessary wisdom and insight he needed to truly become a great leader. The episode with the Lotus-eaters throws light on a recurring theme in *The Odyssey*: temptation. Just as Odysseus is tempted by the allure of Calypso, so are his men tempted by the lure of forgetting that comes with ingesting the lotus. Odysseus is ultimately able to break free of his temptation and is he able to convince his men to leave before their ambition and drive have dried up and been forgotten.

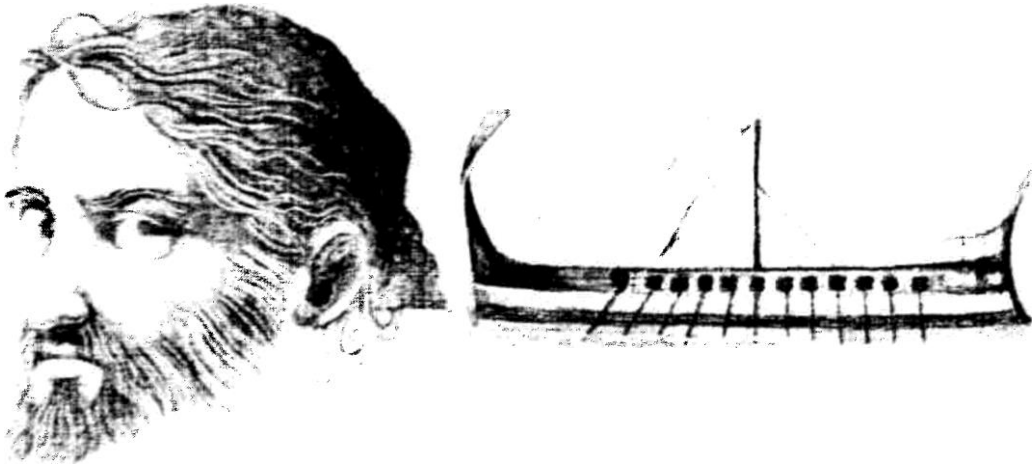


Book Nine

Ismarus, The Lotus Eaters, and The Cyclops

Odysseus is found by the daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phaeacians. That evening he is a guest in the court (Books 6-8).To the ancient people of Greece and Asia Minor, all guests were God sent. They had to be treated with great courtesy before they could be asked to identify themselves and state their

business. That night, at the banquet, the stranger who was washed up on the beach is seated in the guest's place of honour. A minstrel, or singer, is called, and the mystery guest gives him a gift and requests a song about Troy. Odysseus weeps as the minstrel's song reminds him of all his companions, who will never see their homes again. Now Odysseus is asked by the king to identify himself. It is here that he begins the story of his journey.



The Odyssey
Homer
Translated by Robert Fitzgerald

Far From Home

Odysseus tells the story of his adventures thus far.

"I am Laertes' son, Odysseus.
Men hold me
formidable for guile in peace and war:
this fame has gone abroad to the sky's rim.
My home is on the peaked sea-mark of Ithaca"
'under Mount Neion's wind-blown robe of leaves,
in sight of other islands - Dulichium,

Same, wooded Zacynthus - Ithaca
being most lofty in that coastal sea,
and northwest, while the rest lie east and south.
A rocky isle, but good for a boy's training;
I shall not see on earth a place dearer,
though I have been detained long by Calypso,
loveliest among goddesses, who held me
in her smooth caves, to be her heart's delight,
as Circe of Aeaea, the enchantress, desired me,
and detained me in her hall.
But in my heart, I never gave consent.
Where shall a man find sweetness to surpass
his own home and his parents? In far lands
he shall not, though he finds a house of gold.
What of my sailing, then, from Troy?
What of those years
of rough adventure, weathered under Zeus?
The wind that carried west from Ilion
brought me to Ismarus, on the far shore,
a strongpoint on the coast of the Cicones.
I stormed that place and killed the men who fought.
Plunder we took, and we enslaved the women,
to make division, equal shares to all –
but on the spot, I told them: 'Back, and quickly!
Out to sea again!' My men were mutinous,
fools, on stores of wine. Sheep after sheep

they butchered by the surf, and shambling cattle,
feasting - while fugitives went inland, running
to call to arms the main force of Cicones.
This was an army, trained to fight on horseback
or, where the ground required, on foot. They came
with dawn over that terrain like the leaves
and blades of spring. So, doom appeared to us,
dark word of Zeus for us, our evil days.
My men stood up and made a fight of it –
backed on the ships, with lances kept in play,
from bright morning through the blaze of noon
holding our beach, although so far outnumbered;
but when the sun passed toward unyoking time,
then the Achaeans, "One by one, gave way.
Six benches were left empty in every ship
that evening when we pulled away from death.
And this new grief we bore with us to sea:
our precious lives we had, but not our friends.
No ship made sail next day until some shipmate
had raised a cry, three times, for each poor ghost
unfleshed by the Cicones on that field.

The Lotus-Eaters

Now Zeus the lord of cloud roused in the north
a storm against the ships, and driving veils
of squall moved down like night on land and sea.
The bows went plunging at the gust; sails
cracked and lashed out strips in the big wind.

We saw death in that fury, dropped the yards,
unshipped the oars, and pulled for the nearest lee
then two long days and nights we 1ay offshore
worn out and sick at heart, tasting our grief,
until a third Dawn came with ringlets shining.
Then we put up our masts, hauled sail, and rested,
letting the steersmen and the breeze take over.
I might have made it safely home, that time,
but as I came round Malea the current
took me out to sea, and from the north
fresh gale drove me on, past Cythera.

Nine days I drifted on the teeming sea
before dangerous high winds. Upon the tenth
we came to the coastline of the Lotus-Eaters,
who live upon that flower. We landed there
to take on water. All ships' companies
mustered alongside for the midday meal.
Then I sent out two picked men and a runner
to learn what race of men that land sustained.
They fell in, soon enough, with Lotus-Eaters
who showed no will to do us harm, only?
offering the sweet Lotus to our friends—
but those who ate this honeyed plant, the Lotus,
never cared to report, nor to return:
they longed to stay forever, browsing on
that native bloom, forgetful of their homeland.
I drove them, all three wailing, to the ships,
tied them down under their rowing benches,

and called the rest: ‘All hands aboard;
come, clear the beach and no one taste
the Lotus, or you lose your hope of home.’
Filing in to their places by the rowlocks
my oarsmen dipped their long oars in the surf
and we moved out again on our seafaring……

Glossary:

1.Polyphemus: is the one-eyed giant son of Poseidon and Thoosa in Greek mythology, one of the Cyclopes

2.Alcinous: Alcinous, in Greek mythology, king of the Phaeacians (on the legendary island of Scheria, and grandson of the god Poseidon

3.**Mount Neion**: The harbour of Phorcys, the town and palace of Odysseus

4.**Dulichium**: was a place noted by numerous ancient writers that was either a city on, or an island off, the Ionian Sea coast of Acarnania, Greece.

5.Ithaca: Island off the coast of Greece

6.Calypso: Calypso, in Greek mythology, the daughter of the Titan Atlas, a nymph of the mythical island of Ogygia. In Homer's Odyssey she entertained the Greek hero Odysseus for seven years, but she could not overcome his longing for home even by promising him immortality.

7.**Aeaean Circe:** *Aeaea*, was a mythological island said to be the home of the goddess-sorceress *Circe*.

8.Achaeans: inhabitants of Achaea

9. Ilion: Troy

10. Zeus: (zoos) Zeus is **the god of the sky** in ancient Greek mythology. As the chief Greek deity, Zeus is considered the ruler, protector, and father of all gods and humans.

11.Malea, Cythera: where Odysseus says that he met storms off Cape *Malea* near the island of *Cythera*

12. ***Le:*** a place sheltered from the sea

Suggested Questions:

1. In what way does the character of Odysseus develop in the course of the narrative?

2. Elaborate on the theme of temptation in the extract.

3. Write a note on Odysseus' travels and adventures.

4. What is Odysseus' notion of home and family?

"If no love is, O God, what fele I so?"

Petrarch (1304-1374)

Francesco Petrarca, whose anglicized name is Petrarch, was born on July 20, 1304, in Arezzo, Tuscany (now Italy). He was the son of Ser Petracco and his wife Eletta Canigiani. His given name was *Francesco Petracco*, which was Latinized to *Petrarca.* Dante Alighieri was a friend of his father.

Petrarch spent his early childhood in the village of Incisa, near Florence. He also spent much of his early life at Avignon and nearby Carpentras, where his family moved to follow Pope Clement V, who moved there in 1309 to begin the Avignon Papacy. Petrarch studied law at the University of Montpellier (1316–20) and Bologna (1320–23) with a lifelong friend and schoolmate called Guido Sette. As his father was in the legal profession (a notary), he insisted that Petrarch and his brother also study law. Petrarch, however, was primarily interested in writing and considered these seven years wasted.

Petrarch decided to abandon the field, against his father's wishes, to begin studying the classics and begin a religious life. His passion was for literature, particularly that of ancient Greece and Rome. After his father's death in 1326, he took minor ecclesiastical orders and began serving under Cardinal Colonna,

which allowed him to travel and write freely. His interest in Latin literature and poetry grew significantly during this time period, and he was later able to share his love for the humanities with Giovanni Boccaccio, a fellow poet and humanist. Traveling as a diplomatic envoy for the Church, he was also able to search for forgotten classical texts. Throughout his lifetime, Petrarch amassed an impressive collection of such texts, which he later bequeathed to Venice in exchange for a house, which he sought as a refuge from the plague. Petrarch was a devoted classical scholar and was considered as the "Father of Humanism," a philosophy that helped spark the Renaissance. As Petrarch learned more about the classical period, he began to venerate that era and rail against the limitations of his own time. Though he felt that he lived "amid varied and confusing storms," Petrarch believed that humanity could once more reach the heights of past accomplishments. The doctrine he espoused became known as humanism, and formed a bridge from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance.

Petrarch's other passion was writing. His first pieces were poems that he composed after the death of his mother. He would go on to write sonnets, letters, histories and more.

In 1327, Petrarch attended a mass in Avignon and saw Laura de Noves, for the first time. Laura, though her true identity had yet to be confirmed, became the primary subject of his poetry for the rest of his life. Laura may have been , the wife of Count Hugues de Sade (an ancestor of the Marquis de Sade). There is little definite information in Petrarch's work concerning Laura, except that she is lovely to look at, fair-haired, with a modest, dignified bearing. Laura and Petrarch had little or no personal contact. According to his "Secretum", she refused him because she was already married. He channelled his feelings into love poems that were exclamatory rather than persuasive, and wrote prose that showed his contempt for men who pursue women. Petrarch's most well-known vernacular compositions were lyrical poems about Laura which he wrote even after her death,in the Black Death of 1348. When he collected 366 of his vernacular poems

in his *Rerum vulgarium fragment* — also known as *Rime Sparse* ("Scattered Rhymes") and as *Petrarch's canzoniere* ("Petrarch's songbook") — his love for Laura was one of the main themes.

Laura De Noves

In 1341,he was crowned Rome's poet laureate. The work Petrarch held in highest regard was his Latin composition *Africa*, an epic poem about the Second Punic War. His vernacular poems achieved great renown and were used later to create the modern Italian language.Influenced by his interest in the classics, many of Petrarch's poems are highly allegorical and are constructed using Italian forms such as *terza rima*, *ballate*, *sestine* and *canzoni*. His poems investigate the connection between love and chastity in the foreground of a political landscape, though many of them are also driven by emotion and sentimentality. Critic Robert Stanley Martin writes that Petrarch "reimagined the conventions of love poetry in the most profound way: love for the idealized lady was the path towards learning how to properly love God . . . His work has a grace that, among his predecessors, is second only to Dante's, and it often shows a greater refinement, particularly in its development of conceits. Petrarch will often begin with a single trope and develop it into a conceit that defines the entire sonnet."

Petrarch spent the later part of his life journeying through northern Italy as an international scholar and poet-diplomat. His career in the Church did not allow

him to marry, but he is believed to have fathered two children by a woman or women unknown to posterity. A son, Giovanni, was born in 1337, and a daughter, Francesca, was born in 1343. He later legitimized both. Petrarch passed away just before his 70th birthday, in Arquà (near Padua), Carrara, which is now part of Italy. After retiring to work in his study on July 18, 1374, Petrarch died during the night. His body was discovered the following morning.

As one of the world's first classical scholars, Petrarch unearthed vast stores of knowledge in the lost texts he discovered, while his philosophy of humanism helped foment the intellectual growth and accomplishments of the Renaissance. Petrarch's legacy also includes his poems, sonnets and other writing. His vernacular writing was immortalized when it was used — alongside the works of Dante Alighieri and Giovanni Boccaccio — as the foundation for the modern Italian language.

About the Poem:

These lines were translated from Italian into Middle English by Geoffrey Chaucer. The idea is included as a part of one of his long poems, *Troilus and Criseyde*, which itself was not a new story. What Chaucer offered was a re-interpretation of Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato* which tells largely the same story. Troilus himself is a figure out of the Trojan War legend, and was the son of King Priam. The poetic extract of *Troilus and Criseyde* is a translation and expansion of one of Petrarch's sonnets, from *Il Filostrato.* Chaucer included this passage as a song of Troilus, wherein he falls further in love with Criseyde. It is fairly clear that Chaucer was working the tale into the tradition of courtly romance, the genre to which it may be said to belong.

The text itself, which despite many archaic wordings and spellings, remains quite readable and even more relevant. It's a monologue about the pangs of love, and how it manifests itself so really within us. Troilus begins by wondering, "If there is no love, God, what do I feel?" Moving on with the assumption that it is love,

he wants to know, "what thing and which" is love? Love is thought of as positive, but Troilus feels pain from it. "If love is good, then from where comes my woe? If it's wicked, why do I find its torments savory, why do I thirst for it?" It's the question we all ask: "Why does love hurt if it's good, why do I want it so badly, why can I not live without it?"

