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BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY
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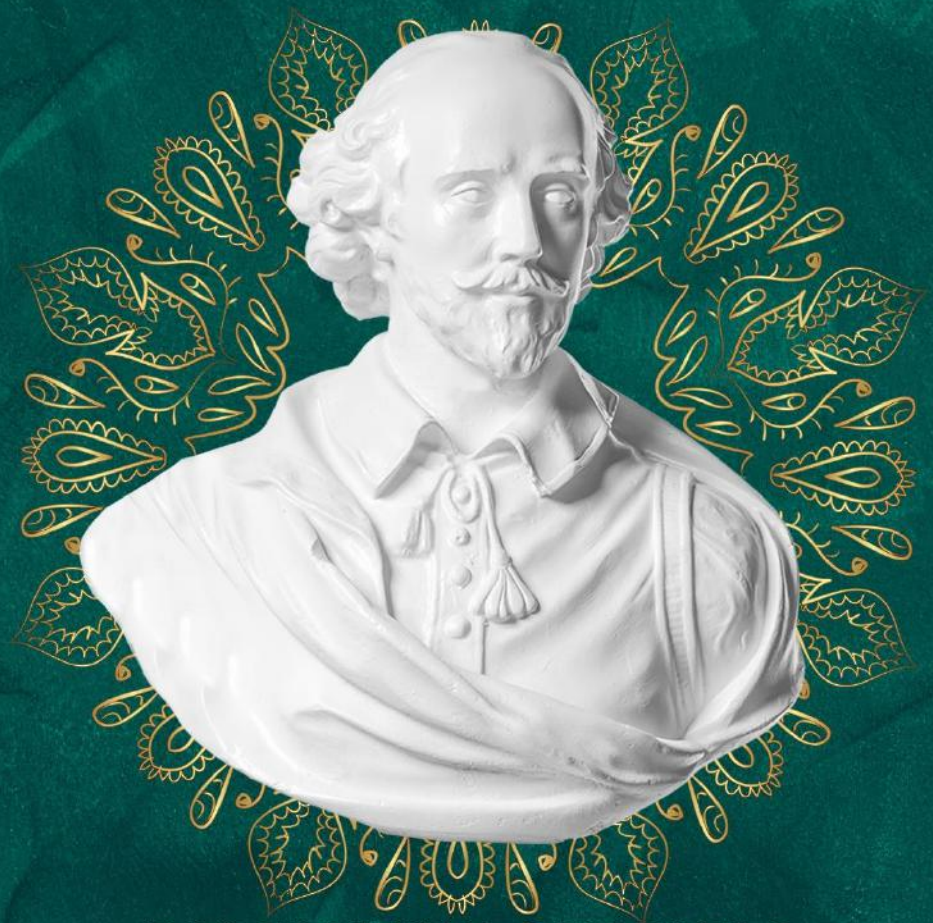
BE BOUNDLESS

Literary Musings

VOLUME III - THIRD SEMESTER



DISCIPLINE SPECIFIC
CORE COURSE - **ENGLISH**

PAPER V - **BRITISH LITERATURE UP TO 1800**
PAPER VI - **INDIAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION**

(AS PER NATIONAL EDUCATION POLICY 2020)

CHIEF EDITOR: Dr. THANDAVA GOWDA T.N
EDITOR: Dr. PADMAVATHY. K

PRASARANGA:
BENGALURU CITY UNIVERSITY

FOREWORD

Discipline Specific Core Course-English- Text book Literary Musings for III Semester B.A under Bengaluru City University (BCU), has been designed with the objectives of introducing multiple areas of writings in English Literature along with translations in English. Course 5 and course 6 is intended to develop the students' ability to read, process, think critically and independently. This is the Text Book for Undergraduate students of BA, BCU, Bengaluru, prepared by the members of the Text Book Committee in accordance with NEP 2020. I congratulate the Text Book Committee's tireless task of framing and collating the materials and I am confident that these text books would further enhance their knowledge and interest in literature. The two text books indeed would facilitate teachers to interpret and improve the methods of teaching in the class room. I thank the Director of Bengaluru City University Press and their personnel for bringing out the third semester textbooks deftly and on time. I hope that both the books would enable practical and experiential learning.

Prof. Lingaraja Gandhi
Vice-Chancellor
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PREFACE

The Discipline Specific Core Course English Text book for III Semester B.A, **Literary Musings**- comprising of British Literature up to 1800 – course 5 and Indian Literature in Translation- course 6- reinforces a wide range of genres like novel, drama, short stories, poems, etc.

Third semester students are by now familiar with various genres and literary terms. Theywould find it further interesting to learn about British literature and translated works.
Course 5 of the syllabus introduces students to a brief history of English literature, major authors and their works and also a play by the greatest playwright William Shakespeare.
Course 6 provides an understanding of the significance of translation studies, a knowledge of translated poems, novel and short stories.

This syllabus is designed and organized to abide to a greater extent to the frame work expected to achieve the desired goals of NEP 2020. I would like to thank the concerned Chairperson and her team of teachers who have worked methodically to accomplish the vested task. I thank the Vice Chancellor and Registrar of Bengaluru City University for their consistent support. I also thank the publisher, who helped us to bring out the book ontime.

Dr. Thandava Gowda
Chairman, Board of
Studies, UG

A Note to the Teacher

Literary Musings, the Discipline Specific Core Course- English BA Text Book for the Third semester undergraduate Arts under Bengaluru City University is intended to develop in students an inclusive outlook, inculcate ethical thinking and aesthetic appeal . The selected areas of study in British Literature is fascinating and engaging. British literature up to 1800 deals with a brief history of English literature and also provides an in-depth knowledge about eminent writers of English literature. Thus students would obtain an insight into the lives of prominent writers and their popular works. In third semester teachers can screen the play of William Shakespeare and also the lives of popular writers, which would enable the students to obtain visual impact of the work.

Teachers have the choice of designing the activity for awarding internal marks.Summative Assessment 60 marks
Formative Assessment (IA) 40 marks
Total 100 marks
Each Course carries 3 credits, therefore for Course 5 and Course 6 it would be 3+3=6 credit

FORMATIVE ASSESSMENT

Internal test	10
Assignment	10
Presentation- (Seminar/Webinar)	10
Writing an Anthology (Group or individual Activity) Or Self- written Poems/ Prose/ Short stories	10
Total	**40**

The formative assessment should involve the following activities to provide real life experience for the students -where practical learning takes place.

- The Students should be made to involve in participative learning/ experiential learning/ collaborative learning for formative assessment.
- Designing and organizing seminars should provide a platform for encouraging students' critical thinking and cross-disciplinary connections.

- An anthology is a collection of literary works. Anthology writing would train students in word-building, character development, creating plots and subplots.

The Committee expresses its sincere thanks to Dr. Thandava Gowda, Chairman, Board of Studies, Bengaluru City University for his consistent support and direction. The Committeealso thanks Prof. Lingaraj Gandhi, the Honorable Vice Chancellor of Bengaluru City University for his support in bringing out the new text book.

Dr. PADMAVATHY.K
CHAIRPERSON, TEXT BOOK COMMITTEE

Discipline Specific Core Course- BA English (Hons.)

SEMESTER- III
Course 5 British Literature up to 1800
Course 6 Indian Literature in Translation

At the end of the semester students would hone the following skills: (EXPECTED LEARNING OUTCOME)

- **Be enriched with the knowledge of British literature and the eminent writers up to 1800**
- **To understand multiple areas of writings in English Language and translations in English**
- **Become familiar with the art of translation**
- **Sensitization of issues prevalent in the given texts**
- **Develop analytical and interpretative skills**
- **Locate and contextualize texts across theoretical orientations**
- **Explore texts and contexts of writings and readings, from varied spaces**

SEMESTER-III
COURSE - 5
DSC BA English
Title of the Course: British Literature up to 1800

COURSE-5 FROM CHAUCER TO THE AGE OF TRANSITION	Total Hrs - 45
UNIT-1 HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Up TO 1800)	10 hrs
The social context of Medieval English Literature, Renaissance, Metaphysical Poetry, Restoration Drama, 18th Century prose, Development of Novel in 18th Century, Neo-Classical and Transitional Poetry	
UNIT-II MAJOR AUTHORS AND WORKS	10 hrs
Geoffrey Chaucer, Francis Bacon, Ben Jonson, John Milton, Alexander Pope, Dr. Samuel Johnson, John Bunyan, Aphra Behn, Elizabeth Cary-	
UNIT- III REPRESENTATIVE TEXTS	25 hrs
• **Sonnet 18 Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day-William Shakespeare** • **On His Blindness- John Milton** • **Lyric- Lover's Infiniteness- John Donne** • **A Poison Tree- William Blake** • **Essay- Sir Roger at Church- Joseph Addison** • **Man in Black- Oliver Goldsmith**	
• **Play- The Merchant of Venice- William Shakespeare**	

Teaching material

Note: Teachers should explore the web/online resources to access the various concepts and illustrative examples.

Books Recommended and Suggested Reading

1. Andrew Sanders, *English Literature*, OUP, 2005

2. Edward Albert, *History of English Literature*, OUP, 2014

3. M. H. Abrams, *A Glossary of Literary Terms*, Cengage Publishers, New Delhi.

From Chaucer to the Age of Transition

Unit – I

History of English Literature

I) The Social context of Medieval English Literature

The earliest literary period which can meaningfully be called "English" can be divided into two major periods, each of which describes the state of development of the English language. Old English (ca. 600-1100) is the oldest form of the language attested, and it was spoken by a people now known as Anglo-Saxons. As the name suggests, they were a mixed group originally from North Germany (Anglia and Saxony, among other places). Several Medieval historians, such as the Venerable Bede and Gildas, memorably describe how these Germanic peoples invaded England, displacing the native Roman-Britons (now the Welsh) in the mid fifth century under the command of two brothers, Hengest and Horsa. This invasion was often later read as God's punishment upon the Britons for becoming a corrupt Christian people. To be clear, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes were pagan peoples when they arrived in England. However, they were missionized by Augustine of Canterbury by papal decree beginning in 597, making them among the earliest Germanic people to convert to Christianity over the course of the sixth century. The story of the rise of the English church is told by Bede in his Ecclesiastical History of the English People.

Having come from so many different places, it is not surprising that the Anglo-Saxons spoke an array of dialects. Although there was no real "standard" form of Old English, toward the end of the period, King Alfred's large-scale book-making project ensured that many of our existing texts were copied (sometimes translated even) in the Late West Saxon dialect. To modern eyes, Old English does not look much like English at all, and one usually approaches it as a foreign language. It functions somewhat like modern German, with more elaborate noun cases and verb forms than we have now.

The Middle English period begins sometime after the Norman Conquest of England in 1066 (The Battle of Hastings); the language can safely be called "Middle" by the year 1300. While difficult to read for modern speakers of English, one can usually make something of a Middle English text without formal linguistic study, though there are subtleties of grammar and vocabulary that repay close linguistic attention. For a quick introduction to the changes involved in the history of the English language.

The three main influences on medieval literature are-

Medieval literature is best understood in the context of three powerful influences on medieval society: feudalism, the church, and a code of conduct called chivalry.

The main characteristics of medieval English literature:-

Impersonality/Anonymity

One of the most important characteristics of Middle English literature is its impersonality, by which I mean that most of its literature was anonymous, and we don't know the names of those who wrote it. The reason is partly that then, people were interested in the poem rather than in the poet.

Examples of literature based on Medieval society:

A few examples, such as the Old English Beowulf, the Middle High German Nibelungenlied, the Medieval Greek Digenis Acritas, the Old East Slavic Tale of Igor's Campaign, and the Old French Chanson de Roland.

Historical developments in the Medieval Period:-

The period saw major technological advances, including the adoption of gunpowder, the invention of vertical windmills, spectacles, mechanical clocks, and greatly improved water mills, building techniques (Gothic architecture, medieval castles), and agriculture in general (three-field crop rotation).

II) Renaissance: -

The Renaissance was a fervent period of European cultural, artistic, political and economic “rebirth” following the Middle Ages. Generally described as taking place from the 14th century to the 17th

century, the Renaissance promoted the rediscovery of classical philosophy, literature and art. In the 14th century, Italian artists began to revive the heritage of Greek and Roman Antiquity. This is why this period is called the "Renaissance", a word which comes from the Italian Rinascita, which was first used in the 14th century.

- The Renaissance Period Transformed Society from Darkness to Light.
- Humanism Was the Main Philosophy.
- The Medici Family Were Major Patrons of the Movement.
- The Height of the Renaissance Was Called the "High Renaissance"

The seven characteristics of the Renaissance are as follows:

- Rebirth of Naturalism.
- Perspective and Depth in Art.
- Create Non-Religious Themes.
- Privately Owned Art.
- Advancements in new technologies such as printing and gunpowder.
- Shift in balance of power among Europe's ruling elite.

III) Metaphysical poetry: -

The term 'metaphysical' is loosely applied to a group of seventeenth century poets such as John Donne, Andrew Marvell, Henry Vaughan, George Herbert and Richard Crashaw. These poets did not belong to a school of poetry but were united by a 'common characteristics of wit, inventiveness and a love of elaborate stylistic manoeuvres. Their poetry was rich in intellectual complexity. Metaphysical poetry is a group of poems that share common characteristics: they are all highly intellectualized, use rather strange imagery, use frequent paradox and contain extremely complicated thought.

The term Metaphysical poets was coined by the critic Samuel Johnson to describe a loose group of 17th-century English poets whose work was characterised by the inventive use of conceits, and by a greater emphasis on the spoken rather than lyrical quality of their verse. These poets were not formally affiliated and few were highly regarded until 20th century attention established their importance.

Given the lack of coherence as a movement, and the diversity of style among poets, it has been suggested that calling them Baroque poets after their era might be more useful. Once the Metaphysical style was established, however, it was occasionally adopted by other and especially younger poets to fit appropriate circumstances. John Dryden was the first to use the term 'metaphysic 'in his criticism of Donne.

Characteristics of Metaphysical poetry: -

Although the metaphysical poets did not deliberately write their work in the same style, Johnson was not wrong in pointing out some of the connections between their works. The major characteristics of metaphysical poetry include metaphysical conceits, colloquial diction, philosophical exploration, and Platonic ideals. The poets who developed this style lived in a time when scientific discoveries were changing the way people thought about the world, and new kinds of thought were cropping up. Though they did not always write about the same subjects, all of the metaphysical poets wrote work that was highly intellectualized, used strange imagery, contained complicated thought, and above all, contained strong examples of wit.

IV. Restoration Drama:

The term "restoration" in Restoration drama refers to the return of the monarchy to England after something more than a decade of Puritan rule. Yet the term might with equal justice be applied to the stage itself, for during the Commonwealth interregnum, Puritan authorities repeatedly endeavored, though with limited success, to banish public performances of plays. From September 2, 1642, when Parliament proclaimed that "while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage-plays shall cease, and be forborne," until August 21, 1660, when King Charles II granted patents to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant to establish theatres, drama in England led a precarious existence.

Late seventeenth century British drama enjoyed a restoration in more than a political sense. As the political structure of the country returned to an older form, so, too, the drama, at least initially, looked back to pre-Commonwealth days to find its conventions, plots, characters, and themes. Indeed, in 1660 no new plays were available when the theatres reopened. Furthermore, both Davenant and Killigrew were products of the earlier period, having acted and written during the reign of Charles I, and most of the surviving actors—many had been killed fighting for the king in the Civil War—knew only the older dramatic

conventions. During the Restoration period, about 175 pre-Commonwealth plays were revived, and among plays acted frequently over the years, about half date from before 1660.

Over the next forty years, however, English drama took on a voice peculiar to the age. The period's major contributions were the comedy of manners or wit and the heroic tragedy, both of which emerged rather quickly and endured throughout the era. Alongside these predominant forms, other types of comic and serious plays coexisted on the stage. Among the former were burlesques and farces, political satires, and comedies of intrigue; among the latter, operas and pastorals. Toward the end of the century, domestic or pathetic tragedy offered some variety to the theatre going public.

Two kinds of developments are noticed in this period, namely the Heroic Plays and the Comedy of Manners. These plays were quite different from Elizabethan plays in some ways. Heroic plays showed the heroic virtues in noble men and the women were described as wonderfully beautiful. The tragic drama of this period was made up of heroic plays which were mainly written in heroic couplet. The main character in these plays was torn between the patriotic duty to their country and their duty as a lover. In these dramas we find brave heroes, beautiful women, a great deal of shouting and nonsense things.

John Dryden was a famous dramatist of restoration period. He was a genius who had perfect command over stagecraft. His plays were greatly successful on the stage. His best heroic plays were 'The Conquest of Granada' and 'Aurangzeb' which he had used the rhymed form. The second one is about the struggle for empire in India. His famous play 'All for Love' deals with the tragic love of Antony and Cleopatra and it was written in blank verse. The most popular form of Restoration Drama. These plays would typically mock the upper-class and would usually include vulgar and sexually suggestive language.
Some of the main characteristics are: -

- Comedy -These plays centralized around a specific character who had an overshadowing trait. Comedy of Manners of Manners. The Comedy of Manners is a theatrical genre that was uber-popular during the Restoration period.
- Satire. The Restoration writers couldn't get enough satire.
- Heroic Couplet
- Social Life.

- Politics.
- Faith.
- Restoration of Monarchy.
- Rejection of Puritanism.

V) 18th Century Prose: -

Matthew Arnold stated that the eighteenth century was the age of 'prose & reason'. It is called so because no good poetry was written at that age and poetry itself became 'prosaic'. The eighteenth century is also referred as the Augustan Age or Neoclassical Age. The Enlightenment, also known as the Age of Reason, was an intellectual and cultural movement in the eighteenth century that emphasized reason over superstition and science over blind faith. This was a sharp turn away from the prevailing idea that people needed to rely on scripture or church authorities for knowledge. The 18th century was an age of tolerance, moderation, and common sense. Nevertheless, it was in cultured circles sought to refine manners and introduce into life the rule of sweet reasonableness. The exhibition of vices and follies of the society affected the literature of the 18th century significantly. Hence, it becomes imperative to know the social, political, religious and economic conditions of the age to appreciate the literature of the time.

The period of 18th Century is known by variety of names.

1. The Augustan Age
2. Neo-Classical Age
3. The Age of Prose & Reason

The 18th century period is supposed to be very fertile period in the development of prose work. It's called by a variety of names.

1. The Augustan Age: -

The original Augustan Age was the brilliant period of Virgil, Horace and Ovid under the Roman Emperor Augustus (27 B.C- 14 A.D). Since the eighteenth century, the term has also has been applied

to the period in England from approximately 1700 to 1745, on the ground that the leading writers of the period (such as Pope Swift, Addison and Steele) greatly admired the Roman Augustans, themselves drew the parallel between the two Ages and deliberately imitated their literary forms and subjects, their emphasis on social concerns and their ideals of moderation, decorum and urbanity. The poet Goldsmith was the first to call it 'The Augustan Age'.

2. Neo-Classical Age: - (The Age of Pope and Dr. Johnson)

The period of English History from 1700-1798, commonly conferred to as the Pseudo-Classical or Neo-Classical Age which can be divided into two-The early half from 1700-1740 which is called as Age of Pope and the latter half of the century from 1740- 1798 may be called the Age of Dr. Johnson, who was the leading literary figure. The Age saw the rise of the social Novel and Essay and the development of modern prose style.

3. The Age of Prose & Reason: -

Mathew Arnold called it by this name and it was chronicled the triumph of English prose. The new interests of the age, a rising from the changed political and social condition, demanded expression through pamphlets, magazines and newspapers. The result is the development of prose, a development which astonishes us by its rapidity and excellence.

Some of the main characteristics of Literature in this period are: -

1. The classical tradition
2. The Romantic Spirit
3. A Return of Nature
4. Increasing preference to Simplicity
5. Revival of colourful Middle Ages
6. Emphasis on Individual Interests
7. Transition from Pseudo-classicism to Romanticism

VI) Development of Novel in the 18th Century: -

Origin of a Novel

A novel is an invented prose narrative of significant length and complexity that deals imaginatively with human experience. Its roots can be traced back thousands of years, though its origins in English are traditionally placed in the 18th century. It is a fictitious prose narrative or tale presenting a picture of real life. The idea we have of the novel comes from the 18th century; before that time there were plenty of forms of prose fiction that did not present a picture of real life. The 18th century marked the period where novels were distributed on a large scale, and a certain level of demand arose among English readers. This demand is also due to people's desire for reading about everyday events, events which went on to shape the lives and actions of fictional characters. The rise of the novel was a result of the democratic movement. The spread of education increased the number of readers. The appearance of newspapers and magazines developed the habit of reading. New prose style developed and the drama declined. These things made way for the 18'th century novel.

Some factors that contributed in the Rise of the 18th Century Novel:

- The Decline of Drama.
- Rise of the Periodical Essays.
- Ready Material.
- Rise of Common People.
- No Limitation for Classicism.
- Rise of the Realism.

VII) Neo -Classical and Transitional Poetry

Origin of Neo-Classicism:

After the Renaissance--a period of exploration and expansiveness--came a reaction in the direction of order and restraint. Generally speaking, this reaction developed in France in the mid-seventeenth century and in England thirty years later; and it dominated European literature until the last part of the eighteenth

century.Regarding English literature, the Neoclassical Age is typically divided into three periods: the Restoration Age (1660-1700), the Augustan Age (1700-1750), and the Age of Johnson (1750-1798).

It was started by the earliest Neoclassical painters were Joseph-Marie Vien, Anton Raphael Mengs, Pompeo Batoni, Angelica Kauffmann, and Gavin Hamilton, Those artists were active during the 1750s, '60s, and '70s.The period is called neoclassical because its writers looked back to the ideals and art forms of classical times, emphasizing even more than their Renaissance predecessors the classical ideals of order and rational control

Key poets associated with the school of neoclassical poetry included John Milton, John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and Oliver Goldsmith. Major works included epics and satires, such as Pope's The Rape of the Lock or Milton's Paradise Lost.The Neo-Classical Poets or the transitional poets also adored the wild, fantastic, abnormal and the supernatural. Their poetry was no longer coffee house poetry and they appreciated the realm of nature. They emphasized individualism and their works became more subjective than objective. Man, and Nature became centre of their works.

Characteristics of Neo-Classicism

Neoclassicism is characterized by clarity of form, sober colors, shallow space, strong horizontal and verticals that render that subject matter timeless (instead of temporal as in the dynamic Baroque works), and classical subject matter.

Transitional Poetry (1850-1898)

The second half of the eighteenth century is known as a transitional period. It was an era of change from pseudo-classicism to romanticism. The decline of party spirit and the democratic upsurge exercised great influence both on life and literature.

The transitional poetry marks the beginning of a reaction against the rational, intellectual, formal, artificial and unromantic poetry of the age of Pope and Johnson. It was marked by a strong reaction against stereotyped rules. The transitional poets derived inspiration from Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. Unlike the Augustan poetry, it is poetry of countryside, of common and ordinary people, and not of the fashionable, aristocratic society and town life. Love of nature and human life characterise this poetry. The transitional poets revolted against the conventional poetic style and diction of the Augustan poetry. They

aimed at achieving simplicity of expression. This poetry appealed to emotions and imagination. It is marked by the development of naturalism. Crabbe, Burns, Blake and many others are the pioneers of naturalism. The transitional poets are the forerunners of the splendid outburst of the romantic poetry of the nineteenth century. James Thomson, Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Gray, William Collins, William Cowper, Mark Akenside are the popular writers of this period.

Questions for Discussions

I. Answer the following briefly: -

1. Name some of the developments that took place in the Medieval Age.
2. Give two reasons why Renaissance took place in Italy.
3. Who coined the term Metaphysical & why?
4. Whys is Restoration period important?
5. How were the novels developed in the 18th century?
6. What caused the beginning of Neo-Classical and why was it important?
7. Why was the Transitional poetry called as the Golden Age?

II. Answer the following in Detail: -

1. What are the main characteristics of Medieval Age?
2. Define the term ‘Renaissance and some of its main characteristics.
3. Explain the main elements of Meta-physical poetry.
4. What marks the beginning of Restoration period and explain the main features of it?
5. What are some of the factors that contributed to the rise of the 18th century novel?
6. Whys is neoclassical age important? Mention some of its themes.

UNIT-II

MAJOR AUTHORS AND WORKS

Geoffrey Chaucer

Geoffrey Chaucer (l. c. 1343-1400 CE) was a medieval English poet, writer, and philosopher best known for his work The Canterbury Tales, a masterpiece of world literature. The Canterbury Tales is a work of poetry featuring a group of pilgrims from different social classes on a journey to the shrine of St. Thomas Becket in Canterbury who agree to tell each other stories to pass the time. Chaucer was well acquainted with people from all classes, and this is evident in the details he chooses as well as the accents employed, how the people dress, and even their hairstyles. The Canterbury Tales has therefore been invaluable to later scholars as a kind of snapshot of medieval life.

Chaucer was a prolific writer, creating many other fine works which have been overshadowed by The Canterbury Tales. None of his pieces were technically published during his lifetime as that concept had not yet been invented. His works were hand-copied by scribes who admired them and either sold or shared them. Chaucer did not make a living from his writing, as his occupations and salaries from court records attest, but was honored for his poetry by noble patrons in other ways. . He is commonly regarded as the Father of English Literature. He rented a home near Westminster Abbey, where he died in October of

1400 CE. He was buried in the abbey but his grave would mark the first of the famous Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey where many great writers and poets have been buried or memorialized since. His major works are: The Book of the Duchess , The House of Fame, Anelida and Arcite, The Parliament of Fowls ,Troilus and Criseyde ,The Legend of Good Women and The Canterbury Tales.

Francis Bacon

Sir Francis Bacon (1561—1626) (later Lord Verulam and the Viscount St. Albans) was an English lawyer, statesman, essayist, historian, intellectual reformer, philosopher, and champion of modern science. Early in his career he claimed “all knowledge as his province” and afterwards dedicated himself to a wholesale revaluation and re-structuring of traditional learning. To take the place of the established tradition (a miscellany of Scholasticism, humanism, and natural magic), he proposed an entirely new system based on empirical and inductive principles and the active development of new arts and inventions, a system whose ultimate goal would be the production of practical knowledge for “the use and benefit of men” and the relief of the human condition.

At the same time that he was founding and promoting this new project for the advancement of learning,

Bacon was also moving up the ladder of state service. His career aspirations had been largely disappointed under Elizabeth I, but with the ascension of James his political fortunes rose. Knighted in 1603, he was then steadily promoted to a series of offices, including Solicitor General (1607), Attorney General (1613), and eventually Lord Chancellor (1618). While serving as Chancellor, he was indicted on charges of bribery and forced to leave public office. He then retired to his estate where he devoted himself full time to his continuing literary, scientific, and philosophical work. He died in 1626, leaving behind a cultural legacy that, for better or worse, includes most of the foundation for the triumph of technology and for the modern world as we currently know it.

Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson was born around June 11, 1572, the posthumous son of a clergyman. He was educated at Westminster School by the great classical scholar William Camden and worked in his stepfather's trade, bricklaying. The trade did not please him in the least, and he joined the army, serving in Flanders. He returned to England about 1592 and married Anne Lewis on November 14, 1594.

Jonson joined the theatrical company of Philip Henslowe in London as an actor and playwright on or before 1597, when he is identified in the papers of Henslowe. In 1597 he was imprisoned in the Fleet

Prison for his involvement in a satire entitled The Isle of Dogs, declared seditious by the authorities. Jonson's second known play, Every Man in His Humour, was performed in 1598 by the Lord Chamberlain's Men at the Globe with William Shakespeare in the cast. Jonson became a celebrity, and there was a brief fashion for 'humours' comedy, a kind of topical comedy involving eccentric characters, each of whom represented a temperament, or humor, of humanity. His next play, Every Man Out of His Humour (1599), was less successful.

Jonson's explosive temperament and conviction of his superior talent gave rise to "War of the Theatres". In The Poetaster (1601), he satirized other writers, chiefly the English dramatists Thomas Dekker and John Marston. Dekker and Marston retaliated by attacking Jonson in their Satiromastix (1601). The plot of Satiromastix was mainly overshadowed by its abuse of Jonson. Jonson had portrayed himself as Horace in The Poetaster, and in Satiromastix Marston and Dekker, as Demetrius and Crispinus ridicule Horace, presenting Jonson as a vain fool. Eventually, the writers patched their feuding; in 1604 Jonson collaborated with Dekker on The King's Entertainment and with Marston and George Chapman on Eastward Hoe. Jonson's next play, the classical tragedy Sejanus, His Fall (1603), based on Roman history and offering an astute view of dictatorship, again got Jonson into trouble with the authorities.

In 1605, Jonson began to write masques for the entertainment of the court. The masques displayed his erudition, wit, and versatility and contained some of his best lyric poetry. Masque of Blacknesse (1605) was the first in a series of collaborations with Inigo Jones, noted English architect and set designer. This collaboration produced masques such as The Masque of Owles, Masque of Beauty (1608), and Masque of Queens (1609), which were performed in Inigo Jones' elaborate and exotic settings. These masques ascertained Jonson's standing as foremost writer of masques in the Jacobean era.

Jonson's enduring reputation rests on the comedies written between 1605 and 1614. The first of these, Volpone, or The Fox (performed in 1605-1606, first published in 1607) is often regarded as his masterpiece. Volpone (The Fox) is a Venetian gentleman who pretends to be on his deathbed after a long illness in order to dupe Voltore (The Vulture), Corbaccio (The Raven) and Corvino (The Crow), three men who aspire to inherit his fortune. In their turns, each man arrives to Volpone's house bearing a luxurious gift, intent upon having his name inscribed to the will of Volpone, as his heir. Mosca (The Fly), Volpone's parasite servant, encourages each of the visitors to believe that he has been named heir to

Volpone's fortune. Mosca even persuades Corbaccio to disinherit his own son in favor of Volpone.

To Volpone, Mosca mentions that Corvino has a beautiful wife, Celia. Disguised as Scoto the Mountebank, Volpone goes to see Celia. Corvino drives away "Scoto" (Volpone), who then becomes insistent that he must possess Celia as his own. Mosca deceives Corvino into believing that the moribund Volpone will be cured of his illness if he lies in bed beside a young woman. Believing that Volpone has been rendered impotent by his illness, Corvino offers his wife in order that, when he is revived, Volpone will recognise Corvino as his sole heir.

Just before Corvino and Celia are due to arrive at Volpone's house, Corbaccio's son Bonario arrives to catch his father in the act of disinheriting him. Mosca guides Bonario to a sideroom, and Volpone and Celia are left alone. Upon failing to seduce Celia with fantastic promises of luxury and wealth, Volpone attempts to rape her. Bonario comes forward to rescue Celia. In the ensuing trial at court, the truth of the matter is well-buried by Voltore, using his prowess as a lawyer to convince the Avocatori, with false evidence given by Mosca, Volpone and the other dupes.

There are episodes involving the English travellers Sir and Lady Politic Would-Be and Peregrine. Sir Politic constantly talks of plots and his outlandish business plans, while Lady Would-Be annoys Volpone with her ceaseless talking. Mosca co-ordinates a mix-up between them which leaves Peregrine, a more sophisticated traveller, feeling offended. He humiliates Sir Politic by telling him he is to be arrested for sedition and making him hide inside a giant tortoise shell.

