

ISSN 0971- 605X

POINTS OF VIEW

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 1

SUMMER 1997



Editor
K.K. Sharma

POINTS OF VIEW

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor

K.K. Sharma

Former Professor of English
University of Allahabad
Allahabad, India

Assistant Editors

S.C. Dwivedi

Reader, Univ. of Allahabad

Suresh Nath

Reader & Head, J.S. College

C.C.S. University, Meerut

Kajali Sharma

T.S.E. College, Univ. of Bombay

Advisory Editors

S. Viswanathan, University of Hyderabad

Yasmeen Lukmani, University of Bombay

K.S. Miera, Aligarh Muslim University

Harish Trivedi, University of Delhi

Meenakshi Mukherjee, J.N.U., Delhi

Bhagwat S. Goyal, C.C.S. University, Meerut

R.S. Pathak, Dr. H.S. Gour Univ., Sagar

S.S. Deo, H.N.B. Garhwal University

G.S. Balarama Gupta, Gulbarga University

K.G. Srivastava, University of Allahabad

M.K. Choudhury, B.H.U., Varanasi

Narinder K. Rattan, M.D. Univ., Rohtak

Points of View is a biannual Journal devoted to scholarly and authoritative opinion on broad cultural issues focussing on the centrality of human concerns as evidenced in literature, art, cinema, etc. It provides a special forum for the perspectives on 'New Literatures in English,' including translations. Also, it carries detailed and careful notes, and reviews of outstanding new books. The Summer issue is a general number concerned with various authors and subjects, while the Winter issue is a special number dealing with an individual writer or a specific theme.

Manuscripts are welcome. They should conform to the *MLA Style Sheet* in all matters of form. Unused or unsolicited manuscript can be returned, if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Annual Subscription rates are

India	Individuals	Rs.100.00 (by M.O.)	Institutions	Rs.200.00 (Collection Charges for outstation cheques Rs.20.00)
-------	-------------	------------------------	--------------	--

Overseas	Individuals	£9.00, \$14.00	Institutions	£11.00, \$19.00
----------	-------------	----------------	--------------	-----------------

(Additional charges for supplying copies by airmail £3.00, \$5.00)

All editorial and business correspondence should be addressed to

The Editor

Points of View

KH/127, New Kavi Nagar

Ghaziabad--201 002 U.P., INDIA

Telephone : (0575) 718687

C O N T E N T S

S. Viswanathan	Effects of <i>Trompe L'Oeil</i> — Some Shakespeare, Bhasa and Kalidasa Instances	1
Vinod Kumar Singh	Dryden and the Tradition of Satire	14
R.S. Pathak	Shelley's Concept of Evil	22
Asha Viswas	New Images of Black Manhood: A Study of the Novels of Ernest J. Gaines	36
Subhas Chandra Saha	Elizabeth Jolley's Novel <i>Palomino</i> : A Narrative of Lesbian Orientation	44
Anirudh P. Trivedi	Post-Colonial Tensions in Canadian and Indian Writing: Poetry of Dennis Lee and R. Parthasarthy	57
Usha Pathania	Mother-Child Dyad in <i>Mad Shadows</i>	67
Sandhya Misra	<i>The Silver Tassie</i> : A Melange of Dramatic Techniques	77
Kh. Kunjo Singh	Women in Quest of Emancipation in Kamala Markandaya's World	85
S.N. Pandey	Some Aspects of Dom Moraes' Poetic Alienation	96
M.S. Kushwaha	The Contemporary Relevance of Indian Aesthetics: Some Reflections	107
Arun Singh	Problems of Translation from Hindi to English	112

BOOK REVIEWS

Charu Sheel Singh	<i>Melting Memories</i> by Asha Viswas	125
Sunanda Mongia	<i>The Indian Hero</i> by C.S. Singh	127
K.G. Srivastava	Four Collections of Poems by Rattan	129
Suresh Nath	<i>Treatment of Greek Mythology in the Poems of Tennyson</i> by Santosh Nath	131
K.K. Sharma	<i>The Bubbling Life, but...</i> by Suresh Nath	133

CONTRIBUTORS

S. Viswanathan is Professor of English at the University of Hyderabad.

Vinod Kumar Singh teaches at H.C. (P.G.) College, Varanasi.

R.S. Pathak is Professor & Head, Dept. of English, Dr. H.S. Gour Vishwavidyalaya, Sagar (M.P.)

Asha Viswas is Reader in English, B.H.U., Varanasi.

Subhas Chandra Saha is Professor & Head, Department of English, Assam University, Silchar.

Anirudh P. Trivedi is Professor of English, Department of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Roorkee, Roorkee (U.P.)

Usha Pathania is Professor of English, D.C.C., H.P. Univ., Simla.

Sandhya Misra teaches at Women's College, A.M.U., Aligarh.

Kh. Kunj Singh teaches at Govt. Nambol L. Sanio College, Manipur.

S.N. Pandey is Professor of English at B.H.U., Varanasi.

M.S. Kushwaha is Professor and Head, Dept. of English, University of Lucknow, Lucknow.

Arun Singh teaches at Govt. Women's Polytechnic, Jagdalpur (M.P.)

Charu Sheel Singh is Reader in English, Kashi Vidyapith, Varanasi.

Sunanda Mongia teaches at Kashi Vidyapith, Varanasi.

K.G. Srivastava is Professor of English at the University of Allahabad, Allahabad.

Suresh Nath is Reader & Head, Dept. of English, J.S. College, Sikandrabad (C.C.S. University, Meerut).

K.K. Sharma is Former Professor of English, University of Allahabad, Allahabad.

EFFECTS OF *TROMPE L'OEIL* – SOME SHAKESPEARE, BHASA AND KALIDASA INSTANCES

S. Viswanathan

One of the forms in which the play with illusion which is a *raison d'être* of drama evidences itself in Shakespeare and the Elizabethans as well as in the classic Sanskrit masters of drama such as Bhasa and Kalidasa is by way of an intricate interplay of illusion and reality. Such a handling of dramatic illusion by the playwright generates possibilities of effects at once of multiple layers of illusion and of the interpenetration of these into levels of reality apprehended in and through illusion; indeed, it is an open invitation to the spectator to savour the suggestions. These effects of a juxtaposition, or of approximation, and frequently of an interweave, of illusion and reality, may for convenience be characterised as examples of *trompe l'oeil* using the term in an extended, generalized signification of the breaking in into each other of art and actuality.

Shakespeare, Bhasa and Kalidasa, writing as they did, in a theatrical tradition based on conventionalism which is often called 'non-illusionism' by critics like J.L. Styan could naturally explore and exploit the poetic-dramatic and stage-and-theatre possibilities of the 'multiconsciousness' (in S.L. Bethell's memorable term) inherent in the tradition. These playwrights belonging to vastly different eras of time and to two different climes bring forward instances of the telescopic complex of illusion-reality to varying degrees, purposes and effects. Yet, differences notwithstanding, there are striking similarities of concept, practice and outcome in these playwrights' deployment of the technique of a dramatic merger of make-believe and the reality of the world of the play. A consideration of some comparable examples of such a technique of *trompe l'oeil* in the two traditions will provide cross-illumination into the workings of the device and highlight the common ground in cultural sensibility between the traditions in which the dramatists wrote, while also alerting us to the differences.

A set of examples relates to a particular kind of anticipatory, and often uncannily, polyvalently suggestive, use of garments or

items of costume. Another group of instances consists of stage moments when the pictorial or statuesque representation of a character or characters would seem to materialise in *propria persona* in a *frisson* of surprise. A third category would include various examples of a certain manifestation of the playwright's art of dramatic juxtaposition in which the timing of the entry or of the off-stage or onstage utterance of a character produces the effect of a crystallization of some key dramatic point or significance. The core common feature of the three categories is the evocation of a sense of a curious intercommunication between levels of illusion and reality.

I

As representative of the category of the prefigurative or proleptic use of costume may be chosen the scene at times called the *valkala* (bark-garment)—episode in Bhasa's second Ramayana play *Pratimanatakam*; the opening of the scene of the sheep shearing feast in *The Winter's Tale* and the scene of Prince Hal's putting on of the regal crown of his father King Henry IV's by his bedside (IV.v); and the decoration of Sakuntala in *Abignanasakuntalam* (Act IV) with the queenly bride's garments miraculously yielded by trees.

Bhasa conceives and renders the scene of the aborted coronation of young Rama with an innovativeness in ideation and stagecraft alike. In an original departure from Valmiki, Bhasa not only extenuates Kaikeyi but presents her in a relatively favourable light. He invents the *valkala*-episode, brings it centre-stage and exploits it as a master-stroke of dramatic power in its future-directed suggestiveness while also making it serve the purpose of absolving Kaikeyi of the signal blame she carries in Valmiki of presenting Rama, Sita and Lakshmana with bark garments after getting them banished to the forest. The bark-garment in question is indeed a theatre costume; it is, precisely, costume from the wardrobe of the palace-theatre in the stage world of the play. Appropriated for fun by a maid of Sita's, it attracts Sita's attention when she is in the process of dressing herself for Rama's coronation, taking a fancy for it, Sita puts it on, blissfully unaware that Rama was at the moment to be sent into fourteen years of exile into the forest at Kaikeyi's

behest and that Sita would follow in his footsteps. At that moment, Rama, returning from the interrupted coronation, enters to Sita who tries to conceal the bark-wear under the ceremonial costumes she is in the process of donning, detects the bark-garment and, to crown the irony, expresses a desire to try it on himself and proceeds to do so. It adds up to a stage situation of uncanny irony, anticipation and prolepsis, for, immediately after, the cancellation of the coronation and the banishment of Rama to the forest for a fourteen-year period are announced. It is in the self-same bark-garments, all from the wardrobe of the palace theatre which had been commissioned to put up a play as part of the coronation celebrations, that all three, Rama, Sita and Lakshmana, depart for the forest. The inlaying of the three or more strata of illusion within illusion and also the multiple layers of reality—the 'myth' of the Ramayana, its Valmiki version, the stage world of Bhasa's version, the stage rendering of it, and the palace theatre within the circumambient Bhasa theatre, and the actors' attiring—is carried out in Bhasa in a subdued and minimally suggested 'multiconsciousness' about levels of reality, whereas corresponding and qualitatively different instances in Shakespeare would seem to exhibit a more active 'multiconsciousness' in this regard in different degrees in the different examples.

The wearing of the regal crown of his father Bolingbroke by Prince Henry in *King Henry IV, Pt. II* (IV. v.) who does it under the false impression that the king has breathed his last is a premature, anticipatory, albeit momentary, crowning of the prince whose coronation takes place towards the close of the play. It also links with Falstaff's wearing of the seat cushion as his crown in his improvisation of the King's role in his tavern charade with the prince (1 *King Henry IV*, Pt. I, II.iv), and with Prince Hal in his turn assuming in that charade the role of King Henry IV.

Lo I here it sits,

Which heavens shall guard; and put the world's strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me.

(*Henry IV, Pt. II, IV. v.42-45*)

When the sleeping king on waking discovers that the prince had left with the crown and concludes that his heir-apparent had been

too unceremoniously hasty to assume kingship, Warwick assures him that the prince who took the crown genuinely mistaking the king's stillness in his sleep to be his death has been seen by him to be the very picture of filial grief. In the encounter with his king that follows the prince vindicates his loyalty and responsibility of king-like concern, and the king discourses with feeling on how 'uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.' The crown, with both its legacy and the inheritance of it, is the text of the sermon, and it is the point of reference not only in these speeches, not only in this play but is carried over as one into *Henry V* (iv.i. 312-325). The crown is both object and subject of discourse in the scene in question.

King Henry:

.....

 God knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this crown; and I myself know well
 How troublesome it sat upon my head

..... All these bold fears
 Thou seest with peril I have answered;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchase'd ?
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garment wear'st successively.

(*Henry IV*, Pt. II., IV.v.182-200)

In response the prince reaffirms his resolve to hold the crown, reaffirming and reechoing his earlier assertion.

Prince: My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 The plain and right must my possession be:
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

(IV.v.219-223)

The theatrical references employed in the king's speech and the centre-stage prominence given to the stage property of the crown make for a rousing of a sense of multiple layers of illusion and reality, especially in the context of the reference the *Henriad* of Shakespeare has to the Hal myth and to the popular play of *The Famous Victories*.

The crown serves at once as a strong symbol of royalty, kingly care and cares. (Wilson Knight emphasised the force of the crown as a symbol, though it is another matter that he used the idea and the history plays for war-time propaganda of a somewhat jingoistic slant.) The 'multiconsciousness' evoked is part of the general dramatic tradition of the Elizabethan period.

However, the use of a corresponding garment motif in a play of late Shakespeare like *The Winter's Tale* is in terms of a more pronounced self-conscious theatricality characteristic of the Jacobean theatre. When Perdita appears decked in the attire of the Queen of the Sheep-shearing feast (IV.iii.), the costume becomes an object of attention both by Perdita and by Florizel. Florizel's assumed rustic guise also comes in for comment. Florizel stresses the auspicious purpose of the 'transformation' the pair have undergone as the feast is also to be transformed into their nuptials, though in the event interrupted nuptials. The polyvalent significance radiated by the discussion on the art-nature antithesis between Polixenes and Perdita, which follows soon after, is given an added dimension by the fact of Perdita's essential royalty, existential commonalty and the state of queen and goddess assumed by her through her costume. Supervening on all this is the stage fact of the player of Perdita being a 'boy-actress.' The ensemble thus turns out to be a piquant and probing, although tacit and implicit, unravelling of an intertwined strand of theatrical illusion and play-world reality all of which goes to make the 'subtle knot' of complex theatrical communication.

A different, less intricate theatrical self-reflexivity marks the change or assumption of costume as it occurs in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Besides attention being specifically called to the almost miraculously well-preserved state of the ceremonial wedding wear of King Alonso and party by Gonzalo (II.i.65-68), Prospero's assumption or divesting himself of his magical robes on several occasions in the play's course, and especially his appearance towards the close in his ducal robes ['How fine my master is' is the comment of Caliban (V.i. 261)], are signals of 'transformation' of his roles or status. In some ways similar use of the garment/

ornaments motif is made by Kalidasa in his *Sakuntalam*. In the only highly ceremonial scene of Act IV when Sakuntala already quick with child by King Dusyanta is elaborately prepared to be taken to her husband's palace in Hastinapura, after the holy bath and sacramental aspersions she receives, she is decked in queenly and bridal garments and priceless ornaments which are brought to her as items materialising from a tree, a *Kalpataru* 'with a difference' which has yielded these at the merest wish of sage Kasyapa. The effect is one of a graded yet fairly swift transformation of Sakuntala from her forest hermitage dress and other wear into a lady in the splendour of queenly and bridal attire. This is the first and practically the only time in the play when Sakuntala is a stage-presence of such splendour of attire, for when she is presented to King Dusyanta in Act V only to be rejected by him thanks to the amnesia caused on account of Sage Durvasa's curse on Sakuntala for her innocent lapse, she remains veiled for the most part, the veil being taken off by Gautami only towards the close of the fateful interview. The irony is that the bridal attire leads only to a kind of broken nuptials and Sakuntala also becomes the despised queen though taken charge of by the apsara world and finally restored to her Dusyanta with their son Sarvadamana-Bharata.

II

Instances abound especially in the Sanskrit drama of Kalidasa and Bhasa, and occur occasionally in Shakespeare, of the *trompe l'oeil* of absent or presumed-to-be-dead characters-in-pictures or-in-statues making their appearance, with a certain effect of dramatic surprise, as flesh-and-blood figures on the stage. The classic example in Sanskrit drama is to be found in Bhasa's *Swapnavasavadatta*. It pertains to Vasavadatta living *incognito* in the court of Padmavati's father as she is believed to have perished in a fire by her husband King Udayana who weds Padmavathi. Though a favourite and confidante of Padmavathi almost always by her side, serving in the fashion of Shakespearian heroines like Viola and Julia as a consultant in the love of Padmavathi for her own husband, and also making the wedding garland of Padmavathi, Vasavadatta remains unseen by Udayana till the very last but for

a fleeting glimpse in his state between sleep and waking. She sees him and listens, by overhearing, to, among other things, Udayana's expression of loyalty and love still towards her after presumed death, though. Towards the close of the play, the wedding portrait of Vasavadatta and Udayana, with which the run-away match of the two was solemnised by Vasavadatta's parents, is exhibited to King Udayana whose mind has been full of the thought of Vasavadatta all the while. Padmavathi, now queen of Udayana, recognises the close resemblance of the 'former' queen in the picture to her maid Avantika (assumed name of Vasavadatta). It results in Vasavadatta being led to reveal herself, and also Udayana's minister Yaugandarayana arriving back in the guise of a Brahmin in which he had earlier come and left Vasavadatta as Avantika in deposit with Padmavathi. Multiple recognitions and reunions ensue. The wedding portrait is actually carry-over from the close of the preceding Bhasa play *Pratijnana Yaugandarayanam* on the Udayana-Vasavadatta legend. The much missed and pined for Vasavadatta appears in picture form, and soon after presents herself in reality to be reunited with her husband who has also recovered the lost part of his kingdom, thanks of Yaugandarayana's plans.

Yet this presentation of herself by Vasavadatta and her reunion with Udayana find a prefiguration of greater effect than the event itself in the play in the great highlight of the play, the dream-scene in Act V, a master-piece of imaginative conception and theatrical art. The king lies asleep dreaming, as ever, on Vasavadatta and dreaming a reunion with her when Vasavadatta actually lies awake by his side mistaking the sleeping figure to be Padmavathi. An all too brief conversation ensues, Vasavadatta speaking in her waking state, with Udayana still in his dream conversation with his dream girl, a fine example of a *trompe l'oeil*-like intercourse between dream-illusion and reality. Vasavadatta soon has to withdraw herself by rushing out of the chamber to avoid detection, and Udayana wakes up just in time to catch a much too evanescent glimpse of the lady. So much so that when the final reunion does take place Udayana is still made to wonder

Is it a reality or a dream that she is

seen again by me? For once seen by me,
I was duped by her.

(Act VI, sloka 17)

which in its own way suggests the uncertainties and also at the same time the 'certainty' or both dramatic and other illusion and reality.

The motif of the person-in-the-picture in dramatic correlation to the person-of-the-play operates almost throughout Kalidasa's first play *Malavikagnimitra*. King Agnimitra falls in love with Malavika ostensibly a maid of the queens' at first sight when he sees her in the painted group picture. At her first appearance on the dance contest stage (Act II), the king feels

I beheld her picture, I thought she
would belie the loveliness of it, but
now I think that the painter who
limned her likeness had not secured
full concentration

(Act II, sloka 2)

(R. Devadhar, ed. *Malavikagnimitra: Works of Kalidasa's Dramas* Vol. I
[Delhi: Motilal Banarsidas, 1966], p. 39.)

Similarly, Malavika in her love-lorn state thanks to the impediments brought by the queens Dharani and Iravati, rivals in love to her, contemplates the reproduction of Agnimitra in the same painted group picture with the queens and herself figuring in it, and expresses her feelings in this regard. Lo ! and behold. Agnimitra has been listening in and watching, even as Malavika bemoans that even in a dream she cannot achieve union with Agnimitra, and presents himself in person before Malavika for a central love union with her in the play. So also queen Iravati communicates with the King's semblance in the picture asking for his forgiveness and reconciliation with him, just a little before encountering the King and catching him red-handed with Malavika.

By the same token, in Kalidasa's *Vikramorvasiam* the Vidushaka advises King Vikrama to find union with Urvashi in a dream or to paint her likeness and gaze upon it, and thus quench his desire (Act II). Moments later, Urvashi the apsara hovering about the spot in invisible form presents herself to him making herself visible. In Act IV after a long frantic quest in the *apsara* land by him, Vikrama's

accidental embrace of a creeper in his mad love melancholy results in the creeper turning precisely into Urvashi at his touch which cures the curse that wrought the earlier metamorphosis.

The picture-person correlation by way of dramatic juxtaposition or of shading off of picture into person is employed by Kalidasa in all three plays of his. In *Sakuntalam* it occurs at a crucial turning point after the providential restoration of the memorial ring to King Dusyanta when he paints a detailed picture of Sakuntala in her hermitage and contemplates it giving it touches of improvement, now that she has come back to his memory causing him great remorse for rejecting her. Soon after this pictorial appearance of Sakuntala, Dusyanta undertakes the rescue operation on behalf of Indra and after his success has his meeting with his son Bharata and his reunion with Sakuntala.