Further wondering where love comes from, Troilus wonders if it comes from within his own brain. But if it comes from himself, then why does he wail and feel plaintive? The whole poem is loaded with images of pleasure and pain in opposition, both caused by love. It's like an irreconcilable quarrel within, seemingly happening without his permission. But surely, he must be letting himself fall in love, he thinks! "How may you (love) be in me in such quantity but with my consent?" Assuming he is allowing himself to fall in love, Troilus then thinks he has no right to complain! "If I consent, I wrongfully complain, I think!" He feels passed to and fro, as if a boat caught between two winds. He feels as if he's dying of cold in the heat, or dying of heat in the cold.

The best description of love in the poem is this particular line, "Allas! what is this wonder maladie?" which translated, reads, "Alas! What is this wondrous malady?" Love surely is a wondrous malady. It afflicts us all with tremendous pain, wonderful pleasures, leaves us constantly thirsting for it, and yet it happens despite our wishes, and we have no choice but to allow it. It's an ancient sentiment, and one expressed in a refined, clear manner here.

The three continuous rhetorical queries at the beginning of Sonnet 102 specify that Troilus cannot recognize whether he is undergoing love or not. He wonders what love is and why it would provoke woe in his life if it is a worthy sentiment. The poet acknowledges that he senses that he is circumnavigating a boat in a profound sea amidst robust winds. The misperception that he is undergoing is comparable to a malady that equivocates him between coldness and hotness.

If no love is, O God, what fele I so?

If no love is, O God, what fele I so?
And if love is, what thing and which is he
If love be good, from whennes cometh my woo?
If it be wikke, a wonder thynketh me,
When every torment and adversite
That cometh of hym, may to me savory thinke
For ay thurst I, the more that ich it drynke.
And if that at myn owen lust I brenne,
From whennes cometh my waillynge
and my pleynte?
If harm agree me, where to pleyne I thenne?
I noot, ne whi unwery that I feynte.
O quike deth, O swete harm so queynte,
How may of the in me swich quantite,
But if that I consente that it be?

And if that I consente, I wrongfully
Compleyne, iwis. Thus, possed to and fro,
Al sterelees withinne a boot am I
Amydde the see, betwixen wyndes two,
That in contrarie stonden evere mo.
Allas! what is this wondre maladie?
For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.

From *Troilus and Criseyde*

Glossary:

1.Woe: Sorrow

2.Quaint: Strange

3.Bewail: Sadness

4.Malady: Disease

Suggested Questions:

1.Analyse Petrarch's concept of love in the poem.

2.Write a note on the 'wondrous maladie' of the poet.

3.Comment on how Petrarch uses various literary devices and imagery to develop the theme of love in the poem.

I Am Not One of Those Who Left the Land

Anna Akhmatova (1889 - 1996)

Increasingly recognized as one of the greatest poets of the twentieth century, Anna Akhmatova was born Anya Gorenko in Odessa, Russia, the daughter of a well-to-do aristocratic officer in the Russian merchant marine. Much of her childhood was spent in Tsarskoe Selo (now Pushkin), near St. Petersburg, to which she has paid fond tribute in her poetry. Shortly after beginning the study of law at Kiev College for Women in 1907, Akhmatova returned to St. Petersburg to study literature. In April 1910, she married the upcoming Russian poet and theorist Nikolai Gumilev and visited Paris, met the painter Modigliani, and absorbed the excitement of turn-of-the-century Paris, where Braque, Picasso, and Stravinsky, among others, were breaking upon the cultural scene.

Akhmatova's first collection of poetry, *Evening,* which consisted primarily of love poems, appeared in 1912. After the Revolution, Akhmatova and Gumilev divorced, and in 1918 she married Vladimir Shileiko, an Orientalist and minor poet. In 1921, Gumiley was executed for taking part in an anti- Bolshevik

conspiracy; and in the next year Akhmatova published *Anno Domini* MCMXXI, which cast a foreboding tone as the poet recorded the devastation of the civil war and the deterioration of politics and human rights after the Revolution.

During 1922 to 1940, whatever little poetry Akhmatova wrote was mostly banned by the government. She then turned to literary criticism, publishing studies of Pushkin in the mid-1930s. In 1935, her third husband, Nikolai Punin, and her only child, Lev Gumilev, were arrested in the first wave of purges of the Stalinist regime of terror in which as many as 40 million Russians were arrested, exiled or executed, following the assassination of Stalin's deputy, Sergei Kirov. Akhmatova petitioned Stalin successfully to have both of them released, but both were arrested again. Punin died in a Siberian camp in 1953 after being arrested in 1949; her son, rearrested in the same year, remained in the prison until 1956. Throughout these terrible years, Akhmatova, unlike many of her counterparts in the intellectual world, stubbornly refused to leave her motherland. With the death of Stalin in 1953, Akhmatova was restored to her rightful place as a publicly honoured poet. In her last years she was able to publish her work finally with a minimal degree of censorship. and was elected to the presidium of the Writer's Union.

Akhmatova died in 1966, and in the years since her death, her reputation and stature has increased each year. Many contemporary poets look to her work for inspiration and instruction.

About the Poem:

“I Am Not One of Those Who Left the Land” speaks of her decision to remain in Russia, despite great hardship, loss, and deprivation, at a time when many artists, writers, and intellectuals fled the country. “I Am Not One of Those Who Left the Land” appeared in the volume *Anno Domini* MCMXXI, published in 1922. It was Akhmatova's last book till she resumed writing after a span of fourteen years. The poem speaks to the pride Akhmatova feels for herself and for those who have

chosen to endure the difficult years in Russia. Those who have left the land to live a life of exile elicit her pity and anger.

I'm not one of those who left their land

I'm not one of those who left their land
To the mercy of the enemy.
I was deaf to their gross flattery.
I won't grant them my songs.

But to me the exile's always wretched,
Like a convict, or a patient.
Wanderer your road is dark,
And the bread of strangers tastes bitter.

But in the blinding smoke, the flames,
Destroying the remains of youth,
We have refused to evade
A single blow against ourselves.

And we know that in the final reckoning,
Each hour will stand justified…
No people on earth shed fewer tears,
Are simpler, or more filled with pride.

Glossary:

1.Gross: Very unpleasant; repulsive.

2.Wretched: a very unhappy or unfortunate state.

3.Convict: guilty of a criminal offence by the verdict of a jury

4.Evade: escape or avoid something

5.**Reckoning**: (here) Settle accounts with someone.

6.Justified: Declared or made righteous

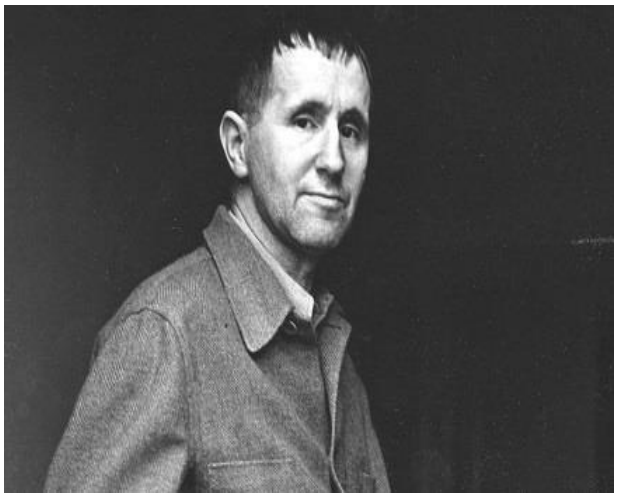
Suggested Questions:

1.How does the poem bring Akhmatova's conviction and solidarity towards her nation?

2.Akhmatova explores the role of the poet as the voice of truth. Substantiate.

3. Discuss the role of poetry as a weapon of resistance.

To Posterity



Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)

Eugen Berthold Friedrich Brecht was born on Feb 10, 1898 in Augsburg, Bavaria**.** He was a German poet, play wright, art theorist, and one of the leading literary figures of Europe in the first half of the 20th century. His father was a catholic and his mother a protestant and his upbringing was comfortably middle class with strong religious influences that can be seen throughout his work. Brecht knew the Bible too well and it is this familiarity that impacted his writings.

He started writing poetry when he was a student. From his early years he showed a strong rebellious spirit. He joined the lemming-like exodus of young men who rushed to join the Army in 1914. He was sixteen when Germany went to war and when conscription was imminent, he took up an additional medical course at Munich, during 1917 – 21, and served in an army hospital (1918). The two world wars directly affected his life and works. After serving in the military during World War I, he abandoned his medical studies to pursue writing and theater. Bertolt was long known to the English-speaking world chiefly as a dramatist, a dramatic theorist and as the creator of "epic theatre." Brecht's first work was published in 1914. The satirical anti-war ballad *Legend of the Dead Soldier* in 1918 brought him fame. His early plays – *Baal* (1918, published in 1922, *Drums*

in the Night (1922), and *In the Jungle of the Cities* (1921-24, published 1927) - combine satirical polemics with expressionism. His writing career spanning the next 3 decades bore fruit. He not only produced several outstanding plays like *Mother Courage and her Children*, *Galileo and The Caucasian Chalk Circle* but also came up with a new type of drama which came to be called as the epic theatre. His language is vivid without being deliberately poetic, symbolical without being over literary. In late 1920s Brecht came under the influence of Marxism and much of his writing after that presents the Marxist interpretation of society. In 1933, when Hitler came to power, Brecht's work was eclipsed by the rise of Nazi rule in Germany. He was forced to flee Germany; he began a 14-year exile, moving from Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden and Finland to the United States, where he was active in émigré circles and returned to Germany only in 1947, where he was soon acclaimed as the intellectual hero of the state.

Brecht wrote a wide variety of poems including, poems that he set to music and performed, songs and poems that he wrote for his plays, personal poems recording anecdotes and thoughts, and political poems. His poetry was a communicative, spoken art which was narrative rather than lyrical. He despised the notion of poetry as a hallowed art voicing "spirituality" and the unique "individual" and wrote verse that is mostly political or at least has a social dimension, often re-working poetic themes and forms of the past.

In addition to theater, Brechtian theories and techniques have exerted considerable sway over certain strands of film theory and cinematic practice; Brecht's influence can be seen in the films of Jean-Luc Godard, Lindsay Anderson, Rainer Werner Fassbinder etc. His poetry shows us his unique personal style and originality. Even after embracing Marxism in the late 1920's he remained remarkably independent as a writer. His verse is characterized by an extraordinary mixture of everyday language, concrete detail and suggestive

rhythm. Brecht died on August 14, 1956 of a heart attack at the age of 58 He is buried in the Dorotheenstadtischer cemetery on Chausseestrabe in the Mitte neighborhood of Berlin, overlooking the home he shared with Helene Weigel.

About the Poem:

Brecht was on the Nazis' hate list right from the mid-1920s and his poems infuriated Hitler's men. Right after Hitler's rise to power, Brecht went into exile, moving restlessly over western and northern Europe, living in Denmark, Sweden and Finland before moving to the US in 1941 where he lived through the war years. He eventually returned to what by then had become East Germany and settled down in Berlin

The poem *To Posterity* probably dates back to 1939. Though the poem has strong political implications and is filled with gloom it is one of the most outstanding poems of Brecht set during the period of his exile. This poem from Brecht's exile does not just offer a blueprint for action but also offers a record of his tortured conscience. Brecht's cries of despair over how little he did to fight Nazi Germany is a reminder to all of us who enjoy a certain amount of comfort and contentment as the world around us burns. Brecht, felt miserable as he watched his country falling into ruin and friends perish far from his help, it was distance — the real, geographic distance that plagued him with an overwhelming sense of guilt.

He questions himself as to how he can find internal peace in exile when his friends and loved ones live in hunger and threat against their lives.

Brecht is filled with apprehension and regrets, as to, what might be the opinion of the posterity. At the end Brecht is confident of the victory over fascism and the dawn of a new era, in which men would stand for one another.

To Posterity

1.

Indeed, I live in the dark ages!
A guileless word is an absurdity. A smooth
forehead betokens
A hard heart. He who laughs
Has not yet heard
The terrible tidings.

Ah, what an age it is
When to speak of trees is almost a crime
For it is a kind of silence about injustice!
And he who walks calmly across the street,
Is he not out of reach of his friends
In trouble?

It is true: I earn my living
But, believe me, it is only an accident.
Nothing that I do entitles me to eat my fill.
By chance I was spared. (If my luck leaves
me
I am lost.)

They tell me: eat and drink. Be glad you
have it!
But how can I eat and drink
When my food is snatched from the hungry
And my glass of water belongs to the

thirsty?
And yet I eat and drink.

I would gladly be wise.
The old books tell us what wisdom is:
Avoid the strife of the world
Live out your little time
Fearing no one
Using no violence
Returning good for evil
Not fulfillment of desire but forgetfulness
Passes for wisdom.
I can do none of this:
Indeed I live in the dark ages!

2.

I came to the cities in a time of disorder
When hunger ruled.
I came among men in a time of uprising
And I revolted with them.
So the time passed away
Which on earth was given me.

I ate my food between massacres.
The shadow of murder lay upon my sleep.
And when I loved, I loved with indifference.
I looked upon nature with impatience.

So the time passed away
Which on earth was given me.

In my time streets led to the quicksand.
Speech betrayed me to the slaughterer.
There was little I could do. But without me
The rulers would have been more secure.
This was my hope.
So the time passed away
Which on earth was given me.
3.

You, who shall emerge from the flood
In which we are sinking,
Think -
When you speak of our weaknesses,
Also of the dark time
That brought them forth.