Volpone insists on disguising himself and having it announced that he has died and willed his wealth to Mosca, which enrages the would-be heirs Voltore, Corbaccio and Corvino, and everyone returns to court to dispute the will of Volpone, who becomes entangled in the circumstances of the plots that he and Mosca devised. Despite Volpone's pleas, Mosca refuses to relinquish his new role as a rich man. Volpone reveals himself and his deceits in order to topple the rich Mosca. In the event, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca and Volpone himself finally are punished.

The following plays, Epicoene or, The Silent Woman (1609), The Alchemist (1610), and Bartholomew Fair (1614) are all peopled with dupes and those who deceive them. Jonson's keen sense of his own stature

as author is represented by the unprecedented publication of his Works, in folio, in 1616. He was appointed as poet laureate and rewarded a substantial pension in the same year.

In 1618, when he was about forty-five years old, Jonson set out for Scotland, the home of his ancestors. He made the journey entirely by foot, in spite of dissuasion from Bacon. After his return, Jonson received an honorary Master of Arts degree from Oxford University and lectured on rhetoric at Gresham College, London. Jonson's later plays The New Inn (1629) and A Tale of a Tub (1633) were not great successes, described harshly, but perhaps justly by Dryden as his "dotages." Despite these apparent failures, and in spite of his frequent feuds, Jonson was the dean and the leading wit of the group of writers who gathered at the Mermaid Tavern in the Cheapside district of London.

The young poets influenced by Jonson were the self-styled 'sons' or 'tribe' of Ben, later called the Cavalier poets, a group which included, among others, Robert Herrick, Thomas Carew, Sir John Suckling, and Richard Lovelace. Jonson was appointed City Chronologer of London in 1628, the same year in which he suffered a severe stroke. His loyal friends kept him company in his final years and attended the King provided him some financial comfort. Jonson died on August 6, 1637 and was buried in Westminster Abbey under a plain slab on which was later carved the words, "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

John Milton

John Milton was born in London on December 9, 1608, into a middle-class family. He was educated at St. Paul's School, then at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he began to write poetry in Latin, Italian, and English, and prepared to enter the clergy. After university, however, he abandoned his plans to join the priesthood and spent the next six years in his father's country home in Buckinghamshire, following a rigorous course of independent study to prepare for a career as a poet. During his period of private study, Milton composed a number of poems, including "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "On Shakespeare," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and the pastoral elegy "Lycidas." In May of 1638, Milton began a thirteen-month tour of France and Italy, during which he met many important intellectuals and influential people, including the astronomer Galileo, who appears in Milton's tract against censorship, "Areopagitica.".

In 1642, Milton returned from a trip into the countryside with a sixteen-year-old bride, Mary Powell. Even though they were estranged for most of their marriage, Powell bore him three daughters and a son before her death in 1652. Milton later married twice more: Katherine Woodcock in 1656, who died giving birth in 1658, and Elizabeth Minshull in 1662. During the English Civil War, Milton championed the cause of the Puritans and Oliver Cromwell, and wrote a series of pamphlets advocating radical political topics including the morality of divorce, the freedom of the press, populism, and sanctioned regicide. Milton served as secretary for foreign languages in Cromwell's government, composing official statements defending the Commonwealth. During this time, Milton steadily lost his eyesight, and was completely blind by 1651. He continued his duties, however, with the aid of Andrew Marvell and other assistants.

After the Restoration of Charles II to the throne in 1660, Milton was arrested as a defender of the Commonwealth, fined, and soon released. He lived the rest of his life in seclusion in the country, completing the blank-verse epic poem Paradise Lost in 1667, as well as its sequel Paradise Regained and the tragedy Samson Agonistes both in 1671. Milton oversaw the printing of a second edition of Paradise Lost in 1674, which included an explanation of "why the poem rhymes not," clarifying his use of blank verse, along with introductory notes by Marvell. Milton died shortly afterwards, on November 8, 1674, in Buckinghamshire, England.

Alexander Pope

In the spring of 1688, Alexander Pope was born an only child to Alexander and Edith Pope. Described by his biographer, John Spence, as "a child of a particularly sweet temper," and with a voice so melodious as to be nicknamed the "Little Nightingale," the child Pope bears little resemblance to the irascible and outspoken moralist of the later poems. Barred from attending public school or university because of his religion, Pope was largely self-educated. He taught himself French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and read widely, discovering Homer at the age of six.

At twelve, Pope composed his earliest extant work, Ode to Solitude; the same year saw the onset of the debilitating bone deformity that would plague Pope until the end of his life. Originally attributed to the severity of his studies, the illness is now commonly accepted as Pott's disease, a form of tuberculosis affecting the spine that stunted his growth—Pope's height never exceeded four and a half feet—and rendered him hunchbacked, asthmatic, frail, and prone to violent headaches. His physical appearance would make him an easy target for his many literary enemies in later years, who would refer to the poet as a "hump-backed toad."

Pope's Pastorals, which he claimed to have written at sixteen, were published in Jacob Tonson's Poetical Miscellanies of 1710 and brought him swift recognition. Essay on Criticism, published anonymously the

year after, established the heroic couplet as Pope's principal measure and attracted the attention of Jonathan Swift and John Gay, who would become Pope's lifelong friends and collaborators. Together they formed the Scriblerus Club, a congregation of writers endeavoring to satirize ignorance and poor taste through the invented figure of Martinus Scriblerus, who would serve as a precursor to the dunces in Pope's late masterpiece, the Dunciad.

In 1712, The Rape of the Lock, Pope's best-known work and the one that secured his fame, was published. Its mundane subject—the true account of a squabble between two prominent Catholic families over the theft of a lock of hair—is transformed by Pope into a mock-heroic send-up of classical epic poetry.

"The Rape of the Lock" was first published anonymously in 1712 before it was reworked and republished in 1714 by Alexander Pope. It is a mock-epic or mock-heroic poem, which means it draws from and parodies traditional Roman or Greek epics such as The Iliad by Homer or The Aeneid by Vergil. The poem uses a heavy amount of satire, which is the use of ridicule, exaggeration, irony, humor, etc. to criticize, mock, or expose the vices and problems of people or society in general. Alexander Pope The Rape of the Lock, in particular, satirizes both the obsession with physical appearance and trivial matters by the people of 18th century England.

The title of the poem tells exactly what happens in the poem: Belinda, one of the main characters, has one of her locks of hair stolen by the Baron. In the context of the story, the word "rape" draws its definition from the Latin root of the word, "rapio," which means "to snatch" or "to seize." In the 18th century, however, "rape" could still mean sexual assault, which Pope was aware of and used to exaggerate the event in order to ridicule the people involved. "The Rape of the Lock" summary is quite simple. Based on a true story told to Pope by a friend, the poem tells of how the Baron sneakily cuts off a lock of Belinda's hair at a party which causes her to become agitated enough to start a fight. The story ends undramatically with the lock of hair becoming lost to both Belinda and the Baron. While the story itself is straightforward, Pope created a long poem around 600 lines broken up into 5 cantos.

Turning from satire to scholarship, Pope, in 1713, began work on his six-volume translation of Homer's Iliad. He arranged for the work to be available by subscription, with a single volume being released each year for six years, a model that garnered Pope enough money to be able to live off his work alone, one of

the few English poets in history to have been able to do so. Pope published Essay on Man in 1734, and the following year a scandal broke out when an apparently unauthorized and heavily sanitized edition of Pope's letters was released by the notoriously reprobate publisher Edmund Curll (collections of correspondence were rare during the period). Unbeknownst to the public, Pope had edited his letters and delivered them to Curll in secret. Pope's output slowed after 1738 as his health, never good, began to fail. He revised and completed the Dunciad, this time substituting the famously inept Colley Cibber—at that time, the country's poet laureate—for Theobald in the role of chief dunce. He began work on an epic in blank verse entitled Brutus, which he quickly abandoned; only a handful of lines survive. Alexander Pope died at Twickenham, surrounded by friends, on May 30, 1744.

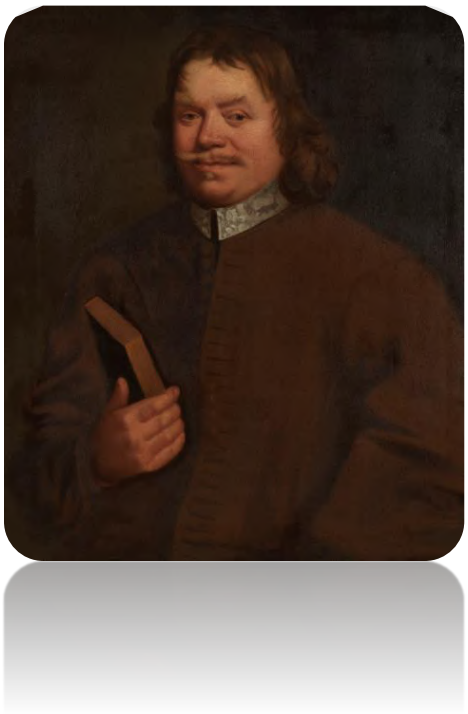
Dr. Samuel Johnson

Samuel Johnson – poet, biographer, lexicographer and essayist – has been described as 'arguably the most distinguished man of letters in English history' (the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography). Born in 1709 above the bookshop his father owned, Johnson was educated at Lichfield Grammar School and Pembroke College, Oxford (which he had to leave after just a year, without a degree, due to being unable to pay his fees).In the early 1730s Johnson worked briefly as a schoolteacher, and also began to produce

literary translations. In 1735 he married Elizabeth 'Tetty' Porter, the widow, some 21 years older than Johnson, of his friend Harry. After trying and failing to establish his own school, Johnson found increasing employment as a journalist for The Gentleman's Magazine, and worked on his own poetry and drama, including the long satirical poem London (published anonymously in 1738). In 1746 Johnson was approached by a group of publishers, including the celebrated William Strahan, about compiling a dictionary of the English language. This enormous, hugely ambitious work would take Johnson almost a decade to complete, and would be one of his most important legacies.

Other works by Johnson in the 1740s and 1750s include the long poem The Vanity of Human Wishes (1749), the play Irene (performed in 1749, to little success) and the essay series titled The Rambler, in which he discusses the critical literary issues of his day. In 1752 Johnson's wife died, and this seems to have ushered in a period of depression, though he carried on working on various literary projects, including starting work on a new edition of The Plays of William Shakespeare (finally published in 1765), publishing the novella Rasselas (1759) and producing a new series of literary essays, The Idler. In 1763 Johnson met and befriended the young James Boswell, who would famously go on to write an intimate, detailed biography of his friend, 1791's Life of Samuel Johnson. The two travelled to Boswell's native Scotland together, a trip which Johnson wrote up as A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland (1775), and Boswell as A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides (1785). Johnson spent the latter half of the 1770s at work on another commission, the Lives of the English Poets. Originally destined as a series of biographical introductions to a 60-volume Works of the English Poets, the texts were eventually published on their own, becoming extremely popular and influential works of biography in their own right. Johnson died in 1784 at the age of 75, leaving behind a substantial body of pioneering works of literary criticism, lexicography and biography.

John Bunyan



John Bunyan was born in Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, the son of Thomas Bunyan and Margaret Bentley. He followed his father into the tinker's trade. As a teenager, he joined Cromwell's New Model Army, but continued his rebellious ways. His life was saved on one occasion when a fellow-soldier took his place at the siege of Leicester, and 'as he stood sentinel he was shot in the head with a musket bullet and died'. Discharged from the army after three years, Bunyan married a God-fearing woman (whose name is unknown) in 1648, who brought two books to the marriage: The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven (Arthur Dent) and The Practice of Piety (Lewis Bayly). These convicted Bunyan of his sin and he made attempts to reform his life. But he realised that he was lost and without Christ when he came into contact with a group of women whose 'joyous conversation about the new birth and Christ deeply impressed him'. In 1651 the women introduced him to their pastor in Bedford, John Gifford, who was instrumental in leading Bunyan to repentance and faith.

That same year he moved to Bedford with his wife and four children, including Mary, his firstborn, who had been blind from birth. He was baptised by immersion in the River Ouse in 1653. Appointed a deacon of Gifford's church, Bunyan's testimony was used to lead several people to conversion. By 1655 Bunyan was himself preaching to various congregations in Bedford, and hundreds came to hear him. John Owen said of him that he would gladly exchange all his learning for Bunyan's power of touching men's hearts.

In the following years, Bunyan began publishing books and became established as a reputable Puritan writer, but around this time, his first wife died. He remarried in 1659, a godly young woman named Elizabeth, who was to be a staunch advocate for her husband during his imprisonments – for in 1660 Bunyan was arrested for preaching without official permission from King Charles II; he was to spend the next 12½ years in Bedford County Gaol.

Although a time of much suffering, Bunyan's years in prison were productive, for he wrote extensively, with only the Bible and Foxe's Book of Martyrs beside him, publishing such titles as Christian Behaviour, The Holy City and A Defence of the Doctrine of Justification. Of particular significance for his life-story was Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, which chronicled his life up to the time of his imprisonment.

He was eventually released in 1672, and took up his pastorate in Bedford, having been appointed by the congregation the preceding January. After some fruitful years of ministry, in March of 1675 Bunyan was again imprisoned for preaching publicly without a license. It was during this imprisonment that he began the first part of his most famous book, The Pilgrim's Progress, which was to sell more than 100,000 copies in its first ten years in print. Released in 1677, Bunyan spent the last ten years of his life ministering to his congregation and writing, including – Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ (1678), The Life and Death of Mr Badman (1680), The Holy War (1682), and the second part of The Pilgrim's Progress (1685). He published ten more books in the last three years of his life, amongst them The Jerusalem Sinner Saved and The Acceptable Sacrifice.

In August 1688, after successfully mediating in a disagreement between a father and son, as he was riding from Reading in Berkshire to London, Bunyan caught a cold and developed a fever. He died at the house of his friend John Strudwick, a grocer and chandler on Snow Hill in Holborn.

Aphra Behn

Aphra Behn, the 17th-century poet, playwright and fiction writer, was hailed by Virginia Woolf in A Room of One's Own (1929) for having 'earned [women] the right to speak their minds'. Very little is known of Behn's early life. She was born in 1640 during the lead-up to the English Civil Wars, possibly in Canterbury to a barber father and nurse mother, though in adulthood she moved in aristocratic, courtly circles. Following the narrator's account of her own life in Oroonoko (1688), some biographers think Behn travelled with her family to the English (later Dutch) colony of Surinam (in the Guianas of South America). There, she may have met an African slave leader who inspired her to write Oroonoko, which is regarded as one of the earliest English novels.

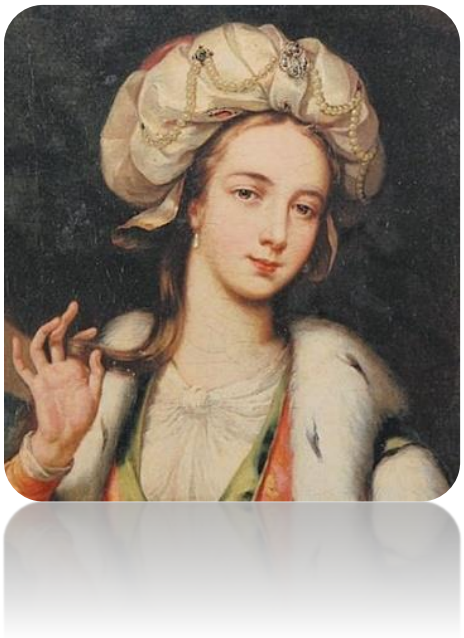
Most biographers think Behn had returned to England by 1664, when she married a merchant named Johan Behn, though they separated soon after and by 1666 Johan had died. In any case, from 1664 she went by the name of 'Mrs Behn' professionally. Behn's politics were conservative and her sympathies were Royalist. During the Second Anglo-Dutch War, which broke out in 1665, she is said to have acted as a spy in Bruges (her code name was Astrea) on behalf of the court of Charles II. Espionage was not a

lucrative career, though, and Behn seems to have returned to London within the year. Some accounts have her serving time in debtors' prison, although that (like much else about her life) is not officially documented.

Back in England, Behn turned her attention to writing. We know that she began working for the King's Company and the Duke's Company, two theatre companies authorised by Charles II after the Restoration, first as a scribe and then as a playwright. Her first few works in the early 1670s (The Force'd Marriage, The Amorous Prince, The Dutch Lover) were not commercial successes. 1677's The Rover, however, was a critical and commercial victory, and from then on Behn had a steady career as a playwright (writing 19 plays in total and probably assisting in the composition of several more).She also wrote novels, poems and literary translations up until her death in 1689 at the age of 49. She is buried in Westminster Abbey, though not in Poets' Corner.

Much of Behn's work was published anonymously during her own lifetime. Now, Behn is best known for her novels The Fair Jilt and Oroonoko – the latter of which, though not expressly anti-slavery, was unusual in its time for the respectful attention it pays to a non-white, non-English protagonist – and for her poetry.

Elizabeth Cary



Born in 1584 or 1585, Elizabeth Cary became the first woman dramatist to be published in England, when

her play The Tragedy of Mariam appeared in 1613. During the years of her childhood, she read voraciously, bribing servants to supply her with candles for night-time study. Having learned to read, write, and speak several languages, Elizabeth translated other writers work as well as composing original texts. Although she was married to Henry Cary when she was seventeen or eighteen, because they did not establish a shared home for another six years, Elizabeth was able to enjoy a relatively independent time of young womanhood that might have otherwise been focused on house holding and familial occupations. It is likely that this is when she wrote The Tragedy of Mariam, and possibly other plays.

Between the ages of 23 and 39, Elizabeth gave birth to, nursed, cared for, and either directly taught or arranged for the education of eleven children (one of whom died in infancy). She was also active in what we would call social work, especially in Ireland where she used her own money to organize a program to train poor children to learn the skills of various trades. She seems to have been prone to periods of depression, the worst episodes occurring during her second and fourth pregnancies when she was in "so deep a melancholy that she lost the perfect use of her reason, and was in much danger of her life" (The Lady Falkland, 195).

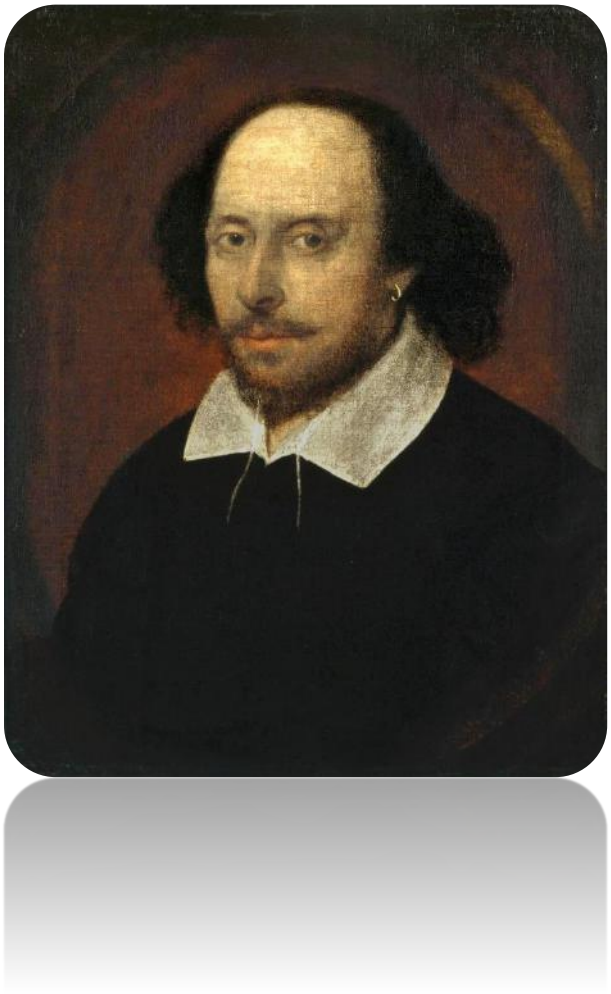
In the years that followed she lived in varying degrees of poverty and though she saw her children frequently, they rarely lived in her house. Nonetheless, she was able to work on a history of Edward II, and publish the translation of a religious treatise as well as attend more increasingly to her inner, devotional life. During the two years before her death, her four youngest daughters were received as nuns into a Benedictine convent in Cambray, France -- with Elizabeth's blessings, encouragement, and assistance. She died in 1639.

I. Write a brief note on the following poets

1. John Milton
2. Aphra Ben
3. Ben Johnson
4. Samuel Johnson

UNIT III

Representative Texts
Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?



William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

William Shakespeare was a renowned English poet, playwright, and actor born in 1564 in Stratford-upon-Avon. His birthday is most commonly celebrated on 23 April, which is also believed to be the date he died in 1616.

Shakespeare was a prolific writer during the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages of British theatre (sometimes called the English Renaissance or the Early Modern Period). Shakespeare's plays are perhaps his most enduring legacy, but they are not all he wrote. Shakespeare's poems also remain popular to this day.

Altogether Shakespeare's works include 38 plays, 2 narrative poems, 154 sonnets, and a variety of other poems. No original manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays are known to exist today. It is actually thanks to a group of actors from Shakespeare's company that we have about half of the plays at all. They collected them for publication after Shakespeare died, preserving the plays. These writings were brought together in what is known as the First Folio ('Folio' refers to the size of the paper used). It contained 36 of his plays, but none of his poetry.

Shakespeare's legacy is as rich and diverse as his work; his plays have spawned countless adaptations across multiple genres and cultures. His plays have had an enduring presence on stage and film. His writings have been compiled in various iterations of *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, which include all of his plays, sonnets, and other poems. William Shakespeare continues to be one of the most important literary figures of the English language.

A Shakespearean sonnet consists of fourteen lines, each containing ten syllables and written in iambic pentameter. Iambic pentameter means that the poem has a fixed rhythm in which an unstressed syllable is followed by a stressed syllable. This is repeated five times in each line, giving a total of ten syllables per line.

About the sonnet:

"Sonnet 18" is perhaps the best known of all of Shakespeare's 154 sonnets, primarily due to the opening line, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day," which every true romantic knows by heart. "Sonnet 18" focuses on the loveliness of a friend or lover, with the speaker initially asking a rhetorical question about comparing their subject to a summer's day. He then goes on to introduce the pros and cons of the weather, mentioning both an idyllic English summer's day and the less-welcome dim sun and rough winds of autumn. In the end, it is insinuated this very piece of poetry will keep the lover—the poem's subject—alive forever and allow them to defy even death.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Glossary

Temperate: evenly-tempered; not overcome by passion.

Lease: here it means the borrowed time of summer.

The eye of heaven: the sun.

Every fair from fair sometime declines: the beauty (fair) of everything beautiful (fair) will fade (declines). Compare to Sonnet 116: "rosy lips and cheeks/Within his bending sickle's compass come."

Nature's changing course: the natural changes age brings.

That fair thou ow'st : that beauty you possess.

In eternal lines...growest : The poet is using a grafting metaphor in this line. Grafting is a technique used to join parts from two plants with cords so that they grow as one. Thus the beloved becomes immortal, grafted to time with the poet's cords (his "eternal lines").

Questions for discussion

I. Answer the following questions in about 300 words

1. Discuss the **central idea of the sonnet** "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day".
2. How does William Shakespeare compare the beauty of his friend to that of a summer's day?

3. How does Shakespeare immortalize his friend's beauty?

II Write short notes on the following

1. Title of the Sonnet.
2. Virtues of the poet's friend.
3. Images of summer in 'Shall I compare Thee to a summer's day?

On His Blindness

John Milton (9 December 1608 – 8 November 1674)

John Milton, the poet, pamphleteer, and historian was born in Bread Street, London on December 9 1608. He was given the nickname Lady of Christ for his effeminate and youthful looks. He expressed his frustrations and scorn and was the champion of individual freedom. As a well-educated, middle-class writer, who had command over many languages and who dedicated the lion's share of the night to his studies, he produced many works of merit. A pastoral elegy, Lycidas, a masque, Comus, twin Horton poems L'Allegro and Ill' Penseroso,a prose treatise, Areopagitica are a few among his literary oeuvre. Milton is best known for Paradise Lost, the greatest epic poem in English. Paradise Regained, Samson Agonistes are the other works which confirms his reputation as one of the greatest English poets. The exact date and place of his death remain obscure. He likely died in London in 1674 from complications of the gout.

About the poem:

“On His Blindness / When I consider how my light is spent” is a sonnet written by John Milton, an acclaimed seventeenth century English poet. As a sonneteer, Milton widened the range of the sonnet and revived the classical or the Petrarchan sonnet from, falling into parts: the first, an octave (eight lines) rhyming abba abba, reveals the poet’s fears and complaints; and the second, a sestet (six lines) rhyming cde cde, teaches us total submission to God’s design.

This Sonnet was written in 1655; three years after Milton become completely blind, and was marked by a brooding sense of despondency arising out of his blindness. It was written when Milton was in his forty-fourth year. The poem can be divided into two parts. In the first half of the poem, he expresses his sadness at the loss of his eye-sight.

The sonnet is one of the best and well known poems written by Milton. It deals with a sublime theme described in a grand style by the use of simple language. The sonnet is written in Petrarchan style comprising an octave and a sestet with the rhyme scheme abba/abba/cde/cde. Though there is a turn of event after the octave, the octave and sestet is not divided. The sonnet differs from Petrarchan sonnet in the sense that Petrarchan sonnet deals with the theme of love, whereas, this sonnet deals with spiritual issue.

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:

They also serve who only stand and wait."

Glossary

Ere:	before
Doth:	to do
Chide:	to scold
Yoke:	a wooden crosspiece that is fastened over the necks of two animals and attached to the plow or cart that they are to pull.
Exact:	demand Light
Denied:	blind
Murmur:	breathy voice
O'er:	over
Talent:	a) a natural or acquired ability and b) a unit of money
Lodged:	to make or become firmly fixed or embedded in a particular place.
Spent:	used up; gone out (blindness)
Post:	to travel quickly
Fondly:	Archaic, naively, foolishly
Prevent:	both to forestall and to predispose

Questions for discussion

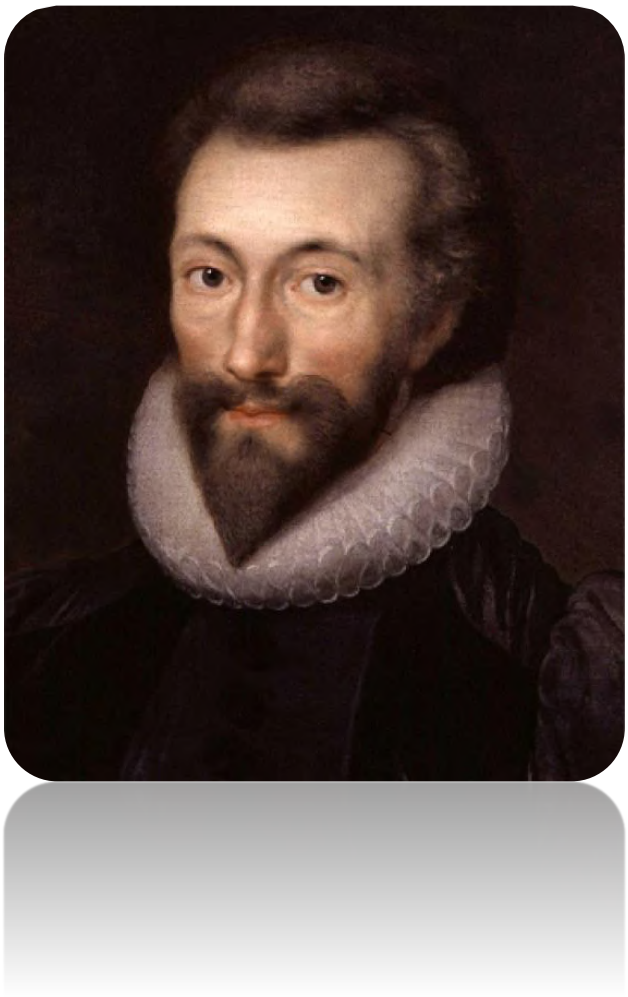
I. Answer the following questions in about 300 words 10 Marks

1. Comment on the two different mood of the poets as revealed by the sonnet.
2. How does the poet justify the ways of God to man in the sonnet "On His Blindness"?
3. Attempt a critical appreciation of the poem On His Blindness.

II Write short notes on the following 5 Marks

1. Philosophy of life in the poem On His Blindness.
2. Optimism of the last two lines.
3. Metaphor and personification in the poem.

Lover's Infiniteness



John Donne (1573-1631)

John Donne, whose poetic reputation languished before he was rediscovered in the early part of the twentieth century, is remembered today as the leading exponent of a style of verse known as "metaphysical poetry," which flourished in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. (Other great metaphysical poets include Andrew Marvell, Robert Herrick, and George Herbert.) Metaphysical poetry typically employs unusual verse forms, complex figures of speech applied to elaborate and surprising metaphorical conceits, and learned themes discussed according to eccentric and unexpected chains of reasoning. Donne's poetry exhibits each of these characteristics. His jarring, unusual meters; his proclivity for abstract puns and double entendres; his often bizarre metaphors (in one poem he compares love to a carnivorous fish; in another he pleads with God to make him pure by raping him); and his process of oblique reasoning are all characteristic traits of the metaphysicals, unified in Donne as in no other poet.

Donne is valuable not simply as a representative writer but also as a highly unique one. He was a man of contradictions: As a minister in the Anglican Church, Donne possessed a deep spirituality that informed his writing throughout his life; but as a man, Donne possessed a carnal lust for life, sensation, and experience. He is both a great religious poet and a great erotic poet, and perhaps no other writer (with the possible exception of Herbert) strove as hard to unify and express such incongruous, mutually discordant passions. In his best poems, Donne mixes the discourses of the physical and the spiritual; over the course of his career, Donne gave sublime expression to both realms.

About the poem:

Lover's Infiniteness is one of the well-known poems of John Donne. Grierson comments that the title is a strange one, in fact it should be Love's Infiniteness. However, the title seems fit to the actual mood of the poem. The poet is capable of giving more and more love each day and the beloved must reciprocate. However, this would only be possible if the lovers were themselves infinite.

At the beginning, the poet describes all that he has done to gain his lady's love. He says that he has done everything possible. He says that, in spite of all his efforts if her love towards him still remains partial, then he can never have it fully. This is because he has spent all his treasures of sighs, tears, oaths and letters with which he can win the lady. He says that it is possible that she might have once given him all her love but since then new love might have been created in her heart. Other men who had a great stock of tears, oaths and sighs might have out bidden him or might do so in future. If it is so, it is a cause of fresh anxiety for him. The poet asserts that the heart of the beloved was his and hence whatever grows there was his and this would be so in future also.

Lover's Infiniteness

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee—
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters—I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to me,

Than at the bargain made was meant;
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall
New love created be, by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it;
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it;
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

Glossary

treasure: wealth, valuable thing

bargain: an agreement between parties settling what each shall give and take.

partial: biased or prejudiced in favor of a person.

beget: to cause; produce as an effect.

liberal: favourable to progress or reform.

Questions for discussion

I. Answer the following questions in about 300 words **10 Marks**

1. What are the various symbols and images used in Lover infiniteness?
2. How apt is the title of the poem Lover infiniteness?
3. How does Donne treat physical and spiritual love in his works?

II Write short notes on the following **5 Marks**

1. "Lovers' Infiniteness,"
2. Pastoral imagery in Lovers' Infiniteness.
3. Donne as a Metaphysical poet.