Cognate theatre moments of pictorial or other representation in a fashion translating itself into reality are relatively infrequent in Shakespeare. An example is Hamlet's agonised display in Gertrude's chamber of his father's picture in contrastive conjunction with that of his uncle Claudius.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this (III.iv.53)

whether the pictures were Elizabethan miniatures, one worn by Hamlet and the other by Gertrude, or they were two hanging wall pictures as in the illustration in Rowe's edition of Shakespeare. Very soon after this, the Ghost of the elder Hamlet ('My father, in his habit as he live'd,' III.iv.134) makes its appearance, its last in the play. But the most remarkable instance is that of Hermione's statue coming alive at the end of *The Winter's Tale*, marking the 'resurrection' of Hermione. The intricate, Chinese-box-like inlaying of all but bewilderingly multiple levels of illusion and reality in the episode makes it a most complex and intensely effective invoking of the principle and technique of *trompe l'oeil*. For one thing, contrary to his customary practice, Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale* (compare Hero's 'death' or Helena's) holds back from the spectator till the last the secret of Hermione's preservation. For another, the encounter with the statue is so rendered that the enactment of the statue by the 'boy-actress' playing Hermione, its presentation to the whole

set of onstage viewers, and their response, especially the key reaction of Leontes, are ordered by the playwright in exactly such terms, hints and suggestions that it brings a nice balance, almost a perilous one, between engagement and disengagement, between theatrical self-consciousness and the sense of verisimilitude evoked. The statue 'comes alive' in a gradation of subtle intimations in and through the references to the 'life as lively mock'd as ever,' wrinkles and all, Perdita's offer to kiss the hand of the statue and Leontes's to kiss its lips, and Paulina's warning about wet paint, and Leontes's statements about its signs of life and his offer to take the statue by the hand, and, above all, Paulina's proffered gesture of white magic by which she would make the statue move endowing it with life.

III

A few examples should suffice of the stage phenomenon of an utterance apparently unrelated to a character or the utterance of his or her name or references to him or to her leading to a sudden, unexpected appearance of the character on the stage. Such invoking in which a verbal reference concretises itself in the entry of a character may be regarded as another variation of the motif of *trompe l'oeil*. In *Sakuntalam* (Act I), when Dusyanta from hiding sets eyes on Sakuntala and keeps tracking her as she moves in the company of her associates and when she is bothered by a bee chasing her, they tell her to call upon Dusyanta since he as king is protector of the holy groves, and, ironically, Sakuntala looking about complains

How even here he follows me !

The reference is if anything more appropriate to Dusyanta who unbeknown to Sakuntala and her friends has been tracking her. And it is at this moment that Dusyanta reveals himself to them offering help. There are the successive appearances as if from the blue of Urvasi before Vikrama in *Vikramorvasiam*. On several occasions Urvasi with her gift of invisible aerial movement comes to stand before King Vikrama when he keeps pining for her company and discoursing about her absence to his Vidhushaka in his pleasure garden.

This technique of telling synchronisation of utterance and appearance, which produces a kind of anamorphic *trompe l'oeil* effect is exemplified strikingly by Bhasa in his *Abhiskēkanatakam* (Act V). The scene is one of Ravana's meeting with Sita in the *asokavana*, after Rama had entered Lanka with his army. Ravana as a ploy to force Sita to submit to him his two severed heads closely resembling Rama and Lakshmana created by Vidyujjihva by his magic and presenting them to Sita tries to pin her down asking

By whom do you hope to be saved now ?

Sita faints, and right then a messenger enters with his off-stage announcement, 'By Rama, by Rama,' to convey the news to Ravana that his dear warrior-son Indrajit has been killed by Rama and Lakshmana. Ravana who cannot believe it spends his ire on the messenger but soon realises the truth and it is he who goes into a faint now, after Sita has revived at the news.

A sample Shakespeare instance of the playwright's art of synchronisation and juxtaposition would reveal the characteristic irony of vision of Shakespeare which sets characters and their actions and situations often in polysemous light. Jaques's references at the end of his 'seven ages of man' aria to old age

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(As You Like It [II.vii.163-166])

is almost accompanied by the entry at a door of the stage of old Adam carried by Orlando on his back, and the lines cover the approach of the two to the banquet spot on the long and large platform stage of the Globe. The Duke welcomes them with

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

(II.vii.167)

Jaques's invoking of old age and its helplessness finds a crystallization in the helpless figure of Adam and provides a kind of endorsement. At the same time, the stage image of Orlando carrying the old man on his back recalls the emblematic picture of Aeneas carrying his parents on his back in filial piety, thereby giving the lie direct to the cynically dismissive attitude to old age

behind Jaques's utterance. Age is not always unregarded or in old corners thrown, nor is it all that 'unnecessary.' Moreover, the Duke's words of concern and warm reception further reinforce the later impression; the synchronisation thus works with multidirectional force.

IV

The several kinds of effect wrought on the principle of *trompe l'oeil* by the three different playwrights, sometimes differently in their own plays, in the ultimate analysis, serve to exemplify how an intermingling of strata of illusion and reality has more or less constantly been an essential part of playmaking. The suggestion of a spiral interweaving of theatrical illusion and reality has remained a constituent of dramatic experience, thanks to the 'multiconsciousness' inherent in the dramatico-cultural traditions to which the playwrights and the plays in question belong. However, the different kinds and degrees of exploitation that Shakespeare, Kalidasa and Bhasa make of the possibilities of a criss-cross of illusion and reality are worth noting. The meta-dramatic perceptions vary from playwright to playwright and from play to play. It might be an oversimplification to assume that Shakespeare's was a commercial theatre and that the classical Sanskrit playwright's was a theatre of courtly patronage. Shakespeare's theatre was a commercial one no doubt, but it was none the less a theatre of popular cultural tradition which did not sever itself from the learned, and also of its own courtly affiliations, for all its being a commercial theatre. Similarly, Bhasa and Kalidasa, courtly patronage as they had, wrote for a wide range of audience without losing contact with popular cultural traditions. Yet the Sanskrit dramatists show a subdued and evanescent sense of dramatic self-consciousness while Shakespeare's and the Jacobean playwrights' sense of the theatricality as well as of the world-as-theatre topos, is more active, deliberate and pronounced. Though both the theatres were basically 'non-illusionistic' and conventionalistic, the extent of the use of conventions or the use of stage properties must have varied between the two. On the Sanskrit stage, actresses played women's roles. Hence the complications of the Shakespearean play with the convention of the

boy-actress were not for the Sanskrit playwrights. At best we have occasions as especially in Kalidasa's *Malavikāgnimitra* of inbuilt compliments of elaborate detail to the skill of the actress of Malavika in the verses spoken by king Agnimitra in the scene of the inset dance performance in competition in Act II and in Act IV (sloka 9) when the King watching from his hiding place comments on Malavika's reactions in her viewing of the picture of the king in the court group portrait. The cases which have been considered represent an actually effected or intimated shift or intermixture of modes of make-believe and of actuality, and thus contain an element which may be identified as that which is more than what meets the eye. At any rate, the final impression conveyed through such *trompe l'oeil*-like double play with illusion and reality in both the dramatic traditions as we have considered makes possible, an apprehension of a profound sense of the illusion of reality and of the reality of illusion.

NOTE

The Shakespeare references in this paper are keyed to the old Oxford Shakespeare, ed. W.J. Craig (London: Oxford University Press, 1974). I have used A.C. Woolmer and L. Sarup, ed. *Thirteen Plays of Bhasa* (Delhi: Motilal Banarsidas, 1985) and C.R. Devadhar, ed. *Works of Kalidasa Vol I Dramas* (Delhi: Motilal Banarsidas, 1966) for the plays of the two dramatists.

2 DRYDEN AND THE TRADITION OF SATIRE

Vinod Kumar Singh

Satire is the most potent weapon in the hands of a public poet if he also happens to be a professional poet. It was not only in the Restoration period that literature acquired a party line; even during the Renaissance, the partisanship was very much obvious. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is very much a political poem and at least partly the reason why he abandoned the poem half way was political. Changes in literary taste are not merely a matter of literary fashion. The hierarchy of literary forms is always revised in keeping with the general temper of the times. When, as Gary Waller has recently shown, Puttenham in his *Arte of Poesie* attacked certain kinds of poetry and approved certain other new kinds, his aim was to facilitate the appropriation of different kinds of poetry into the centralizing hegemony of the Tudor Court.¹ The same thing happened with the Restoration of the Stuart Court in 1660. Dryden, the chief poet of the times, however, did not revise the old hierarchy of forms but he did indicate the new shift that was in the offing. He was conscious that the restoration of the Stuart monarchy would usher in a great cultural upsurge. Thus in his "An Essay of Dramatic Poesy," his mouthpiece, when comparing French and British drama, remarks:

Be it spoken to the honour of the English, our nation can never want in any age such who are able to dispute the empire of wit with any people in the universe. And though the fury of a civil war, and power for twenty years together abandoned to a barbarous race of men, enemies of all good learning, had buried the muses under the ruins of monarchy; yet, with the restoration of our happiness, we see revived poesy lifting up its head, and already shaking off the rubbish which lay so heavy on it.²

Dryden's reference to the Civil War should not blind us to the fact that his criticism was directed against the Elizabethans as well. He confidently asserted that the Restoration language was more refined and free and thus it was capable of expressing new emotions and experiences in a better manner. Already, the Elizabethan canon was under revision. Ben Jonson had shown the way the wind was to blow. In a well-known passage in his *Discoveries*, he wrote:

I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare,

that in his writing... he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thousand.... He had an excellent Phantasy; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein he flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped.... His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him; Caesar thou dost me wrong. He replied: Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause; which were ridiculous.³

Ben Jonson wielded considerable authority in matters of literary opinions in the new age. He was the real English ancestor of the Restoration writers, because he had shown by example how literature should be used in the service of life and not merely as a mode of self-expression. Jonson was a writer whom Dryden not only admired but also emulated. It was not for nothing that Dryden devoted maximum space to him in his "Essay of Dramatic Poesie." He confessed that in comparison to Shakespeare he found Jonson a more correct poet. Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing, he said and this was the greatest compliment that Dryden could give to an English writer. Though this compliment is for Jonson's dramatic achievement, it can easily be extended to include his poetry also. Jonson was among the first English writers to introduce realism in literature and the comic spirit which it brought in its wake was the beginning of satire in the English language.

Satire has a hoary ancestry and since the English verse satire constitutes an important part of Dryden's creative achievement, it will not be out of place here to give a brief historical sketch of this literary genre. The history of satire properly begins with four great masters of Roman literature—Lucilius, Horace, Persius, and Juvenal. They all flourished within a space of about two hundred years. The Greeks did not cultivate it as a separate literary form, though the satiric spirit is present in Greek literature. Satiric elements must be distinguished from satire proper. Though satiric elements have been identified in Homeric epics and even in the *Holy Bible*, they cannot be said to be the originating sources of satire. Satiric elements may be found in most serious literary works, such as the *Faerie Queene* and *Paradise Lost*, but these works cannot be identified as satires. Like other forms of literature, satire also has

certain conventions which were first used by the Roman poets. In the subsequent periods, these conventions were modified; some old elements were dropped and new ones added, but the substance and form remained largely the same.

No period is richer in good satire than the Restoration. Though Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift are rightly regarded as the greatest satirists in the English language, their achievements would not have been possible without the great example of Dryden and his contemporaries like Butler, Oldham, and Rochester. It was during the Restoration period that satire became political in content and imbibed a party spirit which gave it an immediacy and contemporary relevance which it could never again receive. Almost every notable satire of the age is topical—Butler's *Hudibras*, Marvell's "Last Instructions to a Painter," Oldham's "Satyrs upon the Jesuits" and Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* are all concerned with the affairs of the day. Their subjects are public and political, and their style is rational and persuasive. Dryden was the first to examine the historical growth of satire and elevate the form in the hierarchy of literary genres. Dryden's "Essay on Satire," built round the conflicting practices of Juvenal and Horace, is the first theoretical treatise in English in which he assessed the merits and defects of the Roman satirists and indicated his own preference. He focussed attention on the problems of the genre. He took note of the ancient laws of satire which had held that satire leaned more towards comedy rather than tragedy and that its chief purpose was to laugh at vices and pretensions so as to cure them. He praised the Roman satirists who did not confine themselves only to admonition but included chastisement also in their satires. He pointed out that satire had wrongly been associated with the low-style or *Sermo Pedestris* as Horace called it. While he praised Horace's urbanity and sense of generous comedy, he admired Juvenal's sublimity and majestic style.

Dryden also distinguished between the comical satire and tragical satire, both of which had been practised by the Romans. As a satirist, Dryden pointed out, Horace was at a disadvantage in the times in which he lived because the relatively moderate

character of Augustan Rome demanded urbanity and good manners and Horace was the perfect poet so far as these qualities were concerned. Juvenal was, however, not as fortunate as Horace because he lived at a time of appalling corruptions, a time which cried out for high indignation, vigorous wit, and lofty expression. To the pressures of his age, Juvenal responded appropriately; instead of laughing at folly, he was wholly employed in lashing vices. Juvenal looked upon himself as the zealous vindicator of Roman liberty and in this respect Dryden found Juvenal a greater satirist than Horace. As for Persius, another Roman satirist, Dryden placed him after Horace. Dryden's evaluation of his Roman predecessor has not been universally accepted. Even Dryden himself kept on varying his models.

A satire is as much a defence of an established position as it is an attack on a position considered false. The Restoration poets believed that not only authority, precedent, and tradition, but also experience and reason were on their side. They, however, exercised considerable freedom in the choice of themes and models. Even in matters of political allegiance, they differed widely among themselves. The work of the early satirists reflects a sturdy individualism which had its roots in the disturbances and revolutionary changes of the seventeenth century. Satire showed them a way of using reason, observation and wit to uncover bare and honest facts of experience which it was the poet's duty to reveal to the world. Unconsidered rage had no value to poets who did not think of their art as primarily the expression of enjoyment or personal feeling. When the Restoration poet took up his pen, it was to produce a poem which his readers would recognise as a contribution to some vital question, or to the understanding and enjoyment of common experience. Satire at its best could effect both. It could argue and persuade for a cause, and yet delight at the same time by witty ridicule. The satirist could claim authority and display individuality; he could combine morality with passion. But he must be capable of rising above the immediate provocations and enshrine in his satires certain permanent truths of human experience. He had to be descriptive and normative at the same time. The world which

he inhabited was riven with political and religious contentions, and as a source of enlightenment the poet was required to describe not only as things were, but also unequivocally to suggest how they ought to be.

The Restoration age is essentially the age of satire. Several circumstances combined to make this age abound in satirical writings. Primarily the Restoration society was a society in a flux. On account of the Republican interregnum, the people had tasted democratic values; but the restoration of monarchy had proved that their democratic experience was not absolute. They were not prepared to accept the absolute value of monarchy either. This confusion was the single most important reason for the growth of satires in this period. Judging and condemning were common during this period and this also gave an impetus to satires. The period witnessed the beginning of the critical spirit in English literature. Writers had to choose their models from a variety of sources and they had to exercise their critical faculty for this purpose. Another important reason for the growth of satire in this period was, as Eric Rothstein has pointed out, the centrality of power:

Almost all the Restoration poetry that posterity has judged worth reading, from 1660 to about 1690, has power as its centre, and the most talented poets of the age, as well as many dreary ones, worked and thought under the sign inscribed in the intellectual sky by Hobbes in the eleventh chapter of his *Leviathan*: 'In the first place, I put for a general inclination of all mankind a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death'.... After the Restoration, the egocentric roistering of Charles II and his court scandalized the virtuous and seemed, once more, to disjoin might and right. Men whose ancestral values and loyalties were so muddled by history turned to the inescapably real, to relationships of power. The poems of Milton and Marvell, who bridge the earlier and later seventeenth century, show the growth of this dominant theme; and no one can miss it in the poems of the major figures whose important work comes after 1660, Butler, Dryden, and Rochester.⁴

The satiric verse is concerned with the demonstration of power by the poet himself. He sets out to scourge the public enemy and reclaim the corrigible. Sometimes the satirist lashes or ridicules others for his own purpose, but most often he does so for the public good. Like a monarch, he wields his authority for preserving sanity

and safeguarding virtue. And politics is not the only area in which he exercises his power; it may be religion, it may be morality, or it may be the art of poetry itself whose sacredness has to be saved from profanity and exhibitionism. All this requires a high degree of sophisticated self-dramatization on the part of the satirist. For achieving his didactic and reformist end, he has to manipulate his voice so as to give a sense of purpose and direction to his satires. This voice, to quote Rothstein once again, has been used in three ways:

Typically it (the poet's voice) is one of three sorts: the man with the lash, a punitive expert in invective and sarcasm; the good, bright man of principle, at times a naive victim, scandalized citizen, or public benefactor; and the self-deluder, who is at once the central intelligence of the satire and its butt... Satirists did not keep these divisions crisp and final, as in logic they are not. The man with the lash may be the scandalized citizen driven to rage. The self-deluder may reveal himself fully only with a good, bright man to prompt and comment on his actions.... Within the mock-heroic, the period's greatest poetic discovery, central intelligence and mixed emotions—anger, scorn, amusement, malice, righteousness—had their full play.⁵

In the case of Dryden's satires, no such division between the man with a lash or a scandalized person can be made. Reproach is the central motivating emotion in his satires, but this reproach is rooted in larger moral frameworks. Even when he has to make a personal statement, he does so only within that larger context, and thus succeeds in making the mere personal or eccentric into a universal postulate. Temporality has its pressures on him and as a public writer he does not try to conceal it, but within its limits he achieves a generalized effect.

Dryden was the supreme satirist of the age. His genius found its best expression in satire. He was not the first to practise the genre, but it was he who showed through his practice that true satiric verse was not of necessity either harsh or inflated. The pestilent heresy of metre which had damaged the Elizabethan satires was abandoned by him and so was the metaphysical love for conceits. His satires were not marred by that error, present in the poetry of Donne, Cleveland and Oldham where violence was mistaken for energy. He produced his effects through wit. Dryden did not assume the garb of a moralist like Samuel Johnson whose business was

to dart vitriolic vituperations against moral decline of society. But a satirist cannot confine himself to raving and ranting; he must not lose his temper and must keep his cool so that his criticism of the contemporary aberrations might carry general conviction. Dryden took up satire because it had a classical precedence and also because it suited him in his own struggle not only to find the correct political equation for himself, but also to harmonise the public and personal perceptions of the contemporary situation. As a liberal classicist, Dryden was not orthodox in the choice of models. The neo-classical temper found much to admire and emulate in both Horace and Juvenal. As John Dennis remarked:

Horace, who wrote... in Imitation of the old Comedy, endeavours to correct the Follies and Errors, and epidemick Vices of his Readers, which is the Business of Comedy. Juvenal attacks the pernicious outrageous Passions and the abominable monstrous crimes of several of his Contemporaries, or those who lived in the Age before him, which is the business of Tragedy, at least of imperfect Tragedy. Horace argues, insinuates, engages, rallies, smiles; Juvenal exclaims, apostrophises, exaggerates, lashes, stabs. There is in Horace almost everywhere an agreeable Mixture of good Sense and of true Pleasantry, so that he has every where the principle Qualities of an excellent Comick Poet. And there is almost every where in Juvenal Anger, Indignation, Rage, Disdain, and the violent emotions and vehement style of Tragedy.⁶

Anger and indignation, rage and disdain are by no means lacking in Dryden's satire, but these so-called violent emotions are not allowed to transgress the formal limits. There is over them Dryden's presiding genius which believed in order and harmony and which gave to his satires a pattern and design. Juvenal was an angry man, and he delighted almost saddistically in pulling down reputations. He lacked Horace's finesse and craftsmanship. Dryden, though he gave Juvenal a higher status than Horace, in fact, followed the method of Horace so far as polishing and refinement were concerned, but he added to these qualities a stateliness and dignity of style. Most often this stateliness owed to rhetoric, but then the dividing line between poetry and rhetoric in the Restoration period was very thin. Hence the following tribute which Johnson paid to Dryden is apt and justified:

Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the

completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught... to think naturally and express forcibly.... What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden... he found it brick and left it marble.⁷

REFERENCES

¹Gay Waller, *English Poetry of the Sixteenth Century* (London: Longman Group Ltd., 1986), pp. 34-71.

²John Dryden, "An Essay of Dramatic Poesy," *English Critical Texts*, p. 95.

³Quoted by John Butt, *The Augustan Age*, pp. 10-11.

⁴Eric Rothstein, *Restoration and Eighteenth Century Poetry 1660-1780*, p. 1.

⁵*Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

⁶John Dennis, "To Matthew Prior, Esq; upon the Roman Satirists," quoted by Robert C. Elliot, *The Power of Satire: Magic, Ritual, and Art* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960), p. 118.

⁷Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. George Birkbeck Hill (London: Oxford University Press, 1905), p. 469.