For we went, changing our country more
often than our shoes.
In the class war, despairing
When there was only injustice and no
resistance.

For we knew only too well:
Even the hatred of squalor
Makes the brow grow stern.
Even anger against injustice

Makes the voice grow harsh. Alas, we
Who wished to lay the foundations of
kindness
Could not ourselves be kind.

But you, when at last it comes to pass
That man can help his fellow man,
Do no judge us
Too harshly.

Translated by H. R. Hays

Glossary:

1. Posterity: future generation
2.Dark age: a period which was marked by warfare
3.Guileless: innocent and without deception
4.Absurdity: being stupid and unreasonable
5.Betokens: a warning or indication of a future event
6.Tidings: information
7.Entitles: claiming something
8.Snatched: seize quickly
9.Revolted: a movement or expression of vigorous dissent
10.Massacres: indiscriminate and brutal slaughter of many people
11.Quicksand: a bad or dangerous situation from which it is hard to escape
1**2.Secure:** protected from danger or harm
13.Emerge: recover from or survive a difficult situation
14.Sinking: lose hope
15.Despairing: hopeless, desperate
16.Squalor: unpleasant

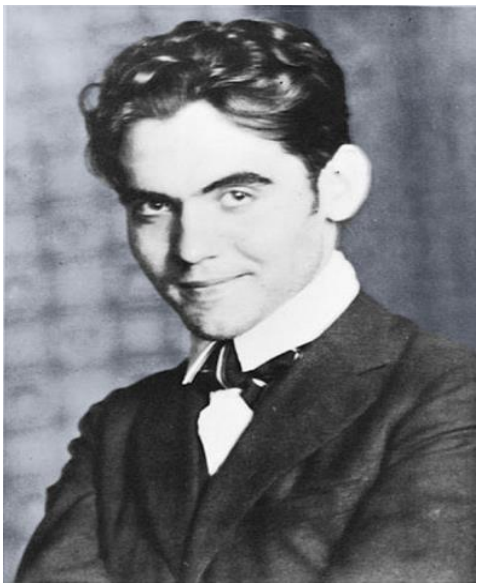
Suggested Questions:

1.What feelings confronted Brecht when he was in exile?

2. *To Posterity* reminds us of Brecht's helplessness against the atrocities of the fascist regime. Substantiate.

3. What were the conditions that led Brecht to flee his country?

Sonnet Of the Sweet Complaint



Federico Garcia Lorca
((1898 - 1936)

Federico del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús García Lorca known as Federico García Lorca was a Spanish poet, playwright, and theatre director. His father, Federico García Rodríguez, was a prosperous landowner with a farm in the fertile *vega* (valley) near Granada and a comfortable villa in the heart of the city and his mother, Vicenta Lorca Romero, was a teacher. Lorca grew up in rural Andalusia. At the age 10 he moved with his family to Granada, where he attended a private, secular institute in addition to a Catholic public school. Federico García Lorca enrolled in the University of Granada but was a hapless student best known for his extraordinary talents as a pianist. Throughout his adolescence, he felt a deeper affinity for music than for literature. In 1915, after graduating from secondary school, García Lorca attended the University of Granada, his studies included law, literature, and composition. During 1916 and 1917, García Lorca traveled throughout Castile, Leon, and Galicia, in northern Spain, with a professor of his university, who also encouraged him to write his

first book, *Impresiones y paisajes* (*Impressions and Landscapes*—printed at his father's expense in 1918).

He achieved international recognition as an emblematic member of an influential group of poets who introduced the tenets of European movements, such as symbolism, futurism, and surrealism into Spanish literature that arose in Spanish literary circles between 1923 and 1927. Lorca travelled within 1919–20, at Sierra's invitation, wrote and staged his first play, *The Butterfly's Evil Spell.* In the early 1920s, Lorca began experimenting with short, elliptical verse forms inspired by Spanish folk song, Japanese haiku, and contemporary avant-garde poetics. He wrote a prodigious series of brief poems arranged in thematic "suites".

Lorca's two most successful poetry collections were *Canciones* (*Songs*), published in 1927, and *Romancero gitano* (*the Gypsy Ballads*), published in 1928.His first experiments in prose, poetry, and drama reveal an intense spiritual and sexual malaise along with an adolescent devotion to Shakespeare, Goethe, the Spanish poet Antonio Machado, and the Nicaraguan poet Ruben Dario. In the 1930s, Lorca spent much of his time working on plays, including a folk drama trilogy *Bodas de Sangre (Blood Wedding)* in 1933, *Yerma* in 1934, and *La Casa de Bernarda Alba (The House of Bernarda Alba)* in 1936.

Lorca was at work on *Aurelia* and *Bernarda Alba* in the summer of 1936 when the Spanish Civil War broke out. On August 16, he was arrested in Granada by Nationalist forces, who abhorred his homosexuality and his liberal views, and imprisoned him without a trial. On the night of August 18 or 19 (the precise date has never been verified), he was driven to a remote hillside outside town and shot. In 1986 the Spanish government marked the 50th anniversary of Lorca's death by erecting a monument on the site of his murder. The gesture bears witness to Lorca's stature as the most important Spanish poet and playwright of the 20th century, a man whose work continues to influence writers and artists throughout

the world and to speak to readers everywhere of all that is most central to the human condition.

About the Poem:

"Sonnet of The Sweet Complaint" was originally included in the collection, *Sonetos del amor oscuro, (*Sonnets of Dark Love), the final collection of Lorca. *Th*e poem is addressed to a young man, with whom the poet had a secret affair, whose identity remained unknown until 2012, later it was identified to be the then nineteen-year-old Juan Ramirez de Lucas. The Sweet Complaint' is written about a love affair the poet had with a young man late in life. The only "complaint" the speaker has (as the title references) is that there is still a fear inside him that his love will end.

The first two quatrains of the poem recount the evocative love experienced between the speaker and the listener. The speaker invincibly conveys that no matter what happens to him, he will never lose the "marvel" of his listeners eyes. His lover is so important to him, that he firmly proclaims his love and dedicates his love as a "dog" to his "master.". The poet recounts that he had, and still has fear of living his life and ending up without his companion. The trunk depicted as being solid immovable by the wind or the sea is the representation of a life of solitude from which one cannot be pulled out. The second half of the poem which is composed of a sestet which splits into two tercets and is being addressed to the listener as a "hidden treasure" The speaker is worried about losing what he has because he imagines himself as a tree without adornments on a solitary shore. He perceives himself and his lover as a tree and a river.

Sonnet of the Sweet Complaint

Never let me lose the marvel
of your statue-like eyes, or the accent

the solitary rose of your breath
places on my cheek at night.

I am afraid of being, on this shore,
a branchless trunk, and what I most regret
is having no flower, pulp, or clay
for the worm of my despair.

If you are my hidden treasure,
if you are my cross, my dampened pain,
if I am a dog, and you alone my master,

never let me lose what I have gained,
and adorn the branches of your river
with leaves of my estranged Autumn.

Translated by John K. Walsh and Francisco Aragon.

Glossary:

1.Marvel: wonderful, astonishing

2.**Accent**: emphasize

3.**Solitary**: being alone, saddened by isolation

4.**Pulp**: soft and spongy

5.**Treasure**: valuable person

6.Dampened: diminish

7.**Adorn**: add beauty to

8.Estranged: no longer close

Suggested Questions:

1. Trace the speaker's longingness for his lover.
2. How does the poet immortalize his love for his companion?

Torture

Wislawa Szymborska
(1923 – 2012)

Maria Wisława Anna Szymborska, a Polish poet, essayist, translator and recipient of the 1996 Noble Prize in Literature was born in Prowent, Poland (present-day Bnin, Kórnik, Poland).She was the daughter of Wincenty and Anna Szymborski. When she was eight, the family moved to Kraków, where she lived and worked until her death in early 2012.She continued her education in underground classes when World War II broke out in 1939. She worked as a railroad employee and managed to avoid being deported to Germany as a forced labourer. It was during this time that her career as an artist began. She started illustrating for an English-language book. She also began writing stories and poems.

Szymborska took up studies in Polish language and literature before switching to sociology at the Jagiellonian University in Kraków in 1945.She soon became involved in the local writing scene there and met Czesław Milosz who influenced her immensely. She published her first poem Szukam słowa (Looking for a word) in the daily paper Dziennik Polski in 1945 and then there was no looking back . She kept writing, her poems continued to be published in various newspapers and periodicals

for a number of years. In 1948 she quit her studies without a degree, due to her poor financial circumstances; the same year, she married poet Adam Włodek, whom she divorced in 1954.

Szymborska's reputation in Poland had been steadily growing ever since her third volume, Wolanie do Yeti(Calling Out to Yeti)appeared in 1957. As early as 1957, she befriended Jerzy Giedroyc, the editor of the influential Paris-based emigré journal Kultura, to which she also contributed. In 1964, she opposed a Communist-backed protest against independent intellectuals, demanding freedom of speech.

She was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. To most readers outside Poland, Szymborska's Nobel Prize came as a surprise. The Swedish Academy praised the Polish poet and called her the "Mozart of poetry" and said, "She combined elegance to language with the fury of Beethoven." As a result, she gained popularity throughout the world. Her works have been translated into numerous languages. Szymborska died on 1 February, 2012 in Krakow, at the age of 88. The then Foreign Minister Radek Sikorski described her death as an "irreparable loss to Poland's culture".

Szymborska tackled difficult subjects like hatred, love, the persistence of memory, the charms of life as well as its ravages in the simplest language. Her poems affirm what she calls "The joy of writing, The power of preserving, Revenge of a mortal hand."

About the Poem:

Prior to understanding Wislawa Szymborska's ,*"Torture"* her heart wrenching words furnish a context to her thoughts on torture. **"**I wouldn't want what happened to me to happen to anybody, because it is something that destroys the spirit and the soul, totally, there is no comparison. To talk about it is hard for me because it all comes back at once, all that terror, that horror."

"It's over 25 years now since I was arrested and tortured for treating a wounded revolutionary, but the terror and the utter desolation of weeks in solitary confinement,

are still with me. I believe it is the same for all of us, the men and women who have been imprisoned, stripped naked, hurt and humiliated. We are left with only a thin veneer over our pain, and the outraged question: how could one human being do this to another, and how could others stand by and watch it happen? What is that happens in the human heart to block the natural flow of compassion that is an intrinsic part of us?" Her horrifying experience led to the writing of this poem.

From time immemorial the human body has absolutely remained the same. The mortal body ought to eat, breathe and sleep. If it lacks any one of the aspects the body begins to decay. The mortal body is covered with a thin epidermal layer and blood right underneath, which shows how delicate the human body is. Though the bones tend to be strong yet breakable. The poet emphasises that the attitude of man has not changed because the human body has never evolved into something different. Though man has advanced in all walks of life, the practice of torture has not changed. The existence of torturous practices to hurt others indicate that man will always be the same.

Wislawa continues to state that as long as the human body does not evolve, nothing will ever change. It is the same before Rome came into existence, before and after the advent of Christ. Man remains sadistic in nature. But nature has changed -forests, coast lines, deserts, glaciers, landscape and the boundaries demarcating them have changed with time. The art of war fare has changed from arrows and spheres, to bullets and bombs, giving way now to chemical weapons and biological warfare. The values, ideals and norms of the society we live in has changed. But innocent soldiers are still tortured, as prisoners of war. Wislawa finally repeats that nothing has changed, and that echoes throughout the poem. We believe and imagine that everything has changed but nothing has absolutely changed. Torturous practices remain….the same.

Torture

Nothing has changed.
The body is susceptible to pain,
it must eat and breathe air and sleep,
it has thin skin and blood right underneath,
an adequate stock of teeth and nails,
its bones are breakable, its joints are stretchable.
In tortures all this is taken into account.

Nothing has changed.
The body shudders as it shuddered
before the founding of Rome and after,
in the twentieth century before and after Christ.
Tortures are as they were, it's just the earth that's grown smaller,
and whatever happens seems right on the other side of the wall.

Nothing has changed. It's just that there are more people,
besides the old offenses new ones have appeared,
real, imaginary, temporary, and none,
but the howl with which the body responds to them,
was, is and ever will be a howl of innocence
according to the time-honoured scale and tonality.

Nothing has changed. Maybe just the manners, ceremonies, dances.
Yet the movement of the hands in protecting the head is the same.
The body writhes, jerks and tries to pull away,
its legs give out, it falls, the knees fly up,
it turns blue, swells, salivates and bleeds.
Nothing has changed. Except for the course of boundaries,

the line of forests, coasts, deserts and glaciers.
Amid these landscapes traipses the soul,
disappears, comes back, draws nearer, moves away,
alien to itself, elusive, at times certain, at others uncertain of its own existence,
while the body is and is and is
and has no place of its own.

Glossary:

1.**Tortures:** inflict pain

2.**Susceptible:** feelings

3.**Adequate:** sufficient, suitable

4.**Stretchable:** able to revert to original size

5.**Shudders:** revulsion, shake, vibrate

6.**Rome:** Capital of Italy

7.**Offenses:** a breach of law or rule

8.Imaginary: unreal

9.**Howl:** cry, bark

10.**Time-honored**: respected, valued because it has existed for a long time

11.**Tonality**: quality of tone

12.**Writhes**: emotional or physical discomfort

13.**Jerks:** sudden movement

14.**Glaciers:** accumulation of ice

15.**Traipses**: move reluctantly

16.**Elusive**: difficult to find/remember/achieve

Suggested Questions:

1.How does Wislawa Szymborska strongly reinforce that nothing has changed?