A Poison Tree

William Blake (1757-1827)

William Blake (28 November 1757 – 12 August 1827) was an English poet, painter and print maker. Blake is now considered a seminal figure in the history of English poetry. He was born in London. He was a boldly imaginative rebel in both his thought and his art. "A Poison Tree" was published as part of the Experience section of William Blake's best-known work, Songs of Innocence and Experience (first published in 1794, though Innocence was published individually a few years earlier). This book of poems is quite an educational work of poetic moralizing.

William Blake is today recognized as a highly original and important poet in English literature, as well as a revolutionary and visionary artist. This, however, was not the case at the time of his death in 1827, for Blake was also an individualist to the point of being isolated from society, and refused to compromise when it came to matters of personal and spiritual freedom for everyone. Indeed, the few obituaries that were written at the time focused more on the man's eccentric behavior than on his artistic and literary achievements and it took many years before Blake’s contribution to art, literature and psychology was properly acknowledged as truly original and ground-breaking.

Blake published Songs of Innocence and of Experience: Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul in 1794, and this collection of forty-six poems has a unique position in English literature.

Some of them—The Tyger, for example—are among the best-known poems in the English language.

About the poem:

Poison Tree is a short and deceptively simple poem about repressing anger and the consequences of doing so. The speaker tells of how they fail to communicate their wrath to their foe and how this continues to grow until it develops into poisonous hatred. The speaker describes how when they were angry with a friend, they talked to their friend about the issue which helped them to overcome their anger. However, the speaker was unable to do the same with an enemy and this leads to developing resentment and an even stronger degree of hatred. An extended metaphor of a tree growing in the speaker's garden demonstrates how the anger continues to grow. In the lines 'And I water'd it in fears' and 'And I sunned it with smiles' the speaker actively cultivates the tree/anger. Eventually the anger blossoms into a poisoned fruit, the enemy eats the fruit and dies and the speaker seems to be glad of this. However, there is also a sense that they see the destructiveness of what has occurred. As the first lines acknowledge, we can easily overcome our anger if we communicate it properly.

A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend,
I told my wrath, my wrath did end;
I was angry with my foe,
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water’d it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;
And my foe beheld its shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

Glossary

Wrath: extreme anger
Foe: enemy
Watered: pour water
Sunned: provide
Deceitful: dishonest
Wiles: clever tricks a
Bore: produces fruit
Beheld: looked at
Veiled: covered with
Pole: the Pole star (also known as Polaris)

Questions for discussion

I. Answer the following questions in about 300 words 10 Marks

1. How does the speaker of the poem behave toward others when he is angry at them? Support your inference with textual evidence.
2. The poem "A Poison Tree" is a fable directed against self-restraint. Explain.
3. How is conceit (extended metaphor) used throughout this poem? Give examples of the comparison.

II Write short notes on the following 5 Marks

1. Speaker's suppressed anger.
2. Title of the poem A Poison Tree.
3. Extended metaphor.

Roger at Church

Joseph Addison:-(1672-1719)

Addison was born on May 1, 1672 in Milston, Wiltshire, but soon after Joseph's birth his father was appointed Dean of Lichfield, so the Addison family moved into the Cathedral Close. He was educated at Lambertown University and Charterhouse School, where he first met Richard Steele, and at Queen's College, Oxford. He excelled in classics, was especially noted for his Latin verse, and became a Fellow of Magdalen College. In 1693, he addressed a poem to John Dryden, the former Poet Laureate, and his first major work, a book about the lives of English poets, was published in 1694, as was his translation of Virgil's Georgics, in the same year for a short time his circumstances were somewhat strained, but the Battle of Blenheim in 1704, gave him a fresh opportunity to distinguish himself and later "The Campaign," which gave such satisfaction that he was appointed as a commissioner in the government of Halifax.

Joseph Addison was a distinguished 18th century English poet, author, playwright, politician and classical scholar. He is recognized as one of the finest periodical essayists, who along with his friend, Richard Steele founded the daily journal, ‘The Spectator’. ‘The Spectator’ became a popular and well-read publication of that time. He contributed over 274 essays for ‘The Spectator’ and also wrote essays for the

publication, 'The Tatler'. He wrote the legendary play, 'Cato, a Tragedy', which is believed to be the literary inspiration behind the American Revolution. He has also authored, 'Account of the Greatest English Poets', 'The Campaign', 'Dialogue on Medals'.

About the Essay:

The essay, Sir Roger at Church, was first published in "The Spectator" on 9th July, 1711 AD wherein the author told us about the importance of Sunday for the villagers and Sir Roger acted on the Sundays as a churchman.

In the Coverley Essays, Sir Roger has been characterized vividly by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. Sir Roger is presented in these essays as kind, generous, lovable, and sometimes as a peculiar person. But in the hand of Joseph Addison, Sir Roger9s character is conveyed ironically. For that reason, he sometimes seems odd. Although he is gentle and mild and lovable to people, he has some eccentricities and oddities. Joseph Addison's essay Sir Roger at Church about a unique individual named Sir Roger. Addison begins the essay by saying that the observance of Sunday as a holy day keeps mankind civilized and polished. On Sunday's people are at their very best. They appear clean and talk to other people on boring topics. Just like a merchant discusses exchange rates, the Parish people discuss the affairs of the parish.

Sir Roger at Church

(Essays From Addison edited by J H Fowler)

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday; and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country-people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character, make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then he inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and

sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, almost in every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important so ever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Questions for discussion

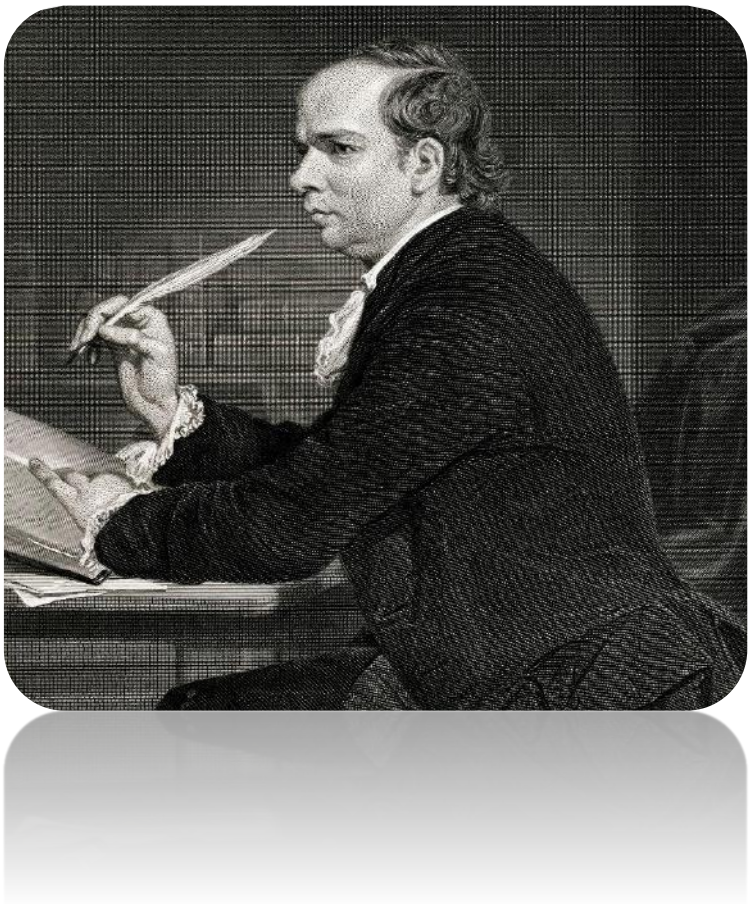
I. Answer the following questions in about two pages each

1. Attempt a critical appreciation of the essay “Sir Roger at Church”.
2. Examine the role of The Spectator in representing the picture of eighteenth century English society.
3. Give an account of the importance of the essay “Sir Roger at Home” by Joseph Addison.
4. Comment on the language and style of Joseph Addison with particular reference to “Sir Roger at Home”.

II Write short notes on the following

1. Character of Sir Roger.
2. “Sir Roger at Church ” as a periodical essay.
3. Addison’s Prose Style.
4. Sir Roger as a religious person.

The Man in Black



Oliver Goldsmith (1730- 1774)

Oliver Goldsmith was born on November 10th, 1730. His birthplace is disputed, but it is most probably Pallasmore, County Longford. At the age of eight, he had a severe attack of smallpox which disfigured him for life. He received a B.A. degree in February 1749 from Trinity College Dublin, before he left Ireland in 1752 to study medicine in Edinburgh. He subsequently wandered through Europe, supporting himself by begging and by playing the flute, before settling in London.

His most famous works are his novel The Vicar of Wakefield (1766), his long poem The Deserted Village (1770), and his play She Stoops to Conquer (a comedy; 1773). His voluminous lesser known works include An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe (1759), Retaliation (Essays, 1774), Memoirs of M. de Voltaire (1761); The History of England (1771), The Citizen of the World or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher, residing in London, to his Friend in the East (1760-1761), Plutarch's Lives, Abridged from the Greek (1762), The Art of Poetry (1762), The Traveler or A Prospect of Society (1764),

An History of the Earth and Animated Nature (1774), An History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son (1764), A Concise History of Philosophy and Philosophers (translated by Goldsmith from the French of Forme;1766), A Short English Grammar (1766), Poems for Young Ladies (collected; 1767); Beauties of English Poesy (1767), The Good Natured Man (a comedy; 1768); A Survey of Experimental Philosophy (published posthumously 1776), and The Haunch of Venison (published posthumously 1776).

Oliver Goldsmith was extravagant in taste and recklessly generous, to the extent that he died leaving debts of £2000. He never married, but had a close relationship with Mary Horneck, with whom he fell in love in 1769. He died after a short illness in the spring of 1774, and is buried in the churchyard of the Church of Saint Mary, also known as The Temple, in London. His epitaph, by Johnson, includes the famous line: *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit* (He touched nothing that he did not adorn).

ABOUT THE ESSAY:

Oliver Goldsmith was a famous English writer. Among his writings is a prose collection of essays titled “The Citizen of the World”. The “The Man in Black” is a piece of writing from this collection of essays. In this essay, Goldsmith makes a mockery of the then contemporary society. He attacks the social and political situation that dominated during Anglo-Saxon period in England.

Goldsmith subtly discourages some of the deficiencies of the then society through this article. Through this writing he mocks at the society for exhibiting the trend of showing `what you are not'. In a subtle way he ridicules the pretentiousness of the society by portraying a contrasting character. The Man in Black is a character created by Goldsmith for this purpose. The mockery of the then society is exhibited through a routine walk and conversation between the Man in Black and his friend.

The Man in Black is a very interesting character. He is inconsistent. He does not practice what he preaches. He is a kind, sympathetic, and genial person with a compassionate heart. Outwardly, however, he seems unkind, looking like a rude, curt, and stern person. This is in contrast with his inner personality. Goldsmith is mentioning this man as the `Man in Black' because this man seems black outside but white and noble inside.

The Man in Black

By Oliver Goldsmith (1730–1774)

From *The Citizen of the World*

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies, and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. “In every parish-house,” says he, “the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors every one of them,

and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor. He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved.

He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but, not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued; had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good humour was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

Glossary

Maxims: a compact expression of a general truth or rule of conduct.

Benevolence: the quality of being well meaning; kindness.

Discourse: a unit of language longer than a single sentence.

Magistrates: a civil officer who administers the law, especially one who conducts a court that deals with minor offences and holds preliminary hearings for more serious ones.

Extravagance: lack of restraint in spending money or using resources.

Imposters: a person who pretends to be someone else in order to deceive others, especially for fraudulent gain.

Countenance: a person's face or facial expression.

Panegyric: a speech or written composition that offers praise for an individual or an Institution

Dissimulation: concealment of one's thoughts, feelings, or character; pretence.

The Merchant of Venice

Play by

William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare was born in 1564 to a successful middle-class Glover in Stratford-upon-Avon, England. He attended grammar school, but his formal education proceeded no further. In 1582 he married an older woman, Anne Hathaway, and had three children with her.

Around 1590 he left his family behind and travelled to London to work as an actor and playwright. Public and critical acclaim quickly followed, and Shakespeare eventually became the most popular playwright in England and part-owner of the Globe Theatre. His career bridged the reigns of Elizabeth I (ruled 1558–1603) and James I (ruled 1603–1625), and he was a favorite of both monarchs. Indeed, James granted Shakespeare's company the greatest possible compliment by bestowing upon its members the title of King's Men. Wealthy and renowned, Shakespeare retired to Stratford and died in 1616 at the age of fifty-two. At the time of Shakespeare's death, literary luminaries such as Ben Jonson hailed his works as timeless.

Shakespeare's works were collected and printed in various editions in the century following his death, and by the early eighteenth century, his reputation as the greatest poet ever to write in English was well

established. The unprecedented admiration garnered by his works led to a fierce curiosity about Shakespeare's life, but the dearth of biographical information has left many details of Shakespeare's personal history shrouded in mystery. Some people have concluded from this fact and from Shakespeare's modest education that Shakespeare's plays were actually written by someone else—Francis Bacon and the Earl of Oxford are the two most popular -candidates—but the support for this claim is overwhelmingly circumstantial, and the theory is not taken seriously by many scholars. In the absence of credible evidence to the contrary, Shakespeare must be viewed as the author of the thirty-seven plays and 154 sonnets that bear his name. The legacy of this body of work is immense. A number of Shakespeare's plays seem to have transcended even the category of brilliance, becoming so influential as to affect profoundly the course of Western literature and culture ever after.

The Merchant of Venice was probably written in either 1596 or 1597, after Shakespeare had written such plays as Romeo and Juliet and Richard III, but before he penned the great tragedies of his later years. Its basic plot outline, with the characters of the merchant, the poor suitor, the fair lady, and the villainous Jew, is found in a number of contemporary Italian story collections, and Shakespeare borrowed several details, such the choice of caskets that Portia inflicts on all her suitors, from pre-existing sources. The Merchant of Venice's Italian setting and marriage plot are typical of Shakespeare's earlier comedies, but the characters of Portia, Shakespeare's first great heroine, and the unforgettable villain Shylock elevate this play to a new level.

The question of whether or not Shakespeare endorses the anti-Semitism of the Christian characters in the play has been much debated. Jews in Shakespeare's England were a marginalized group, and Shakespeare's contemporaries would have been very familiar with portrayals of Jews as villains and objects of mockery. For example, Christopher Marlowe's The Jew of Malta, a bloody farce about a murderous Jewish villain, was a great popular success and would have been fresh in Shakespeare's mind as he set about creating his own Jewish character. Shakespeare certainly draws on this anti-Semitic tradition in portraying Shylock, exploiting Jewish stereotypes for comic effect. But Shylock is a more complex character than the Jew in Marlowe's play, and Shakespeare makes him seem more human by showing that his hatred is born of the mistreatment he has suffered in a Christian society.

About the Play:

The events of this play occurred in Venice, Italy. Venice was one of the most commercial cities at that time. Many Christians were living there among them was "Antonio" who has great kind heart. Antonio, a Venetian merchant, complains to his friends of a melancholy that he cannot explain. His friend Bassanio is desperately in need of money to court Portia, a wealthy heiress who lives in the city of Belmont. Bassanio asks Antonio for a loan in order to travel in style to Portia's estate. Antonio agrees, but is unable to make the loan himself because his own money is all invested in a number of trade ships that are still at sea. Antonio suggests that Bassanio secure the loan from one of the city's moneylenders and name Antonio as the loan's guarantor. In Belmont, Portia expresses sadness over the terms of her father's will, which stipulates that she must marry the man who correctly chooses one of three caskets. None of Portia's current suitors are to her liking, and she and her lady-in-waiting, Nerissa, fondly remember a visit paid some time before by Bassanio.

In Venice, Antonio and Bassanio approach Shylock, a Jewish moneylender, for a loan. Shylock nurses a long-standing grudge against Antonio, who has made a habit of berating Shylock and other Jews for their usury, the practice of loaning money at exorbitant rates of interest, and who undermines their business by offering interest-free loans. Although Antonio refuses to apologize for his behavior, Shylock acts agreeably and offers to lend Bassanio three thousand ducats with no interest. Shylock adds, however, that should the loan go unpaid, Shylock will be entitled to a pound of Antonio's own flesh. Despite Bassanio's warnings, Antonio agrees. In Shylock's own household, his servant Lancelot decides to leave Shylock's service to work for Bassanio, and Shylock's daughter Jessica schemes to elope with Antonio's friend Lorenzo. That night, the streets of Venice fill up with revellers, and Jessica escapes with Lorenzo by dressing as his page. After a night of celebration, Bassanio and his friend Graziano leave for Belmont, where Bassanio intends to win Portia's hand.

In Belmont, Portia welcomes the prince of Morocco, who has come in an attempt to choose the right casket to marry her. The prince studies the inscriptions on the three caskets and chooses the gold one, which proves to be an incorrect choice. In Venice, Shylock is furious to find that his daughter has run away, but rejoices in the fact that Antonio's ships are rumored to have been wrecked and that he will soon be able to claim his debt. In Belmont, the prince of Aragon also visits Portia. He, too, studies the caskets carefully, but he picks the silver one, which is also incorrect. Bassanio arrives at Portia's estate, and they declare

their love for one another. Despite Portia's request that he wait before choosing, Bassanio immediately picks the correct casket, which is made of lead. He and Portia rejoice, and Graziano confesses that he has fallen in love with Nerissa. The couples decide on a double wedding. Portia gives Bassanio a ring as a token of love, and makes him swear that under no circumstances will he part with it. They are joined, unexpectedly, by Lorenzo and Jessica. The celebration, however, is cut short by the news that Antonio has indeed lost his ships, and that he has forfeited his bond to Shylock. Bassanio and Graziano immediately travel to Venice to try and save Antonio's life. After they leave, Portia tells Nerissa that they will go to Venice disguised as men.

Shylock ignores the many pleas to spare Antonio's life, and a trial is called to decide the matter. The duke of Venice, who presides over the trial, announces that he has sent for a legal expert, who turns out to be

Portia disguised as a young man of law. Portia asks Shylock to show mercy, but he remains inflexible and insists the pound of flesh is rightfully his. Bassanio offers Shylock twice the money due him, but Shylock insists on collecting the bond as it is written. Portia examines the contract and, finding it legally binding, declares that Shylock is entitled to the merchant's flesh. Shylock ecstatically praises her wisdom, but as he is on the verge of collecting his due, Portia reminds him that he must do so without causing Antonio to bleed, as the contract does not entitle him to any blood. Trapped by this logic, Shylock hastily agrees to take Bassanio's money instead, but Portia insists that Shylock take his bond as written, or nothing at all. Portia informs Shylock that he is guilty of conspiring against the life of a Venetian citizen, which means he must turn over half of his property to the state and the other half to Antonio. The duke spares Shylock's life and takes a fine instead of Shylock's property. Antonio also forgoes his half of Shylock's wealth on two conditions: first, Shylock must convert to Christianity, and second, he must will the entirety of his estate to Lorenzo and Jessica upon his death. Shylock agrees and takes his leave.

Bassanio, who does not see through Portia's disguise, showers the young law clerk with thanks, and is eventually pressured into giving Portia the ring with which he promised never to part. Graziano gives Nerissa, who is disguised as Portia's clerk, his ring. The two women return to Belmont, where they find Lorenzo and Jessica declaring their love to each other under the moonlight. When Bassanio and Graziano arrive the next day, their wives accuse them of faithlessly giving their rings to other women. Before the deception goes too far, however, Portia reveals that she was, in fact, the law clerk, and both she and Nerissa

reconcile with their husbands. Lorenzo and Jessica are pleased to learn of their inheritance from Shylock, and the joyful news arrives that Antonio's ships have in fact made it back safely. The group celebrates its good fortune.

Character List

Shylock - A Jewish moneylender in Venice. Angered by his mistreatment at the hands of Venice's Christians, particularly Antonio, Shylock schemes to eke out his revenge by ruthlessly demanding as payment a pound of Antonio's flesh. Although seen by the rest of the play's characters as an inhuman monster, Shylock at times diverges from stereotype and reveals himself to be quite human. These contradictions, and his eloquent expressions of hatred, have earned Shylock a place as one of Shakespeare's most memorable characters.

Portia - A wealthy heiress from Belmont. Portia's beauty is matched only by her intelligence. Bound by a clause in her father's will that forces her to marry whichever suitor chooses correctly among three caskets, Portia is nonetheless able to marry her true love, Bassanio. Far and away the most clever of the play's characters, it is Portia, in the disguise of a young law clerk, who saves Antonio from Shylock's knife.

Antonio - The merchant whose love for his friend Bassanio prompts him to sign Shylock's contract and almost lose his life. Antonio is something of a mercurial figure, often inexplicably melancholy and, as Shylock points out, possessed of an incorrigible dislike of Jews. Nonetheless, Antonio is beloved of his friends and proves merciful to Shylock, albeit with conditions.

Bassanio - A gentleman of Venice, and a kinsman and dear friend to Antonio. Bassanio's love for the wealthy Portia leads him to borrow money from Shylock with Antonio as his guarantor. An ineffectual businessman, Bassanio proves himself a worthy suitor, correctly identifying the casket that contains Portia's portrait.

Graziano - A friend of Bassanio's who accompanies him to Belmont. A coarse and garrulous young man, Graziano is Shylock's most vocal and insulting critic during the trial. While Bassanio courts Portia,

Graziano falls in love with and eventually weds Portia's lady-in-waiting, Nerissa.

Jessica - Although she is Shylock's daughter, Jessica hates life in her father's house, and elopes with the young Christian gentleman, Lorenzo. The fate of her soul is often in doubt: the play's characters wonder if her marriage can overcome the fact that she was born a Jew, and we wonder if her sale of a ring given to her father by her mother is excessively callous.

Lorenzo - A friend of Bassanio and Antonio, Lorenzo is in love with Shylock's daughter, Jessica. He schemes to help Jessica escape from her father's house, and he eventually elopes with her to Belmont.

Nerissa - Portia's lady-in-waiting and confidante. She marries Graziano and escorts Portia on Portia's trip to Venice by disguising herself as her law clerk.

Lancelot Gobbo - Bassanio's servant. A comical, clownish figure who is especially adept at making puns, Lancelot leaves Shylock's service in order to work for Bassanio.

The prince of Morocco - A Moorish prince who seeks Portia's hand in marriage. The prince of Morocco asks Portia to ignore his dark countenance and seeks to win her by picking one of the three caskets. Certain that the caskets reflect Portia's beauty and stature, the prince of Morocco picks the gold chest, which proves to be incorrect.

The prince of Aragon - An arrogant Spanish nobleman who also attempts to win Portia's hand by picking a casket. Like the prince of Morocco, however, the prince of Aragon chooses unwisely. He picks the silver casket, which gives him a message calling him an idiot instead of Portia's hand.

Salerio - A Venetian gentleman, and friend to Antonio, Bassanio, and Lorenzo. Salerio escorts the newlyweds Jessica and Lorenzo to Belmont, and returns with Bassanio and Graziano for Antonio's trial. He is often almost indistinguishable from his companion Solanio.

Solanio - A Venetian gentleman, and frequent counterpart to Salerio.

The duke of Venice - The ruler of Venice, who presides over Antonio's trial. Although a powerful man, the duke's state is built on respect for the law, and he is unable to help Antonio.

Old Gobbo - Lancelot's father, also a servant in Venice. Tubal - A Jew in Venice, and one of Shylock's friends.

Doctor Bellario - A wealthy Paduan lawyer and Portia's cousin. Doctor Bellario never appears in the play, but he gives Portia's servant the letters of introduction needed for her to make her appearance in court.

Balthasar - Portia's servant, whom she dispatches to get the appropriate materials from Doctor Bellario.

Questions for discussion

I. Answer the following questions in about 300 words 10 Marks

1. Discuss the relationship between Antonio and Bassanio.
2. Compare and contrast Venice and Belmont. What is the significance of these distinct settings in the play?
3. Discuss how the trial scene reveals a conflict between justice and mercy. Is the conflict resolved?
4. How does the play examine male/male relationships and male/female relationships?
5. Discuss how this play qualify to fit into conventional comedic form.
6. Explore the importance of gender boundaries and cross-dressing to the three characters, Jessica, Portia, and Nerissa. Do they achieve power or reinforce gendered identities in The Merchant of Venice?

II. Write short notes on the following 5 Marks

1. Casket episode and its significance
2. Portia –Nerissa relationship
3. Shylock and Jessica
4. Salanio and Salarino

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Course 5 – British Literature up to 1800
Paper 1 from Chaucer to the Age of Transition

SUMMATIVE ASSESSMENT – 60 Marks
GENERAL PATTERN OF THEORY QUESTION PAPER

Time: 2 ½ Hours **Total: 60 Marks**

Part-A

1. Answer **any 2** questions **5x2 = 10**

Internal Choice from each unit

- 2 questions to be given from Unit 1
- 2 questions to be given from Unit 2

Part-B (Poetry Selections)

2. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**
   - Three 10 Marks question to be given from Poetry selections

   B. Write Short Notes on **any one** of the following **1x5 = 5**
   - Three 5 marks questions to be given from Poetry selections

Part-C (Essay Selections)

3. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**
   - Two 10 Marks question to be given from Essay selections

   B. Write Short Notes on **any one** of the following **1x5 = 5**
   - Three 5 marks questions to be given from Essay selections

Part-D (Drama)

3. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**
   - Two 10 Marks question to be given from Drama

   B. Write Short Notes on **any two** of the following **2x5 = 10**
   - Four 5 marks questions to be given from Essay selections

Course 5 – British Literature up to 1800
Paper 1 from Chaucer to the Age of Transition
SUMMATIVE ASSESSMENT – 60 Marks
MODEL QUESTION PAPER

Time: 2 ½ Hours **Total: 60 Marks**

Part-A

1. **Answer the following** **5x2 = 10**

   a. Write a note on Restoration Drama.

   or

   Describe the importance of Neo-classical age and its characteristic features

   b. Write a short note on

   John Milton

   or

   Elizabeth Cary

Part-B (Poetry Selections)

1. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**

   a. Shakespeare immortalizes his friend's beauty through his sonnet 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day'. Substantiate

   b. How does John Donne present ideas of love in 'Lovers' Infiniteness?

   c. The poem "A Poison Tree" is a fable directed against self-restraint. Explain.

   B. Write Short Notes on **any one** of the following **1x5 = 5**

   a. Philosophy of life in the poem 'On His Blindness'.

   b. Extended metaphor in the poem 'A Poison Tree'

   c. Pastoral imagery in Lovers' Infiniteness.

Part-C (Essay Selections)

3. **A.** Answe**r any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**

   a. Examine the role of The Spectator in representing the picture of eighteenth century English society.

   b. Bring out the views of the Man in Black regarding beggars and the responsibility of the State towards them.

B. Write Short Notes on any one **of the following** 1x5 = 5

a. Sir Roger as a religious person.

b. The beggar in tattered livery in 'The Man in Black'

Part-D (Drama)

2. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**

a. Examine male/male relationships and male/female relationships in Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice'

b. Describe the argument between Shylock and Portia in the court and its consequences.

B. Write Short Notes on **any two** of the following **2x5 = 10**

a. The Casket episode

a. Relationship between Portia and Nerissa

b. Portia

c. Shylock

DSC BA ENGLISH (HONS)
III Semester

COURSE 6 **TITLE - INDIAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION PAPER 2**	**Total Hrs: 45**
UNIT I **INTRODUCTION TO TRANSLATION STUDIES**	**10 hrs**
• **Introduction to Translation Studies in India** **Reference** • **Indian Literature in English Translation** - G. N. Devy	**74** **75**
UNIT II **REPRESENTATIVE TEXTS (ANY 6-8 TRANSLATED POEMS)**	**10 hrs**
Vachanas of Basavanna **No. 59 Cripple me Father,** **No. 97 The Master in the House**, **Vachana 512** - Allamaprabhu **Do Not Quarrel over Caste** - Kanakadasa **Fruits of the Earth** - Sumithranandan Pant **Mother**- Jyothi Lanjewar	**88** **89** **91** **93** **97**
UNIT-III **Novel** **Breaking Ties –** Sara Abubaker **(Kannada)**	**25 hrs** **101**
Short Stories • **Chess Players** - Munshi Premchand • **The Weed** - Amrita Pritam • **Lajwanthi** - Rajinder Singh Bedi • **Revenge Herself** - Lalithambika Antharjanam	 **104** **112** **119** **128**

Teaching material

Note: *Teachers should explore the web/online resources to access the various concepts and illustrative examples*

Books Recommended and Suggested Reading

1. Sujit Mukharjee**. Translation as Discovery**

2. Sharma T. R. S. (Ed). **Ancient Indian Literature: An Anthology, (Vols 2: Classical Sanskrit, Prakrit, Apabhramsa),** New Delhi: Sahitya Akademi, 2000

3. Kumar, Sukrita Paul (Ed). **Cultural Diversity, Linguistic Plurality and Literary Traditions in India**. New Delhi: Macmillan, 2005

4. Dev, Anjana et al (Ed) **Indian Literature.** New Delhi: Pearson, 20

UNIT –I
INTRODUCTION TO TRANSLATION STUDIES

'Writer carves literature for nation; translator transmute for universe'

Translation comes from the Latin word'translatio'which further comes from 'trans' which means across+'ferre' meaning to carry or to bring. Thus, translation is a process of, bringing or carrying a literature from one language and rewriting it in another language.

Translation has a long history. It can be traced back to 6th century, where the works of Boethius was translated by Geoffrey Chaucer. Similarly, The Bible which hwas written from 1200 B.C to around 100 A.D was translated from Hebrew to English years after it was written.

Translation is a process of changing something that is written or spoken into another language, which involves various steps. It helps us to view various things from a different angle to attribute new value to things that were unfamiliar once. The most sensitive and intellectual activity is translation which existed during the dawn of time. We, as humans, have been utilizing language to translate our thoughts and ideas since the birth of civilization. Translation is an articulation of rhetorical and theoretical tools that conceptually vocalizes the biases with the ambivalence, pouring wide array of interiority, through which learning, personalizing with other cultures, becomes similarly very easy. Across the earth, translation of various literatures from native to other languages, as per requirement or change in the country, has recorded immediate growth. Translation has become an important discipline. Scholars all over the world have taken an increased interest in the subject of translation after World War II. Translation studies encompasses a wide range of ideas and therefore it can be classified into pure studies and impure studies. There are 4000 languages in the world and they are not in the same cultural level, no one is confined to his native language only.

India is a land of hundreds of languages. Translation becomes important in a multi-lingual society like India as it is a mode of promoting national understanding of the different regional 'selves' in the country. Literary works, films, television shows and all knowledge-related works get translated into multiple Indian languages. From oral literature to the present, translation has played a vital role in India. India's holistic development can be attributed to Translation from regional languages to English. The genre of literature-translation needs to be embraced, accepted and understood for its diversity, historicity and cultural significance.