SHELLEY'S CONCEPT OF EVIL

R.S. Pathak

I

No English poet has been more fiercely argued about, for and against, than Shelley. He has been violently denigrated, contemptuously ignored or enthusiastically overpraised by various critics. To F.R. Leavis, for example, Shelley has become, generally, "almost unreadable."¹ Shelley's poetry is, according to Aubrey de Selincourt, "amongst the chief glories of English literature," but Shelley the poet is "something of a puzzle."² The reason for this kind of ambivalence is not difficult to find. "Shelley has never been wholly understood," as Carl Gabo says; "has indeed, for the most part, been thoroughly misunderstood."³ Some of the well-known descriptions of the poet are: 'an ineffectual angel' (Matthew Arnold); 'sun-treader' (Browning); 'windy phenomenon' (Carlyle); 'a titan's spirit in a girl's form' (Carducci); 'at times almost a blackguard' (T.S. Eliot); 'a self-absorbed homosexual' (Herbert Read), and so on. Such views only make matters worse. Humprey House rightly points out that "to understand Shelley we must see him whole and see him plain."⁴ We have to bear in mind that Shelley was something more than 'a perfect singing god.'

Probably the most significant aspect of Shelley's poetry is its intellectual undercurrent. Sir Maurice Bowra remarks:

Among the Romantic poets, Shelley is peculiar for the hold which abstract ideas had on him. ...Among the chief springs of his creative activity were ideas which most men would find remote and impersonal, but which had for him a peculiarly vivid appeal. He was enough of a philosopher not merely to enjoy ideas for their own sake but to make them a starting point for bold speculations in which he found the thrill of a wild adventure.⁵

Shelley was one of the most well-read poets⁶ and had thought about life and its vicissitudes deeply. Significantly enough, his last unfinished poem, *The Triumph of Life*, ends with the perennial question: "Then, what is life?" Elsewhere he says: "Lift not the painted veil which those who live/Call Life." In *Adonais* also the painful question is reiterated: "Whence are we, and why are we? Of what scene / The actors or spectators?" Whether Shelley found satisfactory answers

to such questions or not is a separate issue. But we will ill afford to underplay or neglect the thoughts and ideas expressed in his poetry. It is not for nothing that he tried 'to see the world in a grain of sand.' As Mary Shelley's Note to *Rosalind and Helen* tells us, "Shelley had no care for any of his poems that did not emanate from the depth of his mind, and develop some high or abstruse truth." Even the Beauty that he envisions is the Intellectual Beauty. Stephen Spender is correct when he remarks that "Shelley uses poetry as a medium for expressing his ideas and his personal conflicts more than he exercises it as a craft or plays it as an intellectual game."⁷ It is not surprising therefore that Shelley's poetry is characterised by an ethical undercurrent. To Wordsworth even the meanest flower that blows could give profound thoughts and any aspect of nature could teach him of moral good and evil more easily than all the sages. But Shelley learnt the lessons of moral good and evil the hard way.

Although Shelley cannot be regarded as a blatant propagandist by any stretch of imagination, almost the whole of his work is permeated by what he himself called 'beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.' In the preface to his *Prometheus Unbound* he wrote:

Let this opportunity be conceded to me of acknowledging that I have, what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, 'a passion for reforming the world'. ... But it is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of reform, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life. Didactic poetry is my abhorrence.... My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarise the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence....⁸

Shelley designated the poet 'an unacknowledged legislator of the universe.' As *To a Skylark* puts it, the poet remains "hidden/ In the light of thought,/Singing hymns unbidden/Till the world is wrought/ To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not." As his own poetry shows, for poetic creativity Shelley banks upon imagination, which, according to him, is nothing but the inspired insight into "the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth" and "those forms which are common to universal nature and existence."⁹ In a letter written to Thomas Love Peacock on 24 January 1819 Shelley outlined his concept of poetry most unequivocally:

I consider poetry very subordinate to moral or political science, and if I were well, certainly I should aspire to the latter; for I conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled.¹⁰

This attitude would explain Shelley's life-long obsession with the problem of evil.

The problem of evil is the greatest and oldest of all problems. No deeply thinking mind, says Melville, is always or wholly free from the visitations, in some shape or the other, from the power of blackness. That is why all religions and ethical systems have taken cognizance of it. Of all religions, it is Christianity to which evil poses the gravest challenge. "The enigma of evil," says John Hick, "presents so massive and direct a threat to our [i.e. Christian] faith that we are bound to seek within the resources of Christian thought for ways, if not of resolving it, at least of rendering it bearable by the Christian conscience."¹¹ It is in this light that Shelley's concept and treatment of evil should be evaluated.

Shelley's vision of evil, however, has not been appreciated correctly. Even an astute critic like A. Clutton-Brock opines: "Shelley had no knowledge either of the nature of evil, or of the means by which evil can be abolished; therefore he could not represent either."¹² According to H.N. Brailsford, Shelley thought of evil as "something factitious and unessential."¹³ Such views are far from being tenable, as would be clear from a careful reading of Shelley's poems and letters. Never for a moment has the poet's mind been free from the teasing problem of evil, its sources, manifestations, effects and cures, although, as he himself says, he never cared to conceive and develop his ideas in the form of a system.

II

Although Shelley never believed in the Original Sin, he regarded evil as a global phenomenon with various manifestations and denominations, of all shades and hues. His views on evil, as we will see, kept on developing as he matured as a poet. He began with his discussion of mundane social evils and went on to ponder over universal problems. In giving tangibility to Shelley's views on evil, his own personal experiences might have made a considerable

contribution. In his Dedication "To Mary" he recalls his schooldays when, weeping, he made the vow:

I will be wise
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach and check.

The biographical facts of Shelley's life conclusively show that he had to face parental tyranny, social ostracism and religious persecution. The Brentford School master, the head master of Eton, the Oxford teachers, the Lord Chancellor Eldon—all were tyrants and oppressors in his eyes. In his bitterness he confessed that he could associate himself with any wretch—even with Shakespeare's Caliban;—except his father, Lord Courtney and Bishop Warburton.¹⁴ About his father Shelley wrote on 16 January 1812: "I never loved my father... it was not from hardness of heart...."¹⁵ He added:

The habits of my father and myself never coincided. Passive obedience was inculcated and enforced in my childhood. I was required to love because it was my duty to love. ... my father's notions of family honour are incoincident with my knowledge of public good. ... my father has ever regarded me as a blot, a defilement of his honour.¹⁶

Shelley more than once expresses his unhappiness over his sad life aggravated by these factors. Talking about comforts and conditons of a peaceful, happy life, he says in *Stanzas Written in Dejection*: "Others I see whom these surround,/Smiling they live and call life pleasure:/ To me that cup has been dealt in another measure." In his 'sore need' he requests the West Wind to lift him 'as a wave, a leaf, a cloud' because he has fallen 'upon the thorns of life' and is bleeding. Shelley is undoubtedly given to self-pity and at times behaves recklessly as a hypersensitive person, 'tameless, and swift, and proud.' But there is a significant quantum of truth when he raises a cry of protest against tyranny and high-handedness—that 'A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed' him. It is not for nothing that he refers to himself in *Adonais* as 'one frail Form,' 'A phantom among men; companionless,' 'A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—/ A Love in desolation masked; — a Power/ Girt round with weakness,' and 'a dying lamp, a falling shower,/ A breaking billow.' In his efforts to come face to face with the 'naked

loveliness' of human life along with its problems and challenges, he was persecuted:

Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray,
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

It is Shelley's personal experiences that made him revolt against and expose evil mercilessly.

The very first poem by Shelley, "Verses on a Cat," talks of 'the various evils, which like so many devils' attend the poor souls right from their birth. Evil leads on to decay and death, and another early poem called "The Death" (1810) bewails "That everything, but Love, destroyed/Must perish with its kindred clay." "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" (1816) also voices the poet's concern with "doubt, chance and mutability" which reduce the world to "This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate."

Queen Mab (1813) is the first unmistakeable expression of Shelley's early political and social ideas. He told Elizabeth Hitchner that it was intended "to be by anticipation a picture of the manners, simplicity and delights of a perfect state of society, the still earthly."¹⁷ Though an immature work and often described as 'Godwin versified,' it contains nevertheless the poet's earliest ideas on social evils inflicted on common people by the conspiracy of kings and priests:

Whence, thinkest thou, kings and parasites arose?...
... who keep
Toil and unvanquishable penuary •
On those who build their palaces, and bring
Their daily bread—from vice, black, loathsome vice;
... From all that genders misery, and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness; from lust,
Revenge and murder.

By this time Shelley had become conscious of the harm that the social, political and religious institutions could do to the ignorant masses. His poetry of this period contains a vehement denunciation of evils for which these institutions are directly responsible. In *Queen Mab* the poet assumes that reason must triumph and that it will bring wealth and liberty, abolish hunger and poverty, make the earth supply all human needs, and assuage the sting of suffering.

The Revolt of Islam (1817), another significant attempt to understand the origin of evil, also discusses manifestations of evil and suggests suitable remedial measures. In the Preface to this longest of his poems, Shelley regards it as his "experiment on the temper of the public mind, as to how far a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society survives among the enlightened and refined, the tempests which have shaken the age in which we live." The poem reaffirms the value of liberty and justice and illustrates "the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence and devoted to the love of mankind." The poet seems to believe that ignorance is a prime evil and the root cause of many minor evils. The poem also gives an idea about the poet's views on the exploitation of women, which he regards as yet another shocking social evil. The poet holds the firm conviction that man cannot be free "if woman be a slave;" nor can he defeat the oppressor if she is "condemned to bear scorn." *The Revolt of Islam* unfolds a universal phenomenon of conflict between the good and the bad. This shows a marked development in Shelley's understanding of evil. The symbolic fight between the serpent, which stands for the good, and the eagle 'with overshadowing wings of evil' is a significant pointer to his later works. At the time of the composition of the *Revolt of Islam* Shelley was under the influence of Zoroaster, but his treatment of evil even at this stage was not without characteristic touches.

III

Shelley's mature views on evil are to be found in *The Cenci*, *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas*. Although Shelley told Thomas Love Peacock that he wrote *The Cenci* (1819) "without any of the peculiar feelings and opinions which characterise my other compositions,"¹⁸ it does contain his views on parental tyranny, incestuous passion, religious hypocrisy, and the evils of power. *The Cenci* also emphasises the intermingling of good and evil. Apparently, "Cenci is all evil, and Beatrice and Lucretia represent the good."¹⁹ But even the Count has some good qualities in him, although his 'desperate and remorseless method' and 'dishonoured age/Charged

with a thousand unrepented crimes' and utter disregard for the law and weakness for 'lust, pleasure' lead him on to his 'dark and bloody' designs. Beatrice's plight is the plight of all innocent people:

I have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or men,
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.

Prometheus Unbound (1819) represents "the culmination of his [Shelley's] moral and political ideas."²⁰ The poet's treatment of evil here is far more comprehensive than in his earlier works. The play deals with metaphysical as well as political and social levels of evil. *Prometheus* highlights "the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends."²¹ Jupiter is the incarnation of all that Shelley regards as evil, of those destructive forces which take many forms but arise from the denial of good. Prometheus may be taken to represent the mind of man enchained by the evils of his own creation. Under the patronage of Jupiter, the agents of monarchy and religion begin to

Track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,
When the great King betrays them to our will.

For Shelley, the prerequisite of a new social order is that monarchy must be done away with. With monarchy all other evils like hate, disdain, self-love and self-centredness will disappear from the scene:

Thrones, altars, judgement-seats, and prisons; wherein,
And beside which, by wretched men were born
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tombs
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,
Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,
The ghosts of a no-more-remembered fame,
Which, from their unworn obelisks, look forth
Of those who were their conquerors.

The evil of monarchy having gone, people will become "Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,/Exempt from awe, worship, degree/ ...just, gentle, [and] wise."

Shelley's treatment of evil in *Prometheus Unbound* is characterised by significant departures in quite a few respects. Prometheus has suffered for 'three thousand years of

sleep—unsheltered hours.' But he intends to answer evil with good, because, he feels, kindness is 'keen reproach' to such as Jupiter. He wants to withdraw his curses,

... for I hate no more,
And then ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall.

Regretting that he was once so vindictive, now he wishes "no living thing to suffer pain." This is a remarkable development in one's character, but it cannot be achieved overnight: one has to face prolonged sufferings, temptations and trials and tribulations to attain this state.

Shelley distinguishes in *Prometheus Unbound* two types of evils: one, objective and ineradicable; and another, subjective and profound—the one which befalls us, and the other which emanates from us. "Evil minds," says he, "Change good to their own nature." Evil has a contagious effect, but once the root cause of evil is eliminated, all things 'put their evil nature off.' The subjective evil, Shelley thinks, can be escaped in a large measure by minds free from hatred and superstition, but it requires a profound transformation in man's nature. Shelley maintains in *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills* that "Men must reap the things they sow." He further declares in *Julian and Maddalo*: "... it is our will/ That thus enchains us to permitted ill—/We might be otherwise— we might be all/ We dream of happy, high, majestic." Significantly, Shelley quotes Shakespeare in this work approvingly: "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,/Would men observingly distil it out." Julian, much like Shelley, is said to be "for ever speculating how good may be made superior without forgetting the evil in the world."²² *Prometheus Unbound* goes far beyond the environmental theory of the origin of evil as put forward by Godwin, to which Shelley subscribed while he composed *Queen Mab* and the *Revolt of Islam*. Shelley clearly maintains in *Prometheus* that evil is the creation of man's own mind, and that to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, man must transform himself.

Prometheus is representative of the 'one warring with the Evil Principle.' He stands for human reason which puts itself in all progress in science, art and thought. He has been presented as

the promise of immortality and 'the saviour and the strength of suffering man.' But he 'gives... all he has' to Jupiter and 'clothes him with the dominion of wide heaven' and is subsequently oppressed by his own creation. Thus man beats out his own calamities in the 'smithy of his soul,' investing the enslaver with unprecedented power:

Then Prometheus

Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter,
And with this law alone, "Let man be free,"
Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.
To know nor faith, for love, nor law: to be
Omnipotent but friendless is to reign;
And Jove now reigned.

The mind-created evil is so radical that even the consciousness of time is fundamentally altered. The order of Time, of Evil mixed with Good, had begun with Saturn. But it was during the tyranny of Jupiter that Evil put forth all its sting. The "Sceptred curse," as Earth bewails,

Who all our green and azure universe
Threatenedst to muffle round with black destruction, sending
A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-stones,
And splinter and knead down my children's bones

Even Nature will have to bear the onslaught of evil, and then, as Shelley puts in the *Ode to the West Wind*, "Black rain and fire and hail will burst."

Shelley has given interesting suggestions regarding the origin of evil. In a letter to Mary, written on 16 August 1821, he wrote: "Good, far more than evil impulses, love, far more than hatred, has been to me, except as you have been its object, the source of all sorts of mischief."²³ He points out in his *Defence to Poetry* that it is corruption which makes the "triumph of evil." According to him, the 'maker' of evil is a usurper. The Almighty God did not make Evil, but he 'made' the 'evil things' which the malignancy of Jupiter converted into evil. There is, as Asia in *Prometheus* feels, an Evil more radical than Jupiter, who is only a front man. Since he took over a created universe, he cannot be regarded as the originator of evil. Evil entered the world in the reign of Saturn, when Time first appeared. But Evil under Saturn was negative or privative.

'Positive' evil—famine, heat, cold, disease, war, violent death, and so on—arrived with Jupiter. Jupiter nevertheless does not act like the creator of evil—he is obviously afraid of Prometheus, and acts like one taking orders from some one else. The following lines clearly reveal this fact:

Asia. Who is his [Jupiter's] master? Is he too a slave?

Demogorgon. All spirits who serve evil things are enslaved.

You are right in thinking Jupiter enslaved. ...

Asia. ... If he is a slave, who is his master?

Demogorgon. I said that spirits who serve evil things are enslaved; I did not say that Jupiter serves the Evil One. ... Would it be at all helpful if I told you that the evil Jupiter serves is not personal...? Time, relative to man, is evil, and Time is a mystery. Everything on earth is subject to Time, but not because of malignancy in the will of some Power superior to Jupiter. The Ultimate Power wishes man well and can and does get through to him. Love is not subject to Time.

The two important aspects of Shelley's concept of evil are his faith in the role played by circumstances in one's life and his doctrine of Necessity. He wrote in his Preface to *Hellas*: "Circumstances make men what they are, and ... we all contain the germ of a degree of degeneration or of greatness whose connection with our character is determined by events." This would prove Shelley's affiliations with the environmental theory of evil popularised by Godwin. Referring to Shelley's belief in Necessity (or Destiny), Mary Shelley maintained in her Note to *Prometheus Unbound*:

The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of destiny of the human species was that evil is not inherent in the system of creation, but an accident that might be expelled. ... Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there would be no evil, and there would be none. ... That man could be so perfectionized as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system.

Mary Shelley's explication of Shelley's concept of evil seems to be an overstatement and needs to be modified significantly. She leaves the most important question unanswered. Of course Shelley thought that mankind had only to will that "there should be no evil," but did he think this at all likely? In other words, is *Prometheus Unbound* a prophecy of something which is likely to happen, or is it a summons to men to destroy evil by exerting reason and love?

Shelley would be loath to 'drain the dregs of bitter prophecy,' but he admits that evil will not be—cannot be—utterly cast out while

Time and Nature exist. Even when Prometheus and Asia will be united—when reason and love will commingle:

Where we will sit and talk of time and change
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.
What can hide man from mutability?

The poet says that man will still be subject "to chance, death and mutability." Evil will be chained and bound but it will still affect men in some degree, and may, now and then, reassert itself:

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains...
...the king/ Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
Passionless ?— no, yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffered them,
Nor yet exempt, thought ruling them like slaves,
From chance, death, and mutability....

About the origin of this kind of evil the poet is silent. This kind of evil cannot be obliterated, though it can be tamed—at least temporarily.

Shelley's concept of evil heavily banks upon that of Spinoza, whom he had assiduously studied and whose *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* he had translated. Some idea about Shelley's concept of evil as a deep, pervasive and endogenous phenomenon can be formed from a study of his *Speculations on Morals* (?1815), in which he clearly maintains that there is a class of actions which

...flow from a profounder source than the series of our habitual conduct, which
...derives from without. There are the actions, and such as these, which make
human life what it is, and the fountains of all the good and evil with which
its entire surface is so widely and impartially spread.

Shelley's later writings clearly indicate that he came to believe in due course that much evil has a profound inward source which is deeper than the villainy originating from the stew-pots of church and state.

Evil, Shelley thought, is a universal phenomenon. There goes on a constant conflict between good and evil. Evil, he believed, must be defeated by itself, and this happens when Jupiter is overthrown by his own offspring. Evil cannot be eliminated altogether but it can be diminished. Shelley did not claim to have found any foolproof solution to the origin of evil, and in a Note to *Hellas* he remarked:

Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject, concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertion.... That

there is a solution true of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain....

He is prepared to accept any workable hypothesis about the source and nature of evil. "I am one of those," he wrote to Leigh Hunt in 1819, "whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who am ready to be partially satisfied by all that is practicable." Shelley did believe that human nature can be made perfect by taking recourse to love and understanding. In his Preface to *Prometheus Unbound* he forcefully maintained:

...until the mind can love, and admire, and trust, and hope, and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highway of life, which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust....

But he was fully aware of the insuperable practical problems:

The good want power, but to weep barren tears.
The powerful goodness want: worse need for them.
The wise want love; and those who love want wisdom;
And all best things are thus confused to ill.

IV

Shelley had a 'passion for reforming the world.' In his youth he believed in the automatic amelioration of human life. But, finally, it is love, and not Godwinian reason, which seems to have provided Shelley with much-needed solution to the teasing enigma of evil. In his works Shelley waxes eloquent in praise of love. *Prometheus Unbound* can be regarded as a vindication of the power of love. In *Adonais* he visualizes the (Supreme) Power wielding "the world with never wearied love,/Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above." Bereft of love, one would become 'neglected and apart' like 'A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.' *The Sensitive Plant* is equally persistent in emphasising the significance of love in human life:

For Love, and beauty and delight,
There is no dearth nor change: their might
Excels our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

Shelley, guided by his partiality for Plato and his ideas, had a very high ideal of love. He would not think of giving (and receiving) 'what men call love.' In its intensity, it is nothing less than "The desire of the moth for the star/And of the night for the morrow." Explaining

Shelley's position in this regard, Mary Shelley wrote in her Note on *Rosalind and Helen* that love to him was "the essence of our being, and all woe and pain arose from the war against it by selfishness, or insensibility, or mistake." Shelley's scheme of things has no place for revenge and vindictiveness. As he puts it in the Preface to *The Cenci*, "The fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance; and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love." Beatrice meets with her tragic end not because she has any dearth of good qualities but precisely because, unlike Prometheus, her evil within is not conquered by good—her revenge is not subdued by love. One must sincerely forgive, Shelley firmly believed, and must willingly eschew all hatred in order to overthrow man-made evil. "Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious *mistakes*," he writes in the Preface to *The Cenci*, and therefore one must "discover the *wisdom* of universal love." Shelley has also emphasised the significance of self-discipline. In a sonnet on Political Greatness, for example, he refers to 'herds whom tyranny makes tame' and says:

Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

Endurance of the right kind will help one overcome evil. In his *Mask of Anarchy*, which is one of the great revolutionary songs and which was written on receiving the sad news of the 'massacre of Peterloo,' Shelley calls the workers to

Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number;
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
You are many—they are few.