2."The body shuddered before the founding of Rome and after the twentieth century". Discuss

SECTION II

Short Fiction

The Necklace

Guy de Maupassant(1850-1893)

Guy de Maupassant was one of the greatest French writers of the 19th century and was regarded as the 'Father of Modern Short Story' writing. Maupassant was born to Gustave and Laure de Maupassant in 1850, probably at the Château de Miromesnil. His parents separated in 1861. He and his brother were raised by his mother. Maupassant was sent to a small seminary at Yvetot to be educated. However, he being a nihilist, disliked religious education and was expelled from the seminary in 1868, after which time he moved to the lycée at Le Havre. It was here that he was first introduced to Gustave Flaubert, who went on to be his mentor. He passed his baccalaureate and began studying law in Paris in 1869. This was interrupted by the outbreak of the Franco-German War. He served as a volunteer in the war and in 1871 returned to his law studies and pursued a career as a civil servant, in the Ministry of Marine and the Ministry of Public Instruction.

Flaubert introduced Maupassant to authors like Zola, Turgenev, and Henry James, and was instrumental in Maupassant's journey into the world of writing.

His stories captured various aspects of day-to-day life in France during his contemporary days. Most of his stories were based on the Franco-Prussian War of the

1870s, describing the futility of war and the permanent change that it brought about in the lives of innocent people who were caught in it. He has written more than 300 short stories, six novels, three books on travel, one volume of verse and several articles in newspapers. He also wrote under the pen names of Guy de Valmont and Joseph Prunier. *'Boule de Suif', 'Pierre et Jean', 'Bel Ami', 'La Parure', 'Deux Amis', 'Mother Savage', and 'Mademoiselle Fifi'* are some of his well-known works.

Maupassant's successful writing career was tragically cut short by headaches, fits of blindness and depression. In his 20s he began to suffer from syphilis, which caused him a lot of mental agony and trouble for the rest of his living years. In 1892, he attempted suicide to escape the hallucinations and headaches brought on by syphilis, Maupassant was admitted to a mental asylum in 1892, and died on July 6, 1893, at the age of 42.

About the Story:

'The Necklace' is a short story published on February 17, 1884 with an original title: "La Parure". The story takes place in France, during the 1800s, and focuses on the lives of the Loisel family. 1800s was a period when life was hard for a majority of people, primarily those who belonged to the working-class. The story revolves around Mathilde Loisel a discontented pretty and charming young lady, her vanity makes her feel entitled to more than what she has. She has always dreamt of a luxurious life, a large house with attending servants, all contrary to her modest lifestyle. Her husband, Loisel works as a clerk in the Ministry of Education.

One day the Loisels are invited to a ball, Mathilde is very unhappy as she has nothing appropriate to wear to this event. Monsieur Loisel offers to buy her a new dress, but another concern of Madame Loisel is that she has no jewels to wear. Her husband suggests she borrow jewels from Madame Forestier, an old friend of Mathilde. The story revolves around the borrowed diamond necklace: losing it, replacing it and

spending their youth on paying off the loan only to discover the reality that the diamonds were not real. The necklace represents the theme of appearances versus reality. Her dissatisfaction and pride lead to her downfall, causing her to lose everything she has: youth, beauty, and modest way of life,

The Necklace

The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married by any rich and distinguished man; so, she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind is their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. She thought of long reception halls hung with ancient silk, of the dainty cabinets containing priceless curiosities and of the little coquettish perfumed reception rooms made for chatting at five o'clock with intimate friends, with

men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry that peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates and of the whispered gallantries to which you listen with a sphinx-like smile while you are eating the pink meat of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home.

But one evening her husband reached home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand.
"There," said he, "there is something for you."
She tore the paper quickly and drew out a printed card which bore these words:
The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau request the honor of M. and Madame Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th.
Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated glance and said impatiently:

"And what do you wish me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the gown you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he answered.

By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no gown, and, therefore, I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions--something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied hesitating:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He grew a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks there of a Sunday.

But he said:

"Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown."

The day of the ball drew near and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

The Necklace, Napoleon's collection "What is the matter? Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single piece of jewelry, not a single ornament, nothing to put on. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all."

"You might wear natural flowers," said her husband. "They're very stylish at this time of year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

"How stupid you are!" her husband cried. "Go look up your friend, Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're intimate enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"True! I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told her of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian gold cross set with precious stones, of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you anymore?"

"Why, yes. Look further; I don't know what you like."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart throbbed with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt:

"Will you lend me this, only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and wild with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with rapture, with passion, intoxicated by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness comprised of all this homage, admiration, these awakened desires and of that sense of triumph which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She left the ball about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back, saying: "Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the stairs. When they reached the street, they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance.

They went toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last, they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark.

It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for her. As to him, he reflected that he must be at the ministry at ten o'clock that morning.

She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck!

"What is the matter with you?" demanded her husband, already half undressed.

She turned distractedly toward him.

"I have--I have--I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace," she cried.

He stood up, bewildered.

"What!--how? Impossible!"

They looked among the folds of her skirt, of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere, but did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the minister's house."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you--didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at each other. At last, Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route, to see whether I can find it."

He went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without any fire, without a thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies--everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week, they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box that had contained it and went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, trying to recall it, both sick with chagrin and grief.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So, they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked signing a note without even knowing whether he could meet it; and, frightened by the trouble yet to come, by the black misery that was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, laying upon the jeweler's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief?

Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou.

Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked evenings, making up a tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years, they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households--strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew and red hands, she talked loudly while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How strange and changeful is life! How small a thing is needed to make or ruin us!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself after the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognize her at all and stammered:

"But--madame!--I do not know---- You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had a pretty hard life, since I last saw you, and great poverty--and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us, for us who had nothing. At last, it is ended, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very similar."

And she smiled with a joy that was at once proud and ingenuous.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most only five hundred francs!

Glossary:

1.**Adorn**: make more attractive

2.Delicacy: the quality of being exquisitely fine in appearance

3.**Indignant:** angered at something unjust or wrong

4.**Desolate:** crushed by grief

5.**Vestibule**: a large entrance or reception room or area

6.**Tureen:** large deep serving dish with a cover

7.**Disconsolate**: sad beyond comforting

8.**Frugal**: avoiding waste

9.**Ardor:** feeling of great warmth

10.**Attache**: a specialist assigned to the staff of a diplomatic mission

11.**Odious:** unequivocally detestable

Suggested Questions:

1.The story *The Necklace* teaches us many life lessons which form the crux of human values. Discuss.

2."Oh! My poor Matilda Mine was false." Confession saves you from a lot of trouble and the sense of guilt. Justify the statement.

3. Sketch the character of Matilda.

4. The necklace is the turning in the story. Discuss.

An Upheaval

Anton Chekov(1860-1904)

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov was a Russian physician, short story writer and playwright. He was born to Pavel Chekhov and Yevgeniya in Taganrog, in Russia and was the third of their six children. His grandfather Egor was a serf and bought freedom for the whole family after acquiring some wealth. Pavel Chekhov was a grocer, painter and religious fanatic with an impulsive temperament who physically abused his children. A devote orthodox Christian, Chekhov's father strictly observed all the ordinances of the Russian Church and made attendance at church compulsory for all the family members.

As a child Chekhov, went through a lot of financial hardships, and in 1875, unable to repay his creditors, his father fled to Moscow with his wife and five children leaving Chekhov in Taganrog to finish school. Chekov worked hard to pay his fees, caught and sold goldfinches, gave private tuitions and sold vignettes to a newspaper. Apart from funding his education he also financially helped his family in Moscow. During his school days Chekhov acquired a love for the Russian countryside, which left many memorable pages in his stories. Theatre and reading were Chekhov’s twin

passions in his childhood. Taganrog Public Library was one of his favourite places. In 1879 Chekhov joined his family in Moscow and enrolled himself in a medical school. While at the medical school, he wrote and sold a large number of humorous stories and vignettes of contemporary Russian life. In 1882 he published thirty-one works in a variety of magazines such as Budilnik, Spytnik, Moskva. Anton used a number of pseudonyms: "my brother's brother", "The Man without a Spleen", "Prose poet", 'Screw number 6" , "Antosha Chekhonte" etc.

Though a doctor by profession, Chekov was a prolific writer. He said "Medicine is my lawful wife and literature my mistress; when I get tired of one, I spend the night with the other." A collection of his stories was published in 1883, a volume of comic stories Skazki Melpomeny (The Fairy Tales of Melpomene) in 1884 and a collection of his short stories titled Pestrye rasskazy (The Motley Stories) in 1886. His brother Nikolai died of tuberculosis, in1889 and this affected Chekov deeply. Chekhov purchased an estate in Melikhovo about fifty miles south of Moscow, where he settled down with his parents, sister and younger brother and lived there till 1897. He moved out from Melikhovo due to his deteriorating health as he was suffering from tuberculosis. In 1901 Chekhov married an actress of the Art Theatre, Olga. L.Knipper. a German by birth. He passed away in 1904, in Badenweiler, Germany.

Chekov’s characters are ordinary Russian men and women from different strata of the Russian society. Through his short, satirical and humorous stories he gives the reader a general picture of the society based on tyranny and servility of the indigent man. Most of his characters dream of improving their lives, but fall victims to their own sense of helplessness. Chekhov's stories are impressionistic and expressive.

Anton Chekhov wrote over five hundred short stories and about fourteen plays, some of his popular plays are: The Seagull, Uncle Vanya, Three Sisters, The Cherry Orchard, Ivanov etc

About the Story:

The story ‘An Upheaval’ revolves around a missing brooch and it is a slice-of-life narrative. The lady of the house Madame Kushkin searches her servant’s quarters and the servants in person when her brooch is found missing. Mashenka, an educated governess is upset by the search, she feels a sense of violation of her personal integrity. Liza, a maid subtly reminds her “You are living with strangers, miss,” sighed Liza. “Though you are a young lady, still you are … as it were … a servant…. It’s not like living with your papa and mamma.” Chekhov portrays a detached observation of life within an upper-class household where people are judged based on their socioeconomic background.

An Upheaval

MASHENKA PAVLETSKY, a young girl who had only just finished her studies at a boarding school, returning from a walk to the house of the Kushkins, with whom she was living as a governess, found the household in a terrible turmoil. Mihailo, the porter who opened the door to her, was excited and red as a crab.

Loud voices were heard from upstairs.

"Madame Kushkin is in a fit, most likely, or else she has quarrelled with her husband," thought Mashenka.

In the hall and in the corridor, she met maid-servants. One of them was crying. Then Mashenka saw, running out of her room, the master of the house himself, Nikolay Sergeitch, a little man with a flabby face and a bald head, though he was not old. He was red in the face and twitching all over. He passed the governess without noticing her, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed:

"Oh, how horrible it is! How tactless! How stupid! How barbarous! Abominable!"

Mashenka went into her room, and then, for the first time in her life, it was her lot to experience in all its acuteness the feeling that is so familiar to persons in dependent positions, who eat the bread of the rich and powerful, and cannot speak

their minds. There was a search going on in her room. The lady of the house, Fedosya Vassilyevna, a stout, broad-shouldered, uncouth woman with thick black eyebrows, a faintly perceptible moustache, and red hands, who was exactly like a plain, illiterate cook in face and manners, was standing, without her cap on, at the table, putting back into Mashenka's workbag balls of wool, scraps of materials, and bits of paper.... Evidently the governess's arrival took her by surprise, since, on looking round and seeing the girl's pale and astonished face, she was a little taken aback, and muttered:

"Pardon. I ... I upset it accidentally.... My sleeve caught in it ..."

And saying something more, Madame Kushkin rustled her long skirts and went out. Mashenka looked round her room with wondering eyes, and, unable to understand it, not knowing what to think, shrugged her shoulders, and turned cold with dismay. What had Fedosya Vassilyevna been looking for in her work-bag? If she really had, as she said, caught her sleeve in it and upset everything, why had Nikolay Sergeitch dashed out of her room so excited and red in the face? Why was one drawer of the table pulled out a little way? The money-box, in which the governess put away ten kopeck pieces and old stamps, was open. They had opened it, but did not know how to shut it, though they had scratched the lock all over. The whatnot with her books on it, the things on the table, the bed—all bore fresh traces of a search. Her linen-basket, too. The linen had been carefully folded, but it was not in the same order as Mashenka had left it when she went out. So, the search had been thorough, most thorough. But what was it for? Why? What had happened? Mashenka remembered the excited porter, the general turmoil which was still going on, the weeping servant-girl; had it not all some connection with the search that had just been made in her room? Was not she mixed up in something dreadful? Mashenka turned pale, and feeling cold all over, sank on to her linen-basket.

A maid-servant came into the room.

"Liza, you don't know why they have been rummaging in my room?" the governess asked her.

"Mistress has lost a brooch worth two thousand," said Liza.

"Yes, but why have they been rummaging in my room?"

They've been searching every one, miss. They've searched all my things, too. They stripped us all naked and searched us.... God knows, miss, I never went near her toilet-table, let alone touching the brooch. I shall say the same at the police-station."

"But ... why have they been rummaging here?" the governess still wondered.

"A brooch has been stolen; I tell you. The mistress has been rummaging in everything with her own hands. She even searched Mihailo, the porter, herself. It's a perfect disgrace! Nikolay Sergeitch simply looks on and cackles like a hen. But you've no need to tremble like that, miss. They found nothing here. You've nothing to be afraid of if you didn't take the brooch."

"But, Liza, it's vile ... it's insulting," said Mashenka, breathless with indignation. "It's so mean, so low! What right had she to suspect me and to rummage in my things?"

"You are living with strangers, miss," sighed Liza. "Though you are a young lady, still you are ... as it were ... a servant.... It's not like living with your papa and mamma."