Indian Literature in English Translation: An Introduction

G.N. Devy M.S. University of Baroda, India

Indian Literature in English Translation (ILET) is rapidly becoming an indispensable component of literary and cultural studies in India. Given the multilingual composition of Indian society and the status of English as one of its two official languages, state patronage of ILET is inevitable and, predictably, the two state-funded agencies set up for the promotion of Indian literature, the Sahitya Akademi and the National Book Trust, have earnestly advocated the cause of ILET. A greater impetus to its growing importance comes however from certain profound sociological changes affecting India. One of these changes is that the spread of education during the last fifty years has been phenomenal in scale. At present there are about a hundred and ninety universities and more than seven thousand colleges providing low cost or cost-free education to all classes of Indian society. As a result, aspirants from all levels and classes of the population have started publishing literary works in Indian languages, giving rise to an unprecedented variety of literary styles, subjects, and themes. At the same time, there has emerged a substantial class of Indians who speak an Indian language but cannot read it well. English has been the socially privileging language in India for over a century; and the importance of English in trade and technology makes it the most attractive choice as the medium of school education. Invariably, therefore the children sent to English medium schools need to be instructed in Indian myths, epics, and other narratives in English translation. Translation is now the bridge between the literature of the past and the present generation. It has also become the bridge between new writings in Indian languages and the new readership that is gradually losing touch with these languages.

It may be interesting then to note in passing that, at least once before in the long literary history of the Indian subcontinent, translation has played as vital a role as it is now playing. About a thousand years ago, when the modern Indo-Aryan languages started developing into independent vehicles of literary expression, translation acquired high importance and most modern Indian languages initiated their respective literary traditions with translations of works from Sanskrit, either the epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, or philosophical texts like the Gita. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, there were numerous translations from one regional language to another as well as many important translations from Indian languages into Persian and Arabic, the two languages of political dominance at the time. Today literary translation in India shows a comparable vitality and the similarity between the two epochs should be of interest to sociologists and literary theorists.

Other sociological changes, such as modern means of communication, and a shift away from an agrarian society and a joint family structure, have caused a unique growth in inter-state migration with the result that traditional language loyalties are undermined, and translation as a compromise substitute for the absent original of a mother tongue becomes acceptable to the second or third generation of the linguistically dislocated. At the same time, conventions of translation which admit a large number of Sanskrit and Hindi/Tamil features at morphological and syntactic levels have emerged, making the task of translation "just for Indian audiences" less demanding. To judge from the amount of book and periodical publishing devoted to ILET, the supply of literary translations at present can be said to correspond to the demand.

One of the conspicuous features of Indian-English literature has been its anxiety over "betrayal" of the mother tongue, expressed through loud self-defensive statements and mutual accusations from writers and critics. Now that India can place a modest but justified claim on English as one of its many languages used for literary creativity, the anxiety does not relate so much to the choice of language as to the tradition within which a writer situates himself or herself. Often, and not without reasons, Indians writing in English are seen as being cut off from the long history of literature in India. ILET however cannot be accused of being superficial, for this body of literature includes works from all periods, genres, and styles, and has the advantage of being able to circulate internationally by virtue of its being in English, as well as the "merit" of being fully representative of the country and culture of its origin.

Furthermore, an important change is taking place in English studies outside India. The romantic notion of homogeneity among various Anglophone post-colonial literatures that had given rise to the label "Commonwealth literature" is now fast making way for a more realistic understanding of the different national identities of these literatures. This transition in critical fashion implies that in future Indian-English literature will be seen more as an integral part of the mosaic of Indian literatures rather than as a part of the lame-duck group of literatures in English. The English language was considered at one time to be India's window on the world. It is now the world's window on India, particularly since the valuable tradition of learning Indian languages founded by European Indologists during the early colonial period has entirely declined. Hence, ILET is acquiring greater importance outside India too.

Despite the benevolence of the Sahitya Akademi and the National Book Trust, ILET has not acquired the institutional support it fully deserves, and not enough bibliographical, critical, or historical material related to it is available as yet. A history of Indian translations into English is likely to prove as complex as the history of colonization itself. In this direction a beginning has been made by Tejaswini Niranajana[1]. Criticism of works in translation is a branch of scholarship rather poorly developed in the West and is at best left to the critic of comparative literatures. Among the first few Indian critics to show an interest in this area are Meenakshi Mukherjee[2] and Krishna Rayan[3]. Both critics take up a range of works translated from various Indian languages and test them against a common theoretical framework. The most notable bibliography of ILET so far has been compiled by Jatindra Mohan Mohanty. Published by the Central Institute of Indian Languages, Mysore, in 1984, it lists about seventeen hundred titles translated from all Indian languages. Ample supplementary material can be found in several works by Sujit Mukherjee, the ten volume History of Indian Literature edited by Jan Gonda[4] and the single volume History of Indian Literature by Sisirkumar Das[5]. All these pioneering works, though inadequate in many respects, point to the range and complexity of ILET.

If Nathaniel Brassey Halhed's translation of the anthology of Hindu laws, mainly drawn from the Manusmriti, is considered to be the first work of ILET for historical convenience, the field can lay claim to a dynamic history of a little over two centuries. Within this span of time, at a crude but conservative estimate, more than fifteen thousand Indian works of literature or literary scholarship have been translated into English by Indologists as well as by Indians. In terms of their dominant themes and orientations, the works can be said to fall into four roughly divided and overlapping phases: (1) the colonial phase (1776-1910), (2) the revivalistic phase (1876-1950), (3) the nationalist phase (1902-1929), and (4) the formalist phase (1912 to the present). It is in the last phase that we get works

of literature rendered into English with translation as the primary motive. It is the translations made during this phase that are the focus of Sujit Mukherjee's somewhat theoretical book, Translation as Discovery[6].

The colonial phase of ILET extends from Halhed's a Code of Gentoo Laws, or Ordinations of the Pundits, from a Per-Sian translation made from the Original, written in the Sanskrit Language (1776) to the fifty volumes of translations edited by Friedrich Max Muller, The Sacred Books of the East, translated by various oriental scholars (1879-1910). During this phase, translations of books on all subjects were attempted, provided they were written in Sanskrit or Persian. The colonial Indologists did not touch works written in modem Indian languages. The main interest in translating Indian works during this long period was philological and anthropological in nature, the agenda for which was set with a great clarity of vision by Sir William Jones. It was Jones's translation of Kalidasa's Abhignanshakuntalam which made Kalidasa famous in Europe. However, Jones was not interested in Indian literature after the eleventh century. He looked upon the literature produced after the eleventh century as indicative of the cultural decadence in India. As a consequence, colonial Indology rarely crossed the borders of Sanskrit and Persian. It was marked by romanticism of attitude, and in fact, contributed substantially to the growth of Romanticism in Britain." Sanskrit works of indeterminable antiquity were perceived by the colonial Indologists in terms of the Sublime, circumventing the question of literary aesthetics altogether. It was as a sharp reaction to this indiscriminate appreciation of Sanskrit works that Charles Lanman, the general editor of the Harvard Oriental Series, wrote in 1901:

It is a part of the fundamental plans of this Series that none of the texts published in it shall be without a translation. The Series does not aim to consult the interests of Sanskrit students exclusively. For better, for worse, this part of the plan is at all events in accord with the dictates of absolute frankness. The wisdom of the Wise Men of the East is to be estimated by Occidental readers with entire fairness-nothing less, nothing more. And for this reason, we may neither withhold its excellencies nor cloak its defects.

The practice of abstracting works of literature from their social contexts and history caused a lack of balance in European response to Indian literature during the nineteenth century. Western readers of Indian literature were inclined to be either Goethes or Macaulays, they experienced either ecstasy or disgust and no middle course lay open. But their limitations apart, there is no doubt that the adventurous explorations in Indian literature attempted by colonial Indology helped to revive numerous Sanskrit texts that had ceased to engage popular interest in India.

The revivalistic phase of ILET was a natural fall-out of colonial Indology. A century after Halhed's Laws, Sir Ramakrishna Gopal Bhandarkar published his critical edition of Bhavabhuti's Malatimadhav (1876). Between Halhed and Chandarkar stands a whole tradition of Historical Linguistics, sprung from Halhed's grammar of Bengali (1786) and reflected in Bhandarkar's editorial procedures. The major difference betweenthe colonial and the revivalistic translations was that, in the latter case, it was often an Indian scholar with ready access to Indian traditions of texts and meanings who did precisely the same kind of work as the foreigner had done in the past. The most remarkable of these scholars was Ananda Coomaraswamy (1877 1947), but there were also many dedicated specialists as well as

inspired visionaries whose translations were either philologically accurate to the last detail, as in numerous texts on poetics, or interpretatively liberal, as in the renderings by occultists, godmen, and social radicals Two useful bibliographies of the works on poetics translated during this phase have been compiled by K. Krishnamoorthy in Comparative Indian Literature[8], and Edwin Gerow in Indian Poetics[9]. As for the liberal translations, it would be interesting to study several versions of one text. The plays of Kalidasa. Bhavabhuti and Bhasa, for example, were translated several times. Similarly, the Gita went through a large number of translations and, in 1896 alone, three different versions of it were published in London. They were Edwin Arnold's very popular The Song Celestial; or Bhagwad-Gita (from the Mahabharata) being a discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme under the form of Krishna; the Theosophist Annie Besant's The Bhagwad Gita, and Mohini Chatterji's The Bhagwad Gita, or, The Lord's Lay, with commentary and notes, as well as references to the Christian scriptures. With so much of Indian metaphysics in circulation in the Western world, it is not surprising that English and American poets writing in the early twentieth century, for instance W.B. Yeats and T.S. Eliot, should borrow frequently from Indian texts. It was Yeats moreover who said that the ultimate aim of his life was to write a poem like the Gita.

The more important achievement of ILET during the revivalistic phase, however, was the recovery of treatises on poetry, drama, and language. The works of ancient Indian theorists had been entirely neglected by the poets and scholars of the intervening centuries. It was during the revivalistic phase that many of these were edited, printed, and translated into English. If modern Indians can today talk about Panini, Bhartrihari, Bharata, Abhinavagupta, Vishwanatha and others, it is thanks to the translations carried out by scholars such as Bhandarkar, M. Hiriyanna and Ananda Coomaraswamy.

Initially, these translations were aimed at the Indologists who could read Sanskrit, or Indian students of Sanskrit who could read English. The sociology of readership was reflected in the technology of production which created the orthographic and typographic conventions in publishing Sanskrit-to-English translations and standardized phonetic transliteration of Indian languages. The typography of the revivalists which combined English and Indian words is perhaps the first important step in the process of Indianization of English.

If the colonial translations were aimed at the overseas reader and the revivalistic at the expert, the translations during the third phase were aimed at a general Indian readership. This phase can be said to begin with the essays which Sri Aurobindo wrote between 1897 and 1904 on translation, with particular reference to translating Vyasa, Valmiki and Kalidasa," and to end with the serialized publication of Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography translated by Mahadev Desai, An Autobiography or the story of my experiments with truth (first published as The Story of My Experiments with Truth, 1927-29). Because the translators had Indian audiences in mind, these translations are not cluttered with notes, explanations, and other editorial paraphernalia. Moreover, with the nationalist phase of ILET the principle of the translator's impersonality seems to have entered the practice of translation in India. The best-known translation of this phase is obviously Tagore's own English rendering of his verses under the title Gitanjali (1912). Like translations of the Gita earlier, Gitanjali was issued in several editions, and translations into other languages were attempted quickly after the English translation was first published. Andre Gide, for instance, produced a French version of Gitanjali in the same year as the English version was published. It was this translation of a slender book of Bangla

poems, a translation not regarded as satisfactory by its publisher, Macmillan, and its promoters, William Rothenstein and W.B. Yeats, which helped to bring the award of the Nobel prize for literature in 1913 to India, the only Nobel prize for literature awarded to an Indian author so far. Sri Aurobindo, Tagore, and Gandhi were at the very forefront of Indian nationalism, and their works, translations, and attitudes to translation display an unmistakable awareness of selfhood and native traditions. As such, during this phase, ILET stepped out of the boundaries of Sanskrit and Persian, and turned a part of its attention to the great saint poets of medieval India. Gandhi used the rhymes of Narsi Mehta and Meera (Gujarati and Hindi) as a symbolic means of translating India into modernity. Tagore translated the dohas of Kabir, turning these terse aphoristic lyrics into intimate, romantic poems of religious evocation. One gets the impression that Tagore took away the spinning-wheel to the accompaniment of which Kabir composed his lyrics and replaced that with a beautiful organ. The majesty of Tagore's Kabir cannot be overlooked. What is important, however, is that Tagore chose a Hindi poet to translate. As for Sri Aurobindo, he was at home in various languages, including Latin, Sanskrit, French, Tamil, Gujarati and Bangla, and his translations are now available in a single volume as part of his Collected Works. All these translations mentioned above did something more than merely turn towards medieval languages. They founded a register of English for use in the context of an Indian Language-English translation. After the nationalist phase of ILET, it became possible for Indian translators to render into English without much difficulty Indian works dealing with romance, spiritual longing, pathos, and the romantic aspects of Indian landscape.

Tagore's unexpected success as a translator aroused in him the desire to present his other works - plays, poems, stories, novels through English translations to the world at large. Therefore, after Gitanjali, he started publishing his own translations through Macmillan; and these are now the subject of many research projects. There have been, on the other hand, several attempts to out-do Tagore in translating Tagore. Whatever the relative merits of Tagore's own translations, he undoubtedly made a lasting impact on other Indian writers. It is possible to consider, as such, 1912 as the beginning of the formalist phase of ILET in India, for since then, following Tagore, Indian translators have turned to translating contemporary Indian works.

The emergence and growth of Indian-English literature has contributed to the growth of ILET in two important respects during this century. First, and the more important, creative writers have invented modes of representing Indian turns of speech, shades of feeling and facets of social manners, thus creating a ready language to be used by the translators. After reading G.V Desani, Raja Rao, and Salman Rushdie, the reader of translations from Indian languages is less likely to find the translation register affected, un-English, and alternatively un-Indian. The second contribution of Indian English literature to ILET springs from the fact that many Indians writing in English have often been able translators too. Among them are: Sri Aurobindo, R.C. Dutt, Rabindranath Tagore, Nissim Ezekiel, Raja Rao, R.K. Narayan, P. Lal, Gauri Deshpande, A.K. Ramanujan, Jayanta Mahapatra, Arvind Krishna Mehrotra, Gieve Patel, Saleem Peeradina, Dilip Chitre, Arun Kolatkar, Kamala Das and Khushvant Singh.

The majority of Indian works translated into English during the last seventy-five years has been works of fiction, beginning with the ten-volume translation by N.M. Penzer of Somadeva's Kathasaritasagar" and moving towards Katha India, an annual commencing in 1991 of best Indian stories translated into

English by a voluntary organization. Many of the important writers writing in Indian languages have been translated into English so that at least a short representative piece by each is available and Indian readers have access to the writings of Tagore, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Sarat Chandra, T.S. Pillai, U.R. Anantha Murthy, Premchand, Suresh Joshi, Raoji Patel, Nirmal Verma and so on. The formal range of these translations is widening, as is evident from recent translations of detective fiction, fantasy, short fiction, and philosophical prose[12].

In contrast to fiction, drama is poorly represented in English translation. `Fewer ancient plays have been translated in this century than in the nineteenth. Among the more notable efforts should be mentioned Manomahan Ghosh's translation of Rajashekhara's Karpurmanjiri, a prakrit play of the shataka type, written in the forerunner of the Marathi language in the tenth century. While the earlier translation by Konow and Lanman (1901) had been far from satisfactory, Ghosh's translation shows a greater cultural and linguistic understanding of the theme and has appropriately run into several editions. The translator has to his credit also the most authoritative translation of Bharata's Natyashastra, the second-century compendium on performing arts that founded Indian theatrical traditions. Karpurmanjiri itself is important as being the only play extant in the Maharashtri prakrit. Other outstanding translations of dramatic works are by J.A.B. van Buitenen, who has also translated from the Mahabharata. The two plays he has translated. Mricchakatika of Shudraka and Mudrarakshasa of Vishakhadatta, belong to the classical Sanskrit period and are among the very best examples of Indian literature. In Buitenen's versions, respectively The Little Clay Cart and The Minister's Seal, the political complexity and turbulence of ancient Indian society, the ferocity of the conflicts between Buddhism and Hinduism, and the trials of the intellect and love come alive. 13 The publication of Three Modern Indian Plays in 1989 by Oxford University Press, suggests that some improvement in the publishing of this branch of ILET is round the comer. This anthology reproduces Badal Sircar's EvamIndrajit translated by Girish Karnad, Kamad's Hayavadana translated by the playwright himself, and Vijay Tendulakar's Silence, the Court is in Session translated by Priya Adarkar. These translations are polished without being unfaithful to the original. It is to be hoped that, in due course, there will be translations of works by Habib Tanvir and Chandrashekhar Kambar, from Hindi and Kannada respectively, both of whom make innovative use of folk traditions; by Satish Alekar and Mahesh Elkunchwar from Marathi; and Bhupen Khakar and Sitanshu Yashschandra from Gujarati. Safdar Hashmi, who died very young in 1989, having been brutally assaulted in the middle of a performance by his political opponents, popularized the sheri nataka, a form of street theatre. His works are now being made available by the Hashmi Trust in Delhi. Generally speaking, the audience for English theatre in India is almost non-existent, though the readership for printed English is very large. Translation of plays may have to wait for the day when English becomes a truly spoken language in India, or else for an "India" wave in theatre in London and New York. At the moment the few Indian plays available in English are published by Oxford University Press in its Three Crown Series or by Orient Longman.

Translations of poems and poets are plentiful. As in every century in the past. the Mahabharata and the Ramayana have been given several renderings, including some in limpid prose by C. Rajagopalachari and R.K. Narayan. P. Lal has been translating Sanskrit classics for the last two decades. Similarly, the ancient Tamil lyrics have been given a polished modem form by A.K.Ramanujan in several of the anthologies of translations he has published. Along with Tamil lyrics, Ramanujan has tried his hand at some medieval Kannada lyrics by a group of radical saints known as

the Lingayata and who belonged to a pan-Indian movement for social, philosophic, and literary reforms. Other medieval poets who have been translated are Meera, Kabir, Tulsidas, Surdas, Nanak, Tukaram, Chandidas, Dhyanadev, and the nonHindu, Amir Khushrau. Ghalib of the nineteenth century has been translated at least three times over; and readers of Indian English poetry may have noticed a moving poem inspired by a translation of Ghalib's letters in Vikram Seth's All You Who Sleep Tonight. As for contemporary Indian poets, several collections, and anthologies of Indian writing in English translation have been published. The more accessible among them are those edited by Adil Jussawalla (Penguin, 1974), Amritjit Singh & David Ray (Swallow Press, 1983), Nissim Ezekiel and Meenakshi Mukherjee (Penguin, 1990). Two brilliant and recent collections are, first, Truth Tales: Contemporary Writing by Indian Women. Edited by Kali for Women, a 141 political programme and a publishing house, it contains six long stories in translation and one written originally in English and the authors included are: Mahasveta Devi (Bangla). Ila Mehta (Gujarati), Suniti Aphale (Marathi). Mrinal Pande (Hindi), Laxmi Kanan (Tamil), Ismat Chugtai (Urdu) and Vishwapriya Iyengar (English). Second, there is Susie Tharu and K. Lalita's two volume Women Writing in India," which covers practically all languages of India and an impressive span of two thousand and six hundred years. These two volumes, it is expected, will influence theoretical approaches to women's studies. More immediately, they show that Indian translators have at last found an aesthetic route of diachronic translations; in Tharu and Lalita, no longer do translations make the readers aware of the distance between themselves and the original works.

In recent decades, Indian periodicals have invariably provided space for translations. Vagartha, edited by Meenakshi Mukherjee, gave prominence to translations. Setu, edited by Suresh Joshi, was entirely devoted to translation of Indian literatures. At present, Kavyabharati, edited by R.P. Nair, and Bombay Literary Review, edited by Vilas Sarang, carry translations regularly; other journals, like The Commonwealth Quarterly, Indian Literary Review and New Quest, are also hospitable to translations. Indian Literature, published by the Sahitya Akademi, is committed to translating literature from Indian languages. The Sahitya Akademi also publishes translation titles and has recently introduced a Translation Prize for every language. Other spirited efforts are made by publishers such as Bharat Bhavan (Bhopal), Katha-India (Delhi), and Garutman (Lucknow). At a commercially more ambitious scale, Penguin India has given a boost to ILET.

During the nineteenth century the number of works translated from English (or through English) literature into Indian languages used to exceed several times over the number of Indian works translated into English. That situation has now changed, and the opposite is true today. Of course, what ILET represents of Indian literatures is just the tip of the iceberg; even so, the future of ILET appears to be very promising.

An overseas reader is likely to find ILET a somewhat confusing field when newly exposed to it because it comprises numerous literary periods, genres, and language traditions, with very specific local histories behind them. For instance, the two thugs in Karnad's Tughlaq are drawn after the traditional pair of characters called akara and makara, while the plots of his Hayavadana and Nagmandala are derived from traditional stories from non Kannada sources. But, when the hero in Tendulkar's Sakharam Binder shouts at the imaginary people outside the stage, he is following a style of characterization developed by the tamasha form of folk drama. When the narrator in Rag Darbari by

Shrilal Shukla sleeps on the roof of the house, he is following a social practice well known in the central India. 16 A novelist from Kerala will not document such a detail because the roofs of houses in Kerala are slanting. It is desirable for the new readers of ILET to keep initially to the translations of literature from a single language or a group of associated languages. It will be easier to make sense of the strategies of style and structure if one were to follow a specific literary tradition in India. Indian languages, like languages elsewhere, have a remarkable sense of continuity. One finds a proverb like "you don't need a mirror to see your own bracelets" in Karpurmanjiri, tenth-century Marathi, as well as The Wild Bapu of Garambi, a twentieth-century work. On the other hand, there can be amazing variations in style among the different languages belonging to the same chronological period. In order to help the new readers of ILET, I will present here a brief outline of the major Indian languages.

Indian literature is written in languages belonging to two families of languages, the Indo-Aryan and the Dravidian. The mother of the Dravidian family is the Tamil language with a continuous literary tradition from tenth century B.C. From Tamil emerged Kannada around the fourth century A.D., but its literary tradition stems from the eighth century. Malayalam from the eleventh century, and Telugu from the fourteenth century, are the two later literary traditions in the Dravidian family. The Indo-Aryan family of modem Indian literatures comes out of a complicated synthesis of Sanskrit with various offshoots (apabhraresh) of Sanskrit itself as well as the older local dialects. In the north-east, Sanskrit gave rise to Bangla and Assamiya in the eleventh century, and Criya in the thirteenth or the fourteenth century. The literatures of these three languages can be treated together as one group (though at present very violent conflicts are going on in the north-east about linguistic and racial differences). In the north-west, Sanskrit gave rise to Punjabi in the fifteenth century, to Kashmiri in the eleventh, to Sindhi in the fifteenth. In the central parts of India, the dialects of Sanskrit developed into a more or less common language called Hindi from the thirteenth century onwards. In the West, it gave rise to Rajasthani, which is close to Hindi, in the fifteenth century; and prior to that Sanskrit split into Marathi and Gujarati in the eleventh century. A student of ILET will be well advised to keep to one manageable group of languages in order to appreciate the strength both of the original as well as the translation. From among the Dravidian languages, the literatures in Tamil, Malayalam and Kannada have been well translated, and from among the Indo-Aryan languages, the literatures in Hindi, Bangla, and Marathi. I will conclude this survey of ILET by introducing some of the works from Marathi available in English translations.

The most outstanding translation of any Marathi work or author so far has been Dilip Chitre's rendering of Tukaram's poems, Says Tuka. Tukaram is perhaps the greatest Indian poet, and certainly the greatest Marathi poet. He lived and wrote in the seventeenth century and his poetry is of a highly experimental value. His profound and radical vision of life has helped to make Marathi society what it is. Chitre spent about thirty years producing this translation of Tukaram's verses. Earlier on he had translated many contemporary Marathi poets and his Anthology of Marathi Poetry," as well as presenting the entire spectrum of poetry written in the sixties, is still in terms of the quality of translation the best of its kind. Here are two examples of Chitre's work. First his translation of Arun Kolatkar's poem about a horse drawn by a loafer in chalk and coal:

Horse
absolutely nominal horse.

its source and spread obscure
as cancer, its flesh and blood in mutiny
against the soil.
the curved wildfire of its anarchic ride.
is rapid as the rumour of a raid.
its rhyming hooves
ring true
and bold as bread.

And second, his translation of Bhalachandra Nemade on women's suffering:

A Hair-Do
In the light of an oil-lamp, how
You sat braiding your hair,
Ten reddish feet of fingers...bare
And avenues of hair unbound....
O girl in anguish! How long
Will you run?
The feet of your fingers slip
Over the hair.

Another important translator is lan Raeside, whose work on Mahanubhav prose in Marathi, the prose of a sect that flourished in medieval times, has contributed much to Marathi scholarship. While Raeside is known for his translations of short fiction from Marathi (for example, The Rough and the Smooth) it is his translation of Garambicha Bapu by Sripad Narayan Pendse (1952), published as The Wild Bapu of Garambi (Sahitya Akademi, 1969), which is the notable achievement. This novel is based in the konkan region of coastal Maharashtra. And like all regional fiction, it speaks of the tragic aspects of the life of the characters, their struggle against society and sometimes against themselves. The Bapu of Garambi in Marathi is a character like Flaubert's Madame Bovary, a difficult character and yet central to the novelistic tradition in the language. Another important novel translated from Marathi is Kiran Nagarkar's Seven Sixes are Forty-three. Nagarkar's universe embraces various areas of Indian life as it is lived in India and also outside India and presents a whole stretch of the authentic "being" of a modem Marathi man.

Of the non-fiction works translated from Marathi, the two most outstanding are Irawati Karve's Yuganta: The End of an Epoch and D.B. Mokashi's Palkhi: An Indian Pilgrimage."Yuganta is more a revised English version than a literal translation. It presents a provocative sociological thesis worked out from the perspective of anthropology with reference to the Mahabharata. In the process, it offers the most penetrating analysis of the sociology, ideology, and poetry of the great Indian classic. One of its specific concerns is the status of women in ancient India which it discusses in a scientific way. These merits apart, its lucid prose and clarity of presentation make it an outstanding reading experience. Palkhi is a personal account of a pilgrimage that the author undertook. In Maharashtra, thousands of people from all classes, castes, and social status go on a long walk to Pandharpur, the temple town celebrated in Marathi literature through the centuries. That pilgrimage is called vari, and

the prime place in it is given to the image of the thirteenth century Marathi poet, Dnyaneshwar, who founded the tradition of Marathi poetry. The procession carrying his image is called Palkhi. It is through this annual pilgrimage that Marathi poetry prior to the age of printing is kept alive. The writer of Palkhi decided to walk with the pilgrims and to get into their mindset and mode of sensibility. However, after he had left his town Pune, a devastating flood caused by the accidental bursting of the Panshet dam played havoc with the town. The Panshet-floods in Pune are remembered by the people even today as clearly as the violence during Partition. Mokashi's desire to understand the spiritual drive of the pilgrims in the face of the existential uncertainties created by the disaster has a rare intensity. As a narrator he is able to explore human ambivalences with a natural ease.

Of the plays translated from Marathi into English, the best known is Vijay Tendulkar's Sakharam Binder." In terms of translation-aesthetics. Priya Adarkar's rendering of Tendulkar's Silence, the Court is in Session is more successful; but Sakharam Binder is memorable for sparking off a fierce battle between the Marathi theatre and the Indian censorship board in 1973. Both plays, as other plays by Tendulkar, attack prudery among the middle classes while presenting scorching studies in violence.

Modem Marathi drama is distinguished by its tradition of great musicals. Unfortunately, no Marathi musical has been translated into English, nor is such a translation possible because there is no translation-equivalence between Indian music and Western music. On the other hand, while it may be possible to render folk drama forms like tamasha and prahasan (slapstick comedy), no attempt has been made so far.

Another area of literature that has not been translated from Marathi into English is the powerful genre of "fiction-autobiography" developed by the Dalit writers who have brought an immense vitality to the literary language. Besides, by introducing the experience of social seclusion and deprivation into the arena of literary themes in Marathi, they have sharpened the literary sensibility of their readership. Occasional and fragmentary renderings of Dalit writing are published in English but the representation has not amounted to any appropriate and major translation. On the other hand, at least some translations of women's writing in Marathi have appeared in English. The most outstanding of these, both as literature and as translation, is Lakshmibai Tilak's I Follow After: An Autobiography translated by Josephine Inkster." Sections from this translation have been reproduced in the anthology of women's writing, edited by Susie Tharu and K. Lalita.

The critical scene in Marathi is active, that is to say active by Indian standards. Some of the important works in this genre are available in translation. The important title in this respect is B.S. Mardhekar's collection of essays Arts and Man published posthumously in 1954. These essays are not translated from Marathi; but they provide the context for an active critical debate that dominated Marathi criticism for over thirty years. A long essay by R.B. Patankar regarding this debate, and other issues related to literary aesthetics in Marathi, appeared in The Journal of Arts and Ideas in 1985. That journal has carried from time-to-time translations of some key critical texts in Marathi, one example being Shanta Gokhale'e translation of V.K. Rajwade'sessay on the novel (1902) which appeared in the 1985 issue. Also, in 1985, G.N. Devy's translation of Bhalchandra Nemade's celebrated critique of the novel in Marathi was published in Seru. For those who are interested in samples of old Marathi prose, or in the evolution of the Marathi language, Anne Feldhaus's impressive version of a Mahanubhav

biography. The Deeds of God in Riddhipur is an indispensable title. Works on poetics Marathi prosody, style, diction, etc. have so far not been translated. However a heartening development is that several Marathi critics have started taking interest in theorizing about translation. Among those who have published systematic statements on translation theory are Vilas Sarang[25]. and Dilip Chitre who in his self-questioning essay, "Life on a Bridge", argues that, for a bilingual poet like himself, translation becomes an inevitable step towards defining selfhood: "If no translation was theoretically possible, it was necessary to invent one." His argument presents the very essence of ILET.

NOTES

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3. Krishna Rayan, The Burning Bush: Suggestion in Indian Literature,Delhi: B.R. Publishers, 1988.
4. Jan Gonda, ed., History of Indian Literature, Wiesbaden: OttoHarrossowitz, 1973-87.
5. Sisirkumar Das, History of Indian Literature, Delhi: Sahitya Akademi. 1991
6. Sujit Mukherjee, Translation as Discovery, Delhi: Allied Publishers, 1981.
7. See John Drew, India and the Romantic Imagination, Delhi: OxfordUP, 1986.
8. See K.M. George, ed., Comparative Indian Literature, Delhi:Macmillan India, 1984-86.
9. Edwin Gerow, Indian Poetics, Wiesbaden: Otto Harrassowitz, 1977.
10. See Sri Aurobindo, Harmony of Virtue, Collected Works V.Pondicherry: Birth Centenary Library, 1972.
11. Under the title The Ocean of Stories, it was privately printed in the 1920s for subscribers only by C.J. Sawyer Ltd., London.
12. See respectively Satyajit Ray, The Adventures of Feluda, trans. Chitrita Banerje, Penguin, 1988; Purnachandra Tejaswi, Carvalho &Men of Mystery, trans. Padma Ramachandra Sharma, Penguin 1990; Vaikom Muhammad Basheer, "Me Grandad 'Ad an Elephant! ", trans. R.E. Asher & Achamma Coilparampil Chandersekaran, Penguin 1992; Irawati Karve, Yuganta: The End of an Epoch, trans. Irawati Karve, 1969; rpt. Delhi: Orient Longman, 1991.
13. Some other translations that may interest students of ILET are: Kalidasa's Vikramorvasiya, translated by Sri Aurobindo as The Hero and the Nymph and in verse, see Collected Works, Pondicherry: Birth Centenary Library, 1972; Pratima Nataka of Bhasa, translated by R.P. Kangle and F.C. Trivedi, Ahmedabad: Vasanta Press, 1927; the Malatimadhave of Bhavabhuti, translated by M.R. Kale, Bombay: Gopal Narayan Co., 1928; Harsha's Nagananda, translated by R.D. Karmarker, Bombay: Vishwanatha Co., 1923; Mahendravarman's Matta Vilasa Prahasana, translated by L.D. Barnett, Bulletin of SOAS, 5, 1930. A handy anthology, Six Sanskrit Plays in English Translation, edited by Henry W. Wells, New York: Asia Publishing House, 1964, contains Shakuntala, Vikrama and Urvashi, The Toy Cart, Nagananda, The Dream of Vasavadatta, and The Later Story of Rama.