And although he calls for rebellion, he does not call for blood:

With folded arms and study eyes
And little fear, and less surprise,
Look upon them as they slay
Till their *rage* has died away.

The solution to evil presented by Shelley is not easy to put to practice, but it is not without relevance in the modern tension-lacerated world. The following speech of Demogorgon's gives the

answer to Shelley's question about life, cited in the beginning of this paper:

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This is thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

REFERENCES

- ¹*Revaluation*, London: Chatto & Windus, 1949, p. 231.
- ²*Six Great Poets*, London: Hamish Hamilton, 1956, p. 127.
- ³*The Magic Plant: The Growth of Shelley's Thought*, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1966, p. v.
- ⁴"The Poet of Adolescence," in George M. Ridenour (ed.), *Shelley: A Collection of Critical Essays*, Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1965, p. 48.
- ⁵C.M. Bowra, *The Romantic Imagination*, London: OUP (Paperback), 1961, p. 103.
- ⁶Thomas Jefferson Hogg, *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1933, pp. 85-85; Gerald McNiece, *Shelley and the Revolutionary Idea*, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1969, p. 42.
- ⁷*Shelley*, London: Longman, 1964 (Writers and their Works), p. 45.
- ⁸P.B. Shelley, *Poems Published in 1820*, ed. A.M.D. Hughes, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1910, p. 9.
- ⁹*Defence of Poetry*, in *Poetical Works of P.B. Shelley*, III, pp. 108, 100.
- ¹⁰*The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Frederick L. Jones, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964, II, p. 71.
- ¹¹*Evil and the God of Love*, London: Macmillan, 1966; Preface.
- ¹²*Shelley, the Man and the Poet*, London: Methuen, 1909, p. 183.
- ¹³*Shelley, Godwin and their Circle*, London: OUP, 1913, p. 240.
- ¹⁴Hogg, *op. cit.*, p. 217.
- ¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 308.
- ¹⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 305-6.
- ¹⁷*Letters*, I, p. 324.
- ¹⁸*Ibid.*, II, p. 102.
- ¹⁹M.T. Solve, *Shelley: His Theory of Poetry*, New York, 1927, p. 30.
- ²⁰Patricia Hodgart, *A Preface to Shelley*, London/New York: Longman, 1985, p. 92.
- ²¹Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, in Hughes (ed.), *op. cit.*, p. 6.
- ²²*Shelley: Poetical Works*, ed. Thomas Hutchinson, OUP, 1967.
- ²³*Letters*, II, p. 106.

NEW IMAGES OF BLACK MANHOOD: A STUDY OF THE NOVELS OF ERNEST J. GAINES

Asha Visswas

Carolyn F. Gerald in her article "The Black Writer and his Role" writes:

I can hold a rose before you: The image of that rose is mirrored in your eyes. It is a real image. Or I can describe a rose for you, and my words will create an image which you can visualize mentally. Perhaps you will even imagine the smell and the feel; the words I choose and the way I build them into the image are evoked, until well defined patterns of associations based upon sensory perceptions pervade... the whole of a man's experience.¹

Black fiction is a chronicle of cruelty of one race over the other for just the colour of their skin. The blacks were stripped of their cultural identity and then grotesquely caricatured in the imagination of their white oppressors. Some of the early twentieth century black writers, encouraged and financed by their white patrons, also helped in promoting such damaging images. The stories of Joel Chandler Harris presented the comic Negro unable to speak properly, the exotic primitive and the contented slave. Joseph Gobineau presented to the white man's satisfaction a Negro beast full of fierce carnal desires. Even the Harlem Renaissance failed to control such image-making. Leaders of "Back to Africa" movement believed that blacks were most genuine only when they were most unlike whitemen. This is one of the reasons of the failure of Harlem Renaissance.

The major writers of the 1940s and 1950s were influenced by the Communist promise of racial equality. Richard Wright's *Native Son*, for the first time, presented the inner world of the blackman, his pavlovian reactions in a powerless, helpless position. It presented the black consciousness reduced to a state of thinghood in a racial universe of south Chicago. The novel gave a new direction to Black fiction. Ellison's *Invisible Man* moved in this very direction.

1970s provided an artistic direction for black writing. It is known as cultural nationalism. The blacks, surrounded by a zero image created by the racial other, set before themselves a programme for cultural reconstruction which required to create positive models, positive images. The artist was to be the creator, the guardian of

such positive images. Ernest J. Gaines follows this direction given by the Black Arts Movement.

Gaines is aware of the oppressive system and its causes which lie in history. But he is also aware of the less than ideal response of the blacks themselves to their environment. He is not so much concerned with presenting the racial other, as with how his own people should react to the social set-up which leaves no chance to them to act. Although Gaines does not very clearly express this objective, yet his writings uplift the hearts of the oppressed blacks and give them strength to live their lives courageously. He does not show the glimpses of a Utopia, nor does he satirize the social system. His novels are his responses to the problems of the present.

Gaines is not concerned with merely recording the "black" experience in a perpetually hostile white structure but with liberating the calcification of their perception of themselves. The problem which he presents in a number of his novels is the problem of the paralysed will of the blackman. Such weak willpower is the result of the American social structure which reduces the Negro to the role of a victim, a slave without identity, incapable of taking decisions or experiencing active freedom. The Rev. Phillip Martin, the protagonist of *In My Father's House* (1978), confesses candidly:

I was telling my boy today what keep us apart is a paralysis we inherited from slavery. Paralysis kept me on that bed that day he knocked on that door. Paralysis kept me on that floor Saturday when I shoulda got up and told the people who he was. I thought fifteen years ago when I found religion I had overthrown my paralysis. But its still there, chippo. How do you get rid of it ? How do you shake it off ?²

Martin is a highly respected civil rights leader too. While he is planning for a demonstration against a white man who does not give equal money to his black workers, suddenly he recognizes his son, whose mother he had deserted long back, standing and watching him in the crowd. This sudden recognition makes him collapse which once again is an apt metaphor both for the ailment of the black psyche and its remedy. The fall symbolizes the incapacity of the blackman to stand firmly and the need to be firm under pressures. When the son is imprisoned, the local Sheriff agrees to release him on the condition that the Rev. Martin call

off the demonstration. The protagonist is faced with a choice, a not so easy decision to choose between his son whom he had not seen for such a long time that he cannot even remember his name, and his present work of fighting against injustice in society. The choice is hard, but he chooses his son which affirms the Negro's stress on the family, on the group. The blackman does not exist in his own right as an individual.

Yet in another novel, *Of Love and Dust* (1967), the narrator Jim Kelley too talks of this paralysed will:

I keep telling myself, one of these days I'm going to stop this, I'm going to stop this; I'm a man like any other man and one of these days I'm going to stop this. But I never did. Either I was too thirsty to do it, or after I had been working in the field all day I was just too tired and just didn't care.³

In an interview Gaines told John O' Brian that the cause of this weak will of the blackman was the south American set-up where even after the abolition of slavery a blackman was supposed to "keep his place", strength and resolute will were not expected from him. He was not expected to show his equality or superiority to a white man. It was dangerous to attempt to be a man.⁴ In one of his stories, "Three Men," Munford expresses this frustration of the blackman whose manhood is sucked by the whiteman:

They draw out of you or they make you a beast-make you use it in a brutish way. You use it on a woman without caring for her, you use it on children, you use it on other men, you use it on yourself. Then when you get so disgusted with everything round you, you kill. And if your back is strong... they get you out so you can kill again.⁵

In novel after novel Gaines puts his characters in situations where decision-taking is a must. The rightness or wrongness of the decision is immaterial. What is important is taking a decision which can be taken only with a resolute heart. This would awaken their manhood lying dormant till now, will give them back their lost identity.

Yet another situation where a blackman has to take a decision is presented in *Of Love and Dust* where Marcus Payne on being released from jail is serving as a menial plantation worker. The situation presented in this novel was a common practice in the southern state of Louisiana and Gaines as an insider (born on a plantation in Louisiana) knew the situation well to write authentically.

about it. A blackman killing another blackman could be released if he agreed to serve his term of imprisonment as a worker in the service of a white plantation owner.

Coming back to *Of Love and Dust*, Gaines does not portray the character of Marcus as a man without any blemishes. In fact, there is not much to admire in him. A perfumed, gaudy dresser, quick to fight ladies' man who lives only to please himself. Yet the reader, coming to the point of his decision to escape, almost prays for his success in the attempt. Perhaps people like him have the courage to challenge an oppressive system. He is bold enough to attempt not only his own escape but to escape with a white woman, the neglected wife of the white plantation overseer. The attempt, though an utter failure which results in his death, is spectacular. All the black plantation workers are terrified by his boldness and quietly watch in the silence of night. It is his last moments that show the nobility of his soul. The overseer gives him a chance to escape leaving the white woman behind, yet he chooses to stand and fight not only for himself, but for the white woman whom he loves, and her daughter. The attempt itself, though it is a failure, comes as a relief from the shirking and cowering spirits of the other black workers. It also exposes the hypocrisy of the white plantation people. The white overseer does keep a black mistress and there are mulattoes believed to be born without a father from a cabbage patch. The character of Marcus is convincing and the setting is balanced and realistic. The message to the blacks is clear. Gaines says:

Whenever my men decide that they will be men regardless of how anyone else feels, they know that they will eventually die. But it is impossible for them to turn around.⁶

A similar situation is used in the short story "Three Men". Proctor Lewis has to make the choice to remain in jail or to serve as a plantation worker. He is advised by his old cell-mate not to go out of jail because going out would mean loss of manhood. The old man himself had experienced such a situation as a boy. Proctor feels claustrophobic in jail and is afraid that he might soon die if he is shut up like an animal in this cage and although the end of the story does not tell us which way he will decide, yet his words

to another young cell-mate give us an indication of his final choice:

I'm not going... they go'n beat me because they think I'm a smart aleck trying to show them up. Now you listen to me, and listen good. Every time they come for me I want you to start praying. I want you to pray till they bring me back in this cell.⁷

In fact, Marcus Payne in *Of Love and Dust* is the developed version of Proctor Lewis faced with a situation of resolution.

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman (1971) is basically the life story of an extraordinary black woman born into slavery, yet even at the ripe old age of one hundred and nine years takes part in a civil rights demonstration. The novel also shows the glimpses of courage of her husband Joe Pittman who died breaking horses. He tells Jane:

The best thing I can do in this world is ride horses. May be I can be a better farmer, but the way thing is, a colored man just can't get out there and start farming any time he want. He's go'n have to take orders from some white man. Breaking horses, I don't take orders from a soul on earth... May be one day one of them'll come along and get me... But till that day... I got to keep going. That's what life's about, doing it as good as you can. When the time come for them to lay you down in that long black hole, they can say one thing: "He did it as good as he could." That's the best thing you can say for a man.⁸

The blackman in his oppressive ambience does not have much of a chance to act, and act freely. Raising one's voice against the establishment is a threat to the white man and the black American is aware of the consequences. Yet he must prove his manhood so that he is not accused, after his death, or even while alive, by his own progeny, of being a coward.

This theme of choice-making occurs in another short story, "A Long Day in November." This story presents one of the weakest and most pathetic characters of Gaines who when rejected by his wife cries like a woman and implores his son to love him. He is told by an old diviner to burn his car which he loves so much if he wants his wife to come back to him. Nothing but the burning of each part of the car is required. When the car burns, his mother-in-law exclaims— "I just do declare... I must be dreaming, He's a man after all."⁹ Even a weak will can be made resolute. There is always a chance for each blackman to prove his manhood. The situation for choice-making need not always be grave and complex.

A humorous, entertaining story like "A Long Day in November" too can give Gaines' message very clearly and effectively.

A Gathering of Old Men (1983) presents a grave situation. A white plantation overseer, Beau Boutan, has been shot dead and his body is lying in the yard of an old blackman, Mathu. A liberal white woman who is a close relation to the plantation owner comes forward and claims to have shot him. Meanwhile, more black people come forward, each claiming to have killed him. Each of them has a choice, either to hide or take the last chance to show their manhood by standing firmly and courageously against social injustice. They decide to prove their manhood and collectively confound the Sheriff who is at a loss to identify the actual murderer. They also wait silently for the relatives of the slain man who will come for revenge.

Thus novel after novel an act of individual courage is presented. It is this courage that the blackman lacks and it is what he has to show to improve his situation. Such individual examples can have a positive effect on black society and they also project a new image of the blackman. In an interview Gaines talks about the importance of such courageous individual acts—"You must stand individually in order to stand with the crowd."¹⁰ A person who attempts to bring the much-needed change in society can inspire another individual in the same direction:

This can lead to someone else picking up where they left off. This is the kind of thing I am doing in all my work. These characters make an attempt towards change, and some other character might continue where they left off. But to break away from the past, from one philosophy to another, is a burden that one person cannot endure alone. Someone else must pick up from there and go on.¹¹

Thus, from his very first novel, *Catherine Carmier* (1964), in which Jackson needs courage to tell his folks in Louisiana that he will not be able to live with them in south, to *A Gathering of Old Men* (1983) Gaines repeats the theme of decision-taking. One blackman after the other makes a different sort of choice and takes a firm stand. The reader, black or brown, male or female, hesitating on the crossroads of life, can be inspired by such examples to stand on the side of human dignity.

In spite of his birth and upbringing on a plantation in the south of the United States, Gaines is not cynical in his attitude. One of his characters Ned in *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* is his mouthpiece when he tells his black people to stand firmly for their rights. But he also tells them that both the blacks and the whites are equally responsible for their present predicament:

You, got some black men that'll tell you the white man is the worst thing on earth. Nothing horrible he wouldn't do. But let me tell you this, if it wasn't for some white men, none of us would be alive here today... I won't blame all white men. I'll blame ignorance.¹²

The hardships of plantation not only break the black workers but also the white masters. Gaines sees the two races as victims of their situations. Frank Laurent, the plantation owner, is portrayed sympathetically by black Felix:

Frank tried to look hard, but he knowed I knowed all that hardness had gone. The plantation had taken all that hardness out of him when the others died and left it there for him to manage. It was too heavy for him. When some things too heavy, it makes most people wild animals or it breaks them. The land had broken Frank. It had aged him too fast. It had given him two heart attacks— and the next one was going to kill him. He knowed I knowed all of this. He knowed I knowed he wasn't hard, he was helpless. But he was still the authority there, and when he spoke I was supposed to move.¹³

In *A Gathering of Old Men*, the white Sheriff Mapes admires the chief black suspect Mathu. Although he has to arrest Mathu yet he knows that the man was not the murderer. He also knows that Mathu had never "backed down" from anybody. Perhaps it was for this courage of Mathu that Mapes liked him. To him he was a real man while "the rest of us wasn't." In *Of Love and Dust* Jim the black narrator is the only person in the world in whom the white overseer can confide. This sort of complexity of the relations between the white and black races comes from their long association with each other. In *My Father's House* the Sheriff had known the Rev. Martin for a long time. They did not love each other but they didn't hate each other. Each knew that he was doing his work in the best possible way. "Both accepted the fact that there would be conflicts between them."¹⁴

The reason for this absence of bitterness or resentment in the fiction of Gaines is probably the affirmative and positive way he

wants to look at the material in his hand. Perhaps his own life in Louisiana provided him with these positive models with which he creates these new images of the black manhood. In the negativity of the social situation, these new images point to a new direction.

REFERENCES

¹Carolyn F. Gerald, "The Black Writer and His Role," *Being & Race: Black Writing Since 1970*, Charles Johnson (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1988), p. 17.

²Ernest J. Gaines, *In My Father's House* (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Co., 1978), p. 202.

³-----, *Of Love and Dust* (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Co., 1978), p. 43.

⁴John O' Brien, *Interviews with Black Writers* (New York: Liversight, 1973), pp. 82-83.

⁵Ernest J. Gaines, *Blood Line* (New York & London: W.W. Norton & Co., 1976), pp. 140-41.

⁶*Interviews With Black Writers*, p. 85.

⁷Ernest J. Gaines, "Three Men," *Blood Line*, p. 153.

⁸-----, *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* (New York & London: Bantam Books, 1971), pp. 89-90.

⁹-----, "A Long Day in November," *Blood Line*, p. 71.

¹⁰Ruth Laney, "A Conversation with Ernest J. Gaines," *The Southern Review*, Jan. 10, 1974, pp. 10-11.

¹¹*Interviews with Black Writers*, p. 84.

¹²*The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, p. 108.

¹³*Blood Line*, p. 165.

¹⁴*In My Father's House*, p. 85.

ELIZABETH JOLLEY'S NOVEL *PALOMINO*: AN AUSTRALIAN POST-COLONIAL NARRATIVE OF LESBIAN ORIENTATION

Subhas Chandra Saha

Australian colonial experience is an experience of the human struggle for survival in an alien land, the experience of the displaced white man relying entirely upon the matrix of courage and conviction originating from the paradigm of masculine mateship and hegemony. However, the colony became the Commonwealth of Australia in 1901 as a political outcome of the unflagging will and efforts of the white people born in Australia. The makers of this history of Australia have been projected to be all men by the historians of Australia. But this spotlight on men has been de-centred by several texts of Australian literature in the second half of the twentieth century. From 1970s onwards, Australia witnesses the emergence and expansion of a feminist movement that brings into the focus of public attention the Australian neglect of the women's role in the history of Australia. During this period, historians and writers rediscovered and re-represented the role of women in Australia's history. Kay Daniels' observation is quite relevant:

The neglect of women by Australian historians prior to 1970 is so striking that for many women the mere act of reading women's history is a radicalizing experience. This provides one kind of tangible proof that women in Australia have been dominated, trivialized, made invisible.¹

A host of women writers in Australia have been re-discovered by the literary critics and historians like Dale Spender, Debra Adelaide, Drusilla Modjeska, Susan Hampton and Kate Llewellyn. The recent re-discovery and reprinting of the neglected women writers of Australia forms a significant aspect of the feminist movement in Australia. A new direction has been provided to the feminist movement in Australia by Elizabeth Jolley (b. 1923). Her first published novel, *Palomino* (1980), had to wait several years before being accepted for publication. In this novel Jolley records her psychological exploration of the relationship of love between two women, one of whom is sixty and the other thirty years old. The phenomenon of a woman gradually being fascinated by another

woman engenders a set of new themes and context in Australian fiction. *Palomino* is a subtly sensitive yet an unflinching portrayal of women's unrelenting resistance against the mythical male dominance in the Australian society. The phallogocentrism in Australian culture is questioned and disparaged through the presentation of a bold and unswerving account of a relational bondage between a thirty-years-old woman Andrea and her mother's friend Laura who is double her age. The following comment by Jolley on her own role as a feminist is definitely ironical and equivocal: "I'm glad if women have their movement, and I'm sorry if I disappoint them by not being a feminist writer."²

In Australian poetry, the emotional bond among women is articulated by Lesbia Harford (1891-1927) when she pronounces her love for a girl:

If I should once kiss her,
I would never rest
Till I had lain hour long
Pillowed on her breast.

Lying so, I'd tell her
Many a secret thing
God has whispered to me
When my soul took wing.

Would that I were Sappho,
Greece my land, not this I
There the noblest women,
When they loved, would kiss.³

(Untitled)

The movement of lesbianism as verbalized in the lines quoted above gained momentum in Australian society during 1970s. Jolley's novel *Palomino* develops a literary text that embodies the lesbian culture of the time. The novel graphically delineates two women's attempt to escape from the rough and boisterous phallogocentric sexism prevalent in Australia over a period of two centuries. Therefore, *Palomino* may be considered an extremely intrepid literary venture, more so as it is the writer's first novel. Nancy Kaesling has concluded that *Palomino* is perhaps one of the most compassionate and exploratory lesbian novels to date in Australia.⁴

Lesbianism of 1970s cannot, of course, be termed entirely as

a cultural and social '-ism' in which Australian women took refuge for 'escaping the well of loneliness,'⁵ as suggested by Liz Ross. Rather what Adrienne Rich, the American feminist writer, remarks about lesbianism is of greater relevance to the Australian lesbianism as portrayed by Jolly in *Palomino*:

I mean the term *lesbian continuum* to include a range—through each woman's life and throughout history—of woman-identified experience; not simply the fact that a woman has had or consciously desired genital sexual experience with another woman.⁶

Jolley's novel *Palomino* is a literary embodiment of her psychological exploration of the woman-identified experiences set out in a poetic narrative, replete with a series of haunting imagery, metaphors and symbols.