Mashenka threw herself on the bed and sobbed bitterly. Never in her life had she been subjected to such an outrage; never had she been so deeply insulted.... She, well-educated, refined, the daughter of a teacher, was suspected of theft; she had been searched like a street-walker! She could not imagine a greater insult. And to this feeling of resentment was added an oppressive dread of what would come next. All sorts of absurd ideas came into her mind. If they could suspect her of

theft, then they might arrest her, strip her naked, and search her, then lead her through the street with an escort of soldiers, cast her into a cold, dark cell with mice and woodlice, exactly like the dungeon in which Princess Tarakanov was imprisoned. Who would stand up for her? Her parents lived far away in the provinces; they had not the money to come to her. In the capital she was as solitary as in a desert, without friends or kindred. They could do what they liked with her.

"I will go to all the courts and all the lawyers," Mashenka thought, trembling. "I will explain to them, I will take an oath.... They will believe that I could not be a thief!"

Mashenka remembered that under the sheets in her basket she had some sweetmeats, which, following the habits of her schooldays, she had put in her pocket at dinner and carried off to her room. She felt hot all over, and was ashamed at the thought that her little secret was known to the lady of the house; and all this terror, shame, resentment, brought on an attack of palpitation of the heart, which set up a throbbing in her temples, in her heart, and deep down in her stomach.

"Dinner is ready," the servant summoned Mashenka.

"Shall I go, or not?"

Mashenka brushed her hair, wiped her face with a wet towel, and went into the dining-room. There they had already begun dinner. At one end of the table sat Fedosya Vassilyevna with a stupid, solemn, serious face; at the other end Nikolay Sergeitch. At the sides there were the visitors and the children. The dishes were handed by two footmen in swallowtails and white gloves. Everyone knew that there was an upset in the house, that Madame Kushkin was in trouble, and everyone was silent. Nothing was heard but the sound of munching and the rattle of spoons on the plates.

The lady of the house, herself, was the first to speak.

"What is the third course?" she asked the footman in a weary, injured voice.

"Esturgeon à la russe," answered the footman.

"I ordered that, Fenya," Nikolay Sergeitch hastened to observe. "I wanted some fish. If you don't like it, ma chère, don't let them serve it. I just ordered it...."

Fedosya Vassilyevna did not like dishes that she had not ordered herself, and now her eyes filled with tears.

"Come, don't let us agitate ourselves," Mamikov, her household doctor, observed in a honeyed voice, just touching her arm, with a smile as honeyed. "We are nervous enough as it is. Let us forget the brooch! Health is worth more than two thousand roubles!"

"It's not the two thousand I regret," answered the lady, and a big tear rolled down her cheek. "It's the fact itself that revolts me! I cannot put up with thieves in my house. I don't regret it—I regret nothing; but to steal from me is such ingratitude! That's how they repay me for my kindness...."

They all looked into their plates, but Mashenka fancied after the lady's words that everyone was looking at her. A lump rose in her throat; she began crying and put her handkerchief to her lips.

"Pardon," she muttered. "I can't help it. My head aches. I'll go away."

And she got up from the table, scraping her chair awkwardly, and went out quickly, still more overcome with confusion.

"It's beyond everything!" said Nikolay Sergeitch, frowning. "What need was there to search her room? How out of place it was!"

"I don't say she took the brooch," said Fedosya Vassilyevna, "but can you answer for her? To tell the truth, I haven't much confidence in these learned paupers."

"It really was unsuitable, Fenya.... Excuse me, Fenya, but you've no kind of legal right to make a search."

"I know nothing about your laws. All I know is that I've lost my brooch. And I will find the brooch!" She brought her fork down on the plate with a clatter, and her eyes flashed angrily. "And you eat your dinner, and don't interfere in what doesn't concern you!"

Nikolay Sergeitch dropped his eyes mildly and sighed. Meanwhile Mashenka, reaching her room, flung herself on her bed. She felt now neither alarm nor shame, but she felt an intense longing to go and slap the cheeks of this hard, arrogant, dull-witted, prosperous woman.

Lying on her bed she breathed into her pillow and dreamed of how nice it would be to go and buy the most expensive brooch and fling it into the face of this bullying woman. If only it were God's will that Fedosya Vassilyevna should come to ruin and wander about begging, and should taste all the horrors of poverty and dependence, and that Mashenka, whom she had insulted, might give her alms! Oh, if only she could come in for a big fortune, could buy a carriage, and could drive noisily past the windows so as to be envied by that woman!

But all these were only dreams, in reality there was only one thing left to do—to get away as quickly as possible, not to stay another hour in this place. It was true it was terrible to lose her place, to go back to her parents, who had nothing; but what could she do? Mashenka could not bear the sight of the lady of the house nor of her little room; she felt stifled and wretched here. She was so disgusted with Fedosya Vassilyevna, who was so obsessed by her illnesses and her supposed aristocratic rank, that everything in the world seemed to have become coarse and unattractive because this woman was living in it. Mashenka jumped up from the bed and began packing.

"May I come in?" asked Nikolay Sergeitch at the door; he had come up noiselessly to the door, and spoke in a soft, subdued voice. "May I?"

"Come in."

He came in and stood still near the door. His eyes looked dim and his red little nose was shiny. After dinner he used to drink beer, and the fact was perceptible in his walk, in his feeble, flabby hands.

"What's this?" he asked, pointing to the basket.

"I am packing. Forgive me, Nikolay Sergeitch, but I cannot remain in your house. I feel deeply insulted by this search!"

"I understand.... Only you are wrong to go. Why should you? They've searched your things, but you ... what does it matter to you? You will be none the worse for it."

Mashenka was silent and went on packing. Nikolay Sergeitch pinched his moustache, as though wondering what he should say next, and went on in an ingratiating voice:

"I understand, of course, but you must make allowances. You know my wife is nervous, headstrong; you mustn't judge her too harshly."

Mashenka did not speak.

"If you are so offended," Nikolay Sergeitch went on, "well, if you like, I'm ready to apologise. I ask your pardon."

Mashenka made no answer, but only bent lower over her box. This exhausted, irresolute man was of absolutely no significance in the household. He stood in the pitiful position of a dependent and hanger-on, even with the servants, and his apology meant nothing either.

"H'm!... You say nothing! That's not enough for you. In that case, I will apologise for my wife. In my wife's name.... She behaved tactlessly; I admit it as a gentleman...."

Nikolay Sergeitch walked about the room, heaved a sigh, and went on:

"Then you want me to have it rankling here, under my heart.... You want my conscience to torment me...."

"I know it's not your fault, Nikolay Sergeitch," said Mashenka, looking him full in the face with her big tear-stained eyes. "Why should you worry yourself?"

"Of course, no.... But still, don't you ... go away. I entreat you."

Mashenka shook her head. Nikolay Sergeitch stopped at the window and drummed on the pane with his finger-tips.

"Such misunderstandings are simply torture to me," he said. "Why, do you want me to go down on my knees to you, or what? Your pride is wounded, and here you've been crying and packing up to go; but I have pride, too, and you do not spare it! Or do you want me to tell you what I would not tell as Confession? Do you? Listen; you want me to tell you what I won't tell the priest on my deathbed?"

Mashenka made no answer.

"I took my wife's brooch," Nikolay Sergeitch said quickly. "Is that enough now? Are you satisfied? Yes, I ... took it.... But, of course, I count on your discretion.... For God's sake, not a word, not half a hint to any one!"

Mashenka, amazed and frightened, went on packing; she snatched her things, crumpled them up, and thrust them anyhow into the box and the basket. Now, after this candid avowal on the part of Nikolay Sergeitch, she could not remain another minute, and could not understand how she could have gone on living in the house before.

"And it's nothing to wonder at," Nikolay Sergeitch went on after a pause. "It's an everyday story! I need money, and she ... won't give it to me. It was my father's money that bought this house and everything, you know! It's all mine, and the brooch belonged to my mother, and ... it's all mine! And she took it, took possession of everything.... I can't go to law with her, you'll admit.... I beg you most earnestly, overlook it ... stay on. Tout comprendre, tout pardonner. Will you stay?"

"No!" said Mashenka resolutely, beginning to tremble. "Let me alone, I entreat you!"

"Well, God bless you!" sighed Nikolay Sergeitch, sitting down on the stool near the box. "I must own I like people who still can feel resentment, contempt, and so on. I could sit here forever and look at your indignant face.... So, you won't stay, then? I understand.... It's bound to be so ... Yes, of course.... It's all right for you, but for me—wo-o-o-o!... I can't stir a step out of this cellar. I'd go off to one of our estates, but in every one of them there are some of my wife's rascals ... stewards, experts, damn them all! They mortgage and remortgage.... You mustn't catch fish, must keep off the grass, mustn't break the trees."

“Nikolay Sergeitch!" his wife's voice called from the drawing-room. "Agnia, call your master!"

"Then you won't stay?" asked Nikolay Sergeitch, getting up quickly and going towards the door. "You might as well stay, really. In the evenings I could come and have a talk with you. Eh? Stay! If you go, there won't be a human face left in the house. It's awful!"

Nikolay Sergeitch's pale, exhausted face besought her, but Mashenka shook her head, and with a wave of his hand he went out.

Half an hour later she was on her way.

Glossary:

1.**Rummaging**: to make a thorough search

2. **Cackles:** to laugh in a sharp or harsh manner/sharp broken noise

3. **Indignation**: anger

4. **Swallowtails:** tail coats

5. **“Esturgeon à la russe (Russian)**: Designating a style of dining in which the table is dressed with flowers and dessert, and the other courses are served in succession from another table or room.

6. **Ma chère / ma ˈʃɛr/:** my dear (referring to a girl or woman)

Suggested Questions:

1. How does Anton Chekov depict pride in the story?

2. Sketch the character of Mashenka Pavletsky and Madame Kushkin.

3. Write a note on the narrative style of the writer.

4. 'An Upheaval' focuses on class conflict and high-handed attitude of the upper class. Elaborate.

SECTION III

PROSE

Epistolary Work of Literature – A Note

Epistolary comes from a Greek word, epistolē, which means "letter." Epistolary is a literary genre pertaining to letters, in which writers use letters, journals, and diary entries in their works, or they tell their stories or deliver messages through a series of letters. The definition of epistolary novels can be further classified into monologic (the letters or diary entries of only one person), dialogic (letters between two characters), or polylogic (three or more characters who write letters, have diary entries, etc, as well as other external documentation like newspaper articles). As a mode of writing Epistolary, sits ambiguously between public and private worlds (associated both with domestic seclusion and public self-exposure).

Epistolary form can add realism to a narrative, as it imitates real life workings. It is therefore able to describe different points of view. The primary function of this form of writing is to give readers an intimate view of characters' feelings and thoughts, and develop a direct connection with the events without interference of the author. This technique thus makes the literary piece a real experience for the readers. Also, a presentation of events from different viewpoint gives the story verisimilitude and dimension.

Though there are many examples of epistolary works, the genre of epistolary novels is the most significant. The first example of an epistolary novel was Prison of Love (Cárcel de amor) by the Spanish author, Diego de San Pedro, written in 1485. Epistolary fiction first appeared in the 17th century with works such as Aphra Behn's Love-Letters between a Noble-Man and his Sister (1684–87). It reached a peak of popularity in the 18th century with novels including Samuel Richardson's Pamela (1740) and Clarissa (1747–48), and Frances Burney's Evelina (1778). This fictional device of writing a novel in letters relies upon effects involving authenticity, intimacy and immediacy.

Since the 1960s, numerous studies of epistolary fiction have appeared, many of them reflecting prevailing theoretical trends within literary and cultural studies. Structuralist studies have shown an interest in the narratological patterns of the genre, emphasizing its intriguing formal peculiarities, affinities with drama, abilities to delineate consciousness—and the sometimes achingly artificial nature of its narrative techniques.

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Letters to Oskar Pollak

Franz Kafka (1883 – 1924)

Franz Kafka, born on July 3, 1883, in Prague, Austria. He was a German language writer of visionary fiction, whose works—especially the novel Der Prozess (The Trial - 1925) and the story Die Verwandlung (The Metamorphosis - 1915)—express the anxieties and alienation felt by many in 20th-century Europe and North America.

The son of an assimilated Jew who held only perfunctorily to the religious practices and social formalities of the Jewish community, Kafka was German in both language and culture. He was a timid, guilt-ridden, and obedient child who did well in elementary and high school. He was respected and liked by his teachers. Inwardly, however, he rebelled against the authoritarian institution and the dehumanized humanistic curriculum, with its emphasis on rote learning and classical languages. Kafka's opposition to established society became apparent when, as an adolescent, he declared himself a socialist as well as an atheist. Throughout his adult life he expressed sympathies for the socialists. He attended meetings of Czech anarchists (before World War I), and in his later years he showed marked interest and sympathy for socialized Zionism. Even then he was essentially passive and politically unengaged. As a Jew,

Kafka was isolated from the German community in Prague, but as a modern intellectual, he was also alienated from his own Jewish heritage. He was sympathetic to Czech political and cultural aspirations, but his identification with German culture kept even these sympathies subdued. Thus, social isolation and rootlessness contributed to Kafka's lifelong personal unhappiness.

Kafka became friendly with some German Jewish intellectuals and literati in Prague, while studying law at the University of Prague and in 1902 he met Max Brod, a minor literary artist who became the most intimate and solicitous of Kafka's friends, and eventually, his literary executor who emerged as the promoter, saviour, and interpreter of Kafka's writings and his most influential biographer.

Sought out by leading avant-garde publishers, Kafka reluctantly published a few of his writings during his lifetime. Misgivings about his work caused Kafka to request all of his unpublished manuscripts to be destroyed before his death; Brod, as his literary executor, disregarded his instructions and published the novels: *The Trial, The Castle*, and *Amerika* in 1925, 1926, and 1927 respectively, and a collection of shorter pieces, *The Great Wall of China*, in 1931. The majority of Franz Kafka's manuscripts were preserved by his family and handed over to Max Brod. But the family only had Kafka's letters addressed to the family members. However, Brod did not have access to manuscripts from Kafka's early years.