For those who are interested in humour and comedy, there is C.C. Mehta's translations of three Sanskrit comedies. Published under the title Three Sanskrit Lighter Delights, Baroda: M.S. University, 1969, it contains Bhagavad-ajjukiyam or The Monk and the Courtesan, Matta-vilasa prahasana or The Farce of the Drunken Monk, and Ubhayabhisarika or The Infatuated Damsel. The most important anthology of Sanskrit plays in English translation to have been published in the last fifty years is P. Lal's Great Sanskrit Plays in Modern Translation, New York: New Directions, 1964, which contains six all time classics. Of Lal's translations, that of Harsha's Ratnavali is the most readable as a modem rendering. A bibliography of Sanskrit plays in English translation was compiled by V. Raghavan, Indian Literature, 3:1, 1959-60. It is waiting to be revised and updated. There is no comparable bibliography of translations of contemporary Indian plays into English.

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16. See Rupert Snell, "Rural Travesties: Shrilal Shukla's Rag Darbari", in The Journal of Commonwealth Literature, 25:1, 1990.
17. Dilip Chitre, ed., Says Tuka, Delhi: Penguin, 1991.
18. Dilip Chitre, ed., Anthology of Marathi Poetry 1945-1965, Bombay. Niramala Sadanad, 1967. Unfortunately, the work is out of print.
19. Kiran Nagarkar, Seven Sixes are Forty-three, trans. Shubha Slee, St. Lucia: Univ. of Queensland Press, 1980.
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21. D.B. Mokashi, Palkhi: An Indian Pilgrimage, trans. Philip C. Engblom. New York: State Univ. of New York, 1987.
22. Vijay Tendulkar, Sakharam Binder, trans. Shanta Shahane and Kumud Mehta, Delhi: Hind Pocket Books, 1973.
23. Lakshmibai Tilak, I Follow After: An Autobiography, trans. Josephine Inkster, Delhi: Oxford UP, 1950.
24. Anne Feldhaus, trans., The Deeds of God in Riddhipur, New York, Oxford UP, 1984.
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26. Dilip Chitre, "Life on the Bridge", in The Bombay Literary Review, 1, 1989, p. 12.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is Literature in Translation essential in India according to Devy?
2. Who were the pioneers of Indian translations into English?
3. What are the phases of translation in India?
4. Write a brief note on
    a. The colonial phase
    b. The revivalist phase
    c. The nationalist phase
    d. The formalist phase
5. Write a note on Tagore and his works and translations.
6. What are the two ways in which Indian-English literature has contributed to the growth of ILET?

7. How is Indian Drama represented in Indian English Translation?
8. Describe in detail, the success of translation of Indian Poems.
9. Write a note on the two Indian Language families.
10. How does Devy bring about the richness and variety of Marathi Literature?

UNIT-II
POETRY

Basavanna (1134-1196)

Basavanna, sometimes called Basava or Basaveshwara, was a twelfth century devotee of Shiva and an early organizer of the Virasaiva sect in the Kannada-speaking regions of south India. The Virasaivas were Shiva devotees who rejected the elaborate ritualistic practices and rigid caste system of orthodox Hinduism which also favoured the wealthy. These devotees emphasized direct mystical experience available to all through deep devotion to God. In this sense, the Virasaiva movement was a mystical protestant movement that also asserted social equality and justice for the poor. As Lingayats they worship Shiva in the form of a linga, that represents God as the creator of the universe or, more deeply, as a representation of the Formless taking form.

Basavanna was born in 1134 A.D to Madarasa and Madalambike belonging to a Shaiva Brahmin family of Ingaleswara Bagewadi in Karnataka State. Since the boy did not agree with the blind beliefs and irrational traditions, he left home, in search of truth and knowledge and went to Koodala Sangama in Bagalkot District of Karnataka State and joined Gurukula (educational centre) as a student. He was a youth of 21 years by the time he finished his studies on scriptures. He was deeply pained to see ignorance, meaningless traditions, casteism and untouchability entrenched in society and started looking for remedies.

Basavanna entered his field of work at Basava Kalyana in Bidar District with a full-fledged plan in his mind for the establishment of an ideal welfare society. He took up the job of accountant in the palace of king Bijjala. Thereafter he rose to the position of Finance Minister and finally to the post of Prime Minister. He established the unique and glorious Anubhava Mantapa, an Academy of Socio-Spiritual and Religious experience and propagated a revolutionary religion, which was accessible to all irrespective of their original caste or creed. He gave the concept of Ishtalinga to the formless and absolute GOD with the intention of making this concept an instrument to overcome discrimination based on caste, class, creed, sex etc., and to transform people into Sharanas.

Basavanna achieved divine enlightenment at a sacred meeting of rivers. All of Basavanna's poems (called 'Vachanas') include a reference to Shiva as "the lord of the meeting rivers". The vachana "The master of the house, is he at home or isn't he?" emphasizes the need to have a clean mind and body which is worthy enough to house God, the true master of our self. The idea of the body as the temple of God is brought out clearly in the lines.

"Cripple Me Father" is a short prose poem in which the narrator asks God to cripple him, blind him, deafen him, and restrain him to keep him from going places, doing things, hearing things, or searching for things that might interfere with the narrator's spirituality.

The master of the house, is he at home or isn't he?
Grass on the threshold,
Dirt in the house:
The master of the house, is he at home, or isn't he?
Lies in the body.
Lust in the heart:
no, the master of the house is not at home,
Our Lord of the Meeting Rivers.

Cripple me father
Cripple me, father,
that I may not go here and there,
Blind me, father,
that I may not look at this and that,
Deafen me, father,
that I may not hear anything else.
Keep me
at your men's feet
looking for nothing else,
O lord of the meeting rivers.

Allama Prabhu – (Early 12th Century)

Shunya Peethadhesha Allama Prabhu, a contemporary of Basavanna, Allamaprabhu was born in a small village called Ballegavi (Balligavi) in Shikaripura taluk of Shivamogga district Karnataka, India, also known as 'Banavasi Hanneradu Saavira'. He belonged to a class of temple servants. And his father was a dance teacher. Allama's service was to play upon maddale Allama was himself an expert at playing the maddale (a double - headed drum). By the time he reached the prime of youth, he had become well-versed in playing the drum in the service of Lord Mudhukesvara.

Several epics have been written on his life and achievement. Two narratives of his life have developed, named after the two important poets who have focused on Allamaprabhu's life, are known as Harihara tradition and Chaamarasa tradition.

According to Chaamarasa: Allam'as expertness in maddale attracted attention of Mayadevi, a charming girl, was enamoured of Allamaprabhu. But Allamaprabhu successfully resisted the

temptation arid rejected Mayadevi outrightly and became Mayaakoolaahala (‘one who conquered Maya.’). From then onwards Allamaprabhu’s life took a spiritual turn.

According to Harihara: Allama fell in love with a beautiful dancer called Kamalathe. They were happily married until the sickness and early death of his wife. The grief stricken Allama wandered aimlessly until he came upon the saint Animisayya in a cave temple.

Saint Animisayya (or Animisha, "the one without eyelids", "the open eyed one") initiated Allamaprabhu into Lingayathism which emphasizes the worship of Ishtalinga. By hard penance under the guidance of Animisha Allamaprabhu became a great Sivayogi.

Subsequently he embraced the life of a wandering mystic (Jangama). He then travelled to Kalyaana (current Basava Kalyana, a taluk in Bidar dist, Karnataka, India) to witness the Great House that was run by Basavanna. He became the president of Anubhavamantapa (The Hall of Experience) and led all sharanas in their spiritual quest. Even before the advent of the revolution of Kalyaana he left the place and achieved union with the GOD at Srishaila.

He has written vachanas, swaravachanas, creation vachanas and mystic chants under the signature Guheshwara ("Lord of the caves") some 1645 vachanas are extant. He focused on spirituality and mysticism.

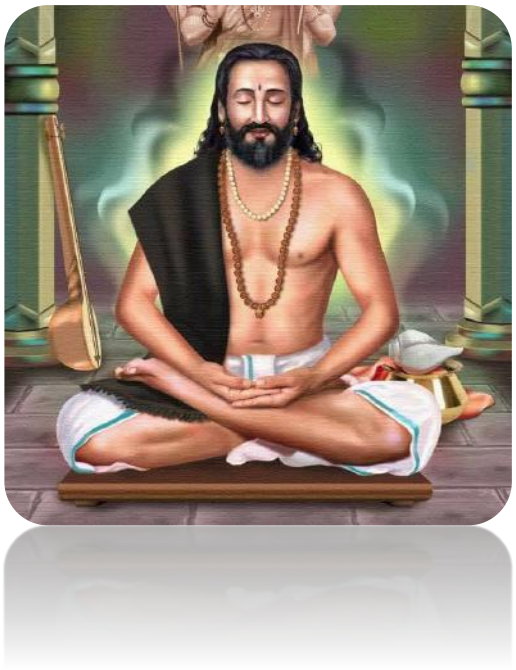
Allama Prabhu 's poetic style has been described as mystic and cryptic, rich in paradoxes and inversions, staunchly against any form of symbolism, occult powers and their acquisition, temple worship, conventional systems and ritualistic practices. However, all his poems are non-sectarian and some of them even use straight forward language. According to the Kannada scholar Shiva Prakash, Allama's poems are more akin to the Koans (riddles) in Japanese Zen tradition, and have the effect of awakening the senses out of complacency. Critic Joseph Shipley simply categorises Allama's poems as those of a "perfect Jnani" ("saint"). Allamas poems are known to cover an entire range, from devotion to final union with God.

In his vachana 512 Allama Prabhu speaks about the relationship between the guru and pupil and the changes it went through, through the ages/ yugas.

Vachana 512

In the Kritayuga
if the guru beat and taught wisdom to the pupil
I said it was great grace.
In the Tretayuga
if the guru scolded and taught wisdom to the pupil
I said it was great grace.
In the Dwaparayuga
if the guru frightened and taught wisdom to the pupil
I said it was great grace.
In the Kaliyuga
if the guru bowed and taught wisdom to the pupil
I said it was great grace.
Guheshwara,
I marvel at the injunctions of times you have prescribed. / 512

Kanakadasa - (1509–1609)



Kanaka Dasa (1509-1609) was a great poet musician of Karnataka, in the tradition of Purandara Dasa. He belonged to the Kurube Gowda community, who were warriors. He later turned to the Haridasa tradition and became a poet who composed beautiful lyrics in Kannada. Kanaka Dasa's original name was Thimmappa Nayaka. His parents were Biregowda and Beechamma, and he was born in the year 1509. He was a contemporary of Purandara Dasa, though a little bit younger.

When he was a young man, he was defeated in a battle and mortally wounded, but he was miraculously saved. This incident led him to give up his profession and he turned his mind towards a spiritual path.

He joined the Haridasa tradition and was renamed Kanaka Dasa by his spiritual master, Vyasaraja of Udupi. Kanaka Dasa composed beautiful literary works in Kannada. He was a poet-composer, a religious and social reformer, and a devotee of Lord Vishnu.

He was a social reformer who lashed out at the evils of society, like the caste system and the divide between the privileged and the poor.

Kanaka Dasa was not just a social reformer and a great composer; he was mainly a devotee of Lord Narayana. He longed to visit the Udupi Krishna temple and have a Darshan of the Lord, but the narrow minded priests would not allow him inside the temple as they considered him to be of inferior birth. Kanaka Dasa was distraught and expressed his anguish to Sri Krishna. Immediately, the temple wall collapsed on one side, a slit appeared in the Sanctum, the idol of Sri Krishna turned towards him and he was able to have a direct Darshan.

The wall was later reconstructed, but a small window was built there to mark the place where the Lord gave Darshan to his anguished devotee. This window is called Kanakana Hindi – Kanaka's Window. Even today, devotees have a Darshan of the lord through this window before proceeding to the main entrance of the sanctum.

His **Nalacharite** is a beautiful composition retelling the story of Nala and Damayanthi which appears in the Mahabharata. His **Narasimastava** is a wonderful composition on Lord Narasimha. The **Mohanatarangini** tells the story of Sri Krishna's life with his wives and the story of Krishna's grandson Aniruddha's love for Usha, the daughter of Banasura. Kanakadasa's writings not only touched devotional but also social aspects. In fact, his **Ramadhyanacharitre** is an allegorical work depicting the divisions between the rich and the poor.

Kanaka Dasa was a radical poet, and his Kirtanas and Ugabhogas form part of the traditional recitations in Carnatic music even today.

His song 'Do not quarrel over caste' is an often anthologised work that questions the aspects of caste and brings out its meaninglessness. The refrain People constantly talk about caste emphasises the vacuum in people's mind when they talk about caste.

Do not quarrel over caste

People constantly talk about caste, caste, caste.
To which caste do those who experience true happiness belong?
The lotus is born from pond-bed mud and slush
but we offer it to God in worship;
milk is secreted from a cow's udder
but the highest caste drinks it.
People constantly talk about caste…

Musk oozes from deers' pores
but Brahmins smear it on their "pure" bodies.
To what caste does Lord Narayana belong, tell me?
To what caste does Lord Shiva belong?
People constantly talk about caste…

To what caste does the soul belong?
To what caste do life and love belong?
To what caste do the five senses belong?
If a soul is united with God, the Soul of Souls,
What does caste have to do with it?
People constantly talk about caste…

Glossary

Lord of the Meeting Rivers – Kootala Sangama Deva, the president diety of the temple built in the confluence of Krishna and Malaprabha rivers, Basavanna's favoutie God.

Guheswara – Lord of the caves, Allama Prabhu's favourite God.

Kritayuga – The first of the yugas also known as Satya Yuga. In this age people were said to be righteous, kind and devoted to God. They led peaceful lives.

Tretayuga – The second yuga. The age witnessed three incarnations of Lord Vishnu - Vamana, Parashurama and Rama.

Dwaparayuga – The third yuga. Ends when the Krishna Avatar of Sri Vishnu returns to his abode, the Vaikunta.

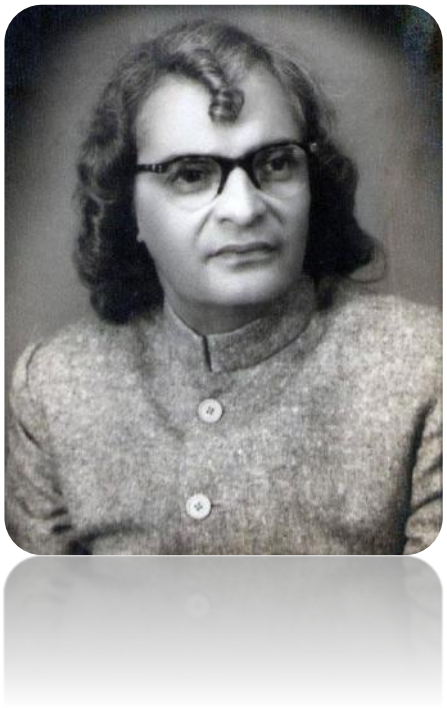
Kaliyuga – The present yuga, that witnesses all the vices of the people. Is said to end when Lord Vishnu will be born again to liberate men from his sufferings and return to the Krita yuga.

Discussion Questions

1. Based on the readings of the four poems, bring out the social concerns that each has.

2. The poets of the Bhakti movement were also harbingers of the change in the society. Substantiate.

Sumitranandan Pant (1900-1977)



Sumitranandan Pant, also known as the "Bard of Almora", was one of the outstanding modern Hindi poets. Born on 20 May, 1900, at Kasauni village of Almora amidst the exquisite beauty of the Kumaon hills, he was named Gosain Dutt by his father. His mother died hours after his birth and he was reared by his grandmother. His dislike of his name made him change it to Sumitranandan Pant. Pant's poetical genius was evident at the tender age of seven when he started writing poetry. At fifteen, he wrote a novel Har. Completing his initial schooling at Almora, Sumitranandan went to Kashi for his matriculation and then to Muir College. Allahabad for graduation. It was here that he was initiated into English poetry. He was adept at several languages including Sanskrit, English, Bengali and Persian; he also learnt music.

A prolific poet, essayist and dramatist, Pant has twenty eight published works to his credit. He was one of the pillars of the Chayavaadi movement in modern Hindi literature an era of Neo-romanticism, marked by an upsurge of romantic and humanist content. The poets of this mystic-romantic school were worshippers of nature, revelling in beauty, fighters for freedom and harbingers of a new social order. Pallav (1936) established Sumitranandan Pant as one of the stalwarts of the Chayavadi movement. It is not merely the poems but his introduction to the collection which is significant. It is an important document of literary theory in modern Hindi poetry, where Pant presents his theory of diction, of theme and content. What Wordsworth's Preface to the Lyrical Ballads did for English Romanticism. Sumitranandan Pant's introduction to Pallav did the same for Hindi poetry. Pant's poetry epitomised the Indian concept of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram (the true, the good, the beautiful). For his immense contribution to the Hindi literary scene, he has been honoured with the prestigious Padmabhushan Award (1961), the Sahitya Akademi Award (1960) for Kaalaaur Buddha Chand, the Jnanpith Award (1968) for Chidambara and the Soviet Land - Nehru Award for Lokayatan As a poet, Sumitranadan Pant was primarily inspired by Nature. He was sensitive and derived inspiration from the beauty of his native Kumaon. Nature for him was a mighty living force, a conscious existence with whom he felt as one. Pant excels in depicting the moods and beauty and spirit of Nature. His poetry marks a return to Nature, unfolding its beauty and grandeur and bringing out the spiritual harmony underlying it. His poems abound in the changing sights of nature-the ever-changing forms of the sky and the mountains during the seasonal changes in a way that no other poet in modern Hindi has presented. That he was influenced by English Romanticism is evident. He writes: "The beauteous art of Keats, the powerful imagination of Shelley, the pure and elevating love of nature of Wordsworth, super naturalness of Coleridge and the sound-architecture of Tennyson strengthened the

imagery scheme of my poetry, deepened its core and helped make precise the form of my poetry and rendered it comprehensive generally". Pant's poetry has the sweep and force of the imagination of Shelley and the contemplative quality of Wordsworth's poetry, with its love of Nature and its idolisation of the child. He was also influenced by Rabindranath Tagore and had a close association with Uday Shankar, the master of classical dance.

There are other aspects of his poetic output. He was sensitive to the contemporary socio-political scene. Sumitranandan Pant began as a romantic poet; later, influenced by Gandhi and Marxism, he became a social realist. Eight years later, he sought refuge in Aurobindo's philosophy and wrote on the theme of humanity. He finally emerged as a philosopher and socialist.

The prescribed text is an extract from Pant's poem "Aah dha, kitna deti hain", translated by W. M. Murray as Fruits of the Earth.

The poem revolves round the adage. "As you sow, so shall you reap". The poet narrates a simple incident to bring out the contrast between the aridity of man's materialistic greed and the bountiful fruitfulness of nature. As an innocent child, the poet-persona had planted a coin with the hope that it would sprout into a "penny tree", only to be totally disappointed. Seasons pass and fifty years later, he casually planted bean seeds in the soaked fertile earth of his courtyard after a heavy shower and was amazed by and ecstatic at the bounty of nature. The bean seed that he had sown sprouted and enriched him with the happiness of sharing with all, the wealth that Mother Nature had provided spontaneously and abundantly. Characteristic of Pant's poetry, the poem displays vivid imagery of Nature-the beauty and sounds of changing seasons. However, it is not merely the beauty of Nature that is described. For Pant, Nature is a living nurturing spirit and man is enriched spiritually and emotionally enrichened by associating with it. This poem clearly exhibits why, as a poet of Nature, Sumitranandan Pant has been compared to Wordsworth.

Fruits of the Earth

Childhood. I planted pennies in the yard and dreamed
Penny trees would grow. I heard the air sweet
With the silvery ringing of my clustered crop
And strutted round like a fat millionaire.
Ah fantasy! Not a single sprout came up.
Not one tree appeared on that barren ground
Swallowed in dusk, blighted my dreams.
On hands and knees I scratched for a sign of growth,
Stared into darkness. What a fool I was!
I gathered the fruit I had sown. I had watered coin.

Fifty years have passed. And passed like a gust of wind.
Seasons came, I hardly noticed them:
Summers blazed, swinging rains poured.
Autumn smiled, following winter shivered.
Trees stood naked; later, the forest, green.
Again in the sky, dark salve-like clouds
Thick with healing elements. It rained.

Out of simple curiosity. I ventured out
To the courtyard corner, and bending down,
Pressed rows of beds into soaken sod
And planted bean seeds. Then covered them.
The hem of the earth's sari was tied with jewels.

Soon I forgot this simple incident -

No one could think it worth remembering.
A few days later walking at evening, in the yard,
Suddenly before me, there they were.
A multitude of new arrivals, standing
Each with a tiny green umbrella on its head.
They seemed like young birds who had just cracked their shells.
Already fully fledged, trying the sky.

Wide-eyed I stared and stared, hypnotized –
This miniature army, dwarfs arrayed in rows
Just sprung from seed I'd sown not yesterday.
Erect and proud, shook their feet as if to march.

I've spent days, now, watching them grow.
Gradually the space around puts on light leaves
Then thickens to canopies of velvet green;
The tendrils rise winding and swinging on the frame
And spray out, fountains of fresh springs.

A stunning sight - the growth of a generation:
Starlike sprays of flowers scattered yet grafted
To the dark green undulating branches:
White foam on waves; a luminous new moon sky:
Pearls in hair: a flower - patterned blouse.

At harvest time, millions of pods came forth;
Some were stringy and some were fat; all sweet:
Long fingers, swords, or emerald necklaces.
It will not seem that I exaggerate
If I say they developed like the moon,
Or an evening sky growing into clusters of stars.

All winter we ate them cooked for lunch and dinner.
Next door neighbours, close friends, mere acquaintances,
Relatives, people we hardly knew,

Some who didn't even ask, all shared
The bountiful supply the earth produced.

She yields abundantly to her dear children:
I had not understood in planting pennies
The laws of her love. She bestows gems.
Storehouse of virtue and all-embracing love.
She serves on terms of truest equality;
Seeds of her own kind only will she bear.
Then, even her dust may yield crops of gold
And directions bursting with joy of her works.

Translated by W. M. Murray

Glossary

Pennies: coins

I heard....crop: the poet imagined that he could hear the silvery ringing sound of coins as it blossomed in bunches on trees.

Ah fantasy: only a fantasy.

Later,...green: with the passing of the different seasons, autumn too passed, then the rains came leaving the trees bedecked with their greenery.

Salve-like….elements: the dark clouds are the harbinger of rains which soothe the parched earth and relieve, it of all suffering.

Sod: earth.

A multitude....heads: the bean seeds had sprouted and looked like a tiny army standing with green umbrellas.

Gradually....fresh springs: as the tiny plants grew, tender leaves appeared. The foliage then thickened into a canopy of a darker shade. The tendrils wound itself on the frame - they in turn grew stronger and brought forth more sprigs of tendrils that sprayed out.

Starlike blouse: the flowers of the bean plants looked like stars sprays of them adorned the white foam on waves.

The laws of her love: the greatness of her love, her generosity.

Seeds....kind: seeds that have potential of life; seeds that will yield golden crops of humanity and comes from life's labour.

Directions.... her works: Earth/ nature bestows on man such gems that joy and laughter rings forth in every direction.

Discussion Questions

1. Sumitranandan Pant has been compared to Wordsworth, because of his love for Nature. Discuss the relevance of the comparision.
2. Comment on Pant’s use of imagery in the poem.

Jyoti Lanjewar (b.1950-2013)

A pioneering Dalit woman poet today. Jyothi Lanjewar is a well-known figure in Marathi literature. Born in Nagpur on 25 November, 1950, Jyothi Lanjewar grew up in a family that had dedicated itself to the upliftment of the down-trodden. After completing her M.Phil. and Ph.D, she became Professor and Head of the Marathi Department at S.B. College, Nagpur. A noted writer, poet, feminist scholar and social activist, she has authored more than fourteen books out of which four are poetry collections. A compilation of her poems translated into English has come out in the form of the book **Red Slogans in the Green Grasses**. A recipient of numerous literary awards and fellowships, Jyoti Lanjewar is a force to reckon with in the field of contemporary Indian women's poetry.

Like many poets, Lanjewar dislikes being fitted into slots. Her poetry speaks on diverse themes such as womanhood, motherhood, friendships, human values and love. It speaks of the socio-cultural oppression of women belonging to the poorest strata of Indian society. She comments, "My poetry is about humanity and its seemingly endless struggles for survival, for change, for justice, and sometimes humanity happens to be the oppressed marginalized."

Dalit identity and politics have been powerfully conveyed in the poem Mother (Ai) which presents a daughter's perception of her mother and her deep admiration of her self-respect, her hard work and commitment to the Dalit cause. The use of the negative 'never' in the opening line and in the conclusion provides the framework for the contrast between what the Dalit mother can never hope to possess and the harsh reality of her life. The world of the mother is portrayed in all its starkness with the use of realistic details and vivid descriptions. The mother's life of struggle - hunger, poverty, hard physical labour, sexual exploitation, and humiliation- is delicately balanced with the compassion and sacrifice of motherhood. The inspiring presence of Ambedkar is woven in effectively, not merely in the mother's advice to her child but also in her dying moments. The refrain "I have seen you" adds to the poignancy of this heartfelt tribute to motherhood and the spirit of Dalit women.

Mother (Ai)

I have never seen you
Wearing one of those gold-bordered saris
With a gold necklace
With gold bangles
With fancy sandals
Mother! I have seen you
Burning the soles of your feet in the harsh summer sun
Hanging your little ones in a cradle on an acacia tree
Carrying barrels of tar
Working on a road construction crew….

I have seen you
With a basket of earth on your head
Rags bound on your feet
Giving a sweaty kiss to the naked child
Who came tottering over to you
Working for your daily wage, working, working....

I have seen you
Turning back the tide of tears
Trying to ignore your stomach's growl
Suffering parched throat and lips
Building a dam on a lake....

I have seen you
For a dream of four mud walls
Stepping carefully, pregnant
On the scaffolding of a sky scraper
Carrying a hod of wet cement on your head....

I have seen you
In evening, untying the end of your sari
For the coins to buy salt and oil,
Putting a five paise coin
On a little hand
Saying 'go eat candy'-
Taking the little bundle from the cradle to your breast
Saying "Study, become an Ambedkar"
And let the baskets fall from my hands….

I have seen you
Sitting in front of the stove
Burning your very bones
To make coarse bread and a little something
To feed everybody, but half-fed yourself
So there'd would a bit in the morning....

I have seen you
Washing clothes and cleaning pots
In different households
Rejecting the scraps of food offered to you
With pride
Covering yourself with a sari
That had been mended so many times
Saying "Don't you have a mother or a sister?"
To anyone who looked at you with lust in his eyes...

I have seen you
On a crowded street with a market basket on your head
Trying always to keep your head covered with the end of your sari
Chasing anyone who nudged you deliberately
With your sandal in your hand.....

I have seen you working until sunset
Piercing the darkness to turn toward home.
Then forcing from the door
That man who staggered in from the hooch hut.....

I have seen you
At the front of the Long March
The end of your sari tucked tightly at the waist
Shouting "Change the name"
Taking the blow of the police stick on your upraised hands
Going to jail with head held high.....

I have seen you
Saying when your only son
Fell martyr to police bullets
"You died for Bhim, your death means something"
saying boldly to the police
"If I had two or three sons, I would be fortunate.
They would fight on."

I have seen you on your deathbed
Giving that money you earned
Rag-picking to the diksha bhumi
Saying with your dying breadth
"Live in unity..... fight for Baba..... don't forget him.....
And with your very last breadth
"Jai Bhim."
I have seen you..…….

I have never seen you
Even wanting a new broad-bordered sari
Mother, I have seen you...

(Translated from the Marathi by Sylvie Martinez, Rujita Pathre, S. K. Thorat, Vimal Thorat, and

Eleanor Zelliot.)

Glossary

Long March: Organised by the followers of Dr. Ambedkar, it took place in Maharashtra in 1956. It was part of the movement which resulted in the mass conversion of about 3 million 'untouchables' to Buddhism in late 1956, early 1957. Following this agitation, the name "Dalit" was adopted. The Long March could also refer to the agitation of the Maharashtra Dalits on December 6, 1979 to rename Marathwada University after Dr. Ambedkar.

Bhima: refers simultaneously to Dr. Ambedkar and the character in the Mahabharatha, who was physically the strongest and most heroic of the five Pandavas. Bhima is a common double symbol of power, strength, tenacity and heroic struggle in Dalit writing.

Jai Bhim: a greeting used mostly by Dalit converts to Buddhism as a mark of respect towards Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar. "Jai Bhim" literally means "Victory to Bhim" ie Bhimrao Ambedkar.

diksha bhumi: the place in Nagpur where Dr. Ambedkar embraced Buddhism along with 5 lakh followers on October 14, 1956.

Discussion Questions

1. Consider the poem as a tribute to motherhood and the spirit of Dalit women.
2. Comment on the picture of the lives of Dalit women presented in Mother.

UNIT- III
NOVEL
BREAKING TIES

Sara Aboobacker (b.1936)

Sara Aboobacker was born in a Malayalam-speaking family from Kasaragod on 30 June 1936. She married M Aboobacker - now deceased - who years later retired from the department of public works of Karnataka as assistant executive engineer. In spite of her Malayalam background, for her to have achieved so much in Kannada, speaks highly of her creativity, skill and commitment. Sara Aboobacker's books largely focus on the lives of Muslim women living in the Kasaragod region, bordering the Indian states of Kerala and Karnataka. She focuses on issues of equality and injustice within her community, critiquing patriarchal systems within religious and familial groups.

Her nine novels are Chandragiri Teeradalli, Sahana, Kadana Virama, Suliyalli Sikkavaru, TaLa odeda doniyali, Pravaha-suli, Panjara and Ilijaru. She has also authored five collections of short stories and translated six major works from Malayalam into Kannada. The translations include the narration of the excesses during the Emergency (1977-79) and also a narrative of R B Sreekumar IPC, retired DGP of Gujarat on the pogrom that took place there.

The novel Chandragiri Teeradalli has been translated into Malayalam, Tamil, Telugu, Marathi, English and Hindi and has been widely acclaimed. It has been prescribed as a textbook in Bangalore, Mangalore, Kuvempu and Karnataka Women's universities. Her short story 'Niyama NiyamagaLa Madhye' has been included in the pre-univeristy second year textbook.

Since 1994, she has been publishing her works under the home banner of Chandragiri Prakashana. (The river Payaswini from Karnataka flows into Kerala after many tributaries join it, taking the name of Chandragiri. This river plays an important role in her works.)