The novel opens with 'An Unwritten Letter.' Since it is not written by the one whose thoughts are expressed in it, it is assumed that the author of the novel is transcribing the thoughts of the character. The character's name is not mentioned. It is not mentioned whether a woman or a man is writing the letter. Though the letter is obviously addressed to a loved one, it is not disclosed whether it is a letter of heterosexual or homosexual or lesbian love. The vagueness and ambiguity in this respect may be due to a precaution against any resistance that the phallogocentric society posits to any move towards lesbianism. It may also be a literary device developed by Jolley to sustain the narrative on the borderline between fact and fantasy, as the novel is to portray both the visible and the invisible, thus loading the novel with nuances of the suggestive, and the obliqueness of, poetic art. 'An Unwritten Letter' may be read both as a preface and a postscript: this ambivalence and ambiguity embed a set of paradoxes and ironies in the text, and thus release the text from the limitations of the realistic novel. The opening paragraph is as follows:

Dearest, It's midnight. It's Sunday, another Sunday is just coming. As usual I'm thinking of you. It's quite strange that the simple action of washing and drying your face, remembering it, can take up so many hours of thought. It isn't just the action of wiping the towel over your face, it's the feeling that I allowed myself at that moment.⁷

When taken out of context, the passage may sound stylized, but within the framework of the text, the passage acquires subtle

suggestiveness, and evolves a musical effect in the art of narration. The novel is steeped in allusions to Western music. The character to whom the letter is attributed will turn out, in the next chapter, to be Laura, the sixty-years old woman, who seeks to find in Andrea, the thirty-years old woman, to whom the letter is written, an embodiment of the fulfilment of her quest for a perfect relationship through which she derives complete sensuous, psychological, psychic and aesthetic satisfaction in life.

The attainment of complete fulfilment is articulated through a passage that is poetic in both content and structure:

When you were here whatever I was doing was for you. Everything became part of a tender worship, the noise of the stream in flood rushing between the clay banks, the quiet green paddocks, the blossom and the fruit, all the harvest, when it came, even the constant changing of the season was yours. ... When I examined you how could my hands and fingers avoid caressing you when every time we touched each other, gently and slowly, we always touched each other more. (1)

... It's the time of the year for the cuckoo and the acacias will soon be in flower. Do you remember the fragrance of the acacias on the soft wind just when you came ? Some times I think I hear the noise of an approaching car and I hope it is you coming back. And then I remember what we said and how we meant what we said and I know you will not be coming. (2)

Love in a wide sense is evoked in the lines quoted above. The lines adumbrate that love between a woman and a woman, irrespective of age differences, can be as intimate and as sad as the love between a man and a woman. Jolley exhibits a great sense of delicacy in the presentation of the woman-woman relationship. Her style in this novel is tentative and sensitive; simultaneously it exhibits restraint in order to inform the lesbian relationship with mature dignity. The woman-woman relationship as depicted in the novel is never presented as tawdry and meretricious. Jolley's style sustains an impressive balance between a woman's desire for a woman's love and a woman's restraint in the expression of the same. Jolley's narrative neither degenerates into voyeuristic exposition nor does it betray any repression of spontaneous desires in the lesbian relationship.

In Part 1 entitled 'The Gentle Lark,' Laura narrates her own story. She is returning home in Australia after a sojourn in Britain by a ship. In the ship she meets Andrea. She describes her

responses to Andrea's presence:

Between this person and the person I have become since the very moment of sailing there exists an indescribable delicate possibility of a friendship, something deeper than an ordinary friendship. It needs to be approached cautiously and with a tender gentleness. A clumsy movement on my part would result in the complete loss of what would be the most rewarding experience either of us could ever have. (4-5)

Andrea's appearance reminds Laura of Palomino horses that she has watched from her verandah in the valley which is her home. Thus Andrea is compared to the grace and affection of the golden Palomino: to Laura, Andrea is both a reality and a metaphor as stated in the following lines:

On the far slopes of the valley which is my home there are horses. They are Palomino horses and they are lovely to watch. They do not belong to me but from my verandah I can see them every day as they run together in their neat paddocks. They are the most golden of all creatures; they seem to move together with such grace and affection. It is their colouring, the honeyed colours of their shining coats and the creamy blonde manes and tails. She is the same golden colour as these horses, or would be if she were well. (5-6)

Laura is a doctor who does not practise any more. She is infatuated by Andrea: she turns Andrea into a metaphor, but she is still clinical in her observation. She becomes passionate but still she practises detachment which may be the outcome of both her age and medical background.

Part 1 is Laura's introspective retrospect with snatches of her close watch and mute euphoria over Andrea who betrays a silent interest in Laura from a distance. But the physical distance does not diminish the scope of Laura's imaginative flight. She simultaneously reminisces over her distant home and imagines Andrea to be there beside her:

Somehow the bed high and heaped up with soft white pillows in the seclusion of my house seems the place for me to take my new friend when she becomes my friend at last. That she will be my friend and will come with me to the comfortable bed to be loved tenderly and gratefully is without question. It is only a matter of being careful how I approach her, delicately, with her happiness in view, it is for me to give the invitation to come for I am the elder and so am in the strong position of being the one able to invite. And then after her surprise and happiness there will be mine. (9)

This intermixture of a woman's memory and dream about a woman friend recalls Faderman's remark:

Women who were romantic friends were everything to each other. They lived to be together. They thought of each other constantly. They made each other deliriously happy or horribly miserable They were jealous... They embraced and kissed and walked hand in hand and some even held each other in sleep.⁸

Faderman's observations are particularly relevant to the story of Laura and Andrea as narrated in *Palomino*.

In the narrative Laura bares the thoughts flitting through her mind; she confesses:

All the same I am impatient to be back home and especially if I can take her with me. This is my great wish and I have the idea to invite her and really show her the country, find out what she likes doing, indulge her in every way and deepen the friendship so much that it will not seem out of place to give her a handsome present when the time comes. She will find it impossible to resist anything, she will be so grateful and happy and will want my love; this is what I want. I want to love her and I want her to love me. (14)

Laura's lesbian perceptions and orientations are presented as a part and parcel of her character: it is not an accretion but a spontaneous expression of her personality which engages itself with land, nature, music and women friends. Her examination of her own personality as mediated by her soliloquy-like narration of the events and thoughts that occur to her reveals her sensitive, delicate and poetic persona:

Today I will go back to my land. Today I want to step out, untroubled, into the warmth and to the steady reassuring noise of the cicadas. I want to breathe in the warm fragrance. I have forgotten the fragrance of my land. I want to know it again. (38)

This wish to return to her own land and inhale its warm fragrance is symptomatic of her desire to know the inner core of her persona: while recuperating the past and dwelling on the present of her own life, she re-discovers her love of her maidservant Dora, her school mate Eva, her mentor in gynaecology Dr. Gollanberg, and finally Andrea Jackson, the daughter of her lover Eva. This innate lesbian propensity in the character of Laura, who was once a registered gynaecologist, is presented by Jolley with thorough humane empathy in her startling novel *Palomino* which makes an extraordinary impact on the reader's perception and imagination on account of its rare revelation of the secret but inexorable wishes of a highly cultivated woman.

Part 2 entitled 'Palomino' introduces the reader to the stream of Andrea's inner feelings as reflected in her soliloquy-like self-analysis. Her meeting with Laura on the ship never progressed beyond mute and fleeting exchanges of looks for a few times. In Part 2, when Andrea soliloquizes, we know Andrea and Laura meet again at a dinner party at Laura's former colleague Rodney's house where Laura's brother Christopher with his wife, son and father-in-law are also invited. Against a backdrop of social gossip and merry-making, Andrea and Laura betray a desire to be together away in Laura's quiet farm in the valley. Their attachment towards each other grows quietly but steadily. Andrea confesses her inmost feelings:

All through dinner I am watching Laura. She has a shy graciousness, I suppose people would say she is well bred. I find her beautiful when I see her looking at me which she can't help doing. We are opposite each other at the table. The expression in her eyes is so kind, I never saw eyes with so much tenderness in them. All the time we were on the ship she looked at me like that and I pretended not to see. (55)

Andrea turns rhapsodic with her infatuation for Laura:

I never look into Christopher's eyes, never looked into anyone's eyes until just now I look at Laura. I could look forever into hers. (56)

Just five words and we are looking into each other. It is as if the dinner table does not exist, just the candles and Laura's eyes looking straight into mine. (57)

"I'd like to come," I say to Laura at the quiet table. "Come then," she says just like that, "Come." (60)

Laura is not like these people. She is like herself. I want to know her and I want her to know me. Just for once I want something real. (61)

I am looking at Laura steadily. Her eyes look into mine with a tenderness. I can hardly understand. Well Laura, what's it to be! You didn't speak on the ship. You have spoken now. You have said to me to come and I want to come tonight. (64)

After returning from the journey on the ship, Andrea suffered from a spell of loneliness and helplessness: at that juncture, she yielded to her brother Christopher's sexual advances. She had not spoken with Laura on the ship, and to relieve herself of acute loneliness, she slipped into a sexual intercourse with her married brother. She confesses:

We panted too. Briefly, and shamelessly cried out, calling each other by name in those few moments of passion, frightening in their intensity. We had not even undressed properly and our voices, with our feelings, shocked and

relieved simultaneously. (65)

Perhaps Andrea had no heterosexual experience before, since she had never expressed love for any man. She runs away from her sexual encounter with her brother to an experience of togetherness with her mother's friend Laura. In the novel Jolley sets beside the socially accepted sexual relationships the out-of-the-way relationship between a woman and a woman, focussing upon the satisfaction and poetic delicacy of the woman-woman relationship against the backdrop of a clumsy and unsatisfactory sexual relationship between a brother and a sister. Jolley's treatment of the relationship between Andrea and Laura not only highlights the lesbian relationship but also underscores her understanding of this relationship which was not given any honourable recognition by the patriarchal society of Australia. The novel establishes that there are relationships which originate out of the emotional need of human beings coming in contact with one another, and though they do not follow the heterosexual pattern set by the patriarchal society, they deserve social sanction, and not condemnation. Though the relationship between Andrea and Christopher has not proved to be satisfactory to either of them, the novel implies that it is not abnormal as it has developed out of an emotional need felt by both of them at a certain point of time in their lives. Jolley's empathy with the characters who have not followed the beaten track in their emotional relationships comes to the fore in this novel. And Jolley has developed an art of narration that takes us deep into the psyche of these characters, and grows in us an insight into the private feelings and thoughts of these characters. *Palomino* is definitely one of the most important novels about lesbian relationship in the context of post-colonial Australian fiction.

With Andrea beside her in her own farm, her own 'land' as she calls it, Laura turns ecstatic; the world appears beautiful and sparkling to her. Her eulogy of nature turns out to be an eulogy of her love with Andrea:

Andrea and I are walking gently together in the fragrance after the rain. All round us are the wet leaves and wet green spikes, and glittering dropping rain drops fall in bright showers as we disturb branches when we pass. The valley is quiet and the clear air is filled with the voices of the magpies as

they swoop and fly in the morning sun across the paddocks of my land. The early morning is sparkling. (87)

Her association with Andrea gerferates a keen perception of the harmony of nature. Thus her love for Andrea rouses her dormant poetic instincts.

Jolley keeps the narrative always on the move. The psychic and spiritual bond developing between Andrea and Laura is accompanied by physical intimacy between them which brings them closer to each other, and makes the relationship complex, tense and all the more satisfying and exciting. Laura spent a night with her on the bed, and then in the day, she reflects on it:

Sometimes I am not sure that we really did caress each other so intimately, it is as if she belongs to some secret night in some other place. And yet I have a small proof, on my left breast is a tiny bruise, it might even be a very small bite. (86)

The novel progresses through a series of confessions and counter confessions by Laura and Andrea. The same incidents are often presented from the points of view of both the characters. This narrative technique reinforces the communication of the intimacy between the two lovers. Part 2 ends with Andrea's confession:

Last night we were not disturbed by anyone. "The honeysuckle, the perfume!" Laura said and took me in her strong arms. "I am your victim!" she whispered. "Kiss me," she said. "Because I want to kiss you so much. Tonight I can't wait for your permission!" (129)

At this point in the analysis of the novel, I quote John O'Brien's observation:

Palomino offers lesbian relationship with open physical and emotional expression that, by the end of the novel no longer tolerates the 'imprisoning of passion.'⁹

Laura is the protagonist of the novel. Her secret sense of disgust with man and man's noisy domineering manners as well as her poetic enchanted infatuation with some women is recorded by Jolley with warm appreciation and understanding. Jolley's portrait of Laura as a lesbian personality is profoundly impressive. The novel has depicted in minute vivid details Laura's psychological as well as physical relations with Andrea. Part 3 entitled 'The Cardboard Diary' provides a revealing glimpse into Laura's youthful relations with Andrea's mother Eva that developed about twenty years ago. Laura's diary which is being read by Andrea records:

Tonight I have allowed myself to step into my other world. I wish I knew if Eva will come there with me. I admire her so much. Her hair shines, she is so fair and her skin is smooth and unblemished. She is round and soft and fresh and very dear to me. I want to spend the whole night holding her close in my arms and telling her all the things I feel about her. I want to laugh with her and I want to run into our happiness. (138-139)

No other Australian novel has portrayed such a plethora of details about woman-woman relations, and yet developed the portraits into such fresh, alive and immaculate ones. Jolley exhibits and affirms that through their woman-woman relations, the lesbians attain a lofty sense of emancipation and a lasting realization of a sense of total fulfilment in life. It is appropriate here to quote John O'Brien again:

From the clash and entanglement of cultural codes, stereotypes and subconscious survival tactics, Jolley invents a new context in which it is possible for a cage to be 'reimagined' so that bird/cage metaphors may eventually be outdated and emancipation may finally and completely be achieved.¹⁰

Laura nurses a life-long search for perfection in her relationship with one whom she likes to love. With Dr. Gollanberg, her mentor in obstetrics and gynaecology, she had long correspondences about the psychology and physiology of women; thus to Laura, Gollanberg appeared to be, though physically absent, a perfect woman for loving:

In my love for you I sometimes imagined your sweet loveliness. I wondered what your fragrance would be. I wondered what it would be like to stroke you hair, your shoulders and gently your whole body lovingly, loving you with my hands. Why did I dream like this over you, for you never told me about yourself. I created for myself your perfection. (180)

But when Gollanberg appears with her stout and ugly appearance and her elderly husband, Laura is repulsed, and she administers Gollanberg a deadly injection. While reminiscing over this episode of her life, Laura turns analytical and critical of her approach towards her mentor:

If you were stout and noisy and ugly it is my fault, not yours. It is my way of seeing you which was at fault. That is the fault. (184)

Laura is transferred to prison hospital for several years, and her registration as a professional doctor cancelled. The whole story of her life is written by her in her cardboard diary which she leaves with Andrea for reading while she goes to the town for the day.

When she returns, she discovers Andrea loves her more even after reading the diary. Andrea confesses:

...Reading about you only made me love you more."

Laura wept, I felt her tears and I felt her body tremble. (189)

After the past life of Laura is revealed to Andrea through Laura's diary, Andrea discloses to Laura that she carries the child of her brother Christopher, and she desires an abortion to be performed by Laura. But Laura refuses the abortion. She suggests that the child be allowed to be born, and Laura and Andrea with the child make the house happy and joyful. But Laura's suggestion is not accepted by Andrea, and an estrangement between the two ensues.

However, though they cannot stay together, the experience of their intimate togetherness lingers in their memory. During an assemblage at a party hosted by Laura in her farmhouse, Andrea remembers:

When I see her laughing with her visitors, carrying on polite and amusing conversation, handing them refreshments and being such a gracious and conventional hostess, it is strange, almost impossible to remember that last night I lay naked along her strong naked thigh. The night was so warm we didn't need bed clothes and the steady moonlight stripped the room of reality. We seemed to be only half-sleep all night. Laura stroked the whole length of my back over and over again as I lay there close to her with my face against her soft breast. We hardly spoke but once Laura said, "You are so cool and smooth." (209)

The weather turns hot, the water salty and the earth dry and cracked. Andrea finds the atmosphere unbearable with the advancement of her conception. And she insists on leaving. Laura gradually adjusts herself to the new situation of her loneliness. Andrea goes to Vienna, and works there with Irma and Hilde, two seventy-years-old women whom she met on the ship while sailing from Britain to Australia. In Vienna, she works but recurrently remembers her life with Laura:

This is what it was like to be loved by Laura and to be lying close to her, safe and warm and soft, and to look up and see her eyes half closed watching me, amused, and so very tender. It's when I think of the things we said, the things we talked about and knew together I can't bear not having them any more and the long years of my life seem to stretch ahead, quite empty. (238)

Andrea and Laura stay thousands of miles apart, each one

living her own life, one in Vienna, the other in Australia. Though they have vowed not to write to each other, they ponder over their unwritten letters. The novel concludes with Laura naming the newborn foal Palomino as an emphatic emblem of Andrea.

The structure and style of the novel is redolent of Beethoven's Symphony. The novel haunts the readers both for its theme and style. In *Sydney Morning Herald*, Helen Garner remarks: "Re-reading *Palomino* I take off my hat to Elizabeth Jolley once again."¹¹ Nancy Keesing observes: "*Palomino* establishes Elizabeth Jolley as absolutely one of the best writers of fiction in this country."¹²

By making Laura the obstetrician and gynaecologist the protagonist of her novel, Jolley unveils through poetic images and metaphors the characteristics of lesbian women, as pointed out by Simon de Beauvoir about twenty years ago:

The lesbian, in fact, is distinguished by her refusal of the male and her liking for feminine flesh; but every adolescent female fears penetration and masculine domination, and she feels a certain repulsion for the male body; on the other hand, the female body is for her, as for the male, an object of desire.¹³

Beauvoir also foresaw the emotional impulses of persistent lesbianism in characters like Laura and Andrea as she specifies the ultimate destiny of lesbianism:

Like all human behaviour, homosexuality leads to make-believe, disequilibrium, frustration, lies, or, on the contrary, it becomes the source of rewarding experiences, in accordance with its manner of expression in actual living—whether in bad faith, laziness, and falsity, or in lucidity, generosity, and freedom.¹⁴

The relation between Laura and Andrea, as depicted by Jolley, eventuates in lucidity, generosity and freedom of their inner and outer personae.

Palomino initiates a new mode of fiction writing in post-colonial Australian literature. Jolley deserves a unique recognition for breaking new grounds in post-colonial Australian fiction. As Bronwen Levy points out:

The frequent depiction of lesbians in her several novels makes this the most substantial body of writing on this topic by any one author available at present.¹⁵

Simultaneously we must concede that Jolley heightens the presentation of sexuality to a high level of literary art. In this respect,

Paul Salzman's observation is pertinent:

Jolley's fiction breaks established boundaries in many ways, including the depiction of sexuality.¹⁶

Through *Palomino*, Jolley presents a haunting narrative of lesbian sexuality and lesbian psychic realizations that not only documents one of the feminist movements in Australia during 1970s but also accords it a literary configuration of a rare artistic quality.

REFERENCES

¹Kay Daniels, 'Women's History,' *New History: Studying Australia Today*, ed. G. Osborne and W.F. Mandle (Sydney: George Allen and Unwin, 1982), p. 32.

²Elizabeth Jolley in an interview with Jennifer Ellison, *Eight Voices of the Eighties*, ed. Gillian Whitlock (St. Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1989), p. 341.

³*The Penguin Book of Australian Women Poets*, ed. Susan Hampton and Kate Llewellyn (Ringwood: Penguin Books, 1986), pp. 44-5.

⁴Nancy Keesing, "Female Companions," *Australian Book Review* (March, 1981), pp. 34-5.

⁵Liz Ross, "Escaping the Well of Loneliness," *Staining the Wattle: A People's History of Australia Since 1788*, ed. Verity Burgmann and Jenny Lee (Fitzroy: McPhee Gribble/Penguin Books, 1988), pp. 100-08.

⁶A. Rich, "Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence," *Women, Gender and Scholarship*, ed. E. Abel and E.K. Abel (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 156.

⁷Elizabeth Jolley, *Palomino* (St. Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1984), p. 1. (The page nos. of all subsequent references are incorporated in the body of the article).