Oskar Pollak

Pollak, was a classmate of Franz Kafka at the Altstädter Gymnasium. After graduation from school, he briefly studied chemistry at the Faculty of Science of the German-language section of Charles University in Prague, before switching to the Faculty of Arts where he studied philosophy, archaeology and art history. In the summer semester 1903, he was appointed as rapporteur of the literary arts section. Kafka took over this function, when in 1903 Pollak accepted a temporary job as a tutor at Schloss Oberstudenetz at Zdiretz. Oskar Pollak was Kafka's close friend from their years at high school. He was a gifted, intellectually mature and determined student, who was severe in his judgments. He studied the history of art and graduated at the same time

as Kafka, submitting a dissertation on the statues on Charles Bridge. He was a major influence on Kafka's thinking as can be seen from the extant correspondence. Pollak who introduced Kafka to the journal *Kunstwart* – whose style he succumbed to for a while – and most likely also to Nietzsche. The character of the 'friend' in *Description of a Struggle* is probably a projection of Pollak who soon left for Rome.

Letters to Friends, Family and Editors

To Oskar Pollak

Dear Oskar,

[Prague, November 9, 1903]

Perhaps I am glad you have left, as glad as people would have to be if someone climbed to the moon to look at them from there, for this sense of being observed from such height and distance would give people some small assurance that their movements and words and wishes are not altogether comical and foolish, as long as astronomers in their observatories hear no laughter from the moon.

……

……..

[...] We are as forlorn as children lost in the woods. When you stand in front of me and look at me, what do you know of the griefs that are in me and what do I know of yours. And if I were to cast myself down before you and weep and tell you, what more would you know about me than you know about hell when someone tells you it is hot and dreadful. For that reason alone, we human beings ought to stand before one another as reverently, as reflectively, as lovingly, as we would before the entrance to hell.

……

…….

[...] If, like you, one dies for a while, one has the benefit of suddenly seeing clearly in either a pleasant or ugly light all the relationships that inevitably look so hazy when one is inside them. But the survivor also has that strange experience.

I have really spoken with you alone, among all the young people, and when I did talk to others it was only incidental or for your sake or through you or in reference to you. For me, you were, along with much else, also something like a window through which I could see the streets. I could not do that by myself, for tall though I am I do not yet reach to the windowsill. Now that's going to change, of course. I now talk to others also, more awkwardly but more independently, and I see to my considerable surprise what you're standing here was. Hence in this city which is foreign to you there are some quite intelligent people to whom you were someone to be revered. That's the truth. And I am vain enough to be pleased by that.

I don't know why that was so, whether because you were reticent, or seemed so, or receptive, or suggested potentialities, or really radiated power. At any rate, some think you left them, although after all you only left the girl.

Your letter is half sad and half glad. You really didn't go to the boy, but to the fields and the forest. But you are seeing these fields and forests, whereas we barely see their spring and their summer, and know no more about their autumn and their winter than about God in ourselves.

Today is Sunday, when the clerks always come down Wenzel Platz across the Graben, and clamor for Sunday quiet. I think their red carnations and their stupid and Jewish faces and their clamor is something highly significant; it is almost as if a child wanted to get to heaven and bawled and barked because no one was bothering to hand him the footstool. But the child doesn't want to get to heaven at all. The others, however, who walk on the Graben smiling because they do not know how to use even their Sunday- I'd slap their faces if I had the courage and didn't smile myself. But you in your castle may laugh, for there heaven is close to the earth, as you write.

I am reading Fechner, Eckhart. Some books seem like a key to unfamiliar rooms in one's own castle. The things I wanted to read to you and that I will send to you are fragments from a book, The Child and the City, which I myself have only in fragments. If I am to send them to you, I must copy them, and that takes time. So, I'll be sending you only a few pages with every letter (if I don't see the thing making visible progress, I'll soon lose interest). Then you may read them in context; the first fragment is coming in the next letter.

By the way, no writing's been done for some time. It's this way with me: God doesn't want me to write, but I - I must. So, there's an everlasting up and down; after all, God is the stronger, and there's more anguish in it than you can imagine. So many powers within me are tied to a stake, which might possibly grow into a green tree. Released, they could be useful to me and the country. But nobody ever shook a millstone from around his neck by complaining, especially when he was fond of it. Here are some verses. Read them when you are in the proper mood.

This present day is cool and hard.
The clouds congeal.
The winds are ropes tugging.
People congeal.
Footsteps sound metallic
On brazen pavements,
And our eyes behold
Wide white lakes.

Standing in the Christmassy square
Of an ancient little town,
The crèche’s-colored windows stare
Out upon the snowy ground.
Walking in the moonlight goes

A man in silence in the snow,
And the wind his shadow blows
Tall along the crèche's wall.
People who dark bridges cross,
passing saints
with feeble candles.
Clouds that parade across gray skies,
passing churches
with darkening towers.
One who leans on the squared stone railing,
looking into the evening waters,
hands resting upon ancient stone.

Yours, Franz
Translated by Richard and Clara Winston

Glossary:

1.Wenzelsplatz - one of the main city squares and the centre of the business and cultural communities in the New Town of Prague, Czech Republic. Many historical events occurred there and it was a traditional setting for demonstrations, celebrations, and other public gatherings.

2.Eckhart - The German Meister Eckhar is probably the most significant of philosophical mystics who developed a markedly original theology. From his Stoic pantheism there arose his most controversial thesis—that there resides in every person a divine, uncreated spark of the Godhead, making possible both a union with God and a genuine knowledge of his nature.

Suggested Questions:

1.Discuss the features of Epistolary literature form with reference to the letter written by Kafka to Pollak.

2.Comment on the friendship between Kafka and Pollak brought out through the letter by Kafka.

The Second Sex (An Extract)

Simone de Beauvoir(1908-1986)

Simone de Beauvoir, French writer, intellectual, feminist, existentialist philosopher and political activist was born Simone Lucie-Ernestine-Marie-Bertrand de Beauvoir in Paris. Beauvoir wrote novels, essays, biographies, autobiographies and monographs on philosophy, politics, and social issues. Her father, Georges Bertrand de Beauvoir studied law and worked as a civil servant, contenting himself instead with the profession of legal secretary. Her father, lost most of his fortune after World War I, and without dowries Simone and her sister, Hélène, had little hope of being married within their class. Françoise (née) Brasseur, her mother was a very religious woman who devoted herself to raising her children in the Catholic faith. Her religious, bourgeois orientation was a source of serious conflict between them. Beauvoir had been a deeply religious child as a result of her education and her mother's training; when she was 14, she had a crisis of faith and decided that there was no God. Her rejection of religion was followed by her decision to pursue and teach philosophy. She remained an atheist till the end.

Beauvoir's father encouraged her to read and write from an early age and gave her edited selections from the great works of literature. Beauvoir began her education in a private Catholic school for girls and studied there until the age of 17. She studied mathematics at the Institut Catholique de Paris and literature/languages at the Institut Sainte-Marie. She passed her Baccalaureate exams in Mathematics and Philosophy and left home to attend the prestigious Sorbonne, where she studied philosophy in 1926. She completed her exams and a thesis on German Mathematician and Philosopher Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz in 1929.Here she met existentialist philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, with whom she formed a lasting bond that deeply influenced her personal and professional life.

The Second Sex published in 1949 is Simone de Beauvoir's monumental work that questions the Western notion of "womanhood". It is a ground breaking work on feminism in which she examines the limits of female freedom and busts the deeply ingrained beliefs about femininity. Originally written in French, it was later translated into English. The book is vital and remains as pertinent as it was, when it was first published and will continue to provoke and inspire generations to come. The Second Sex gave us the vocabulary for analyzing the social constructions of femininity and a method for critiquing these constructions.

Her works include *She Came to Stay, 'The Second Sex', 'The Prime of Life'* and *The Mandarins*. She wrote travel books titled *America Day by Day* and *The Long March.* She also penned four autobiographies: *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter , The Prime of Life , Force of Circumstance* and *All Said and Done*.

About the Extract:

Beauvoir bases her idea of the 'Other' on Hegel's account of the master-slave dialectic. Instead of the terms "master" and "slave", she uses the terms "Subject" and "Other", the Subject is Man and the Other is Woman. The Subject is the absolute, the Other is

the inessential. In the first case those marked as Other experience their oppression as a communal reality. They see themselves as part of an oppressed group. The oppressed "Other" may call on the resources of a common history and a shared abusive situation to assert their subjectivity and demand recognition and reciprocity.

Beauvoir describes the process of constructing the "Other" as something fundamental to human consciousness and selfhood. She gives a historical perspective to explain why women occupy the position of Other, and also explores how this position need to be changed. The structures of the One and the Other may be universal, but women positioned as the Other is historically contingent.

The Othering process is, universal and takes place not only within groups but also between social groups differing on the basis of class, race, age and gender.

The Second Sex (An Extract)

She is determined and differentiated in relation to man, while he is not in relation to her; she is the inessential in front of the essential. He is the Subject; he is the Absolute. She is the Other.

The category of Other is as original as consciousness itself. The duality between Self and Other can be found in the most primitive societies, in the most ancient mythologies; this division did not always fall into the category of the division of the sexes, it was not based on any empirical given: this comes out in works like Garnet's on Chinese thought, and Dumézil's on India and Rome. In couples such as Varuna—Mitra, Uranus—Zeus, Sun—Moon, Day—Night, no feminine element is involved at the outset; neither in Good—Evil, auspicious and inauspicious, left and right, God and Lucifer; alterity is the fundamental category of human thought. No group ever defines itself as One without immediately setting up the Other opposite itself. It only takes three travellers brought together by chance in the same train compartment for the rest of the travellers to become vaguely hostile "others." Village people view anyone not

belonging to the village as suspicious “others.” For the native of country inhabitants of other countries are viewed as “foreigners”; Jews are the “others” for anti-Semites, blacks for racist Americans, indigenous people for colonists, proletarians for the propertied classes. After studying the diverse forms of primitive society in depth, Lévi-Strauss could conclude: “The passage from the state of Nature to the state of Culture is defined by man’s ability to think biological relations as systems of oppositions; duality, alternation, opposition, and symmetry, whether occurring in defined or less clear form, are not so much phenomena to explain as fundamental and immediate givens of social reality.”

These phenomena could not be understood if human reality were solely a Mitsein * based on solidarity and friendship. On the contrary, they become clear if, following Hegel, a fundamental hostility to any other consciousness is found in consciousness itself; the subject posits itself only in opposition; it asserts itself as the essential and sets up the other as inessential, as the object. But the other consciousness has an opposing reciprocal claim: traveling, a local is shocked to realize that in neighboring countries locals view him as a foreigner; between villages, clans, nations, and classes there are wars, potlatches, agreements, treaties, and struggles that remove the absolute meaning from the idea of the Other and bring out its relativity; whether one likes it or not, individuals and groups have no choice but to recognize the reciprocity of their relation. How is it, then, that between the sexes this reciprocity has not been put forward, that one of the terms has been asserted as the only essential one, denying any relativity in regard to its correlative, defining the latter as pure alterity? Why do women not contest male sovereignty? No subject posits itself spontaneously and at once as the inessential from the outset; it is not the Other who, defining itself as Other, defines the One; the Other is posited as Other by the One positing itself as One. But in order for the Other not to turn into the One, the Other has to submit to this foreign point of view. Where does this submission in woman come from? There are other cases where, for a shorter or longer time, one category has managed to dominate another absolutely. It is

often numerical inequality that confers this privilege: the majority imposes its law on or persecutes the minority. But women are not a minority like American blacks, or like Jews: there are as many women as men on the earth. Often, the two opposing groups concerned were once independent of each other; either they were not aware of each other in the past, or they accepted each other's autonomy; and some historical event subordinated the weaker to the stronger: the Jewish Diaspora, slavery in America, and the colonial conquests are facts with dates. In these cases, for the oppressed there was a before: they share a past, a tradition, sometimes a religion, or a culture. In this sense, the parallel Bebel draws between women and the proletariat would be the best founded: proletarians are not a numerical minority either, and yet they have never formed a separate group. However, not one event but a whole historical development explains their existence as a class and accounts for the distribution of these individuals in this class. There have not always been proletarians: there have always been women; they are women by their physiological structure; as far back as history can be traced, they have always been subordinate to men; their dependence is not the consequence of an event or a becoming, it did not happen. Alterity here appears to be an absolute, partly because it falls outside the accidental nature of historical fact. A situation created over time can come undone at another time—blacks in Haiti for one are a good example; on the contrary, a natural condition seems to defy change. In truth, nature is no more an immutable given than is historical reality. If woman discovers herself as the inessential and never turns into the essential, it is because she does not bring about this transformation herself. Proletarians say "we." So do blacks. Positing themselves as subjects, they thus transform the bourgeois or whites into "others." Women—except in certain abstract gatherings such as conferences—do not use "we"; men say "women," and women adopt this word to refer to themselves; but they do not posit themselves authentically as Subjects. The proletarians made the revolution in Russia, the blacks in Haiti, the Indo-Chinese are fighting in Indochina. Women's actions have never been more than symbolic agitation; they have won only what men have been willing to concede to them; they have taken nothing; they have received. It is that they

lack the concrete means to organize themselves into a unit that could posit itself in opposition. They have no past, no history, no religion of their own; and unlike the proletariat, they have no solidarity of labor or interests; they even lack their own space that makes communities of American blacks, the Jews in ghettos, or the workers in Saint-Denis or Renault factories. They live dispersed among men, tied by homes, work, economic interests, and social conditions to certain men— fathers or husbands—more closely than to other women. As bourgeois women, they are in solidarity with bourgeois men and not with women proletarians; as white women, they are in solidarity with white men and not with black women. The proletariat could plan to massacre the whole ruling class; a fanatic Jew or black could dream of seizing the secret of the atomic bomb and turning all of humanity entirely Jewish or entirely black: but a woman could not even dream of exterminating males.