The awards and honours in her kitty include Karnataka Sahitya Academy award of honour, Karnataka

Rajyotsava award, Sahitya Bhushana award from Murugharajendra Math of Chitradurga, Saroja Devi Shri Harsha award, Daana Chintamani Attimabbe award from the government of Karnataka, Babasaheb Ambedkar award from Gorur foundation, Alvas Nudisiri award, Sandesha literary award, Nadoja title from Kannada university of Hampi, best story award for the Tamil movie 'Jameela' based on her novel Chadragiri Teeradalli, honorary Doctorate from Mangalore university, honorary Doctorate from Karnataka Women's university and many others.

She has served in various organizations and bodies like Karnataka Sahitya Academy, Doordarshan preview committee, regional advisory committee of Kendra Sahitya Akademi and many others. In 2005, she presided over the Mangalore Taluk Sahitya Sammelana.

About the Novel

'Chandragiri Teeradalli', the famous novel by Sara Abubakar, translated as 'Breaking Ties' in English, is remarkable in that it is the primary, personal account of women's lives in Muslim communities of coastal Karnataka and Kerala. It is the story of Nadira, an innocent young girl who struggles with a lack of agency under her violent and egoistical father. Chandragiri Teeradalli casts light on issues of marital abuse and triple talaq. The text discusses the web of economic, sexual and religious relations that operate within domesticity in a larger patriarchal order. The plot of the story revolves around the tyrannical Mahmmad Khan, the submissive Fatimma, their first daughter Nadira and progressive Rashid. Unlike the toxicity involved in Mahmmad Khan and Fatimma's marital life, Nadira was married to a liberal-minded Rashid who wanted to educate her and allow her to enjoy a free life that the women in an orthodox set up were barred from. The cordial marital life of Nadira with a loving mother-in law was the kinds that any young girl expected to have. Nadira gives birth to a son. An unexpected fiery argument related to money arrangements for Nadira's younger sister's marriage expenses, leads to fall out between Rashid and Mahammad Khan.

Subsequent incidents trouble the blissful marital life of Nadira and Rashid. Rashid's love for his wife and his courage fail in the face of her father's machinations and the two are separated. Rashid abducts the child hoping that Nadira would return. Nadira is heartbroken. Mahammad Khan, realising Nadira's prospect for marriage with a wealthy old widower Selim contrives talaq. Nadira silently gives into adverse circumstances grieving on her own. However, she stands her ground and fails her father's advances to get her married to the old widower. Mahammad Khan then tries to reason with Rashid who is only too ready to have Nadira back. But the religious practices come in their way. Nadira could reunite with her husband only if she goes through another marriage and get a talaaq from the second husband. Nadira refuses. Her entire family including Rashid convince her. Despite her apprehensions and reluctance, Nadira accepts to marry another man. But the thought of surrendering herself to another man, the uncouth Sheikh Ali, disgusts her. She desperately throws herself into the river Chandragiri.

The novel brings to the forefront the woman's struggle to make decisions for herself and her body in a patriarchal society. The patriarchal order that functions through the institutions of family, religion and law bind the woman. The novel is a critique of patriarchy which turns and twists every religious edict to its own convenience and how the women are at the receiving end of all these.

Discussion Questions

I. Answer the following questions in two pages each

1. Discuss the submissive nature of Nadira and Fatimma in *Breaking Ties*.
2. How does Sara Aboobacker discuss the appropriation of religious edicts by patriarchal society?

3. Comment on the violent and egoistical nature of Mahammad Khan that leads to Nadira's tragic death.

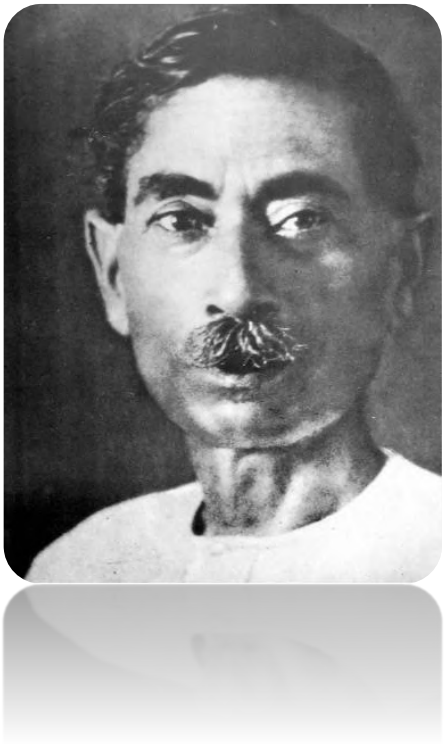
II. Write short notes on the following

1. Elaborate in brief the role of River Chandragiri in *Breaking Ties.*
2. Substantiate the title *Breaking Ties.*
3. Discuss Rashid's role in accentuating Nadira's tragic end.

SHORT STORIES

1. Chess Players

Premchand



Dhanpat Rai Shrivastav, popularly known as Premchand is regarded as one of the great modern writers of Hindi. He was born on August 10th 1881 in the village of Lamahi near Varanasi, he was born in humble circumstances but with access to good education in Persian and Urdu as might be expected in the literate family of the Kayastha community well known for writers, scholars, teachers and lawyers. He first went to school in Gorakhpur where his father was posted.

Premchand led an extraordinarily active life he published 14 novels, around 300 short stories innumerable letters, editorials, essays, plays and screenplays and the number of translations from English and adaptations of European novels. Four of his novels, Sevasadan, Rangbhumi, Karmabhumi, and Godaan are considered among the greatest novels to be written in Hindi. He also worked as an editor and publisher. He was a passionate advocate of the Indian independence movement and Hindu Muslim harmony he devoted many editorials to India's political and communal problems and played an active role in the movement for Hindustani as a national language.

He published his first collection of five short stories in 1908 in a book called *Soz-e Watan*. The stories were all patriotic and the British government interpreted these as seditious. He had to appear before the district magistrate who told him to burn all copies and never write anything like it again. This incident gave birth to the new pen name 'Premchand'.

Premchand's works were influenced by his interest in Indian history, mythology, Indo-Muslim cultural history, contemporary society and his own wide readings of literature from across the world. He was the first Hindi and Urdu to writer to write in depth of the lives of the deprived sections of society. He wrote on contemporary themes of immediate social and political relevance. His works

became a vehicle for his socially engaged agenda of social reform.
He started the publishing house Saraswati Press in 1923, he also worked as the editor of the Hindi journal 'Madhuri' in Lucknow in 1924-25 and again from 1927-32. In 1930 he started a journal called 'Hans' and two years later, took over another journal called 'Jagaran'.
Premchand died on 8 October 1936, at the age of fifty-six.

About the Story

The story depicts the decadent royalty of North India. It is set around the life of the last independent ruling Nawaab Wajid Ali Shah, when Lucknow was plunged deep in luxurious living and concludes with the British annexation of the nawabs Kingdom of Awadh in 1856. Wajid Ali Shah was the tenth and last nawab of the princely Kingdom of Awadh, he ascended the throne in 1847 and ruled for nine years. In 1977 renowned filmmaker Satyajit ray made a film on the short story titled Shatranj Ke Kilari. The 'Chess Players' was published in 1924. Premchand portrays the feudal mentality of a whole culture through the two main protagonists. The two main characters are the aristocrats Mirza Sajid Ali and Mir Roshan Ali who are deeply immersed into playing chess to the point of being oblivious to everything else. Their desire for the game makes them irresponsible in their duties towards their families and society. They derive immense pleasure in developing chess strategies and ignore their real-life invasion by the British, their city Lucknow, falls to the British as they are busy playing the game of chess. The narrative of the two noble men of Lucknow absorbed in their own game of chess is set forth against the larger chess game the annexation of Awadh by the British in 1856.
Lucknow, where the story is set in was a city known for its rich culture. While Lucknow traditions and aesthetic legacy was a subject that was exalted in Premchand's works ironically becomes the target of the author's irony and condemnation. Premchand seems to be condemning Lucknow culture than portraying it positively. The story is also a satire of the debauched lifestyle and irresponsibility of the people towards their family and state. The story articulates the declining Mughal feudal tendencies and weakening feudal Lords who represent the customs, traditions and art of a previous era.

The Chess Players

It was the era of Wajid Ali Shah. Lucknow was plunged deep in luxurious living. Exalted and humble, rich and poor, all were sunk in luxury. While one might arrange parties for dancing and singing another would find enjoyment only in the drowsy ecstasy of opium. In every sphere of life pleasure and merry-making ruled supreme. Indulgence in luxury pervaded the government, the literary world, the social order, arts and crafts, industry, and cuisine, absolutely everywhere. The bureaucrats were steeped in gross sensuality, poets in describing lovers and the suffering of separation, artisans in creating intricate patterns of gold and silver thread and embroidery, merchants in selling eye-shadow, perfumes, unguents and colouring of teeth. All eyes were dimmed with the intoxication of luxury. No one had awareness of what was going on in the world. There were quail fights, betting on matches between righting partridges, here the cloth for causar spread out, there shouts of 'what luck, I've made an ace and twelve!' and everywhere a fierce chess battle getting under way.

From king to beggar all were swept with the same antic spirit, to the point where when beggars were given money, they spent it not on bread but on opium or madak. By playing chess, cards or gangifa the wits were sharpened, the process of thought was developed, one became accustomed to

solving complex problems arguments of this sort were presented with great vehemence (The world is not free even today of people of this persuasion!) So, if Mirza Sajjad Ali and Mir Raushan Ali spent most of their time sharpening their wits, what reasonable person could object? Both of them were masters of hereditary estates and had no worry about their income! So they could lounge around at home enjoying their idleness. After all, what else was there to do? Early in the morning, after breakfast, they would sit down, set out the board, arrange the chessmen, and warlike stratagems would begin. From then on, they were quite unaware of when it was noon or afternoon or evening. Time and time again word would be sent from the kitchen that dinner was ready and the answer would come back; Get on with it; we're coming, Mt the table. It would reach the point where the cook, desperate, would serve their meal right in their chamber and the two friends would go on with their activities, eating and playing simultaneously.

In Mirza Sajjad Ali's household there was no elder, so the game took place in his drawing room. But this is not to say that other people in the household were happy with these goings-on. And not only were the members of the household but the neighbours and even the servants were constantly making malicious comments. 'The game's ill-omened! It's destroying the family. Heaven forbid that anybody should become addicted to it; he'd be utterly useless to God or man, at home or in the world! It's a dreadful sickness, that's what.' Even Mirza's wife, the begum Sahiba, hated it so much that she sought every possible occasion to scold him. But she hardly ever found the chance, for the game would have begun before she woke and, in the evening, Mirzaji would be likely to appear in the bedroom only after she had gone to sleep. But the servants of course felt the full force of her rage. 'He's asked for the paan, has he? Well tell him to come and get it himself! He hasn't got time for his dinner? Then go and dump it on his head, he can eat it or give it to the dogs!' But to his face she could not say anything at all. She was not so angry with him as with Mir Sahib, whom she referred to as 'Mir the trouble-maker'. Possibly it was Mirzaji who laid all the blame on Mirin order to excuse himself.

One day the Begum Sahiba had a headache. She said to the maid, 'Go and call Mirza Sahib and have him get some medicine from the doctor. Be quick about it, run!' When the maid went to him Mirzaji said, 'Get along with you, I'll come in a moment or two.' The Begum Sahiba's tempers flared at this. Who could put up with a husband playing chess while she had a headache? Her face turned scarlet. She said to the maid, 'Go and tell him that if he doesn't go at once I'll go out to the doctor myself, 'Mirzaji was immersed in a very interesting game; in two more moves he would checkmate Mir Sahib. Irritated, he said, 'She's not on her deathbed, is she? Can't she be just a little patient??

'Come now', said Mir, ''got and see what she has to say. Women can be touchy, you know'.

'To be sure, said Mirza, 'why shouldn't I go? You'll be checkmated in two moves. My dear fellow, better not count on it. I've thought of a move that will checkmate you with all your pieces still on the board. But go on now, listen to her, why make her feel hurt for no reason at all?

'I'll go only after I've checkmated you.'

'Then I won't play. Do go and hear her out'.

I'll have to go to the doctor's, old man. It's not just a mere headache; it's an excuse to bother me'.

Whatever it is you really must indulge her.

'Very well, but let me just make one more move'.

'Absolutely not, until you've gone to her I won't so much as touch a piece'.

When Mirza Sahib felt compelled to go to his wife the Megum Sahiba was frowning, but she said with a moan. 'You love your wretched chess so much that even if somebody were dying you wouldn't think of leaving it! Heaven forbid that there should ever be another man like you!

Mirza said, ‘what can I tell you? Mir Sahib simply wouldn’t agree I had a most difficult time of it putting him off so I could come.

‘Does he think everybody is just as worthless as himself? Doesn’t he have children too or has he just left them go to the dogs?’

‘He’s utterly mad about chess, ‘said Mirza. ‘Whenever he comes, I am compelled to play with him.’

'Why don't you tell him off?'

"In that case, I'll tell off! If he gets angry, let him. Is he supporting us, after all? As they say, "If the queen sulks, she'll only hurt herself." ‘Hiriya!' she called the maid, 'Go out and take up the chess board, and say to Mir Sahib, "The master won't play now, pray be good enough to lake your leave."

'For heaven's, sake, don't do anything so outrageous'.' said Mirza. 'Do you want to disgrace me? Wait, Hiriya, where are you going?'

'Why don't you let her go? Anybody who stops her will be simply killing me! Very well, then, stop her, but see if you can stop me.'

Saying this, the begum Sahiba headed to the drawing room in high dudgeon. Poor Mirza turned pale. He began to implore his wife: 'For God's sake, in the name of the holy Prophet Husain! If you go to him, it will be like seeing me laid out!' But the Begum did not pay the slightest attention to him. But when she reached the door of the drawing room all of a sudden, finding herself about to appear before a man not of her household, her legs felt as though paralysed. She peeked inside, and as it happened the room was empty. Mir Sahib had done a little shifting of the chess pieces and was now strolling outside in order to demonstrate his innocence. The next thing that happened was that the Begum went inside, knocked over the chessboard, flung some pieces under the sofa and the others outside, then clapped the doors shut and locked them. Mir Sahib was just outside the door. When he saw the chessmen tossed out and the jingling of the bangles reached his ears, he realized that the Begum Sahiba was in rage. Silently he took his way home.

Mirza said, 'you have committed an outrage!'

She answered, 'If Mir Sahib comes back here, I'll have him kicked out straightaway. If you devoted such fervour to God, you'd be a saint. You're to play chess while I slave away looking after the household? Are you going to the doctor's or still putting it off?'

When he came out of his house Mirza, instead of going to the doctor's, went to Mir Sahib's and told him the whole story. Mir Sahib said, 'So I guessed when I saw the pieces sailing outside. I took off at once. She seems to be quick to fly off the handle. But you've spoiled her too much, and that's not at all the way to do things. What concern is it of hers what you do away from her part of the house? Her work is to look after the home. What business does she have with anything else?'

'Well, tell me, where are we going to meet now?'

'No problem, we have this whole big house, so that's settled, we'll meet here.'

But how am I going to placate the Begum Sahiba? She was furious when I sat down to play at home, so if I play here it could cost me my life.'

Let her babble, in a few days she'll be all right. But of course, you ought to show a little backbone yourself.'

For some unknown reason Mir Sahib's Begum considered it more fitting for her husband to stay far away from home. For this reason, she had never before criticized his playing chess, but on the contrary if he was late in going, she reminded him. For these reasons Mir Sahib had been deluded that into thinking his wife was extremely serious and humble. But when they began to set up the chessboard in the drawing room and Mir Sahib was at home all day the Begurn Sahiba was very distressed. This was

a hindrance to her freedom, and all day long she would yearn to be at the door looking out.
Meantime, the servants had begun to gossip. Formerly they had lain around all day in idleness, if someone came to the house, if someone left; it was no business of theirs. Now they were living in fear all twenty-four hours a day. Orders would come for paan, then for sweets. And like some lover's heart, the hookah had to be kept burning constantly. They would go to the mistress and say, 'The master's chess games are giving us a lot of trouble. We're getting blisters on our feet from running all day. What kind of a game is it that starts at dawn and goes on till evening? Diversion for an hour or two, that enough for any game, of course we're not complaining, we're your slaves, whatever you command naturally we'll do it: but this game is positively sinister! Whoever plays it never prospers, and surely some disaster will befall his home. It can reach the point where one neighbour after another's been known to go rack and ruin. Everybody in this part of town is gossiping about it. We have eaten your salt, we're grieved to hear bad things about the master, but what can we do?'
Hearing this, the Begum Sahiba would say, 'I don't like it myself, but he won't listen to anybody, so what can be done?'

In their quarter there were also a few people from an earlier generation who began to imagine all sorts of disasters: There's no hope now. If our nobles are like this, then God help our country! This chess playing will be the ruin of the kingdom. The omens are bad.'
The entire realm was in uproar. Subjects were robbed in broad daylight and nobody was there to hear their appeals All the wealth of the countryside had been drawn into Lucknow to be squandered on whores, clowns and the satisfaction of every kind of vice The debt to the East India Company kept on growing day by day and day by day the general misery was getting harder to bear. Throughout the land, because of the wretched conditions, the yearly taxes were no longer collected. Time and again the British resident warned them, but everyone in Lucknow was so drowned in the intoxication of sensual indulgence that not a soul gave any heed.
Well then, the chess games continued in Mir Sahib's drawing room over the course of several months. Newer strategies were devised, new defences organized, and ever new battle formations planned. From time-to-time quarrels broke out as they played, and they even reached the point of exchanging vulgar insults: but peace was quickly restored between the two friends. At times the game would come to a halt and Mirzaji would return home go and sit in his own chamber. But with a good night's sleep all bad feelings would be calmed: early in the morning the two friends would arrive in the drawing room. One day when they sat engrossed in the thorny chess problems an officer of the royal army arrived on horseback and enquired about Mir Sahib. Mir Sahib panicked, wondering what disaster was about to come down on his head. Why had he been summoned? The case appeared desperate. To the servants he said, 'Tell him I'm not at home'.
If he's not at home, where is he?' the horseman demanded. The servant said he didn't know - what was this all about? How can I tell you what's it about?' said the officer. 'Maybe soldiers are being levied for the army. It's no joke, being the master of rent-free estates. When he has to go to the front lines, he'll find out what it's all about.'

'Very well, go along, he'll be informed.'

'It's not just a matter of informing him. I'll come back tomorrow; 1 have orders to take him back with me.'

The horseman left. Mir Sahib was shaking with terror. He said to Mirzaji

'It's a great misfortune! What if I'm summoned too?' 'The bastard said he was coming back

tomorrow.'

'It's a calamity, no doubt of it. If we go to the front we'll die before our time.'

'Now listen, there's one way out: we won't meet here at the house any more. Starting tomorrow we'll have our game in some deserted place out on the banks of the Gomti. Who could find us there? When that fine fellow comes for me, he'll have to go back without us.

'By Allah, that's a splendid idea! That's certainly the best way.'

In the meantime, Mir Sahib's Begam was saying to that cavalry officer, 'You've got them out of the way very nicely,' and he answered, I'm used to making such jackasses dance to my tune. Chess has robbed them of all their common sense and courage. After this they won't stay " at home, whatever happens.'

From the next day on the two friends would set out from the house at the crack of dawn, carrying with them a rather small carpet and a box of prepared paan, and go to the other side of the Gomti River to an old ruined mosque which had probably been built in the time of Nawab Asafuddaula. Along the way they would pick up tobacco, a pipe and some wine, and spread their carpet in the mosque, fill the hookah and sit down to play. After that they had no care for this world or the next. Apart from 'check' and 'checkmate', not another word came out of their mouths. No yogi could have been more profoundly plunged in trance. At noon when they felt hungry, they would go to some baker's shop and eat something, smoke a pipeful, and then return to engage once more in battle. At times they would even forget all about eating.

Meantime, the political situation in the country was becoming desperate. The East India Company's armies were advancing on Lucknow. There was commotion in the city. People were taking their children and fleeing to the countryside. But our two players were not in the least concerned about it. When they left home they took to the narrow alleyways, fearing lest some government official might catch a glimpse, of them and have them forced into military service. They wanted to enjoy the thousands income from their estates without giving anything in return.

One day the two friends were sitting in the ruined mosque playing »Chess. Mirza's game was rather weak and Mir Sahib was checking him at every move. At the same time the Company's soldiers could be seen approaching. This was an army of Europeans on their way to impose their rule on Lucknow.

Mir Sahib said, 'The British army's coming. God save us!'

Mirza said, 'Let them come, but now get out of check.'

'Maybe we ought to have a look, let's stand here where we can't be seen.'

'You can look later, what's the rush? Check again.'

'They have artillery too. There must be about five thousand men. What odd-looking soldiers! They've got red faces, just like monkeys, it's really frightening.'

'Don't try to get out of it, sir! Use these tricks on somebody else. Checkmate!'

'What a strange fellow you are! Here we have the city struck with calamity and you can only think of ways to checkmate. Do you have any idea how we're going to get home if the city's surrounded?"

'When it's time to go home we'll see about it then. This is checkmate; your king's finished now.'

The army had marched by. It was now ten in the morning. A new game was set up.

Mirza said, 'What are we going to do about food today?'

'Well, today's a fast day - are you feeling hungrier than usual?'

'Not in the least. But I wonder what's happening in the city.'

'Nothing at all's happening in city. People are eating their dinner and settling down comfortably for an afternoon nap. The King's in his harem, no doubt.'

By the time they sat down to play again it was three. This time Mirzaji's game was weak. Four o'clock had just struck when the army Was heard marching back. Nawab Wajid Ali had been taken prisoner and the army was conducting him to some unknown destination. In the City there was no commotion, no massacre, not a drop of blood was spilled. Until now no king of an independent country could ever have been overthrown so peacefully, without the least bloodshed. This was HOI that non-violence which delights the gods, but rather the sort of cowardice which makes even great cowards shed tears. The kind of the vast country of Oudh was leaving it a captive, and Lucknow remained deep in its sensual slumber. This was the final stage of political decadence.

Mirzaji said, 'Those tyrants have imprisoned His Majesty'.

Just a moment, sir, I don't feel in the mood now. The poor King must be weeping tears of blood at this moment.'

'I'm sure he is - what luxuries will he enjoy as a prisoner? Checkmate!'

'Everybody has to suffer some change in his fortunes,' said Mirza. 'But what a painful situation!'

'True, that's the way things are. Look, checkmate! That does it, you can't get out of it now,'

‘God's oath, you're hard-hearted. You can watch a great catastrophe like this and feel no grief, Alas, poor Wajid Ali Shah!’

‘First save your own king, then you can mourn for His Majesty. It's checkmate now. Your hand on it!’

The army passed by, taking the King with them. As soon as they were gone Mirza again set up the chess pieces. The sting of defeat is bitter Mir said, 'Come now, let us compose an elegy for His Majesty.' Kilt Mirza's patriotism had vanished with his defeat. He was eager for vengeance.

It was evening. In the ruins the swallows were returning and settling in their nests, the hats began to chitter. But the players were still at is like two bloodthirsty warriors doing battle together. Mirzaji had lost three games in a row; the outlook for this fourth game was not good either. He played each move carefully, firmly resolved to win, but one move after the other turned out to be so ill-conceived that his game kept deteriorating. For his part, Mir Sahib was singing a ghazal and snapping his fingers from sheer high spirits, as though he had come upon some hidden treasure. Listening to him, Mirzaji was furious, but praised him in order to conceal his exasperation. But as hit game worsened patience began to slip out of control until he reached the point of getting angry everything Mir said.

Don’t change your move, sir,' he would say. 'How can you go back on a move? Whatever move is to be made, make it just once. Why is your hand on that piece? Leave it alone! Until you figure out your move much as touch your piece! You're taking half an hour for even-that's against the rules. Anyone who takes more than five minutes for a move may be understood to be checkmated. You changed your move again! Just be quiet and. put that piece back there.

Mir Sahib's queen was in danger. He said, 'But when did I make my move?

You’re already made it. Put the piece right there in the same square.

Why should 1 put it in the square? When did I take my hand off the piece?’

‘If you wait till doomsday to make your move, you'll still have to make it’.

‘You’re the one who's cheating! Victory and defeat depend on fate, you can't win by cheating.'

‘Then it's settled, you've lost this game."

'How have I lost it?'

"Then put the piece back in the same square where it was.'

'Why should I put it there? You have to put it there.’

The quarrel was getting worse. Each stuck to his position, neither one would give an inch. Their words

began to move to irrelevant matters. Mirza said, 'If anybody in your family had ever played chess then you might be familiar with the rules. But they were just grass-cutters. So how can you be expected to play chess? Real aristocracy is quite another thing. Nobody can become a noble just by having had some rent-free estates given to him.'

'What! Your own father must have cut grass! My people have been playing chess for generations.'

'Come off it, you spent your whole life working as a cook in Gaziuddin Haidar's house and now you're going around posting as an aristocrat.'

'Why are you defaming your own ancestors?' said Mir. They must all have been cooks. My people have always dined at the King's own table.'

'You grass-cutter you! Stop your bragging.'

'You check your tongue or you'll De sorry! I won't stand for talk like that. I put oui the eyes of anybody who frowns at me. Do you have the courage?'

'So you want to find out how brave I am! Come on then, let's have, it Out, whatever the consequences.' Said Mir, 'And who do you think is going to let you push them around?'

The two friends drew the swords from their belts. It was s chivalric age when everybody went around carrying swords, daggers, poniards and the like. Both of them was sensualists but not cowards. They were politically debased, so why should they die for king or Kingdom? But they did not lack personal courage. They challenged one another formally, the swords flashed, there was a sound of clanging. Both fell wounded, and both writhed and expired on the spot. They had not shed a single tear for their king but gave up their lives to protect a chess queen.

Darkness was coming on. The chess game had been set up. The two kings each on his throne sat there as though lamenting the death of these two heroes.

Silence spread over all. The broken archways of the ruins, the crumbling walls and dusty minarets, looked down on the corpses and mourned.

Glossary:

Unguents: a soft or viscous substance used as an ointment

Causar: a game of dice

Madak: an intoxicant prepared from opium

Ganjifa: a type of card game

High dudgeon: a feeling of intense indignation or righteous anger

Nawab Asafuddaula: ruler of Awadh (1775-1797), his reign was noted both for debauchery and for the construction of many buildings, especially mosques

Poniard: a slim small dagger

Discussion Questions

1. *The Chess Players* is a critique of a decadent culture. Explain
2. Bring out the significance of the title *The Chess Players.*
3. The game of chess is symbolic of the nobles' divorce from reality and escape into a make belief world. Discuss
4. How does the story depict the lack of morals and decadence of the aristocracy against the background of a historical crisis?

2. The Weed

Amrita Pritam

Amrita Pritam is a renowned writer who wrote fiction, non-fiction, poetry and essays. She was born on 31st August 1919, in a Sikh family, in Gujranwala, Punjab, now in Pakistan. When she was eleven years old her mother died and her father played an important role in her life and Amrita was influenced by her father and inherited her love for literature from him. He was a school teacher, a poet, a religious preacher, and also a singer who sang devotional songs. After her mother's death in 1930 they went to Lahore. Amrita was a rebel, and questioned aspects that were accepted as the norm and this rebellious nature is expressed in her works.

Though Amrita was born into a traditional Sikh family, she lost faith in God, the reason being the untimely demise of her mother. In 1936, she was married to Pritam Singh to whom she was engaged in childhood. After marriage she did not find the environment that a writer needs for her or his creativity to thrive. So, she decided to create her own environment by sowing her own creative seeds. Amrita Pritam lived a life of courage, resilience and achievement. A striking aspect about her that set her apart was her search for freedom and desire to live life on her own terms. She was vocal about the rights of women and had portrayed the sorrows they face in the patriarchal world of her times. She adhered to the concept – to gain something one must be willing to lose something. Hence in 1960, on amicable terms she left her husband along with her two children. In her works, *Dr.Dev* and *Pinjar to Ek Thi Sara* and *Nagamani*, love is presented in a Sufiana style. She edited 'Nagamani', a monthly literary Magazine in Punjab for many years, which she ran with Imroz.

Amrita actively participated in the Progressive Writers Movement. She also engaged herself in social activities and also worked at Lahore Radio Station for some time. In 1947, after the partition, she came to India. She worked in the Punjabi service of All India Radio till 1961. She is best remembered for

her poignant poem, "Ajj Aakhaan Waris Shah nu" (Today I invoke Waris Shah – "Ode to Waris Shah"), an elegy to the eighteenth-century Punjabi poet.

She wrote the first volume of poems "Thandian Kiranan" in 1935 when she was only sixteen years old. Her works are more rooted in social consciousness depicting certain social issues. With the volume Patthar Giti (1946), she became more aware of the women issues and the typical feminist voice of Amrita Pritam with sharp accents of self-pity and protest of the 'woman' in her is heard. In 1947, after witnessing the horrors of Partition, Amrita Pritam has to her credit twenty-four novels, the most prominent one being *Pinjar* (The Skeleton) a famous novel, which was written in1950, in which she created her memorable character 'Puro'. An epitome of violence and massacres during partition against women. The other prominent novels being *Doctor Dev, Sagaraur Seepian, Rang Ka Patta, Dilli Ki Galiyan, Terahwan Suraj, Yaatri,* etc. Her autobiography *Rashidee Ticket* (1976) was an instant success. Her works have been translated into thirty Indian and foreign languages.

She has many firsts to her credit: the first to receive the Punjab Ratan Award and the first woman recipient of the Sahitya Academy Award (1956) for her work *Suneny* (Messages). Other prestigious awards conferred to Amrita Pritam are: Jnanpith Award in 1982 for *Kagaj te canvas* (Paper and Canvas), Padma Shri in 1969, Padma Vibhushan in 2004, Sahitya Academy fellowship in 2004 to the "immortals of literature" for Life Time Achievement and she received D Litts. from Delhi University in 1973, Jabalpur University in 1973 and Vishwa Bharati University in 1987. She was awarded by Pakistan's Punjabi Academy too. Punjabi poets of Pakistan sent her a chadar from the tombs of Waris Shah and Sufi Mystic poets Bulle and Sultan Bahu. She was nominated as a member of Rajya Sabha from 1986 to 1992. She died in her sleep on 31st October, 2005 at the age of 86 in New Delhi.

The short story, "The Weed" is one of the best stories written by Amrita Pritam. The story delves on gender discrimination and female sexuality that exist in societies that are rooted in superstitions and strongly conditioned by patriarchal values and standards. Angoori, the protagonist of the story, is a young, uneducated woman who is taught to believe that reading and education are sinful practices and the village women should not indulge in these.

A simple village girl, Angoori is unable to understand her own feelings. Girls in her village were even instructed to look upon love between a man and a woman as the result of some magical power (the working of the weed). When Angoori's father decides to marry her off to a much older Prabhati who is also a widower, she accepts without any questions. Later, when she is attracted to the young and handsome Ram Tara, she does not blame it on her loneliness or loveless marriage; she strongly believes that she has also unknowingly succumbed to the charm of weed. Angoori's natural attraction for Ram Tara is beyond her understanding.

The story questions the concepts of marriage, sexual attraction and also the basic rights of women that are denied by the society. The ending of the story is rather abrupt. But it suggests many things, is open ended leaving it to the imagination of the reader.