⁸Lillian Federman, *Surpassing the Love of Ken: Romantic Friendship and Love between Women from the Renaissance to the Present* (London: Women's Press, 1985), p. 84.

⁹John O'Brien, "Myths of Domesticity in the Novels of Elizabeth Jolley," *Elizabeth Jolley: New Critical Essays*, ed. Delys Bird and Brenda Walker (North Ryde: Angus and Robertson, 1991), p. 141.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 143.

¹¹Back Cover of *Palomino*, ed. quoted above.

¹²N. Keesing, *op. cit.*

¹³Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, tr. H.M. Parsley (London: Landsborough Publications, 1960), p. 130.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 145.

¹⁵Bronwen Levy, "Now What's Erotic? Sexuality, Desire and Australian Women's Writing," *Gender, Politics and Fiction*, ed. Carole Ferrier (St. Lucia: Queensland University Press, 2nd. ed., 1992), pp. 233-34.

¹⁶Paul Salzman, *Helplessly Entangled in Female Arms and Legs, Elizabeth Jolley's Fiction* (St. Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1993), p. 12.

POST-COLONIAL TENSIONS IN CANADIAN & INDIAN WRITING: POETRY OF DENNIS LEE AND R. PARTHASARTHY

Anirudh P. Trivedi

Colonialism, a historical reality in Canada and India, has evoked different literary responses in English Canadian and Indian English writings because of the different social and cultural environments of the two countries. But still, one may find something common in them, specially in terms of the participation of the writers and artists in such responses by mapping out new patterns and perspectives in their works. In fact, this aspect of historical experience has gone deep into the shaping of post-colonial intellectual culture, both in Canada and India, turning it into a mirror of their collective stigma and creative inauthenticity. Both of them have been awkwardly aware of their predicament, and both have struggled against the invasion of mind and thought by the forces from outside, from somewhere beyond their nationality. Both have, therefore, produced a body of literature which is primarily a quest for inner strength and authenticity to discover and define their creative vision and national voice.

For decades, Canadians have puzzled over the enigma of national identity, over their "ambiguous destiny," searching for the characteristics which make them distinctly Canadian, something more than the American and British. This kind of creative anxiety reaches the level of elegiac eloquence in many great Canadian works, such as George Grant's *Lament for a Nation* (1965), A.J.M. Smith's *Masks of Poetry* (1962), Northrop Frye's *The Modern Century* (1967) and other works dealing with environmental criticism. F.P. Grove's article, "In search of Myself" and Douglas LePan's "A Country Without Mythology" echo the same anxiety.

Reflecting on the contemporary Canadian predicament, Dennis Lee, a radical poet, wrote in 1974: "we have replaced our forebears' tentative, dissenting North American space with a whole-hearted and Colonial American space." This has resulted, he says, in an "inward colonization," leading to the loss of language, as colonial

imagination is driven to recreate, again and again, the experience of writing in colonial space. "The words of home," he says, "are silent. Try to speak the words of your home and you will discover—if you are a colonial—that you do not know them."¹ Therefore, to establish a Canadian language, and thus a literature, he felt the need to fall silent for a time, until he could define words purely in terms of Canadian experience.

An Indian writer in English too, because of his colonial past, is heir to two languages and two cultures, if not more. He, like any Canadian writer, suffers from linguistic dualism and the creative anxiety born out of divided allegiance. When used creatively, he writes such poems as are collected in R. Parthasarthy's *Rough Passage*. A stage, however, comes in the life of such a writer when he gets divided in his loyalties to his native Gods and alien Gods, as Parthasarthy calls it. Like Dennis Lee, the Indian writer in English may stop writing for some time till he chooses which Gods to worship: English or Tamil. The words, "My tongue in English Chains, I return, after generation, to you, I am at the end, ("Home-coming"),"² reveal the inner conflict of the poet that arises from his being brought up in two cultures. The division which exists between the "native" and "alien" traditions is a division that exists in the hearts and minds of all such writers.

Here, an attempt has been made to examine the postulate that colonialism, and now internal colonialism in post-colonial societies, creates an "obliterated environment" (Northrop Frye) in a colonial space. Writing in such colonial space mistrusts both the culture and the language, creating a vacuum—a silence, which is fought out by the writer doing violence to language and form. It also shows how colonial experience continuously informs and deforms the native imagination, making it sometimes mute and sometimes articulate.

The above postulate is most suitably applicable to the poetry of Dennis Lee and R. Parthasarthy as both of them suspended creative writing for a few years because of the pressures of internal colonialism. This phase of silence in both the poets coincided with some events in 1960s and 1970s. Though separated in space, language and culture, both of them discern, at their best, the same

fundamental creative anxiety and the same anguish of expression. Both of them, therefore, turned to develop a language of struggle against the dreaded effects of colonial culture and tried to reground it in the life of their people and place. In this sense, all their poetry emerged as creative, redemptive journey towards the drive to freedom and fulfilment.

Language for Lee and Parthasarthy assumes crucial significance in the context of colonial experience, as it has enormous creative power to enhance our awareness of the distinction between authenticity and inauthenticity, between presence and absence, between being and non-being. It is language, as Heidegger thinks, that belongs to "the closest neighbourhood of a man's being."³ Both Lee and Parthasarthy hear the call of the language that speaks of the authentic being, of the complete opening of the human spirit. They use it to bring into play the power of words in recovery and definition of national experience, in recreation of cultural vision and, specially, in articulation of a more profound consciousness of the communion between man and his native space.

It is with this theme that Lee's first work, *Kingdom of Absence* (1967), began to grow—the theme of void and the absence of dwelling in time and space. The title itself suggests the absence of the "Kingdom" or the country. In this book, colonial complexities compel the poet to turn to the inner space for some plausible answers. He questions himself and his country on different aspects of the national character, its conditioning forces, its formative myths, its dreams and its creative capacity for realization of the human goals of freedom and fulfilment.

Kingdom of Absence suggests the pathetic absence of speech and therefore the silence of both the poet and his nation. He seems to be lost between two styles, the one nurtured at home but alienated, and the other imposed by cultural colonialism. The poet's paradoxical response to this situation is expressed in the following lines:

I am the speck on the sheer white tower sheath,
and nothing I have written yet is real, which demonstrate:
at last, I am Canadian,
Hung between styles (KAXXI).⁴

But the search for the real Canadian is incomplete without

a search for authentic words and voice. Where will the real words come from? For this the poet will have to enter the "abyss," the "void" and embrace the silence because only silence is filled with creative possibilities. Words will come out of darkness which is nothing but the absence or meaninglessness of Canadian poetic culture:

I eat the darkness
 hearing the word that rides beneath the silence,
 My ground is your abyss, and then my breathing.
 He can not speak what is, unless his words,
 be uttered by the darkness where it rides,
 Yes, only in this absence
 Only in this poverty
 and can the simple-witted spring,
 achieve right flowers in the fetid concrete (KA XXXIV).

Lee's subject then in *Kingdom of Absence* is "the absence of the real in time... The deprivations of the tongue" (KA XXXIV). In order to reclaim his kingdom, his dwelling, the poet has to destroy his colonial contact; he needs to decolonize his inner space. That signifies the role of the writing and its struggle in filling the void:

Song I thirst for grunts like prose: among the flimsy
 fables of the real I want,
 a factive, brute and palpable abyss,
 and therefore, I demolish what I am
 or long to be, pure dark incarnate outcry,
 and I make my city's mawkish human cries (XA XLIII).

Canada was a "Valid country till we got here," feels the poet, but now it has become the kingdom of "witty desecrations," where gangs of men with "honed and razor minds" started combing the holy mountains, foraging and preparing for "interminable murder of the real" (KAVIII). Therefore, the restless questions of identity and authenticity take the poet deep into the facts of irrelevance surrounding and covering the whole map of the nation. The absence or inauthenticity becomes all pervasive and gets poignantly named and articulated as in the following poem:

Absence, be distilled. I came to know
 and be known, I came to make my resurrection.
 There is no setting forth but for the lone,
 and single goal, the spirit's new foundland.
 Small, riddled upon my floe by light, and scorned
 between two vacancies, unclaimed by sky,

or water, parched and ownerless I lag.

O absence, absence, don me, don my absence. (KA XXVII)

The poet thus discovers in the "blank heartlands of absence" and "deserted reaches of the living void," his "house," his "street" and even his "foolish life" (KA XLI). All these words and images recede in the "wreckage of the mind" and decolonize the void (KA VI). "The measuring mind" of the poet turns to revitalize the "kingdom of absence" through the force of silence and wordless thoughts.

Parthasarthy confronts in his *Rough Passage* (1977) the same questions which dominate Lee's mind in his *Kingdom of Absence*. The Indian poet too, like his Canadian counterpart, has assumed the responsibility to present the soul's search for the lost meaning. Torn between what we are and what we ought to be is the dilemma that forces the poet in *Rough Passage* to express his tongue-tied sense of loss of the conditions of creative mind in the colonial world. Like Lee, he is also lost between the two worlds ("Hung between styles") and struggles to overcome the pain of his personal as well as national inadequacy through the process of recovery and reclaim. Seen in the context of the poet's trials and agonies of "homecoming," *Rough Passage* presents a fine example of indigenous and living poetry, with unspeakable vitality of illumination and passion.

Parthasarthy's days at school and University were an intense infatuation with English Literature and Culture. Like the most colonized Indian intellectuals, he dreamt of England as his future home and the English language as the strongest link of belonging there. But later in life it all turned to be the sheer disenchantment and he began to discover himself and his own voice in *Rough Passage*. His poetry is born out of this encounter with self, with his Tamil past. His quest for the elements of authentically indigenous speech began when he wrote:

My tongue in English Chains:

I return, after generation, to you

I am at the end,

of my dravidic tether

hunger for you unassuaged

I falter, stumble ("Homecoming." *Rough Passage*)

This is an example of poetry in Chains, poetry bornout of the mutilations caused by the language of exploitation and control. In a country where men have forgotten what they are or have identified them-selves with what they are not, the recovery of language is the road to the recovery of self and community. Without our identity we are lost but without our language we are dumb and disgraced. The feelings of self-loathing and self-mockery emanate sneeringly from the poet's aggrieved imagination. His despair and lament are poignantly expressed, with contemplative uneasiness, in the following words:

Eight hundred years of blood-letting,
has made eunuchs of us,
once for all unsettled
our minds ("Delhi," *Rough Passage*).

The imperial language injures imagination and cripples the creative process by depriving the native voice of its natural energy and resonance. Words seem to break under strain, under a deep sense of self-pity. And self-pity inflicts the most damaging spiritual wounds, resulting in an experience of baffled muteness. The Indian poet is painfully conscious of this handicap when he says:

My fingers are stiff,
I can't write even two lines,
Letters come from all sides,
I lay them aside ("Delhi," *Rough Passage*).

"The present is troubled" and deeply hurt with a sense of inferiority because the language of the ruling class, Parthasarthy feels, has wholly destroyed or distorted the elements of national pride. To discover that you are mute in the midst of all the riches of your own language is a weird experience for the poet. The following poem has come out in the form of soul-aching lamentation on the colonization of the creative mind and the whole Indian culture by the imperial language. The images of indignation and humiliation haunt him throughout, filling his mind with the moments of harrowing experiences faced by the whole nation:

the Angrez impudently rub salt,
in our wounds, our pride,
bites the dust,
still pullulate the decrepit ruins,
Now, blood trickles down,
the Jamuna, while the Emperor,

flies indecisive kites ("Delhi," *Rough Passage*)

Here we encounter the images of demolition and denigration and the various forms of deprivation and debasement. To reverse this process, the poet has to go within and seek deeper sources of strength and integration in order to quarrel for what is lost and disfigured. He wants something of his own making, fired by his own imagination, to instill a sense of pride in himself and in his nativity. Therefore, first he has to unlearn the colonial assumptions and remake himself and his environment, for a nation, like a race, cannot live half-free and half slave. By turning away from the moments of defeat and despair, he has to get back to the revitalizing power of "the stilled blood" and thus restore to his words their natural capacity of illumination. It is this sense of martial wrestling with language in Parthasarthy's poetry that gives it special vitality. He yearns for the glow and glory of his own language, Tamil, which is fully alive and fully resilient for authentic expression. It is through this language that he can participate in the process of remembering and recalling the things which belong to his being—the realization of the inevitable dream. The following lines remain truthful and illuminating:

To live in Tamil Nadu is to be conscious
everyday of an importance,
There is the language for instance, ("Homecoming").

The poet is seeking to embody here something permanently precious in poetic imagination—hearing the intimations of nativity. The art should not only be rooted in soil, but in the soul itself. Poetry for Parthasarthy is then an experience of homecoming, an experience of returning to the grounds of being, inner as well as outer. This is the creative concern which is shared by both Parthasarthy and Dennis Lee, and, interestingly, they get united, despite their background difference, in an awareness of aims and efforts as redemptive and recuperative measures.

If poetry opens up for Parthasarthy the possibilities and pleasures of homecoming, it provided for Lee the perspectives of the search for dwelling in his own civic space. The Canadian poet's dream of a "Civic space to live in, by the grace of its own invention" is presented passionately in one of the poems in the "Civil Elegies" sequences in which the earth is mirrored as the centre of dwelling

that is both "strangest" and "nearest," "within" and "without";

Earth, you nearest allow me
 Green of the earth and civil grey,
 within me without me and moment,
 by moment allow me for to
 be here is enough and earth you
 strangest, you nearest, be home. (CE-P-57)⁶

In the "green of the earth and civil grey," the poet discovers the natural and human world which allows an authentic hold on life and full resources of the native speech,. But simultaneously, he is also driven to lament the loss of such feelings because Canadians, after having squandered the length and breadth of their life to "strangers" and "foreigners," have now become helpless to bring back the song of their soul as well as national sanity.⁷ He feels:

Many were born in Canada, and living,
 unlived lives they died,
 of course but died truncated, stunted,
 never at
 home in native space and not yet
 citizens of a human body of kind. And it is Canada
 that specialized in this deprivation (CE-p.33)

The experience in which we can realize our total being is the experience which we possess by being rooted in our own land, for, according to Lee, it is the land that "knows we are here" He observes:

It (Land) antedates us, exerts a claim upon us, and somehow makes us welcome if we know to it, knowing our place... We do not have a history of countless, generations here, in which we have domesticated nature and can feel safe in its interpenetration with our civilization... Ours is a destiny of incomplete or multiple answers, of irony of perpetual lack of full definition.⁸

Lee's quest for "incomplete answers" and "full definition" continues in his *Civil Elegies*. The poems in this sequence mirror with unique eloquence, though painfully, the images of being home and alive. The following lines appear evocative of the mood of the entire generation:

It is a homecoming, as men once knew
 their lives took place in you,
 And we cannot get on, no matter how we
 rearrange our lives and we cannot let go for
 then there is nothing at all.
 Master and Lord, there was a

measure once,
 there was a time when men could say
 my life, my job, my home, (CE p. 39)

Lee's anger of what Canadians have made of life is related, ironically, to his enjoyment of living with his song of return in a poem, "Summer Song," that declares how the beauty of life negates none of its sorrows, and yet there is joy:

Breath and death and pestilence
 were not revoked by that
 Heavy things went on, among
 The calm, magnificent,
 Yet as I sat, my body spoke
 The words of my return
 There is a joy of being, which
 Must be still and learn (CE)

The poet's mind therefore, wanders in the realm of dreams and possibilities to be able to celebrate the presence and joy of being home in "the harried and truncated" Canadian life. His quest in this sense is directed essentially to one of the most enduring and fascinating human relationships—the eternal friendship between man and his land.⁹

For Dennis Lee, both past and present are void, but Parthasarthy is intensely aware of a stimulating and time-honoured cultural heritage. He looks back to the moments of meaningful human existence when Indian life spread the spiritual glow of freedom and creativity all over the world. Then suddenly everything precious got lost. But perhaps the days of darkness are over and he has begun to look forward to a time when Indian poetic mind would again pour out his song into his own words, out of an authentic voice and vision. Going back to Tamil, for Parthasarthy, means learning to articulate the muteness of Indian voice and allow the silent language to surface with new meaning. He asks anxiously about this dream of reclaiming the language:

How long can foreign poets,
 provide this staple of your lines ?

Turn inward, Scrape the bottom of your past ("Home Coming")

Turning back to the past and to his own language is an experience of home coming, an experience of returning to the grounds of Being. By "Scraping the bottom of the past" and turning to the memory of his "Brahmin Childhood" the poet tries "to steer his words to strike

out a line" for himself. He is now ready "to brazen speech" and "knock the metaphor out of it." He can now "try every trick of phrase to cosmetize the blank page" ("Delhi"). That is the experience of living in the language of home. It is also the liberating poetic experience in which he is able to discover and activate the necessary creative vision and balance. That is the way in which the poet sees possibilities to restore the energy of indigenous imagination by raising an echo in the vacuum.

Thus, despite local differences of colonialism in Canada and India, writers in both these countries share a common creative urge, and an anguish born out of the lifeless contortion of national voice. Several hundred years of colonized muteness suddenly erupted into words. And often these words of the breakthrough proved unprecedented. Unprecedented, in fact, these had to be, otherwise they couldn't present the new imaginative reality which they had inhabited. Therefore, both Parthasarthy and Dennis Lee didn't just try to improve upon the existing literary models, but tried to recast the whole sense of what is possible in poetry in the changed environment. They tried to extricate themselves from the crippling and demeaning dominance of the imperial language and turned to imagine their lives in their own words. And it is this that concluded and confirmed their home coming.

NOTES

¹Lee, Dennis 1974 "Cadence, Country, Silence: Writing in Colonial Space." *Boundary 2*, Vol-III, No.1 (Fall) 160-163.

²Parthasarthy, Raja Gopal 1976. *Rough Passage*. Delhi: Oxford University Press.

³Heidegger, Martin 1971. *Poetry, Language, Thought* (Translation and Introduction by Hofstadter). New York: Harper and Row Publishers, XV.

⁴Lee, Dennis 1967. *Kingdom of Absence*. Toronto: House of Anansi.

⁵Parthasarthy, Raja Gopal 1976. "Homecoming," *Rough Passage*.

⁶Lee, Dennis 1972. *Civil Elegies*: Toronto: House of Anansi.

⁷MacDonald, R.D. 1983. "Lee's *Civil Elegies* in Relation to Grant's *Lament for a Nation*." *Canadian Literature* 98 (Autumn) 10.

⁸Lee, Dennis 1986. "Singing in the Dark: Poetry of Al Purdy" *Canadian Forum* V.I.XVI, No 761 (Aug.-Sept.) 18.

⁹Zieroth, Dale 1983. "Reclaiming the Body, Reclaiming the Nation: A Process of Surviving Colonialism in Dennis Lee's *Civil Elegies and Other Poems*" *Canadian Literature* V. 98 (Autumn) 43.

MOTHER-CHILD DYAD IN *MAD SHADOWS*

Usha Pathania

An individual's first entrance into this mortal world is by all odds the most dramatic and the most significant. The newcomer to the human group finds himself an alien in the hands of utter strangers. Physically and mentally he is almost powerless; quite at the mercy of parents and siblings who not only take care of his present needs but also try to determine—in ways both subtle and obvious—his future aspirations and achievements. In this interactional process the self is shaped. Moreover human situation is such that parents give what they have to give: their own limited knowledge, their prejudices and passions. There is no alternative to this giving of themselves nor for the receiver is there any option. Neither can withhold the messages conveyed to the others. Thus during early childhood the personality of the child gets deeply marked by the introjected images provided chiefly by parents and siblings. In this sense we incorporate others—they become quite literally part of us.

Human family is a society in miniature and constitutes the primary socialising agency for the child. The deep and indivisible bonds within the family fold have special significance for the child because it means that willy-nilly the child must incorporate, internalize his parents. Interaction within the family, particularly among the parents and children inducts the child into the secrets of social life. A number of minor miracles occur within the emotional and physical boundaries of the human family. Sheer behaviour is transformed into conduct, the individual as an organic unit becomes a person, self-aware and able to guide his conduct by the increasingly subtle cues that signal other's expectations. "Even when we are quite alone" Darwin observed, "how often do we think with pleasure or pain of what others think of us—of their imagined approbation or disapprobation."¹

Since family is a "social micro system, a unity of interacting personalities,"² the constituent members in different roles contribute towards transforming the raw material of biological man into a person suitable to perform the activities of society. Nevertheless,

the early and elemental aspects of this stupendous task fall primarily within the mother's sphere. Leland H. Stott, a child psychologist, rates the filial relationship very high. He argues: "Psychological research suggests that the prevailing quality of the experience the child has with his parents, particularly the mother during early childhood is of paramount importance."³

These observations serving as the backdrop, an attempt is made here to analyse the complexities of the mother-child bond in Marie-Claire Blais' *Mad Shadows*. Why, at times, the primary and intimate bonds between children and their mother become a noose around their neck? Why does the weired thought that it is dangerous to have a mother surface in the tender psyche of a child? How do the stifling filial bonds impede the development of an integrated wholesome personality and rob one of the capacity to interact warmly at the personal and social levels during later years? This paper is an attempt at understanding these issues with reference to the intricate and intriguing filial ties between Louise and her children Patrice and Isabelle-Marie.