Glossary:

1.**Posit:** To dispose or set firmly

2.**Alterity**: otherness

3. **Poltatches:** social event/celebration

4. Proletarian: labouring class

5.**Bourgeois**: working class

6.Ghetto: a part of the city occupied by a minority group/s

7.**Mitsein**: Human existence in so far as it is constituted by relationship or community with others.

Suggested Questions:

1. Simone de Beauvoir's views on 'otherness'.

2. How does Beauvoir analyze the oppressions of the colonized, enslaved and other exploited people?

3. How does Beauvoir bring in the concept of Marxism in the discussion of 'otherness'?

SECTION - IV

DRAMA

Greek Tragedy - A Note

Greek tragedy was a form of theatre popular in Greece around the 5th century BC. This period was called as the golden age of Greek civilization It was an age when the political and economic power of Athens went alongside a flood of artistic and intellectual activity. This was the age of Plato, Socrates. Aristotle, Herodotus and the three great dramatists Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles.

These playwrights presented tragic tales of heroes who strove for greatness but were brought low by a combination of fate and their own human flaws. Greek tragedy formed the basis for many conventions of modern theatre as well as elements of modern literary tragedy.

In ancient Greece, tragedies were performed at important ceremonies, most likely of religious significance. Historians believe these ceremonies were held in honour of Dionysus, God of the harvest and fertility, and that goat sacrifices played a part in them, since the word "tragedy" derives from the Greek word for "goat". Given the serious ritual of which they were a part, Greek tragedies addressed weighty subjects of life and death, fate and freedom. They also made use of lofty language and an elevated tone, which distinguished tragic drama from the "lower" literary form of comedy.

Greek tragedies worked according to strict artistic and ethical guidelines, although these changed slightly depending on the dominant playwright of the time.

Main Characteristics of Greek Drama

Tragic hero:

At the centre of the tragedy, is the hero, the main character or protagonist. The tragic hero is a person of high rank who accepts his or her downfall with dignity.

Tragic flaw:

An error in judgement or a weakness in character such as pride or arrogance. A tragic hero suffers due to tragic flow.

Catastrophe:

A tragedy ends with a catastrophe a disastrous conclusion that usually involves multiple deaths, if the tragic hero does not die then he or she suffers complete ruin.

Chorus:

A chorus plays a vital role in tragedy. Throughout a tragedy, a chorus, a mass group of actors observe and comment on the action through song.

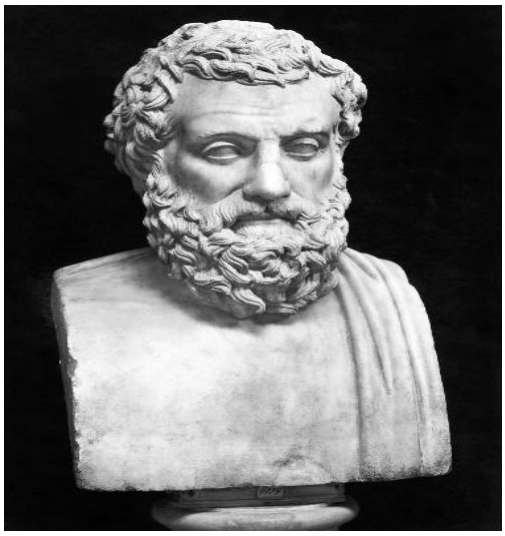
Fate:

The ancient Greek tragedy believes in the idea of fate or a destiny as preordained by the Gods no matter what action a person takes in the present the fates or moral where three Goddess who determined the length of person's suffering. The Greeks believed that no one could escape their fate not even the God's themselves.

Four Qualities of Greek Drama:

1. Performed for special occasions (festivals) Athens had four festivals worshipping Dionysus -- (Bacchus in Latin, Roman) god of wine, fertility, rebirth
2. Competitive -- prizes awarded to actors and playwrights who competed
3. Choral -- singing seems to have been an important part a chorus of men (varied in size from 3 to 50) Chorus underscored the ideas of the play, provided point-of-view, and focused on issues of the play and implications of the action, established the play's ethical system, and participated in the action
4. Closely associated with religion - stories based on myth or history

Ajax



Sophocles (496-406 B.C)

Sophocles is the second of the three great Athenian tragedians of the 5th century BC and often considered the embodiment of the cultural achievements of the fifth century. His reputation has remained undimmed for two and a half thousand years. He scored his first victory in 468 BC when he defeated Aeschylus and went on to win the first position in twenty-four annual contests. Only seven of the one hundred and twenty plays he wrote are extant today. They are, in the order in which they probably were written Antigone, Oedipus Rex, Electra, Ajax, Trachiniae, Philoctetes, and Oedipus at Colonus. His greatest innovation in the tragic medium was his development of a central tragic figure, defiantly refusing to compromise and bend to other people's will and perceptions of reality.

As a playwright, Sophocles was a conscientious craftsman and a great innovator, his plays being crafted to near perfection. He introduced the third actor in the plot, enlarged the chorus from twelve to fifteen and used painted backdrops for the first time. Such changes allow for more subtle and complex developments of both plot and character. Aristotle chose Oedipus Rex as the model tragedy for his discussion on the tragic form in his Poetics. For Aristotle, the perfect tragedy must concentrate upon a

single dramatic conflict, brought on by the major character's tragic flaw (hamartia), which gradually unfolds within the course of a single day's events. According to him, two of the essential aspects of a good plot is peripeteia or reversal of intention or/and fortune and anagnorisis or recognition of the truth The tragic hero is a man of exceptional qualities and high status but having a tragic flaw or hamartia in his character which causes his tragic downfall. Central to Greek tragedy is also a belief in Fate and the power of the gods and the oracles. According to Aristotle, the predicament of strong protagonists caught in the trap of their own character and that of the higher forces evokes the emotions of pity and fear, and produces catharsis or purging of these emotions. Greek tragedies are characterized by a strong element of dramatic irony which brings out the folly of man's sense of security and pride in a world (his hubris) where divine power ultimately rules human life. Integral to Greek tragedy is the chorus whose members serve as observers and commentators and not direct participants.

About the Play:

Homer, who was probably Sophocles' source for the play, depicted Ajax as obstinate to the point of stupidity in "The Iliad". It is Ajax's hubris in rejecting the help of the goddess Athena in the first place that sets the stage for this tragedy. Despite his uncompromising violence and his rather detestable treatment of women, (especially as contrasted with the more generous and reasonable Odysseus), Ajax has great stature and nobility and dominates the play even if he is only actually on stage for a limited period of time.

Ajax is a play of two halves: the former focusing on the madness of Ajax and the latter on the burial of his body. It is also a play of two conflicting moral codes: the traditional one of the old Homeric worlds, steeped in honor and bravery, and the one of the modern democratic Athens, infused with reason and objectivity.

Most of the characters in the play are old-world heroes: Agamemnon, Menelaus, Teucer, and—obviously and most significantly—Ajax. They all think rigidly, going so far to put their needs before the needs of the community, and observing almost

everything around them in black and white. To them, people are either their enemies or friends, and neither of these two categories is set in stone. Ajax fought for Agamemnon and Menelaus out of a sense of duty and responsibility, but quickly changed his opinion about the Atreides after they offended his honor by handing over Achilles' armor to Odysseus. Ironically, it is precisely because of this way of thinking that Ajax kills himself, firmly believing that his humiliating behavior (slaughtering the cattle) erases all of his past heroic deeds irretrievably. To Ajax, a hero is someone who is blameless and honorable, someone whose integrity cannot be doubted.

On the other side of the spectrum sits Odysseus, a proper hero for the new, democratic age of Ancient Greece. He is smart and flexible, moderate and reasonable—and he knows the importance of earning peace with cooperation and compromise. This allows him to be unbiased and objective, even when the matters at hand concern him personally. Moreover, this is why he is able to express his utmost respect for Ajax even while acknowledging that the Salaminian had been not only stubborn in his rigidity, but also an arch-rival of his.Odysseus' speech to Agamemnon at the end signifies the birth of a new moral code more suited for the democratic age of Athens, just as the suicide of Ajax in the middle of the play metaphorically embodies the death of the traditional, old-world devotees to honor and duty.

The play explores themes of anger and hatred, honour (in the Homeric tradition, honour is entirely dependent on what others in the warrior community think of you), and also the extent to which individuals have genuine choice or are merely the pawns of fate.

Suggested Questions:

1.Discuss the features of Greek tragedy with reference to Sophocles' Ajax.

2.Comment on the conflict between the traditional old Homeric world and modern democratic Athens.

3.Bring out the significance and role of the chorus.

4. The play revolves around anger and hatred. Discuss.

SECTION- V

NOVEL

The Plague

Albert Camus (1913-1960)

Albert Camus was born and brought up in a working-class neighbourhood in Mondovi, in French Algeria. His mother, Catherine Hélène Camus, was French with Spanish ancestry. His father, Lucien Camus, a poor French agricultural worker, died in the Battle of the Marne in 1914 during World War I. Camus never knew him. Camus, his mother and other relatives lived without many basic material possessions during his childhood in the Belcourt section of Algiers. He was a second-generation French settled in Algeria, a French territory from 1830 until 1962. His paternal grandfather, along with many others of his generation, had moved to Algeria for a better life during the first decades of the 19th century. Hence, he was called *pied-noir*, "black foot"—a slang term for French who were born in Algeria—his identity and his poor background had a substantial effect on his later life.

In 1918 Camus entered primary school and was fortunate enough to be taught by an outstanding teacher, Louis Germain, who helped him to win a scholarship to the Algiers *lycée* (high school) in 1923. A period of intellectual awakening followed, accompanied by great enthusiasm for sport, especially football (soccer), swimming, and boxing.

In 1930, however, the first of several severe attacks of tuberculosis put an end to his sporting career and interrupted his studies. Camus had to leave the unhealthy apartment that had been his home for 15 years, and, after a short period spent with an uncle, Camus decided to live on his own, supporting himself by a variety of jobs. In 1933, Camus enrolled at the University of Algiers and completed his *licence de philosophie* (BA) in 1936; after presenting his thesis on Plotinus. Camus developed an interest in early Christian philosophers and also Nietzsche and Arthur Schopenhauer who had paved the way towards pessimism and atheism. Camus also studied novelist-philosophers such as Stendhal, Herman Melville, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, and Franz Kafka. In 1933, he met Simone Hié, then a partner of a friend of Camus, who became his first wife.

Camus joined the French Communist Party (PCF) in early 1935. He saw it as a way to "fight inequalities between Europeans and 'natives' in Algeria," even though he was not a Marxist. Camus left the PCF a year later. In 1936, the independence-minded Algerian Communist Party (PCA) was founded, and Camus joined it after his mentor Grenier advised him to do so. Later, Camus was expelled from the PCA for refusing to toe the party line. This series of events sharpened his belief in human dignity and Camus's mistrust of bureaucracies that aimed for efficiency instead of justice grew.

In 1938, Camus began working for the leftist newspaper *Alger républicain* (founded by Pascal Pia) as he had strong anti-fascist feelings, and the rise of fascist regimes in Europe was worrying him. By then, Camus had developed strong feelings against authoritative colonialism . Camus flew to Paris to take a new job at *Paris-Soir* as editor-in-chief. Soon after Camus moved to Paris, the outbreak of World War II began to affect France. Camus volunteered to join the army but was not accepted because he had suffered from tuberculosis. As the Germans were marching towards Paris, Camus fled and ended up in Lyon, where he married pianist and mathematician Francine Faure on 3 December 1940. Camus and Faure moved back to Algeria (Oran) where he

taught in primary schools. Because of his tuberculosis, he moved to the French Alps on medical advice.

Camus took an active role in the underground resistance movement against the Germans during the French occupation. Upon his arrival in Paris, he started working as a journalist and editor of the banned newspaper *Combat*.

After the War, Camus lived in Paris with Faure, who gave birth to twins, Catherine and Jean in 1945. Camus was now a celebrated writer known for his role in the Resistance. He delivered lectures at various universities in the United States and Latin America during two separate trips.

Camus had numerous affairs, particularly an irregular and eventually public affair with the Spanish-born actress María Casares, with whom he had an extensive correspondence. Faure did not take this affair lightly. She had a mental breakdown and needed hospitalisation in the early 1950s.

In 1957, at the early age of 44, Camus received the Nobel Prize for Literature. With characteristic modesty he declared that had he been a member of the awarding committee his vote would certainly have gone to André Malraux. After this he began working on his autobiography *Le Premier Homme* (*The First Man*) in an attempt to examine "moral learning". He also turned to the theatre once more.

Camus died on 4 January 1960 at the age of 46, in a car accident near Sens, in Le Grand Fossard in the small town of Villeblevin. He was buried in the Lourmarin Cemetery, Vaucluse, France, where he had lived. His friend Sartre read a eulogy, paying tribute to Camus's heroic "stubborn humanism". William Faulkner wrote his obituary, saying, "When the door shut for him, he had already written on this side of it that which every artist who also carries through life with him that one same foreknowledge and hatred of death, is hoping to do: I was here."

Camus separated his work into three cycles. Each cycle consisted of a novel, an essay, and a play. The first was the cycle of the absurd consisting of *L'Étranger*, *Le Mythe de Sysiphe*, and *Caligula*. The second was the cycle of the revolt which included *La Peste* (*The Plague*), *L'Homme révolté* (*The Rebel*), and *Les Justes* (*The Just*

Assassins). The third, the cycle of love, consisted of *Nemesis*. Each cycle was an examination of a theme which included a pagan myth and biblical motifs.