The Weed

Angoori was the new bride of the old servant of my neighbour's, neighbour. Every bride is new, for that matter; but she was new in a different way: the second wife of her husband who could not be called new because he had already drunk once at the conjugal well. As such, the prerogatives of being new went to Angoori only. This realization was further accentuated when one considered the five years that passed before they could consummate their union.

About six years ago Prabhati had gone home to cremate his first wife. When this was done, Angoori's father approached him and took his wet towel, wringing it dry, a symbolic gesture of wiping away the tears of grief that had wet the towel. There never was a man, though, who cried enough to wet a yard-and-a-half of calico. It had got wet only after Prabhati's bath.

The simple act of drying the tear-stained towel on the part of a person with a nubile daughter was as much as to say, 'I give you my daughter to take the place of the one who died. Don't cry anymore. I've even dried your wet towel'.

This is how Angoori married Prabhati. However, their union was postponed for five years, for two reasons: her tender age, and her mother's paralytic attack. When, at last, Prabhati was invited to take his bride away, it seemed he would not be able to, for his employer was reluctant to feed another mouth from his kitchen. But when Prabhati told him that his new wife could keep her own house, the employer agreed. At first, Angoori kept purdah from both men and women. But the veil soon started to shrink until it covered only her hair, as was becoming to an orthodox Hindu woman. She was a delight to both ear and eye. A laughter in the tinkling of her hundred ankle-bells, and a thousand bells in her laughter.

'What are you wearing, Angoori?'
'An anklet. Isn't it pretty?'
'And what's on your toe?'
'A ring.'
'And on your arm?'
'A bracelet.'
'What do they call what's on your forehead?'
'They call it aliband.'
'Nothing on your waist today, Angoori?'
'It's too heavy. Tomorrow, I'll wear it. Today, no necklace either. See! The clasp is broken. Tomorrow I'll go to the city to get a new clasp... and buy a nose-pin. I had a big nose-ring. But my mother-in-law kept it.'

Angoori was very proud of her silver jewellery, elated by the mere touch of her trinkets. Everything she did seemed to set them off to maximum effect.

The weather became hot with the turn of the season. Angoori too must have felt it in her hut where she passed a good part of the day, for now she stayed out more. There were a few huge neem trees in front

of my house; underneath them an old well that nobody used except an occasional construction worker. The spilt water made several puddles, keeping the atmosphere around the well cool. She often sat near the well to relax.

'What are you reading, bibi?' Angoori asked me one day when I sat under a neem tree reading.
'Want to read it?'
'I don't know reading.'
'Want to learn?'
'Oh, no!'
'Why not? What's wrong with it?'
'It's a sin for women to read!'
'And what about men?'
'For them, it's not a sin'.
'Who told you this nonsense?
"I just know it.'
'I read. I must be sinning.'

We both laughed at this remark. She had not learned to question all that she was told to believe. I thought that if she found peace in her convictions, who was I to question them?
Her body redeemed her dark complexion, an intense sense of ecstasy always radiating from it, a resilient sweetness. They say a woman's body is like a lump of dough, some women have the looseness of under-kneaded dough while others have the clinging plasticity of leavened dough. Rarely does a woman have a body that can be equated to rightly kneaded dough, a baker's pride. Angoori's body belonged to this category; her rippling muscles impregnated with the metallic resilience of a coiled spring. I felt her face, arms, breasts, legs with my eyes and experienced a profound languor. I thought of Prabhati: old, short, loose jawed, a man whose stature and angularity would be the death of Euclid. Suddenly a funny idea struck me: Angoori was the dough covered by Prabhati. He was her napkin, not her taster. I felt a laugh welling up inside me, but I checked it for fear that Angoori would sense what I was laughing about. I asked her how marriages are arranged where she came from.

'A girl, when she's five or six, adores someone's feet. He is the husband.'
'How does she know it?'
'Her father takes money and flowers and puts them at his feet.'
'That's the father adoring, not the girl.'
'He does it for the girl. So, it's the girl herself.'
'But the girl has never seen him before!'
'Yes, girls don't see.'
'Not a single girl ever sees her future husband!'
'No...,' she hesitated. After a long, pensive pause, she added, 'Those in love.... they see them.'
'Do girls in your village have love-affairs?'
'A few'.
'Those in love, they don't sin?' I remembered her observation regarding education for women.
'They don't. See, what happens is that a man makes the girl eat the weed and then she starts loving him.'

'Which weed?'
'The wild one.'
'Doesn't the girl know that she has been given the weed?'
'No, he gives it to her in a paan. After that, nothing satisfies her but to be with him, her man. I know. I've seen it with my own eyes.'
'Whom did you see?'
'A friend; she was older than me.'
'And what happened?'
'She went crazy. Ran away with him to the city.'
'How do you know it was because of the weed?'
'What else could it be? Why would she leave her parents? He brought her many things from the city: clothes, trinkets, sweets.'
'Where does this weed come in?'
'In the sweets: otherwise, how could she love him?'
'Love can come in other ways. No other way here?'
'No other way. What her parents hated was that she was that way.'
'Have you seen the weed?'
'No, they bring it from a far country. My mother warned me not to take paan or sweets from anyone. Men put the weed in them.'
'You were very wise. How come your friend ate it?'
'To make herself suffer,' she said sternly. The next moment her face clouded, perhaps in remembering her friend. 'Crazy. She went crazy, the poor thing,' she said sadly. 'Never combed her hair, singing all night....'
'What did she sing?'
'I don't know. They all sing when they eat the weed. Cry too.'

The conversation was becoming a little too much to take, so I retired. I found her sitting under the neem tree one day in a profoundly abstracted mood. Usually, one could hear Angoori coming to the well; her ankle-bells would announce her approach. They were silent that day.
'What's the matter, Angoori?'
She gave me a blank look and then, recovering a little, said, 'Teach me reading, bibi.'
'What has happened?'
'Teach me to write my name.'
'Why do you want to write? To write letters? To whom?'
She did not answer, but was once again lost in her thoughts.
'Won't you be sinning?' I asked, trying to draw her out of her mood. She would not respond. I went in for an afternoon nap. When I came out again in the evening, she was still there singing sadly to herself. When she heard me approaching, she turned around and stopped abruptly. She sat with hunched shoulders because of the chill in the evening breeze.
'You sing well, Angoori'. I watched her great effort to turn back the tears and spread a pale smile across her lips.
'I don't know singing'.
'But you do, Angoori!'
'This was the ...'

'The song your friend used to sing.' I completed the sentence for her.
'I heard it from her.'
'Sing it for me.'
She started to recite the words. 'Oh, it's just about the time of year for change. Four months winter, four months summer, four months rain....'
'Not like that. Sing it for me,' I asked. She wouldn't, but continued with the words:
Four months of winter reign in my heart;
My heart shivers, O my love.
Four months of summer, wind shimmers in the sun.
Four months come the rains; clouds tremble in the sky.
'Angoori!' I said loudly. She looked as if in a trance, as if she had eaten the weed. I felt like shaking her by the shoulders. Instead, I took her by the shoulders and asked if she had been eating regularly. She had not; she cooked for herself only, since Prabhati ate at his master's. 'Did you cook today?' I asked.
'Not yet.'
'Did you have tea in the morning?'
'Tea? No milk today.'
'Why no milk today?'
'I didn't get any. Ram Tara.....'
'Fetches the milk for you?' I added. She nodded.

Ram Tara was the night-watchman. Before Angoori married Prabhati, Ram Tara used to get a cup of tea at our place at the end of his watch before retiring on his cot near the well. After Angoori's arrival, he made his tea at Prabhati's. He, Angoori and Prabhati would all have tea together sitting around the fire. Three days ago, Ram Tara went to his village for a visit.
'You haven't had tea for three days?' I asked. She nodded again. 'And you haven't eaten, I suppose?' She did not speak. Apparently, if she had been eating, it was as good as not eating at all.

I remembered Ram Tara: good-looking, quick-limbed, full of jokes. He had a way of talking with smiles trembling faintly at the corner of his lips.
'Angoori?'
'Yes, bibi'.
'Could it be weed?'

Tears flowed down her face in two rivulets, gathering into two tiny puddles at the corners of her mouth.

'Curse on me!' she started in a voice trembling with tears, 'I never took sweets from him... not a betel even.... but tea ...'She could not finish. Her words were drowned in a fast stream of tears.

Glossary:
1. Conjugal: relating to marriage or the relationship between a married couple
2. Prerogative: a right or privilege exclusive to a particular individual or class.
3. Accentuated: make more noticeable or prominent.

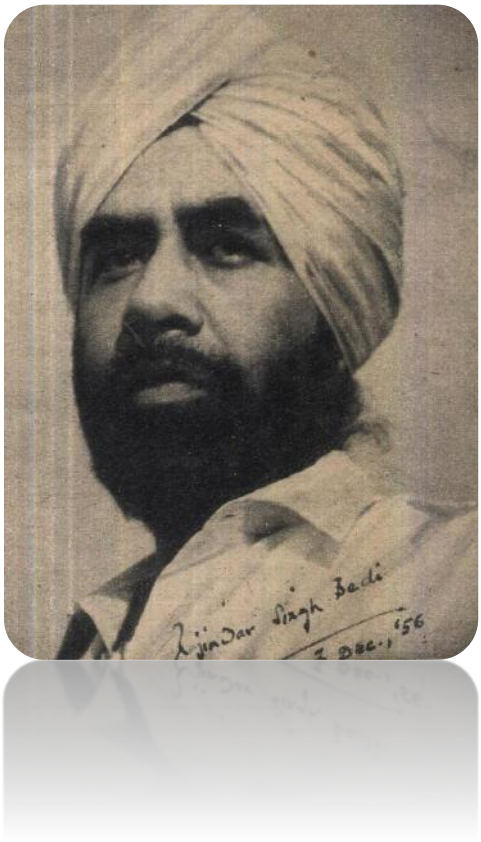
4. Consummated: make (a marriage or relationship) complete by having sexual intercourse.
5. Resilience: the capacity to recover quickly from difficulties; toughness.
6. Langour: tiredness or inactivity

Discussion Questions:

1. Sketch the character of Angoori.
2. Amrita Pritam presents various aspects of the rural Indian Society through the story? Discuss.
3. Is the title "The Weed" appropriate to the story?
4. "I never take sweets from him…. not a betel even…but tea." Why does Angoori say this? Explain the implication of this statement keeping in mind Angoori's beliefs and convictions.
5. What are the various aspects of the rural Indian society that Amrita Pritam presents through the story? Discuss.
6. What does Angoori say about her friend who had fallen in love?
7. Write a note on the society represented by Angoori.

3. Lajwanthi

Rajinder Singh Bedi



Rajinder Singh Bedi, writer, director, screenwriter and dialogue writer is considered one of the greatest 20th century progressive writers of in Urdu fiction. He was born in Sialkot, Punjab, born of a Khatri Sikh father and a Brahmin mother. He received his education in Urdu and began his career as a writer in English and then moved on to Punjabi but it was not until he began writing in Urdu that he found his greatest audience.

Rajendra Singh Bedi worked as a clerk in a Lahore post office between 1933 -1943 after which time he briefly took a job with the All India Radio, during his stint in AIR he wrote many plays including the famous drama *Kawaja Sara* and *Nakl -i -Makaani* which he later adapted into his film thus stuck in 1970.

He published his first collection of short stories Dana-O-Daam in Urdu in 1936, his first short story *Maharani ka Tohfa* won the 'Best Short Story of the Year' an award given by *Adabi Duniya*, a prominent Urdu monthly magazine published from Lahore. *Grehen*, his second collection of short stories was published in 1942.

After the partition, he relocated to Delhi and later served as a Station Director at Jammu radio station in Kashmir in 1949. Later he moved to Bombay where he began his career as a dialogue writer, of *Badi Bahen* (1949), he gained greater recognition for his second film *Daag* (1952). In 1952 he along with Amar Kumar, Balraj Sahani Geeta Bali and others established Cine Cooperative and produce the first film *Garam Coat*, based on Bedi short story of the same name. He wrote the dialogues for many

Hindi movies: *Mirza Ghalib* (1954), *Devdas* (1955), *Madhumati* (1958), Anuradha (1960), *Anupama* (1966), *Satyakam* (1969) *Abhimaan* (1973).

He made his directorial debut with *Dastak* followed by *Phagun, Nawab Sahib* and *Ankhon Dekhi.* His writings were known for their earthiness and sensitivity. His novella *Ek Chaddar Maili Si* was made into films both in Pakistan and in India a rare honor which indicates that people on both sides of the border were equal victims of the trauma of partition.

Rajinder Singh Bedi was a recipient of both the Sahitya Akademi and the Filmfare awards. He was considered as one of the prominent progressive writers of modern Urdu fiction, Bedi was an architect of contemporary Urdu writing along with leading lights such as Munshi Premchand and Saadat Hasan Manto.

Rajinder Singh Bedi passed away in 1984 in Bombay. The government of Punjab instituted a "Rajendra Singh Bedi" award in the field of Urdu literature in his memory.

Partition related short stories magnify the riots, arson, killing, looting abduction and rape during the Partition. These stories reflect comprehensively in all its totality, reality and variety of human suffering. As Alok Bhalla mentions about the writers of Partition stories: "They (the partition stories) are rather, witnesses to a period in which we fell out of a human world of languages, customs, rituals and prayers into a bestial world of hatred, rage, self-interest and frenzy". The writers of these stories frame the events in a variety of ways and read them according to their own sense of the multi-religious and multicultural past of the Indian subcontinent.

About the Story

Lajwanti was first published in Urdu in 1951 and translated into English in 1967 it was made into a telefilm in 2006 by Neena Gupta. *Lajwanti* explores the plight of abducted women during the violence and disturbance of the partition of the subcontinent in 1947. The story depicts the experiences of a local community's involvement with the activities of the Central Recovery Operation after partition. This operation was mounted by the government in 1948 to recover women abducted during the migrations that took place and restore them to their original families and communities the stock emotional rather than the physical landscape of partition violence as chilling captured in this remarkable short story by the leading right of the generation that lived through it.

Sunderlal an abusive husband whose own wife went missing during the conflict actively campaigned for the deportation of abducted women but is shocked by the unsettling emotional transformation that attend the return of his own wife. He raises the question of problem of silence the inability of survivors and perpetrators of violence to talk about what happened which is a common theme in the partition literature the story raises disturbing questions about the deeply embedded patriarchal biases. The ironic descriptions of domestic life, Lajwanti considered brutal beatings from Sunderlal "normal", highlighting the traditional Indian male attitude towards women at the time. The women who returned to India are received not with undiluted joy but with a skepticism about whether they had retained their honour with their enemy. The irony in the story is that although Sunderlal campaigns for the rehabilitation of abducted women, he refuses to discuss Lajwanti's experiences with her, preventing both from finding a closure.

Lajwanti is a narrative that focusses on the effects of trauma in the aftermath of Partition of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan through the characters Lajo and Sunderlal. Both are victims of this epoch-making historical event and of the violence and mayhem.

Lajwanti

Do not touch Lajwanti, for she will curl up and die.

-Punjabi folk song

The carnage of the Partition was at last over. Thousands of people joined hands, washed the blood off their bodies, and turned their attention to those who had not been physically mutilated, bin whose lives had been shattered and souls had been scarred.

In every lane, in every locality, "Rehabilitation" committees were set up, and in the beginning, there was a lot of enthusiasm for programmes like Trade for the Displaced, Land for the Refugees, and Homes for the Dispossessed. There was, however, one that was neglected by everyone. That was the programme for the rehabilitation of women who had been abducted and raped. Its slogan was "Honour them. Give them a place in your hearts. This programme was opposed by the priests of Narain Baba's temple and by all those good and orthodox people who lived in its vicinity.

A committee was formed to campaign for the implementation of the programme by the residents of Mohalla Shakoor, a locality near Narain Baba's temple. Babu Sunderlal was elected its secretary by a majority of eleven votes. According to Sardar Sahib, the lawyer, the old petitioner of Chauki Kalan, and other well-respected people of the locality, no one could be trusted to do the job with greater zeal and commitment than Sunderlal because his own wife had been abducted. Her name was Lajo-Lajwanti.

Every morning Sunderlal, Rasalu, Neki Ram, and others led a procession through the streets of the city. They sang hymns and folk songs. But whenever they started singing, "Do not touch Lajwanti for she will curl up and die", Sunderlal's voice would begin to choke with tears He would continue to follow the procession in silence and wonder about Lajwanti s fate. "Where is she now, how is she, does she ever think of me, will I ever see her again?" As he walked on the hard and stony streets, his steps would falter.

But soon there came a time when he ceased to think about Lajwanti with so much sorrow. To ease his pain, he began to sympathize with the sufferings of others and immersed himself in service to them. But even though he devoted himself to giving solace to those who needed it, he could not help wondering how fragile human beings really were. A careless word could hurt them. They were delicate like the Lajwanti plant; the mere shadow of a hand could make them tremble and wither...And how often had he mistreated Lajwanti himself. How frequently had he thrashed her because he didn't like the way she sat or looked, or the way she served his food!

His poor Lajo was a slender naive village girl—supple and tender and fresh, like a young mulberry bush! Tanned by the sun, she was full of joyous vitality and restless energy. She moved with the mercurial grace of a drop of dew on a large leaf. When Sunderlal first saw her, he thought that she wouldn't be able to endure hardships. He himself was tough and well built. But he soon realized that she could lift all kinds of heavy weights, bear a lot of suffering, and even tolerate the beatings he gave her. He began to treat her even more cruelly and lost sight of the limit, beyond which the patience of any human being breaks. Lajwanti herself was, perhaps, responsible for the blurring of these limits; for even after the severest of beatings, she would begin to laugh happily if she saw a faint smile on Sunderlal's face. She would run up to him, put her arms around his neck, and say, "If you beat me again, I shall never speak to you..." It would be obvious that she had left the thrashing behind. Like

the other girls of the village, she knew that all husbands beat their wives. Indeed, if some men let their wives show independence and spirit, the other women would turn up their noses in contempt and say, “What kind of man is he! He can't even control a woman!” The fact that husbands were expected to beat their wives was also in their folk songs. Lajo herself used to sing, "I shall never marry a city boy/He wears boots and my back is slender..."

Nevertheless, when Lajwanti saw a city boy, she fell in love with him. His name was Sunderlal. He had come to her village with the bridegroom's party to attend Lajwanti's sister's wedding. When he saw Lajwanti, he had whispered in the bridegroom's ear, “If your sister-in-law is so spicy, yaar, your wife must be really hot!” Lajwanti had overheard Sunderlal. She did not notice that his boots were large and ugly, and she forgot that her back was slender.

Whenever the processionists sang the song about Lajwanti in the morning, Sunderlal would feel tormented by memories of his wife, and he would swear to himself, “If I ever find her again, if I ever again do... I shall honour her and give her a place in my heart… I shall tell everyone that the women who were abducted are innocent. They are victims of the brutality and the rapacity of the rioters...A society that refuses to accept them back, that does not rehabilitate them… is a rotten, foul society, which should be destroyed...” He would spend long hours pleading with people to take such women back into their homes, to give them the respect due to a mother, daughter, sister, or wife. He would exhort people, “Never remind them, either by word or gesture, of the humiliations they have suffered; don't ever reopen their wounds. They are gentle and fragile like the leaves of the Lajwanti… f you touch them, they will curl up and die...”

In order to make the work of the Committee for the Rehabilitation of Women more generously and widely accepted, Sunderlal had organized many processions through the city streets. The processionists sang hymns and folk songs. The best time for such processions was around four or five in the morning, when there was neither the chatter of people nor the noise of traffic. Even the watchful street dogs slept quietly near the warm tandoors. When people, wrapped in their quilts and sleeping comfortably, heard the singers, they would mutter drowsily, “Oh, those singers again”. Children would open their eyes, listen to the chorus chanting, “Honour them, give them a place in your hearts,” and be lulled back to sleep.

People listened to Sunderlal's sermons and pleas, sometimes with patience and sometimes with barely concealed irritation. The most intolerant, however, were those women who had come safely across from Pakistan and were now as complacent as large cauliflowers. Their husbands, who stood around them like stiff and proud sentinels, often turned away from Sunderlal and the processionists with a curse.

But words heard in the morning are not easily forgotten. Even if one doesn't understand them, one repeats them like a futile argument, collides with them, and hums them as one goes about the tasks of the day. It is because such words had left their mark on some people that, when Miss Mridula Sarabhai arranged for the exchange of abducted women between India and Pakistan, some families from Mohalla Shakoor agreed to take them back into their Homes. Their relatives went to the outskirts of the town near Chauki Kalan to receive them. For some time, the rescued women and their relatives stared at each other like awkward strangers. Then, with their heads hanging in shame and sorrow, they went back to their ruined homes to try to rebuild their lives. Rasalu, Neki Ram, and Sunderlal encouraged them with slogans: “Long live Mahinder Singh,” “Sohanlal Zindabad”... They shouted slogans till their voices became hoarse.

There were some amongst these abducted women whose husbands, parents, brothers, and sisters

refused to recognize them. “Why didn't they die? Why didn't they take poison to preserve their virtue and honour? Why didn't they jump into a well? Cowards, clinging to life! Thousands of women in the past killed themselves to save their chastity!...” Little did these people understand the courage of the women, the awesome strength with which they had faced death and chosen to go on living in such a world - a world in which even their husbands refused to acknowledge them.

One woman, whose husband turned away from her, sadly repeated her name again and again, “Suhagwati…Suhagwati...”

Another, when she saw her brother in the crowd, cried, "Oh, Bihari, even you refuse to recognize me? You played in my lap as a baby!" Bihari wanted to reach out to her, but stood rooted in his place, paralyzed by the look in the eyes of his parents. His hard-hearted parents turned for instruction to Narain Baba, who stared up at the sky as if searching for an answer from the heavens - but the heavens are no more than an illusion created by our fearful imagination, and the sky is merely the furthest thing to which our eyes can see.

Sunderlal watched the last woman step down from the trucks Miss Sarabhai had brought from Pakistan. Lajo was not in any of them. With patience and quiet dignity, Sunderlal again immersed himself in the work of the committee. The committee members began to lead processions in the evening as well. They had also started organizing small meetings. At these sessions, the old and asthmatic lawyer, Kalka Prashad, would first make a speech full of Sufi sayings, while Rasalu would stand dutifully beside him with a spittoon. During Kalka Prashad's speech, the loudspeaker would hiss and sputter with strange sounds. Then Neki Ram, the pleader, would get up to say something. But the longer he talked and the more he quoted from the Shastras and the Puranas, the more he ended up making a case against the cause he meant to plead for. Watching him make a mess of the argument and lose ground, Babu Sunderlal would intervene to say something. But after only a few sentences, he would stop. His voice would choke. Tears would begin to flow down his face, and overcome with emotion, he would be forced to sit down. A strange hush would descend upon the audience. The few broken sentences spoken by Sunderlal from the depth of his sorrowing soul always made a far greater impression than the Sufi sermons of Kalka Prashad. But the effect would never last long. People would shed a few tears, feel morally cleansed and uplifted, and then return to their homes, as unconcerned as ever about the fate of the abducted women.

One evening, the processionists found themselves in the vicinity of a temple located in the stronghold of the traditional and the orthodox. Sitting on a cement platform under a peepal tree was a crowd of the faithful and the devoted, listening to the Ramayana. Narain Baba was reciting that section in which a washerman, having thrown his wife out of his house, said that he wasn't Raja Ramchandra, who took Sita back even after she had lived with Ravana for years. Stung by the rebuke, Ramchandra had ordered Sita, who was virtuous and faithful, out of his palace even though she was pregnant. Commenting on this situation, Narain Baba said, “That was Ram Rajya! In it even the word of a washerman was respected.”

The processionists stood and listened to the recitation of the Ramayana and the commentary. The last sentence provoked Sunderlal, and he said, “We don't want such a Ram Rajya, Baba!"

“Shut up!... Who are you?... Quiet!...,” the people in the audience shouted at Sunderlal.

Sunderlal stepped forward and said, "No one can stop me from speaking."

There was another chorus of angry protests. “Silence...We will not let you speak!” From one corner of the crowd, someone even shouted, “We will kill you!”

Gently, Narain Baba said, “Sunderlal, you don't understand the sacred traditions of the Shastras!”

Sunderlal retorted “But I do understand that in Ram Rajya, a washerman's voice can be heard, but not the voice of Sunderlal.”

The same people who had threatened to kill him a moment ago now made space for him under the peepal tree and said, “Let him speak… let him speak...”

As Rasalu and Neki Ram urged him on, Sunderlal said, “Shri Ram was our God. But tell me, Baba, was it just that Ram accepted the word of a washerman as the truth, and doubted the word of his great and honourable Queen?”

Playing with his beard, Narain Baba answered, “Sita, was: his wife, Sunderlal! You don't understand the importance of that fact!"

“Yes, Baba,” Babu Sunderlal replied. “There are many things in this world which are beyond my comprehension. Yet, I believe that in Ram Rajya, a man cannot commit a crime against his own self. To inflict pain on oneself is as unjust as hurting someone else… Even today, Lord Ram has thrown Sita out of his home because she was forced to live with Ravana... Did Sita commit any sin? Wasn't she, like our mothers and sisters today, a victim of violence and deceit?... Is it a question of Sita's truthfulness, faithfulness, or is it a question of Ravana's wickedness? Ravana was a demon... He had ten human heads, but his largest head was that of a donkey!... Once again, our innocent Sitas have been thrown out of their homes… Sita… Lajwanti…”

Sunderlal broke down and wept. Rasalu and Neki Ram picked up their red banners, pasted with slogans that morning by schoolchildren, and started yelling, “Sunderlal Zindabad!” Somebody from the procession shouted, “Mahasati Sita, Zindabad!” And someone else cried, “Shri Ramchandra!”

There was pandemonium. Many voices shouted, "Silence! Silence!" But it was too late. What Narain Baba had achieved, after months of careful teaching, had been undone in a few moments. .Many people who had been with him joined the procession led by Kalka Prashad and Hukum Singh, the writer of petitions from Chauki Kalan. These two old people tapped their sticks hard on the ground and raised their banners… Sunderlal walked along with them. There were tears in his eyes. Today he felt his loss even more deeply… The processionists sang with great enthusiasm:

Do not touch Lajwanti, for she will curl up and die.

The people sang lustily; their song filled the air. The sun had not yet risen. The widow in house number 414 of Mohalla Shakoor stretched her limbs and shifted uneasily in her bed. At that moment Lal Chand, who was from Sunderlal's village and whom Sunderlal and Khalifa Kalka Prashad had helped to set up a ration shop, came running up to Sunderlal. Excited, he cried out breathlessly, “Congratulations, Sunderlal!”

Sunderlal put some tobacco in his chillum and said, "Congratulations for what, Lal Chand?"

“I just saw Lajo Bhabhi!”

The chillum fell from Sunderlal's hand, and the tobacco scattered on the floor. “Where did you see her?” He took Lal Chand by the shoulder and, when he didn't answer quickly enough, shook him hard.

“At the Wagah border.”

Sunderlal let go of Lal Chand and said despondently, “It must have been someone else.”

“No, Bhai,” Lal Chand said, trying to convince him, “I did see her.. .I saw Lajo”.

"How could you recognize her?" Sunderlal asked as he gathered the tobacco scattered on the floor and rubbed it on his palm. “All right, tell me: what are her identifying marks?” he asked as he filled Rasalu's chillum with tobacco.

“A tattoo mark on her chin, … another on her cheek…”

"Yes…yes...yes…" Sunderlal! cried excitedly, "'And a third one on her forehead!" He didn't want to have any doubts.

Suddenly he recalled all the tattoo marks on Lajwanti s body, she had had them painted on her body when she was a child. They were like the soft green spots on a Lajwanti plant that, disappear when its leaves curl up. Whenever he tried to touch them with his fingers, Lajwanti would curl up with shyness… would try to hide the tattoo marks on her body as if they were some secret and hidden treasure, which could be despoiled by a predator and a thief… Sunderlal trembled with fear and hope; his body began to burn with a strange longing and a pure love.

He again put his hand on Lal Chand's shoulder and asked. "How did Lajo reach Wagah?"

Lal Chand replied. “There was an exchange of abducted women between India and Pakistan.”

“What happened then?” Sunderlal asked as he kneeled on the floor “Tell me, what happened after that?"

Rasalu got up from his cot and, wheezing like a tobacco smoker asked, “Is it true that Lajo Bhabhi has come back?”

Sticking by his story, Lal Chand said. “At the Wagah border. Pakistan returned sixteen of our women in exchange for sixteen of theirs... But there was some argument... Our volunteers objected that, most of the women the Pakistanis had sent back were old, middle-aged, and utterly useless. A large crowd gathered, and heated words were exchanged. Then one of their volunteers pointed at Lajo Bhabhi and said, ‘Is this one old? Look at her...Look... Have you returned any woman who is as beautiful as she is?' Lajo Bhabhi stood there trying to hide her tattoo marks from the curious gaze of people. The argument got more heated. Both sides threatened to take back their 'goods.' I cried out, Lajo … Lajo Bhabhi!’. But our own policeman beat us with their canes and drove us away”.

Lal Chand barred his elbow to show the mark of a lathi blow, Rasalu and Neki Rani continued to sit in silence, and Sunderlal stared vacantly into space. Perhaps he was thinking about Lajo, who had returned and yet was so far away… He seemed like a man who had undergone an ordeal and no longer had the strength to ask for help. The violence of the Partition, he felt, still continued. It had merely taken a new form. The only difference was that now people felt no sympathy for those who had suffered. These days if you asked someone about Lahna Singh and his Bhabhi, Banto, who used to live in Sambharwal, the person would curtly answer, “They are dead”, and walk away as if nothing serious had happened, nothing out of the ordinary.

There were even more cold-blooded people around now: people who traded in flesh, in living and suffering human beings. They treated women like cows at a cattle fair. At least the slave traders in the past had some conventions and courtesies, and they settled their terms of sale in private. Now the buyers and the sellers had given up the formalities of the old slave traders. They bargained for the women in the open marketplace. The Uzbek buyer stood before rows of naked women and prodded them with his fingers... The women he rejected stood before him sobbing helplessly, clutching their garments and hiding their faces in shame.

Sunderlal was getting ready to go to the Wagah border when he heard about Lajo's return. The news was so sudden that at first, he was confused. He couldn't decide what to do. He wanted to go to her at once and yet was afraid to meet her. He was so bewildered that he wanted to spread out all the committee's banners and placards on the floor, sit in their midst, and weep. But then he pulled himself together, and slowly, with measured steps, he made his way to Chauki Kalan, where the abducted women were being exchanged.

Suddenly Lajo was standing in front of him and was trembling with fear. She knew Sunderlal as no one else knew him. He had always mistreated her and now that she had lived with another man, she dared not imagine what he would do to her.

Sunderlal looked at Lajo. Her head was covered with a red dupatta like a typical Muslim woman, and one end of it was thrown over her left shoulder. She had learned to imitate the women she had lived with in the hope of evading her captors someday. But recently, events had moved so fast - and she had thought of Sunderlal so desperately - that she had the time to neither change her clothes nor think about the way she had worn her dupatta. She was in no state of mind to think about the basic differences between Hindu and Muslim culture or worry about whether her dupatta had to be thrown over her left shoulder or her right. She stood before Sunderlal, trembling with hope and despair...