The diseased, infirmity ridden bizarre world of *Mad Shadows* is inhabited by weired personalities for whom life is a stage on which the painted dolls parade decked up in refineries. Louise and Lanz superbly play certain rôles and regard physical attraction as the sole criteria for loving and being loved. In this strange world of distorted values fulfilling and harmonious filial ties are conspicuously absent. Though the entire gamut of kin relationships has been presented in *Mad Shadows*, yet Blais' prime concerns here is to portray some disturbing aspects of the mother-child dyad. The ties between mother and children here are strange and superficial. Selfless love, and genuine concern do not characterise the bond between Louise and her son Patrice, who is her child god. Isabelle, the daughter is a pathetic victim of emotional deprivation and physical exploitation simply for the reason that she never really had the face of a child and is "awkward... in the flesh".

Knowledge of self and of others is the critical outcome of an intricate dialectic between the child and the mother. Through constant exchanges with the mothering person, the infant takes his

first step on the road to selfhood. But Louise's relationship with her son is peculiar. She is the dominating mother whose desire to possess the son denies him the opportunity to grow and develop into an independent personality. She does not encourage him to become even physically independent. At the age of ten he is a grown up child by any cultural standard of the world. But the mother makes him cling to her like a baby. She caresses "the nape of his neck with the palm of her hand. With a gentle sweep of her all too supple wrist she could lower Patrice's head to her bosom and hear his breathing more clearly."⁴ She is happy to keep his attention to herself only. Patrice also is comfortable this way. "He presses even closer to his mother, his large eyes staring at the night" (p.16). He gives the impression of being mentally retarded, unable to understand or remember any thing that happens in his life.

Louise places minimum demands on Patrice to master the world around him and to function independently. That the life of the mind is essentially a life of intercourse is neither understood nor appreciated by Louise. She encourages him neither to play with the children of his own age nor to participate in any other community activities. Her unduly protective attitude is the biggest obstacle in the development of her son as a complete being. It is believed that the mother should provide a facilitating environment for the process of development, without which, "the infant's first experience takes place in a psychosocial void, and his development is likely to be severely disturbed."⁵ No wonder, Patrice turns an autistic child in the true psychological sense. Autistic children find it difficult to maintain self-control and adjust to any change in their environment. They are bizarre and cling to the significant other with more tenacity.⁶ Even though Patrice is termed an "idiot" he knows for sure that he does not want to share his mother with any one. He tells his sister: "I would like to run and run and break glasses and cut myself all over and then Mother would come back from the forest.... She is my mother, only mine" (p.45). His whole world centres around her. He hates his step father, Lanz, because it is he who has taken away his mother, his world from him. He is no longer welcome in her room. His mother's obvious delight in the

company of Lanz makes him unstable and angry to the extent that one day he kills him.

A healthy filial bond provides the children an opportunity to grow mentally and emotionally and prepares them to establish fulfilling interpersonal relationships with others. But in *Mad Shadows* the mother child bond totally incapacitates Patrice.

In spite of the emotional riches that an all powerful and overshadowing mother stores in Patrice's inner world, the same power tends to hinder the growth of the son's autonomy, thereby leaving his psychic structure relatively undifferentiated, the boundaries of self vague, and the inner convictions more or less uncompromised. It can be argued here that Louise's undesirable possessiveness about her son is an offshoot of her unsatisfying relationship with her ex-husband. Both were incompatible personalities and such mothers, observes Samuel Lowy "pour all their emotional interest over their children, and unduly intensify the bonds of natural infantile fixation in them thus obstructing the free path of their children to mental independence and fitness for their later life."⁷ Patrice's predicament is all the more disturbing because of the absence of a father figure in his emotional world. There have been several investigations which reveal that the "father absent child often suffers from intellectual deficits....father absent boys have more difficulty in forming peer relationships than do father present boys."⁸

Such peculiar relationships are further explained by Lindgren when he observes, "Parents have a need to have their children depend on them, and they often prolong and intensify the dependency relationship for this reason. It is hard for them to accept the fact that when children grow up parents are no longer as necessary as they were."⁹ That Louise suffers from this psychic compulsion is clear when she begs Patrice "never to abandon his mother for a girl friend or a wife" (p. 93). She tells her son, "I am your mother, your best friend. I am part of you and you are part of me. Never forget that" (p. 93). It is important for emotionally insecure parents to have some one who needs their attention, love care, protection and support because it gives them the feeling of being powerful

and important. It gives them a kind of status in a world where many forces conspire to make one feel helpless and impotent.

Intelligence is the single discriminant, or dividing line between man and animals. The nurturing of this distinguishing and most valuable human attribute is none of Louise's concerns. She is hardly aware of the below average intellect of her son. Patrice is a body made to house a non-existent mind. She is rather ever eager not only to defend but also to glorify her son, supplying when necessary, "the soul which is lacking." For Louise his stupid silence is indicative of his savouring some secret insight. If he keeps repeating a particular gesture it is because "he is guided by an instinctive sense of his own beauty." A normal mother becomes apprehensive about the silences of a child when the age demands articulation of his needs, and physical alertness combined with curiosity. But for Louise the strange silences and idiotic behaviour of Patrice are the symptoms of some secret insight the child is gifted with and hence she does not question the intellectual calibre of her ten year old Adonis. He speaks very little, but she attributes this speechlessness, "like the silences of gods, to unconcern" (p.16). She treats him like an exceptional being and carefully protects him from any feelings of deficiency and failure. Mothers are no doubt secretive about their children's faults but Louise is more than content to see him surviving at the instinctive level of an animal. He is her child-god and so the "beautiful beast does nothing, it eats, sleeps, smiles and laughs when it sees others laughing." He discovers nothing in life, his mother's love, other's admiration, sister's hatred. "He was destined to know only about his beauty and this he discovered" (p. 18). Full credit goes to his mother, who introduces him to vanity by planting in front of him mirrors to admire himself. Because of vain temperament and epicurean way of life she is ignorant of the needs to refine the higher faculties of the human mind. As a woman of means she can very well afford the best possible institutionalized education for the growth of her children's human attributes. But the need to do so is never felt by her.

Over mothering and pampering is thus, almost always detrimental to the growth of a healthy personality. Its sudden

withdrawal on the other hand invariably leads to severe emotional dislocation. In such an eventuality the entire psycho-social context of the over protected child gets transformed into a big, buzzing booming confusion. Lanz's arrival at Louise's farm is terribly upsetting for Patrice. When she is out with Lanz, back home Patrice is furious, and creates havoc all around. He bleeds profusely but is hardly aware of it. He is unable to understand what he is doing and why. He throws tantrums hoping that his tantrums will force his mother to come back to him. Louise is also torn between two worlds. Since Lanz's arrival she gives less of herself to Patrice than to her husband. Whenever she displays any desire to pay more attention to Patrice, Lanz subverts it with cunning display of false tenderness. Patrice who hates his step-father kills him in a moment of rage. So strong is the infatuation between the mother and son that this dastardly act comes as a relief to Louise as well. She totally ignores the fact that Patrice killed her husband. This bizarre event brings a strange peace to Louise. She says, "Patrice, you are all I have left" (p. 75).

In *Mad Shadows* the mother-daughter bond between Louise and her teenage daughter Isabelle is something unusual and unpalatable. It is characterized by emotional deprivation. When there is mutual understanding between the child and its parents; when channels of communication between them are open and functioning, many of the emotional shocks and disappointments that are inevitable part of growing up can be eased. Most young people have a somewhat better relationship with their parents during this stage of development "but there are number of factors that can create or aggravate tensions. Some people are so sensitive about their inadequacies that they cannot discuss them with anyone. Some parents are so critical that it is difficult for the young people to discuss anything with them."¹⁰ The peculiar relationship between Louise and her daughter Isabelle-Marie can be explained in the light of this observation. Since Isabelle is not blessed with a beautiful face like Patrice's, she is just an object of hatred and criticism for her mother who rates physical beauty above everything else. The daughter, therefore, suffers from a nagging sense of inferiority and

tries to compensate for it by becoming violent, aggressive, and domineering. It is rightly argued that it is "the mother who helps her infant learn to deal with anxiety without feeling devastated, and to temper and manage the inevitable feelings of frustration and anger."¹¹

According to Freud restrictive and repressive human interaction forces the psychic energy to flow out in aggressive and damaging fashion both for the person concerned and for others. In *Mad Shadows* Louise who can overlook any fault in her son is unable to find any appreciable quality of head and heart in her daughter. She is extremely protective about the son but displays hardly any tender feelings for Isabelle. She is doomed to work all the time in their fields, suffer loneliness and neglect. One is not amazed to find how strongly Isabelle hates her mother for this partial and unmotherly conduct. Her mother loves Patrice only because he is beautiful and hates her because her looks do not please her. "She knew that the woman's eyes, indeed her whole being, rested on this solitary and fragile beauty" (p.16). This leads Isabelle to destroy her brother's beauty. She plunges it into boiling water and transforms him from the adored son to the abandoned one. In the end Isabelle fearlessly admits that she is the one who disfigured Patrice and holds discriminatory attitude of the mother responsible for the undeserved suffering of Patrice. Since her childhood she has seen her mother adoring Patrice for his beauty and hating her for being ugly. "Patrice, always Patrice ! You never loved me and you never realized that your son was stupid that he was an idiot...nothing but a beautiful body. Not even a man, or a child, either. Your darling Patrice never had a mind. Did you think I had no feelings just because I was ugly?" (p.104). She also reveals that she hated her mother because the only thing she believed in was her "own damnable beauty." She complains "How could anyone take pity on me when my own mother rejected me?" (p.105). When she is dying Isabelle remarks scornfully, "She is wasting away. I have come just in time to see her struggle for life, she who has never known how to struggle but for herself" (p.120). Her hatred for her mother instigates her to destroy all her farms but the thirst for destruction

is not yet quenched. So she kills herself too.

"As the physician is for the medical student, as the older nun is for the novice so the mother is for the daughter" says Everett K. Wilson.¹² Daughters need mothers to train, protect and guide them. Without her mother's guidance and emotional support Isabelle fails to internalize womanhood and ends up becoming cruel and ruthless towards everybody. She starves her brother, plunges his face into boiling water and feels elated to see her mother suffering and dying. She gets pleasure in setting fire to Louise's farms. In this context Samuel Lowy makes an apt observation when he says, "In the world of its fantasies the hating person is able to multiply his attacks on the hated object and even to destroy it again and again, and from this point of view the satisfaction value of hatred is more extensive than that of a factual single attack."¹³ Louise's stony indifference towards her daughter, drains Isabelle of all tender feelings of love and trust. It instills in her strong feelings of jealousy and hatred and a deep sense of insecurity. A gratifying relationship is possible only through contact and relatedness but this kind of blessed set up is far from the lives of Louise and Isabelle. When she reaches the end of her tether in this loveless world, she throws herself in front of a train leaving her ugly little daughter to survive or perish in a cruel world which treated her inhumanely for not being good looking.

In intimate human interaction, particularly during the formative years there is such an interpenetration of self and the significant other that the other's expectations, prescriptions, behavioural patterns become one's own. It is believed that strong maternal instincts give joy to a woman in bringing up her children but such feelings do not characterize mothers in this novel. To a child the parents are the role models so Isabelle following her mother's practice finds nothing wrong in illtreating her own daughter and ultimately abandoning her for ever. Isabelle is a rebel all through and according to Lindgren, "the rebellious person is also an immature person. He has difficulty in controlling his impulses and lacks a sense of reality and proportion when it comes to real or fancied wrong."¹⁴ Hence it is parent's sacred duty to paint a picture

of this world as full of love, companionship and understanding. The children who witness dissonance, discrimination and despair find it difficult to have a positive emotional interaction at any age. An individual achieves balance, psychically and socially by interacting with those who are temperamentally gifted to provide stable role definitions and models. This being so, it becomes extremely important that the relationship between parent—particularly mother—and child be a supportive one, gentle and affectionate. It should serve as the child's secure anchorage when he or she steps out of the sheltered grove to face independently life's business in the turbulent outer world.

To sum up the discussion it can be safely maintained that for Marie-Claire Blais human beings are not simply born they are made. They are not the product of chance but a work of ultimate artistry. She also seems to believe that there is no natural unfolding of the personality without human intervention. Since the earliest and the most potent agent of this human intervention is the mother, the filial relationship in human society cannot be a mechanical one. The mother wields a powerful influence at once liberating and restrictive. Louise because of her temperamental peculiarities and Isabelle as a consequence of her degenerative upbringing prove to be devastatingly destructive. Louise whose concerns are entirely materialistic has a perverse notion of the tender ties. She treats her children like commodities: Patrice, the beautiful one is like many other jewels she needs to decorate her diseased body. Isabelle, the ugly duckling is like the cancerous sore on her cheek—a source of perpetual shame and embarrassment. Through this disturbing tale of stifling filial ties Blais establishes that pampering and over protection equally impede the normal social development of a child and prevents him/her from becoming a self-reliant spontaneous being. Rejection and criticism from the mothering person is much more dangerously repressive. It results in generating negative feelings of insecurity, inferiority and a low self-esteem. A low self-esteem makes one withdrawn, hostile and aggressive. Both these states are undesirable as they hinder the liberation of one's potential as a human being while restricting it to channels appropriate to a

civilized society and dignified human existence. The umbilical bondage in *Mad Shadows* makes one agree with the observation—Wars are made in men's mind/Men's mind are made on mother's knee.

REFERENCES

- ¹Charles Darwin, *The Descent of Man* (New York: Random House, n.d.), Chap. IV.
- ²Everett K. Wilson, *Sociology, rules, roles and relationships* (The Dorsey Press, Homewood Illinois, 1971), p. 295.
- ³Leland H. Stott, *Child Development* (New York: Rinehart and Winston, 1967), p. 314.
- ⁴Marie-Claire Blais, *Mad Shadows* (Canada: McClelland and Stewart Inc., 1959), pp. 15-16. Further references are from this edition and are incorporated in the text with pagination.
- ⁵William J. Goode, *The Family* (Delhi: Prentice Hall of India, 1983), p. 82.
- ⁶Kannar, L. and Eisenberg, *Psychology of Childhood* (Grune and Stratton, 1955), p. 223.
- ⁷Samuel Lowy, *Man and His Fellowmen* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. Ltd., 1953), p. 30.
- ⁸Henry Clay Lindgren, *Psychology of Personal and Social Adjustment* (New York: American Book Company, 1959), p. 157.
- ⁹*Ibid.*, p. 147.
- ¹⁰Samuel Lowy, p. 11.
- ¹¹Sudhir Kakkar, *The Inner World* (New Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1981), p. 55.
- ¹²Everett K. Wilson P. 175.
- ¹³Samuel Lowy, p. 29.
- ¹⁴Lindgren, p. 189.

THE SILVER TASSIE: A MELANGE OF DRAMATIC TECHNIQUES

Sandhya Misra

Dramatic criticism of any playwright has almost always taken two divergent directions, one considering plays as literature and the other considering them as theatre. It is true of O'Casey's plays also. Critics of the first direction, notable among whom are T.R. Henn, Raymond Williams, Ronald Peacock and Moody Prior, have expressed dissatisfaction with O'Casey's achievement as a playwright because his plays are not good literature. On the other hand, theatre critics like John Gassner, George Jean Nathan, Brooks Atkinson and Maxwell Anderson hold O'Casey in high esteem for his remarkable sense of the theatre. When Yeats criticized *The Silver Tassie*, of course unjustifiably,¹ he was of the party of the first group of critics.

The Yeatsian response to *The Silver Tassie*² has been adopted by a much later critic like John O'Riordan, but for praising *The Silver Tassie*. O'Riordan considers *The Silver Tassie* as treating of the European War as its central theme. But if we consider the play as a whole we will have no difficulty in concluding that the War here, an historical event, has been mythologized as is the case with O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, and acquires a metaphoric status of a menacing factor disrupting human relationships and helping in the portrayal of the ugly crust of selfishness and materialism on human soul. In this regard this play is basically different from Sherif's *The Journey's End* which O'Casey has described as "a piece of false affrontery."³ The acrimonious exchange between Yeats and O'Casey after the play was rejected by the former in May 1928,⁴ is now too well known to require any discussion. We propose to discuss in the present paper the dramatic technique of *The Silver Tassie* as a whole and not concentrate on the second Act of the play only which was done by Yeats.

Almost all the critics have concluded that the play has a neatly divisible structural framework; the first, third, and fourth Acts are realistic and the second Act is expressionistic.⁵ Though O'Casey

has denied any acquaintance with expressionism--"I don't know what expressionism means---,"⁸ We are inclined to accept the line of Joan Templeton who has asserted that "the dream structure" of the second Act is in line with Toller and Kaiser and that it is "a basic departure from realistic theatre." But we are hesitant in agreeing with her that the second Act is the most significant carrier of "the weight of the play's theme."⁷ Our analysis of the play in the following pages will demonstrate that the technique of the whole play is non-realistic and is, in fact, an epitome of all modern techniques--such as naturalism, expressionism, symbolism, Brechtian *Verfremdung* (alienation) music, dance, song, myth and pantomime--all amalgamated by the alchemy of O'Casey's unique imagination.

What Robert Hogan said about four decades ago holds true even today: "The play," he asserted, "is a strange and vivid melange of methods whose potentialities have never been fully plumbed."⁸ The operation of the blended technique is discernible from the beginning until the end of the play. The allegedly realistic scenes show O'Casey's subtle exploitation of non-realistic devices as the 'exclusively' expressionist second Act⁹ has strong realistic elements. The opening sentence of the first stage-direction, for example, on the one hand establishes the naturalistic slum locale of the action and on the other simultaneously focusses on the bizarre and sinister visual image of "the centre mast of a steamer at the top of which gleams a white light,"¹⁰ thus creating dual stage for presenting two situations--quite different in connotation--simultaneously which is analogic to the cinematographic technique. The one situation is the hysterically jubilant march of the hero's procession of victory with all the flavour of vitality, strength, joy and dance. The other hinted-at situation is the waiting steamer which will soon whistle the protagonist away from his exuberant and Dionysiac activity to his journey to the eventual destruction of everything that is going on during and at the end of the procession. This simultaneous duality of the positive and the negative is reinforced by the colour combination of the props on the stage. The colours, purple, red and yellow, co-exist with the black. Besides the dual stage, and the colour schemes,

O'Casey employs symbolism in the midst of the realistic details. Susie Monican, for example, as we look at the stage before the action begins, a staunch believer in self-denial and puritanical practices, is shown as "standing at the table polishing a Lee Enfield rifle." The phallic symbolism of the image to subtly undercut the blind religious belief in self-denial is too vivid to miss. This point is immediately reinforced by what the dramatist says in the following stage direction:

She is a girl of twenty-two, well shaped limbs, challenging breasts, all of which are defiantly hidden by a rather long dark blue skirt and bodice buttoning upto the throat, relieved by a crimson scarf around her neck....¹¹

The schemes of the colours is a pointer to the assertion of the eventual victory of the natural urges over the spirit of self-denial. The implication of vitality and suggested sensuality of the colour red in the company of the dark blue of self-denial is inescapably present here.

As the dramatic action begins with the gossip of the minor characters—Sylvester and Simon—about preparing our response to the hero before he puts in his appearance on the stage, we hear the almost simultaneously going-on chanting of a religious hymn by Susie and the song of joy, freedom and satisfaction by Mrs. Foran at the prospect of her cruel and nagging husband's imminent departure for the trenches. The initial situation, preparatory to the commencement of the main plot and to the appearance of the major characters, amply demonstrates the complexity of O'Casey's dramatic technique—an amalgamation of realism, symbolism, song, chant, painting, farce (e.g. in the deliberately self-conscious and quite often incongruous use of the language in the manner of a Mrs. Malaprop and their alternately tapping and blowing through their pipes). The serious, the comic and the farcical go on simultaneously in the initial situation itself in the conversation among Sylvester, Simon, Mrs. Heegan and Susie. This pattern is discernible in all the allegedly naturalistic situations.