The books in the first cycle were published between 1942 and 1944, but the theme was conceived earlier, at least as far back as 1936. With this cycle, Camus aimed to pose a question on the human condition, discuss the world as an absurd place, and warn humanity of the consequences of totalitarianism.

The Plague- *An Outline:*

It is the 1940s in Oran, a French-occupied Algerian colony. Dr. Bernard Rieux is the first to discern that things are not right with the city when he notices a sudden spike in the number of dead rats around town. The sight of Oran littered with the carcasses of rats stimulates panic among the citizens and forces the government to order a special force tasked with cremating the rodents.

As the rat carcass problem is contained, Dr. Rieux treats the concierge where he lives, who is complaining of an unusual fever. Not long after the concierge succumbs to the ravages of the affliction, doctors all over town are flooded with patients experiencing similar symptoms. Rieux and an elderly colleague named Castel suspect Oran has become the victim of an outbreak of bubonic plague. Requests to the government to initiate a strategy before an epidemic gets out of control are ignored and only after the death toll skyrockets are leaders finally incapable of denying the seriousness of the situation. By the time they finally respond to the gravity of the outbreak, the only choice is absolute quarantine of the city. Oran essentially becomes cut off and isolated from the rest of the world.

The reaction of the residents of Oran varies widely in terms of specifics, but share a commonality of experience: it is the sense of imposed exile from society and the longing for simple human contact with friends and family outside the closed gates that drives every individual response. Permeating the fear of the disease and the longing and loneliness is a common exhibition of belief that the singling out of their city is no random act of science, but divine punishment of some kind. Helping to foster this

belief is Father Paneloux, whose early sermons are filled with stern Jesuit reasoning that Oran has committed sins so great that simple forgiveness is not warranted.

Rambert, a Parisian journalist unlucky enough to happen to be in the city when the outbreak begins, is determined to escape back home to reunite with his wife. His attempts are foiled by the ineptitude of both the government and the underground network he consults. A paranoid criminal named Cottard attempts to aid Rambert in his escape. Unique among those trapped inside Oran, Cottard is actually glad to see the effects of the plague on the town. Suddenly, everyone is just as lonely and afraid as him. Not only that, he is making a killing in the booming business of smuggling, another consequence of the epidemic.

Another visitor who is trapped by bad timing is Jean Tarrou. He has been carefully making notes of everything he's observed relating to the plague. These observations stimulate him to organize sanitation duties with the help of volunteers. Meanwhile, just as Rambert is ready to put his escape strategy to the test, he learns that Dr. Rieux—who has been the leading figure in trying to fight the plague—has a wife on the outside experiencing her own medical quarantine as a patient being treated in a sanatorium. The sacrifice being made by Rieux inspires Rambert to give up on his plan to escape and stay to fight the epidemic.

The initial self-centred response of individuals to the quarantine as a personal tragedy eventually gives way to a widespread realization that everyone is affected equally even if in starkly different ways. The acceptance of the plague under these terms lessens the selfishness of the town, but does little to alleviate the collective despair and hopelessness. Adding to the horror is the death toll affecting so many people that cremation is necessary to keep up. When the young child of Oran's magistrate succumbs to the suffering and perishes in a painful and grotesque fashion, Father Paneloux is moved to deliver another sermon. The theme of this sermon is plainly stated: the plague is evidence enough that you either believe in Christianity wholeheartedly or you reject it outright. Not long afterward, Paneloux himself dies, committed so thoroughly to his view of the faith that he refuses medical treatment.

As the year draws to a cold and melancholic close, in contrast to Paneloux, other victims begin to make miraculous recoveries and avoid death. At that point, Tarrou is diagnosed, but fails to recover and dies. He has become the exception, however, and soon the town can barely contain its desire to celebrate the evidence that the plague is diminishing and will soon disappear.

Alone among the quarantined not bursting with happiness at this thought is Cottard. On the day the gates to the town finally reopen, his madness finally overcomes him and he takes to randomly firing his gun until the police arrest him. The long-awaited reunion between Rambert and his wife takes place not back home in Paris, but in Oran. Dr. Rieux is not so lucky; his wife has died during the separation mandated by the quarantine. Flush with the freedom to do whatever they want; the residents of town more or less go back to their lives as they were before the plague arrived.

The unidentified narrator of these events finally reveals himself as the tale draws to a close. The chronicler is Dr. Rieux and his book is composed as a testament to the victims and those who fought it rather than as a self-serving story as a personal victim of the tragedy. An attempt is made to end the story on an inspirational note with Rieux's observance that ultimately those trapped in Oran revealed the better side of human nature more often than the worst. That note of optimism is ultimately undercut, though, by his haunting reminder that the microbe responsible for bubonic plague can lie dormant for so long that it creates the illusion of being gone forever when in reality it has the power to recrudesce into an epidemic with little warning once more.

About the Novel: The book chronicles the abrupt arrival and slow departure of a fictional outbreak of bubonic plague to the Algerian coastal town of Oran in the month of April, sometime in the 1940s. Once it has settled in, the epidemic lingers, roiling the lives and minds of the town's inhabitants until the following February, when it leaves as quickly and unaccountably as it came, "slinking back to the obscure lair from which it had stealthily emerged."

Historically speaking, in the 14th century, the bubonic plague, also known as the "Black Death" killed almost a third of the people on the continent of Europe. When it rampaged through London in 1665 and 1666, it killed nearly a quarter of the population.

While *The Plague* quite literally and clinically relays the symptoms and consequences of that disease, the bacillus under the author's lens is not so much physiological as sociological, and philosophical. Although this novel tracks the progression of a specific epidemic in a specific city, country and time frame, Camus's true subject lies outside time and place.

His intent is metaphorical: he addresses any contagion that might overtake any society; from a disease like cholera, the Spanish Influenza, AIDS, SARS to a corrosive ideology, like fascism, or totalitarianism, which can infect a whole population. Camus had seen the Nazis overrun Paris in 1940 during World War II. While he was writing *The Plague*, he saw a connection between physical and psychological infection, which his book sutures together.

As the story begins, rats are lurching out of Oran's shadows, first one-by-one, then in "batches," grotesquely expiring on landings or in the street. Most of Oran's citizens misinterpret the early "bewildering portents," missing their broader significance. For a time, the only action they take is denouncing the local sanitation department and complaining about the authorities. "In this respect our townsfolk were like everybody else, wrapped up in themselves," the narrator reflects. "They were humanists: they disbelieved in pestilences." Camus shows how easy it is to mistake an epidemic for an annoyance.

But then Michel falls sick and dies. As Rieux treats him, he recognizes the tell-tale signs of plague, but at first persuades himself that, "The public mustn't be alarmed, that wouldn't do at all." Oran's bureaucrats agree. The Prefect (like a mayor or governor, in colonial Algeria) "personally is convinced that it's a false alarm." A low-level bureaucrat, Richard, insists the disease must not be identified officially as plague, but should be referred to merely as "a special type of fever." But as the pace and

number of deaths increases, Rieux rejects the euphemism, and the town's leaders are forced to take action.

Authorities are liable to minimize the threat of an epidemic, Camus suggests, until the evidence becomes undeniable that under reaction is more dangerous than overreaction. Soon the city gates are closed and quarantines are imposed, cutting off the inhabitants of Oran from each other and from the outside world. "The first thing that plague brought to our town was exile," the narrator notes. A journalist named Rambert, stuck in Oran after the gates close, begs Rieux for a certificate of health so he can get back to his wife in Paris, but Rieux cannot help him. "There are thousands of people placed as you are in this town," he says. Like Rambert, the citizens soon sense the pointlessness of dwelling on their personal plights, because the plague erases the "uniqueness of each man's life" even as it heightens each person's awareness of his vulnerability and powerlessness to plan for the future.

This catastrophe is collective. Camus writes, this ache, along with fear, becomes "the greatest affliction of the long period of exile that lay ahead." Anyone who lately has had to cancel a business trip, a class, a party, a dinner, a vacation, or a reunion with a loved one, can feel the justice of Camus's emphasis on the emotional fallout: feelings of isolation, fear, and loss of agency.

Like the men and women who lived in a time of disruption almost a century ago, whom Camus reimagined to illustrate, all we can know is that this disruption will not last forever. It will go, "unaccountably," when it pleases. And one day, others will emerge. When they do, his novel warned long ago, and shows us even more clearly now, we must take care to read the "bewildering portents" correctly. "There have been as many plagues as wars in history," Camus writes. "Yet always plagues and wars take people equally by surprise."

The most meaningful action within the context of Camus' philosophy is to choose to fight death and suffering. In the early days of the epidemic, the citizens of Oran are indifferent to one another's suffering because each person is selfishly convinced that his or her pain is unique compared to "common" suffering.

Camus' account of life under conditions of an epidemic, works at different levels. The Plague is a transparent allegory of the Nazi occupation of France beginning in spring 1940. In Camus's case, the plague was intended as an allegory for fascism—a metaphor for something that creeps into a place and takes over before most people notice, only later causing subtle shifts in human behaviour. Also, illnesses have always been used as metaphors to express a sense of what was wrong socially.

Camus was drawn to this theme because, he ruminates, we are all –unknowingly living through a plague: that is a widespread, silent, invisible a disease that may kill any of us at any time and destroy the lives we assumed were solid.

The plague has drawn him to the conclusion that there is more to praise than despise in humans. He acknowledges that the bacillus microbe can lie dormant for years, and he notes that for that reason the chronicle does not record a final victory by any means.

The key to understanding Camus' novels is to know that he was an atheist and an existentialist who emphasized the absurd—the conflict between our desire for value and meaning and our inability to find any in a meaningless and irrational universe. *The plague represents this absurdity*. There is no justice regarding who lives and dies from the plague; there is no rational or moral meaning to be derived from it; religious myths or angry gods don't explain it. The plague is neither rational nor just.

Moreover, wishful thinking doesn't help; instead, it falsifies reality. Miracle cures won't work and real cures aren't right around the corner. *Life is transitory, our lives are short-lived.* Neither wealth nor education completely shields us from minute pathogens. Yet people forget all this. They're surprised that they're defenceless.

So, Camus believed that we should revolt against absurdity—not by cowardly committing suicide or fleeing into religious faith—but by taking responsibility for our lives, enjoying the goodness and beauty around us, and creating our own meaning in an objectively meaningless world. We do this primarily by struggling against suffering and death even if our efforts fail.

For *the plague is everywhere*—people suffer and die; psychopaths create havoc; nations commit genocide. We live in a plague-filled world. *The plague is always with us*—our lives can end at any moment. It is a constant companion of our transitory lives. What then should we do? *Express care and concern for our fellow travellers and try to help them***.** That's what the novel's hero Dr.Rieux does. He accepts the absurdity of suffering, death, and futility, but battles them even so. He treats his patients because he empathizes with their undeserved predicament.

Suggested Questions:

1. Discuss the themes of isolation, fear, and loss in the novel.

2. Illnesses have always been used as metaphors to express a sense of what was wrong with society especially its indifference. Elaborate this with reference to *The Plague*.

3. How does Oran become a microcosm of the universe, and representative of how different people deal with the absurd – that is, the plague?

4. Comment on the allegorical nature of the novel.

5. How does religion figure in the plot of the novel?

6. Does *The Plague* attempt to argue for the goodness of man?

Question Paper Pattern

Semester V

Paper VI: European Literature

Time: 3 Hours **Maximum Marks: 100**

Section A: Poetry	**20**
Section B: Drama	**20**
Section C: Short Fiction	**20**
Section D: Prose	**20**
Section E: Novel	**20**

Model Question Paper

Semester V

Paper VI: European Literature

Time: 3 Hours **Max Marks:100**

Instruction: Answer all Sections

Section – A

(Poetry)

I A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15=15)

1) In what ways does Odysseus develop as a character in the course of the narrative?

2)Trace the speaker's longingness towards his lover in the poem *Sonnet of the Sweet Complaint.*

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X 5=5)

1) Change in *Torture*

2)Apprehension and regrets in *To Posterity*

3) Fear and pity in *I'm not one of those who left their land*

Section –B

(Short Fiction)

II A) Answer any one of the following (1X15=15)

1) *An Upheaval* focuses on class conflict and high-handed attitude of the upper class. Elaborate.

2) What role does fate and chance play in the story *The Necklace* ?

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5=5)

1) Mashenka Pavletsky

2) Appearance vs reality in The Necklace

3) Self -respect *in An Upheaval*

Section- C

(Prose)

III A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15=15)

1) Discuss the features of epistolary form with reference to the letter written by Kafka to Pollak.

2)How does Beauvoir analyse the oppressions of colonized, enslaved and other exploited people?

3) What does Kafka want to convey his friend Oskar through his letters?

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5=5)

1) Otherness according to Beauvoir

2) Kafka's relationship with Pollack

3) Social constructions in Beauvoir's extract

Section- D

(Drama)

IV A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15=15)

1) Discuss the features of Greek tragedy with reference to Sophocles' Ajax.

2) Does the chorus change over the course of the Play? How does it affect the action?

3) In Sophocles' Ajax, why does the playwright focus so much on vision and perception? Explain.

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5=5)

1) Dangers of Hubris

2) Capriciousness of the Gods

3) A tragedy of stubbornness

Section- E

(Novel)

V A) Answer any one of the following: (1X15=15)

1) Illnesses have always been used as metaphors to express a sense of what was wrong with society especially its indifference. Elaborate this with reference to *The Plague*.

2) How is the human imagination viewed in Albert Camus' *The Plague* ?

3) Write a note on the ending of Albert Camus' *The Plague.*

B) Write a short note on any one of the following: (1X5=5)

1) People of Oran

2) Dr. Rieux's claims of objectivity

3) Timeline in the novel