Sunderlal was shocked. Lajo looked healthier than before. Her complexion seemed clearer and her eyes brighter, and she had put on weight… She looked different from what he had imagined. He had thought that suffering and sorrow would have reduced her to a mere skeleton, that she wouldn't have the strength to utter even a few words. He was startled to see that she had been well treated in Pakistan. He was puzzled. “If she had been comfortable and happy there, why did she agree to return?” he wondered. “Perhaps she has been forced to return by the Indian government...” He didn't, however, say anything to her because he had sworn not to chastise her. It was clear to her that he had failed to read the signs of pain and humiliation in her face. He didn't notice that the brightness of her face was feverish and that her body had lost its youthful tautness. For Sunderlal, the thought of confronting his wife, who had been abducted and raped, was strangely disturbing. But he did not flinch from doing his duty, and he behaved in a manly and courageous manner.

There were many other men at the police station with him. One of them even shouted, “We don't want these sluts! They were defiled by Muslims.” But that voice was drowned out by slogans shouted by Rasalu,

Neki Ram, and the old lawyer of Chauki Kalan. Cutting through all the noise was the harsh and grating voice of Kalka Prashad. He was coughing and shrieking into the loudspeaker about the need for a new Shastra and a new Veda, which would help people understand the new world confronting them...While people continued to shout slogans, make speeches, and scream abuses, Sunderlal took Lajo by her hand and began walking back towards his home. The scene was a re-enactment of the old story about Ramchandra leading Sita back to Ayodhya after years of exile. As in the past, there were rejoicing and sadness, celebrations welcoming the couple home, and a sense of shame at the sufferings they had endured.

Even after Lajwanti's return, Sunderlal continued to work with devotion for the Rehabilitation Committee. He fulfilled his pledge in both word and deed, and those who had earlier mocked him as a sentimental idealist were now convinced of his sincerity. Many people were happy that his wife had returned. There were some, however, who were annoyed at the turn of events. The widow who lived in house number 414 wasn't the only woman who kept her distance from the house of Babu Sunderlal, the social worker.

But Sunderlal ignored all those who either praised him or abused him. The queen of his home had returned and had filled the emptiness of his soul again. He enshrined Lajo like a golden idol in the temple of his heart and guarded her like a jealous devotee. Lajo, who had once trembled before him, was touched by his unexpected kindness and generosity and slowly began to flourish and blossom.

Sunderlal no longer called her Lajo. He addressed her as "Devi”. Lajo was deliriously happy. She had never known such joy before. So, that she could feel clean again, she wanted to tell Sunderlal, with

tears in her eyes, all that she had suffered. But he always shrank away from hearing her story, and Lajo felt apprehensive about her new life of love and kindness. Sometimes at night, when he slept, she would lean over him and gaze at his face. Whenever he caught her doing so and asked her for an explanation, she would merely mumble a vague reply, and he would fall back into exhausted sleep...

Of course, soon after her return, Sunderlal had asked Lajwanti about those "dark days."

'Who was he?"

Lajwanti had lowered her eyes and said, "Jamal" Then she had raised her eyes apprehensively and looked at Sunderlal. She had wanted to say something more, but the look in his eyes was so strange that she had lowered her eyes in silence once more.

"Did he treat you well?" he had asked as he played with her hair.

"Yes."

"He didn't beat you, did her?"

Lajwanti had leaned back, rested her head against his chest, and replied. "No." After a pause, she had added, "He didn't beat me, but I was terrified of him. You used to beat me, but 1 was never afraid of you...You will never beat me again, will you?" ...

Sunderlal's eyes had filled with tears, and in a voice full of shame and remorse, he had said, "No, Devi...I shall never beat you again...never..."

"Devi!" Lajwanti had softly echoed the word and begun to sob.

At that moment, she had wanted to tell him everything, but Sunderlal had said, "Let us forget the past! You didn't do anything sinful, did you? Our society is guilty because it refuses to honour women like you as goddesses. It ought to be ashamed of itself. You shouldn't feel dishonoured."

And so, Lajwanti's sorrow remained locked up in her breast. Helplessly, she gazed at her body and realized that, since the Partition, it was no longer hers, but the body of a goddess. She was happy, ecstatically happy. But she was also apprehensive. She was afraid that her dream would suddenly be shattered one day, that she would hear the sound of the footsteps of a stranger…

Slowly, happiness was replaced by suspicion. This was not because Sunderlal had begun to mistreat her again, but because he continued to treat her with excessive kindness. Lajo didn't expect him to be so gentle…She wanted to be Lajo again, the woman who would quarrel with her husband over trivial and then caressed. The question of a fight didn't even arise. Sunderlal made her feel as if she was precious and fragile like glass, that she would shatter at the slightest touch… She began to gaze at herself in the mirror and came to the conclusion that she would never be Lajo again. She had returned home, but she had lost everything… Sunderlal had neither the eyes to see her tears nor the ears to hear her sobs… Every morning he went out with the procession through Mohalla Shakoor and joined Rasalu and Neki Ram in singing:

Do not touch, Lajwanti, for she will curl up and die!

(*Translated from Urdu by* **Alok Bhalla**)

Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss *Lajwanti* as a partition narrative.
2. How does Bedi depict the physical and psychological trauma of women during Partition?
3. Write about the treatment meted about to the women who returned home after abduction.
4. Sketch the character of Sunderlal.
5. Write about the relationship between Sunderlal and Lajwanti.

4. Revenge Herself

Lalitambika Antarjanam

Lalithambika Antarjanam was born in 1909 to a traditional Namboodiri household in Kottavattom in Kollam district, Kerala. Unlike many Namboodiri girls of her generation, Lalithambika's parents, particularly her progressive father, allowed her to secure informal primary education along with her brothers that was accompanied with informal discourses on literature, religion, nationalism that could be seen in her family and the larger Kerala society.

Lalithambika wrote short stories, which she described as "the art form best suited to the powerful interpretation of a comprehensive union of thought and emotion." Her stories, exhibit a preference for the diegetic narrator, explore the innermost thoughts of abject women (and men) with an immediacy and rawness that contain an urgent social critique. In 1976, she won the state's prestigious 'Vayalar Award', the Kerala Sahitya Akademi Award' and the 'Kendra Sahitya Akademi Award' for her one and only novel, *Agnisakshi*.

Lalithambika described with great compassion and boundless imagination the inhuman humiliations suffered by Namboodiri women in Kerala in over a hundred short stories written over a period of forty years between the late 1930s and 1970s. Lalithambika's stories throw light on all toxic patriarchal

structures and held them accountable for the gendered abuse of women for all times.Her writing reflects a sensitivity to the women's role in society, and the tension between the woman as a centre for bonding and the woman as an individual. The agonizing ordeal of the Nambudiri women who were condemned to lead a cloistered life plagued with tormenting taboos.

Lalithambika's writings are centered round the Nambudiri community from which she hailed, the Nambudiris are a relatively small community of Kerala Brahmins. They were wealthy priests and land owners and exercised enormous cultural and economic authority. Nambudiri women were known as antharjanamas which means "those who live inside".

During the years of Lalithambika was growing up, movements concerned about the oppression of the caste system and the suffering of women had begun to gather force in Kerala. But Nambudiri girls remained untouched by those impulses: they continued to live restricted lives and the little freedom they enjoyed as young children was never to recur. Once they attained puberty they were regarded as 'asuryampasyakal' literally those who should never see the sun. They were confined to their homes and had to observe the Nambudiri rules of seclusion. Of the sixty-four 'anacharams' which were practices that were to be observed by the entire Nambudiri community, many of which were concerned with the strict maintenance of ritual purity also applied only to the anatharjanams. This included the commands that women could not look at men other than their husbands, that their noses could not be pierced, they may not commit sati or shave their heads when widowed. Strict marriage and inheritance laws ensured that Nambudiri landholdings remained consolidated. Only the eldest son, who inherited property, married within the community, leaving many women unmarried. Nambudiri women were not allowed to marry outside their caste and remained unmarried because it was difficult to get husbands. Dowries were high for young husbands and so instead of remaining unmarried, young Nambudiri girls of 12 or 13 were married to already married, old and sick Nambudiri men. The young girls were destined to be widows and to lead a secluded life in the kitchen or prayer room or ill-treated by the older wives. The miserable plight of these antharjanams led to protests against patriarchal oppression in Kerala in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

In her story Revenge Herself (English translation anthologized in The Inner Courtyard), she highlights the moral and sexual choices faced by upper caste Nambudiri women, who were secluded in the inner house, through the story of the "fallen woman" Tatri. This is especially sensitive in Kerala, where Nair women are relatively free sexual lives in their matriarchal culture. She uses the story of the fallen woman Tatri to expose the gender inequality in the system where only women are bound by the shackles of a moral and sexual code of conduct. The story is based on an actual event which had an enormous impact in Kerala. A woman from the Nambudiri brahmin community, Tatri Kutty, did indeed become a prostitute and in 1905 argued at her trial before a caste court, that her partners in prostitution should be tried along with her. She named sixty- four paramours, which included scions of the most esteemed and powerful families of the Malayalam Brahmin aristocracy. The astonishing nature of the case prompted the Raja of Kochi to allow a 'Purushavicharam', a trial in which the accused men were allowed to cross examine their accuser. No one escaped the trial all sixty-four along with Tatri were excommunicated. Tathri cleverly questions the slimy morals of the society in the story. She winds up the narration of her eventful trial with a series of questions to her listener

'Do you think that was the revenge of just one prostitute? Wasn't that a settling of scores on behalf all the Nambudiri women who were suffering untold misery? Tell me, sister, who is more at fault- the men who make women fallen to quench their insatiable lust or the woman who slips and falls in her attempt to fight him? Who would you hate more? Who will you excommunicate?'

Lalitambika does not explicitly state her stand on the Tathri issue, instead she chooses a complex narrative strategy and leaves it to the readers to interpret the story. The story of Tathri raises many fundamental questions: Are we to take an action in isolation and judge it right or wrong? Isn't the society that leads to it also responsible? Wasn't Tathri a true martyr – one who sacrificed her life and future to shock a so-called upper caste community out of its complacency?

Revenge Herself

Midnight. I sat alone in my study. Sleep beckoned me with compassion, caressing; my work-weary body and soul. But if I should put away my writing materials, there would be no returning until the next day- to the same hour, the same weariness. Silence all around, broken only by the occasional chatter of the married mice in the attic, or the snoring of the sleeping children in the next room. From the solitary lamp on the table a pale light was cast, somehow terrifying against the dense darkness outside. Somewhere owls hooted in warning. I am a coward by nature, let me admit it. I was more so that night, in those eerie surroundings.

I shut the window and bolted it, adjusted the wicks of the oil lamp, checked the children to see if they were awake, came back and sat in my usual place. I had to write. But what should I write about? Where to begin? The problem overwhelmed me. It is not easy to write a story, particularly for a woman in my position. I want to write out of my convictions, but I fear to hazard my name, my status. When my stories mirror the reality of society, I am open to the criticism of all kinds of people. When they abuse me, how should I retaliate? I dare not even approach the question of religious customs. And yet in spite of all these scruples, whom will I displease this time? Which literary movement will I offend?

I threw my pen down in disgust, leaned back in the chair and shut my eyes. Many possible characters seemed to walk by: seen, unseen, alive, dead, women and men; suffering souls, voiceless, but with thunder and lightning in their hearts. Were they commanding me to record their lives I was frightened, but exhilarated too?

Suddenly I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. What was this? I shivered and sat up. Had I forgotten to close the door and bolt it? I hadn't heard the sound of the door being opened. It was midnight, the time when spirits walk. And though I am not naturally superstitious, I was afraid. I felt faint, my eyes closed. The foot-steps seemed to corner nearer and nearer, yet I could not move.

Minutes ticked by. Five minutes? An hour? I don't know. After sometime I heard a woman's voice nearby, speaking to me softly but firmly: "Are you asleep? Or are you just scared?"

I did not stir. Or rather, I did not have the courage to stir. The voice continued in a lightly sarcastic

tone: “You claim to be a writer, and yet you are afraid. I thought that experienced writers were accustomed to observing horror and tragedy without so much as batting an eyelid.”
My curiosity to see this person who knew this much about me overcame my fear. I opened my eyes. Before me, as though from a dream, stood a woman, neither young nor old, ageless. Her expression seemed a mixture of sorrow, bitterness, hatred, and despair. Her eyes seemed to burn with the intensity of revenge. I thought she was a figure from the pages of recent history- known but forgotten.

She continued authoritatively, yet with some kindness too. “Mine is not a social visit. I thought you were in a dilemma, floundering without a theme for a story. I can offer you an excellent one: shelved and rotting, waiting to be written. With your permission—if you are not afraid ...”

By this time, I had pulled myself together somewhat.
“Yes, I said, “I am scared. Of this night. Of all that is happening now. Who are you? How did you manage to come here? Weren’t the doors closed?”

‘Who am I?” She laughed aloud. “So, you would like to know who I am. You want to know whether I am human being or devil, ghost or evil spirit. You have courage.”

Her laughter had the sound of a wild river that had burst its dam. Wave upon wave of that unearthly laughter filled the room, echoing, reverberating. By this time, I was prepared.

“I admit I am a coward. But tell me who you are. Without knowing that how can I proceed? As human beings we need to know- even about the remotest stars their names and station.”

“As human beings? I would rather you didn't call me one,” she cut in angrily. “Once upon a time, I was proud to carry that name, and I struggled hard not to dishonor it. Now I no longer 'wish to be known as a human being, particularly a woman.

One lesson I have learnt, and perhaps I have taught it too: the human condition is one of cruel betrayal and suffering."
“Perhaps,” I agreed. “But isn't suffering and pain the special gift granted to humankind—the golden chain that links human and divine?”

She dismissed the notion summarily.

“Suffering, a golden chain? What absolute nonsense! Just tell me one thing. As a means of bondage, is gold any different from iron? At least one knows where one is with iron. Gold hides behind its seductive facade. Ishwara! That, after all, is the difference between devil and man too.”

By now, her face, charged with hatred, had taken on an inhuman aspect, though I could not quite understand how the change had come about. Sorrow, hatred, pride. and revenge seemed to flit across it, making it extraordinarily vivid, strangely attractive. I wondered what it was that she had endured in her past life.

‘Are you waiting to hear my story?” she asked after a pause.

“Well, it is my intention to tell you. It is an old story, of true events that happened half a century ago. At that time it turned history on its head. You weren’t even born then. Neither were these new-fangled social reformist organizations with their tall claims nor their leaders around then. Few characters from my story are alive now. But the echoes of those events have not quite died.... Did you ever hear of Tatri?” Whose name our mothers had prohibited us from speaking. A name which to us had become obscene. I was speechless. She saw my hesitation.

I shivered. Sadly, she said, "O yes, which Nambudiri woman hasn’t heard of Tatri, “fallen object”, “tainted goods”? Though none of you will so much admit to that knowledge. But child, can you now try and understand why that hated one gave up her life?”

‘To begin with, she was as innocent as any one of you. She was innocent, she had neither looked upon a man nor spoken with him. Grandmothers used to uphold Tatri as a model of propriety to all the young girls who came of age.’

“But you know that all those rituals are, after all, charades. You know that by the time we are seventeen or eighteen we are shrewd enough to control our most secret thoughts. On moonlit nights we sit in the inner verandah reciting prayers, our sighs suppressed. We sing ‘Parvati Swayamvaram’ and ‘Mangala Atira’ and dance, the catch in our voices unheard. And all the time we wait with bated breath, for the: men’s voices in the outer verandah. We offer austere leaves of kuvlam in strict prayer, while our hearts are filled with the sensuous fragrance of mango blooms. And so, we wait ... Days, months, even years... At last, one day our mothers come with henna and silver ring. And our hands are given into the hands of a man- old or young, invalid or lecher. That is our destiny. That is our entire life.

“Mine was a lucky fate, or so people said in those days. He was in his prime, it was his first marriage, he had sufficient means. So, I began my marriage with no worries. I soon found he was a man with aggressive sexual needs. I learnt in time to meet those demands, to please him in his taste for sex with the same attention and care that I gave to his taste for food. After all, one’s husband is considered the pratyaksha deivam the “seen” God. And it was to please that God that I learnt of the prostitute. If it were not for that, dear sister, I too- like so many women of our community- would have remained a mere wife, a neglected and ignored wife. Perhaps, too, none of the wretched consequences would have followed. On the other hand, it might be, that in learning to serve him I unleashed my own instinctual being. I don’t know. But I swear to you that at that time he alone was at the center of my life.

“So it was that when he started drifting away from me, I was desolate. Often, he didn't come home at night. I used to think, at first, that he was at a festival or a private feast. Perhaps he was at the variyam or was needed at the palace. I would cry and sulk on the rare occasions when I saw him. There was no one else to share my grief.
“He laughed in response to my heartbroken complaints. A man, he said, is as free as a bird. His life should be one of enjoyment. Surely a man cannot be expected to waste away his entire youth married to one woman, and that a Nambudiri wife.

"Sometimes I was filled with anger and bitterness. Sometimes I even wished to put an end to my life, I often cursed my lot as a Nambudiri woman, thinking, if only I belonged to any other caste of Kerala, one which would have given me the right to reply, to match his male arrogance with my freedom.

“But no. Each month, upon the recurrence of his birth star, I bathed and prayed that he should have a long life, making offerings of tumba flower garlands and neivillakku lit with ghee. When I came of age, I had prayed to be granted a good husband; now I prayed that I should be granted my husband’s love.

“The steward of our estate was a kind man who made sure I had plenty to eat. But what about one’s inner hunger, that other greed? Once kindled it is not easily quenched. It flows like molten lava, like fire through the very lifeblood. He, my husband, knew this too. But he was a man and I a woman. A Woman born in a cursed society.

“I too would have suffered in silence like all those other Nambudiri women except for what happened unexpectedly. One night he came home with a new wife, they were to sleep that night in the very bedroom I had shared with him. I could bring myself to serve food to this woman, but to be actually asked to prepare their nuptial bed! Yes, I had chanted the ’Seelavati charitram’ again and again… But an Antarjanam is a human being too… I cursed her aloud. In my grief and outrage, I called her a whore. On that instant 1 saw him turn into a devil. He flung my words back at me. “I know perfectly well she is a whore I love her for what she is. If you could be like her, I might like you better.”

“I could bear the physical violence, but those words were a far worse assault. I was numb with the horror of it. A pativrata, a woman of honor to be as much as told by her husband, “If you want me to love you, be a prostitute!” For a blinding moment, I was overcome by a furious thirst for revenge. Somehow, I held myself together. But I knew I had had enough. I could not say in that place a moment longer.

“I did not speak to him again. I withdrew into myself.

Desolate and grief- stricken, yearning for consolation, I returned to my own home. There followed days without love, uneventful days. There were no rays of light in the tunnel. All Nambudiri houses are dark prisons, after all. Is one any better than another? My father had died, but his five wives were still alive. My brother was looking for a bride to replace his fourth wife who was now dead. My two widowed sisters were there too. The third one, driven insane because of the ill-treatment she had received from her husband, wandered about aimlessly. Two younger sisters, now grown up, were unmarried - a burden to the house and a grief to my mother. When I joined this lot, it was exactly like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Living in such a bleak, claustrophobic world, who could be blamed for seeking some comfort? I was young, healthy, and egoistic. I thought I was more beautiful than any of my husband’s mistresses. In those days, when I combed my hair, freshened my face, and glanced covertly through the windows, all I wanted was a glimpse of the outside world. I had an innocent desire to be seen and admired. There were some who caught those glances and smiled at me. I smiled in return. And that was all. Those aristocratic Nambudiris who were attracted to me knew well enough the consequences I would suffer for even this. As for themselves, they would have been

ready for any kind of liaison, provided it was discreet.

Meaningful glances. Hushed whispers. Gossip and scandal. The inmates of the inner rooms turned out to be fifth columnists. My mother never lost an opportunity to curse me: “You sinner, born to be the ruin of your family’s reputation. I wish I had never carried you in my womb”.

‘And one day my sister-in-law was peremptory with her order: 'Don’t step into the kitchen.'

‘I still cannot understand why I was punished so. I hadn’t so much as touched a man other than my husband. I hadn't the boldness to nurture such a desire. There had been a few glances through the window. A few men had been attracted. Was that my fault? But the world was never concerned with reason or logic. The innuendos continued till they numbed my heart. Terror at the thought of dishonor threw me off balance, pushed me to the verge of the very abyss I dreaded. I was long past suffering. In all directions there was only darkness. It was as though through whirling coils of dark smoke my enemies waited, ready to strike, like snakes. To survive that final struggle, I had to be a snake too. At last, I gave way to those long quiescent storms of anger and revenge.

“If I should tell you what I decided to do, you would be appalled. But please remember, my sister, that it was done for you too, and for all Nambudiri women. As a matter of pride. As a show of strength. I enjoyed the humiliation of those men, for there never was any value attached to our own tears. Yet, after all, in the end I gained nothing, for even you women hated me, dreaded me more than the devil. Years have passed, but even to you of a modern time Tatri is no more than a fallen woman.”

As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and overcome with grief she laid her head upon the table. I watched her in silence, wondering what sort of future a woman such as she could have expected. If her life had been shattered and strewn around the wilderness like pieces of a broken bottle then was it her fault or that of society’s? There could have been only two alternatives for her: madness or prostitution. Both tragic.

After a moment she sat up, her eyes dry once more and aflame with intensity. “No, child,” she said, “I shall not cry again. That was a momentary weakness.” She resumed her story. “Nothing could shock me any more - neither the waves breaking the bounds of the sea, nor even the skies falling down. Life and death had all become the same. Yes, I made my decision. I thought that since I had chosen my destiny, it should also be an act of revenge on behalf of my mothers and sisters. If I should be victimized, it should not be on false grounds. If I should be made an outcast, it should not be for being innocent. Women, too, I thought, can willingly choose the path of debasement. And if I should choose to fall, I would bring down with me several cruel men who were the means of that fall. I would see to it that in the clear light of justice many more men than I should deserve excommunication. .

“On a certain night a new courtesan appeared on the festival grounds and temple precincts. She was beautiful and witty. Her modesty attracted men even more than her beauty. Princes, courtiers, and Nambudiris, all sought her company. At first, she kept them all at arm’s length, saying she was a married woman with a husband who was still alive. She withheld a crucial detail about herself, however—the community to which she belonged. They brushed aside her pleas to be left alone. The

argued that in Kerala, the land of Pamsurama, a woman was allowed as many husbands as she chose. The only women who were outside this rule were the Nambudiris. The rest, they said, were free to enjoy their pleasure. Oh, these men who seem so honorable, so saintly! Men who expect unquestioning faithfulness from their own wives, but who are quite willing to ruin another's!

"So many men were attracted to me. So different from the ostracism of the inner rooms. I melted; I was moved. I could not have enough of their adulation.

"The new courtesan grew famous. Those who came to her went away happy. From each of them, in return for their pleasure, she received - or took gifts and mementos. And so, gradually and deliberately, she gained possession of the honor of many men who claimed to be pillars of our society.

"There was one man who was yet to come. There was one man for whom she waited and watched. She knew he would not fail to come, once he had heard of this true pleasure seeker. We had not seen each other for five years. But I recognized him the moment I met him at my usual rendezvous near the temple. He, however, did not know me. How could he see in this proud and famous woman his old Antharjanam?
"I shall not forget that night. For that night I had debased myself; for that night I had lived and waited. From the moment he had last spoken, this idea had rankled, then seeded and grown in my mind. If a woman should go to the lengths of becoming a prostitute in order to please her husband, can she be called pati vrata? For if that were so, I too was one; a veritable 'Seelavati'. Through my corruption I could please him, and yes, he was pleased.

"Just before he left me, he said, "In all my life, I have never met a woman so beautiful and so clever. I wish I could live with you always.'

"At the very moment that he slipped the ring - once again - on my finger, I asked him, are you sure you have never before met one like me?"
Holding his sacred thread with both hands, he said, "No, I swear by my Brahmasvam. No, I have never before met a woman of your wit and intelligence".
"I smiled with triumph. I raised my voice very slightly and said, 'That's false. Think of your wife. Was she any worse than I?'

"In the hesitant light of that pale dawn he looked at me once again. A strangled cry escaped him. "Oh my God, my Lord Vadakkunatha, it is Tatri. Tatri". And he fled from my sight, disappearing immediately.

'That's all 1 need to tell you. You know very well all that happened afterwards. As, an Antharjanam I was brought to trial for defilement, and under threat of losing caste. It was a trial that shook the whole of Kerala. As it got under way, they were all terrific- yes, princes and Nambudiris too - that their names would be spoken by the prostitute. Then some went into hiding. Others frantically made offerings to that god. Each hoped desperately she had forgotten him.

"I had more than names, I had proofs; a golden ring with a name engraved upon it, a golden girdle, a

gold-bordered vesthi. And so, sixty-five men, priests among them, were brought to trial. I could have been the means of excommunicating sixty thousand, not merely sixty-five. Any woman who was beautiful enough and clever enough could have done the same; such were the decadent landlords and Nambudiris of those days. I could have insisted on continuing the enquiry. But no. In the end, for all the submerged rage of all Nambudiri women, only sixty-five were brought to trial. Those sixty-live were indicted. That was my revenge. Was it my revenge alone?
'And now, tell me, sister. Which one do you think was worse, the man who led a woman into prostitution for his own satisfaction, or the woman who willed herself into prostitution to counter him? Which one should you hate? Which one should you shun?"

I had not uttered a word throughout her strange account, and now I was dumbstruck. $he misunderstood my silence and spoke in a voice full of disappointment and despair. Why did I come here? I made a mistake. Why did I try to speak to a slave of a woman who has no self-respect or honor? Oh no, you will never change."

I was not offended by what she said. At last, I began to speak: "My poor wronged sister, I don't blame you. I do sympathize with you. I understand that you were speaking for many - for the weak against the strong, for women calling out for justice, for all human beings whose emotions and instincts have been stamped upon. What you did was not just an act of personal revenge, it was a protest born out of grief and despair.

"But then, think of this, too. Was it not impulsive and headstrong to take up such a responsibility on your own?
Individual effort cannot yield lasting results; sometimes it can be positively dangerous. Just think of that. That storm that you raised - what good did it possibly do to society as a whole? In the end, men used it as an excuse to victimize us even more: the memory of that event was a means of humiliating us, forcing us to hang our heads in shame. Remember too, that you hardly brought any consolation to the families and womenfolk of the excommunicated men".

By this time, I too was stirred, my voice shook as I spoke. "You must excuse me. But I have to say that for most of us, what you choose to describe as the sacrifice of Tatri was nothing more and nothing less than the trial of a prostitute. True, it created a storm, but it did not point to a clear direction for us. The end cannot justify the means, sister. Of course, I applaud your courage and your pride, but I have to denounce the path you took.

'But, all the same, we as Nambudiris can never forget Tatri. From your world of darkness and silence you hurled a random firecracker as a warning and a challenge. Nevertheless, it ignited a torch for us in our generation, and there will be greater fires in times to come. Your revenge will be forgiven because of those radiant future fires."

I held out my hands to her in love and compassion. But the face of the female form had paled, its eyes were lifeless, it vanished away into the morning fog, wailing. "I must not let my shadow fall upon you. For you I am, and always will be, a sinner, a fallen woman, a devil."
The cock crowed. I woke up from that strange dream.

(*Translated from Malayalam by* ***Vasanti Sankaranarayanam***)

Glossary:

Antarjanam: The secluded ones. Nambudiri women were known by this title
Kuvlam: Small heart-shaped green leaf used in the worship of Shiva
Parasurama: One of the ten incarnations of Vishnu, who threw his axe into the ocean and raised a piece of land which came to be known as Kerala
Pratyaksha deivam: Visible God
Seelevati Charitram: Song relating the story of see Seelavathi, who ordered the sun not to rise in order that she might save her dying husband
Vadakkunatha: Lord of the north, Lord Shiva. Deity of a famous temple in Trichur which faces north
Veshti: A piece of cloth worn on the shoulder covering the upper part of the body

Questions for Discussion:

1. How far does the protagonist's revenge help in highlighting the suffering of Nambudiri women?
2. Discuss the narrative as a comment on the social setting of the time?
3. Examine the story as a feminist narrative.
4. Write a note on Tatri.
5. "Revenge Herself" depicts the inhuman rules inflicted by the society on its people, particularly women. Discuss.
6. How was the voice of Tathri a clarion call for change?

Course 6 – Indian Literature in Translation
SUMMATIVE ASSESSMENT – 60 Marks
GENERAL PATTERN OF THEORY QUESTION PAPER

Time: 2 ½ Hours **Total: 60 Marks**

Part-A

1. Answer **any one** of the following **1X5 = 5**
   - 3 questions to be given from Introduction to Translation Studies

Part-B (Poetry Selections)

2. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1X10 = 10**
   - Two 10 Marks question to be given from Poetry selections

B. Write Short Notes on **any one** of the following **1X5 = 5**
   - Three 5 marks questions to be given from Poetry selections

Part-C (Short Story Selections)

3. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1X10 = 10**
   - Three 10 Marks question to be given from Short Story selections

B. Write Short Notes on **any two** of the following **2X5 = 10**
   - Four 5 marks questions to be given from Short Story selections

Part-D (Novel)

3. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1X10 = 10**
   - Two 10 Marks question to be given from Novel

B. Write Short Notes on **any two** of the following **2X5 = 10**
   - Four 5 marks questions to be given from Novel

Course 6 – Indian Literature in Translation
SUMMATIVE ASSESSMENT – 60 Marks
MODEL QUESTION PAPER

Time: 2 ½ Hours **Total: 60 Marks**

Part-A

1. Answer **any one** of the following **1x5 = 5**
   a. Write a note on Tagore and his works and translations.
   b. Write a note on the two Indian Language families.
   c. Explain the revivalistic phase in Indian Translation.

Part-B (Poetry Selections)

2. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**
   a. Sumitranandan Pant has been compared to Wordsworth, because of his love for Nature. Discuss the relevance of the comparison.
   b. Consider the poem as a tribute to motherhood and the spirit of Dalit women.

   B. Write Short Notes on **any one** of the following **1x5 = 5**
   a. Basavanna's Vachanas.
   b. Relationship between guru and disciple through the ages according to Allamaprabhu.
   c. Uselessness of caste as brought out by Kanakadasa.

Part-C (Short Story Selections)

3. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10 = 10**
   a. The game of chess is symbolic of the nobles' divorce from reality and escape into a make belief world. Discuss
   b. What are the various aspects of the rural Indian society does Amrita Pritam present through her story, 'The Weed'?
   c. Bring out the untold pain faced by Lajwanti after returning home from abduction in Rajender Singh Bedi's story?

   B. Write Short Notes on **any two** of the following **2x5 = 10**
   a. Mir and Mirza in Chess Players
   b. Love according to Angoori's villagers in 'The Weed'
   c. Lajwanti at Pakistan
   d. Framed Narrative in 'Revenge Herself'

Part-D (Novel)

3. A. Answer **any one** of the following **1x10=10**

a. How does Sara Aboobacker discuss the appropriation of religious edicts by patriarchal society?

b. Comment on the violent and egoistical nature of Mahammad Khan that leads to Nadira's tragic death.

B. Write Short Notes on **any two** of the following **2x5=10**

a. Role of River Chandragiri

b. Rashid's role in accentuating Nadira's tragic end

c. Mahammad Khan

d. Nadira