In Act I the main story begins after prolonged comic interruptions which are significantly conducive to the creation of the naturalistic fibre of the play. In fact O'Casey devotes about twentyfive of the thirtyfour pages of Act I to the preparatory part. The pace of the

preparatory dramatic action is rather slow in the naturalistic manner. But once Harry arrives on the stage the pace of the action is as hysterically fast as the excitement of the victory and its brief celebration is intense. The excitement of victory has again been conveyed through a technique, amalgamated of naturalism, symbolism, song and Dionysian intensity of the physical jostling together of the hero and his fans. Ironically enough, the situation of excitement, jubilation and intense expression of exuberance is punctuated repeatedly in the ritualistically intoned anxiety of Mrs. Heegan about the likelihood of her son's missing the steamer which will meet with the punishment of desertion and deprivation of the mother's regular war allowance. There is a subtle mixture of the ecstatic moment of the full play of the life force and the negative force which is propelled by materialism and selfishness. O'Casey deliberately uses religious ritual's distortion to have sinister innuendoes for Harry, who, as it were, meets with nemesis for his blasphemy contained in his using the silver cup with explicit sexual connotations. Here in this situation of Dionysiac excitement O'Casey is using the silver tassie image in a semi-mythicized sense. It acquires a complex symbolic significance relating to the religious connotation of the 'cup of love,' the sexual symbolism and the symbolism of the triumph of the muscle power and youth of man. O'Casey establishes the complexity of the tassie symbolism in the beginning of the play so that its destruction towards the end of the play may produce the desired dramatic experience. The complex dramatic technique of *The Silver Tassie*—epitomizing almost all the modern dramatic devices—reaches its landmark point as the first Act draws to a close. The apparently naturalistic movement of the first Act ends with the highly symbolical and expressionistic mixing-up in the ritualistic chanting of the characters ("you must go back") first individually then collectively. In this intoning of the blind but selfish adoration of war, the characters, who have stayed back home, appear to be dehumanized and reduced to a conceptualized entity. The melange of the dramatic devices is completed when the above intoned hurrying out of the war heroes is punctuated by the soldiers' singing the Scottish ballad, entitled "The Silver Tassie" by Robert Burns. In an ironically significant

manner the Irish ballad being sung while the soldiers are walking to the steamer becomes increasingly inaudible while the chanted hurrying out remains at a louder pitch.

Act II, a professedly expressionistic scene to simultaneously portray the immediate reality and suggest the timelessness of the experience, is in fact dependent upon abundant realistic details, alternating with symbolic features. The locale of the action of the scene is "the war zone." The visually realized realistic details are mentioned in the detailed stage direction. The pictures of "jagged and lacerated ruin of what was once a monastery," "heaps of rubbish mark where houses once stood," "the ground dotted with rayed and shattered shell-holes," "red-cross station," "figure of the virgin," "white-faced wearing a black robe," "a life-size crucifix," whose one arm is "released by shell" and which is "leaning forward the released arm outstretched towards the figure of the Virgin," "a gunwheel to which Barney is tied," "a big howitzer gun with a long sinister barrel," etc., are all concretely realistic with symbolic signification.¹² Later in the scene the appearance of the Visitor, from outside the world of the scene, establishes, sarcastically, the connection between the two worlds--i.e. the world of devastation on account of war and the world of the people who are responsible for it.¹³

The significant expressionistic features in Act II are that the characters lose individuality and are reduced to mathematical anonymity. Besides this, they are all dehumanized as they are huddled into a mass entity. The great athletic hero of the first Act is left unidentified. The totality of the picture of the locale and its present occupants are conceptualized abstraction of the effect of war. Then the place and action of the scene are as isolated and cut off from the human world as the dehumanized individual participants in the drama of the present situation are. Lest this expressionistic abstraction might be too bizarre, the dramatist establishes a link of this isolated territory with the outside world through the soldiers' reminiscing their familial life back at home and their receiving gifts and letters from home.¹⁴ We have the sinister interweaving, throughout the almost static scene, of intoning of biblical passages of destruction and the Mass, and prophesy of the Croucher which contains blasphemous inversion of life-giving

religious faith in the deliberate pursuit of the war.¹⁵ The voice coming from the monastery—"Accendat in nobis Dominus ignem sui amoris, et flamman aeternae caritatis"¹⁶—meaning the fire of divine love and eternal charity, ironically contrasts with the vision of institutionalized hatred. The soldiers' weariness and fatigue is brought out through the visual and linguistic effects contained in the clear inarticulacy of their grumbling.¹⁷ The most dominant expressionistic image in the midst of other images of loneliness, dehumanization, despair and misdirection of faith is the image of the howitzer gun standing sinisterly in the company of the delapidated and moaning monastery and the helpless crucifix. The inverted faith in arms and destruction naturally brings in the dramatic experience of the hopelessness of man's predicament. The war has deliberately not been topically or temporally localized so that, as mentioned earlier, the timelessness of experience is focalized. In fact, O'Casey has done the same thing in his Dublin trilogy where war of a sort forms the background to project human predicament. Thus this controversial scene, much praised and maligned, has a thickly textured technique constituted of a variety of dramatic devices, both conventional and innovative.

As we have mentioned earlier, the last two Acts are declared by a majority of O'Casey critics as realistic. If we take the substance of the overall situation of Act III it is certainly realistic so far as the goings-on of a hospital ward are concerned. It faithfully presents the layout, organization and the operation of an indoor ward. As we had to wait for the main dramatic action to begin for about 25 pages of the first Act, here also the major portion of the Act is devoted to the comical choric function of the duo--Sylvester and Simon—in regard to their clarifying to the audience the changed amorous scenario involving Jessie, Harry and Barney. The other important naturalistic bit of the theme of the third Act is a continuation of Mrs. Heegan's obsessive concern with the economic aspect of war-service in the first Act and that of "a hundred percent incapacitation" holding out the prospect of "the maximum allowance." The central thematic concern of Harry's predicament is dramatized only towards the end of the Act. The buoyant athlete of the first Act has now been reduced to a "living" commodity incapable of movement. His

picture is that of a pathetic creature hoping against hope and trying to ward off despair. Now this element of despair of a robust youth reduced to a 'wheeling creature,' where no hope is within sight despite the repeated chanting of "while there is life there is hope," is conveyed not through realistic, representational device but through the exploitation of non-naturalistic devices such as symbolism, subtle suggestiveness and underlying contrasts. The use of contrast is hinted at in the simultaneously operative dual stage technique. The main stage is one of dehumanization, death in life, despair and enclosure—this is the hospital ward itself. The other stage is the outside world where the setting sun throws a gleaming light on the breeze-breathing, verdorous and health-asserting world of nature. The subtle symbolism is starkly realized visually in the shape of the patients' beds which bear mathematical numbers. Harry's bed gives the picture of a tomb with a cross appended on the top to a wooden piece attached to the bed. Barney leaves the bunch of flowers, a souvenir for the patient from his earlier fan and beloved, on the feet of Harry as if Harry was already buried and the floral tribute is offered as a ritualistic formality. Besides these, the colour combination of white and black assigned to Harry's ward outfit creates a collective picture of dismal darkness engulfing his life where he can appear merely as an object of self-pity. Thus, it is the non-realistic devices which lend suggestiveness and intensity to the meaning emanating from the naturalistic paraphernalia and action of this allegedly realistic scene.

The final Act appears more solidly realistic, insofar as the events are concerned and the story line develops to a conclusion, than the first and third Acts. The setting of the action is the dance-hall of the Avondale Football Club. The decoration of the dance-hall, with its colour scheme of red, crimson and black, and three lanterns hanging from the ceiling suggesting "an illuminated black cross," and the use of a dual stage again are the significant pointers to the continuing technical pattern of amalgamating a variety of dramatic devices to signify life and death, disease and health, which establishes, as it were, the cosmic pattern of light and dark in the universe. The comic scene between Sylvester and Simon about the telephone episode is crudely farcical in the Boucicoltian tradition.

But it contributes to the realism of the whole scene. The movement of the story towards a tragic catastrophe and conclusion is patently naturalistic. But this facade of naturalism is enlivened by passages of lyricism,¹⁸ antiphonal voices, litany of deprivation and chanting, ironically echoing that of Act II,¹⁹ and song which is contrapunctual with the contrasted mood of the action going on in another corner of the dance-hall.²⁰ In addition to this we have the symbolic significance of the silver tassie which is identified with life and with Harry. Since Harry is now "mangled and bruised" the silver cup must also be so.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

¹For details of the Controversy see David Krause, "The Playwright's Not for Burning," *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Vol.34 (1958), pp. 60-76.

²See Alan Wade, ed., *The Letters of W.B. Yeats* (Macmillan, New York, 1954), pp. 740-2.

³"The Garlanded Horror of War: Reflections on *The Silver Tassie*," *Journal of Irish Literature* (May 1978), p. 23.

⁴*Rose and Crown* (Macmillan, New York, 1961), p. 34.

⁵Saros Cowasjee has neatly and interestingly described this in his *Sean O'Casey: The Making of a Dramatist* (Oliver and Boyd Ltd., 1963), p. 111.

⁶Quoted Heins Kosok, *O'Casey, The Dramatist* (Colin Synthe Ltd., New Jersey, 1985), p. 110.

⁷"Sean O'Casey and Expressionism," *Modern Drama*, Vol. XIV, Non.1 (May 1971), p. 49.

⁸"The Experiment of Sean O'Casey," *The Dublin Magazine*, Vol.33, Part I (1958), p. 10.

⁹Robert Hogan, *Sean O'Casey and Other Essays on Irish Drama* (Collin Synthe Ltd., New Jersey, 1983), p. 63: "The second act of *The Silver Tassie* was...an abrupt leap into expressionist statement."

¹⁰*Sean O'Casey, Collected Plays*, Vol.2 (Macmillan & Company Ltd., New York, 1959), p. 1.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 6.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 35.

¹³*Ibid.*, pp. 40-43.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 38-40.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 36.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, p. 37.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, pp. 36-37.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 82-89.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, pp. 94-96.

²⁰*Ibid.*, p. 96.

²¹*Ibid.*, p. 89.

WOMEN IN QUEST OF AUTONOMY AND EMANCIPATION IN THE FICTIONAL WORLD OF KAMALA MARKANDAYA

Kh. Kunjo Singh

Kamala Markandaya is a novelist of the kind of spiritual hermaphrodite combining a man's scope and a woman's sensitivity. She has also added a distinctive sociological note to her fiction. Her novels offer us a tally of brutality, ignorance, mental and physical bludgeoning that the ordinary Indian, man or woman, is subject to. She illustrates that it is the women who bear the brunt of such bludgeoning attacks and sink into an apathetic hinterland of bleakness. Her novels have a large repertoire of women characters. Her first novel, *Nectar in a Sieve*, deals with the life and travails of a peasant woman Rukmani, while *A Handful of Rice* deals with the plight of the urban poor woman Nalini, a sprightly carefree girl, relegated slowly to a harassed and victimised woman. *Some Inner Fury*, *Possession* and *The Nowhere Man* deal with East-West relationships in a man-woman context, while *Two Virgins* gives us an in-depth study of the problem of growing up into an average woman of an average family in contemporary India. In *A Silence of Desire* Sarojini and Dandekar toss between the double pulls of tradition and modernity, faith and rational thinking. In *The Golden Honeycomb* she deals with women of the royal families, women sheltered under the princely umbrella during the days of the British Raj. In all these novels she sets forth the goal of autonomy and emancipation for women.

Indeed, the woman in Kamala Markandaya's fictional world is on a quest for autonomy. In *Nectar in a Sieve* Rukmani exemplifies the large mass of under-privileged women in rural India. Their backs are bent with unrewarded labour. Rukmani and her peasant family face every conceivable problem brought on by the cruel fate and an equally cruel unjust social order. Through her the author indicts the harsh and unjust society which restricts and exploits womanhood. In her story of a rural family's struggle against adversity and search for self-respect and autonomy is mirrored the collective

history of the rural women in India.

Rukmani was married off at the age of twelve to a poor tenant farmer, Nathan. The advent of industrialism in the rural area, the expansion of a shoddy tannery, the scourge of drought and famine, and the maintenance of a large family on a meagre income drive the couple to the verge of utter despair. A son dies in the tannery labour strike, another goes away to Ceylon as indentured labourer, and the third son vanishes into the city nearby. Their only daughter Ira or Irawaddy is married to a neighbouring villager's son, but her marriage ends in failure because of her barrenness.

Ira is divorced and her husband marries another girl. She becomes a woman of the street and gives birth to an illegitimate albino child. Nathan is evicted from his land and the couple goes to the city looking for their son and at last become stone breakers in a quarry. Soon Nathan succumbs to a heart attack due to the very hard work in inclement weather. Widowed at the age of just over forty, Rukmani returns to the village with an adopted orphan boy, back to Ira and later she joins the clinic established by the English doctor Kennington in the village. Assisting the needy and the sick, despite all her sufferings, she seems to be looking forward to a contented old age. However, her contentment springs from her caring for her fellow human beings. Her quest for autonomy, her felt needs of nurturance end in the culmination of her kinship with the world at large. Thus in her we see the social and economic forces in conflict. The novel also evinces the clash between the old and the new, the poor and the rich, the East and the West, religion and science, and between men and women.

Nalini, in *A Handful of Rice*, seems to be a relatively free woman as compared to Rukmani. Even though the limited freedom enjoyed by the peasant women seems to be denied to Nalini, she is on a quest for autonomy and emancipation. She is married to Ravi, her father's apprentice in tailoring. As time goes by, poverty grinds down Ravi and crushes Nalini brutally. With Apu's death, Ravi becomes the head of the joint family. Very soon he loses his customers and his income. He gets desperately and repeatedly drunk, is unfaithful to his marriage vows, and tortures Nalini.

Constant denial and frustration affect the young couple like a deficiency disease. Damodar beckons Ravi into anti-social acts like hoarding, smuggling, illegal liquor etc. His son dies of meningitis due to lack of timely medical aid and his wife is estranged from him. But Nalini, gentle by nature, accepts adversity passively.

Later on, Ravi has tried to be worthy of Nalini by giving up his wayward way of life. But he has no money to run his household, to pay his wife's hospital bills and to maintain his children. He puts the blame on his poor wife who bears his tortures like a humble cow being led to the sacrificial altar. He slaps her, taunts her with bitter words, commits incest with her mother, and makes life miserable for the entire family. But Nalini bears him with a stoic's unflinching spirit. She never complains. She comes back from the hospital a day after the twin girls were delivered and takes up her usual household tasks without fuss though she feels ill and strained. But with this financial destruction Ravi cannot respect the dignity of his wife as a fellow human being. Nalini's quest for autonomy gets transformed into a protected struggle for survival. She is shown to be at the beck and call of an unjust social system. Yet she is always on a quest for autonomy and emancipation.

Some Inner Fury deals with the tensions in three women's lives, tensions arising from uncertain political rather than economic circumstances. They are well-brought up, and equipped with all the comforts of material well being. Yet self-fulfilment is a long and hazardous trekking for them also. Though they are better equipped with wealth and education, they are the victims of circumstances beyond their control. To them sufferings stem from the inherent imbalances in the social order. It is upto the resources of the individual to withstand the conflicting social forces and seek some meaning, some independence in life. Roshan is successful in this, Mira is ambivalent and Premala fails completely.

Roshan Merchant, the rich mill owner's daughter, is the most striking and unusual woman in the novel. Everyone loves her, despite her unusualness. She is frank, educated, talented and motivated towards an inspiring goal of winning freedom for her country in an enlightened way. She is married, and we are told

her ex-husband becomes an influential member of the government. She is against the age-old conventional upbringing. She is a poetess, and a columnist. She is a born leader and a freedom fighter, who believes in non-violence. She is a unique model for other women around her, though she is not so aggressively forward. Her pursuit of independence may be viewed in a wider perspective. She battles for autonomy for all the Indians, adhering to the principle of non-violence, as opposed to Govind's belief in terrorism as the means of liberation. Her attitude is always constructive. But when Govind is arrested as a terrorist, she is willing to bail him out. She is persistent in her quest for freedom, in spite of objections from her father, and family and children. She transfers her desire for nurturance to the national framework. She is a natural leader because of her imaginative sympathy for her fellow human beings, irrespective of class, sex and religion.

Through Roshan the novelist shows us the possibility to reconcile the need for personal freedom with the larger concept of national and global freedom. Autonomy is not restricted to the self; it should be demanded for the entire community of human beings. Roshan's quest for freedom for all is a commendable ideal. She is the best of the enlightened women in Kamala Markandaya's fictive world. While Roshan symbolises modern progressive woman, Premala stands for the traditional concept of the Indian woman. She is traditionally brought up and her engagement with Kit is fixed by the elders in the two families. She comes from a conservative family, while Kit, educated in England and with his civil service status, has a British outlook. He is fond of club, dinners and tennis, while he loves Veena and the *Gita*. The two are estranged because of the cultural disparities. It is only Premala who makes a constant effort to bridge the gap, though she fails at every step.

Premala keeps quiet regarding the proceedings of the wedding. She sacrifices all thoughts of personal freedom and happiness for the satisfaction of the family members. Believing in the sanctity of marriage and in abiding by her *Dharma* as a wife, she crushes her own identity as a being in her heroic effort to please her husband. Her traditional sense of duty and devotion has brought

about her own tragedy. She wants to do her duty at the cost of all personal ambitions. She finds life dull and full of frustration. Her proficiency in Indian music, painting and cooking is not appreciated by Kit. In her empty life, she attaches herself to a village school and brings up an orphan girl against the liking of Kit. Govind loves Premala, Premala loves Kit and Kit loves Sylvia—it is a tangle of love that is difficult to sort out except by the final resolution of death. Long before Premala dies in the fire started in the village by the freedom fighters, her marriage had become void. She stands as the symbol of the insecurity, isolation, bewilderment and vulnerability that the traditionally brought up Indian women feel.

Another important woman character in *Some Inner Fury* is Mira, the narrator of the novel. She belongs to a wealthy family given to the Western ways of living. Her parents, more emancipated than most people of their generation, give her higher education and freedom of speech unheard of in other girls of her age. She is ready to meet the challenges of life. Despite her exposure to the Western ideas and ways of living, she does not forget the place the woman occupies in the traditional Indian family. She loves Richard Marlowe, an English gentleman. As events turn out, within one year, the freedom struggle pits them in opposite camps. She is Indian and loves her country, and Richard being English is an enemy. In spite of her love for Richard, Mira cannot transcend the barriers of politics set up by the revolutionaries like Govind. The time is not ripe for a meeting of enlightened individuals like Mira and Richard. They have no option, and have no courage to change the direction of the political scenario.

Mira attains womanhood and steps into a life full of possibilities. She has sufficient intelligence, courage, foresightedness, etc. to take up a career in journalism once she is initiated into it by Roshan. While Roshan boycotts all British manufactured goods throwing them into the bonfire in the maidan and takes to homespun Gandhian attire, her sister Mira, loving an Englishman, does not enter the struggle for freedom. Yet her sympathies are clearly with her country and her countrymen. Mira finds the political disturbance a stumbling block in the way of her own personal happiness with

Richard. Mira finds it hard to renounce her chance of happiness in favour of the goals of national independence. In liberating herself from the shackles of customs and domestic injustice, the Indian woman like Mira has to pay a heavy price.

Sarojini is another woman questing for autonomy in the novel *A Silence of Desire*. Sarojini and Dandekar, the wife and the husband, clash on the grounds of faith and rational thinking. The couple spring from the same milieu, from the same community. They belong to the middle class and are blessed with children. Their life is placid enough, but it does not last long. The problem arises with a sudden inexplicable growth in Sarojini's womb. She keeps her visits to the Swami a secret lest her husband should object to faith healing. But Dandekar finds out the falsehoods she utters. The "Silence" of the title has been interpreted in various ways. Sarojini keeps quiet about her condition, for she is afraid of being forced to go to the hospital. The Swami communicates more by his silences than by words. It is also the silence that ensues between the husband and the wife—their lack of communication. Dandekar at first suspects her of infidelity. But when she tells him the truth, he is shattered. He goes to the prostitutes, while Sarojini sits at the feet of the Swami. Finally Dandekar accepts with humility his wife's decision to face the operation because of the Swami's assurance that she will be cured if she gets operated. Sarojini believes in the Indian way of life and in suffering patiently to cleanse or spiritualize oneself. This is the story of a person's sojourn through fear, anger, despair, cynicism and disillusionment and finally enlightenment through trials and tribulations. In fact, Sarojini has remarkable resilience and indomitable faith which enable her to survive. She is independent enough to confront male reality quietly as wife and mother. In this sense, she steals a march over other passive heroines like Nalini and Premala in the long road towards woman's autonomy.

Markandaya's three novels, *Possession*, *The Coffer Dams*, and *The Nowhere Man* deal with the problems of women in a dual setting—England and India. In these three novels, the dual setting is explicit; not only the attitudes but the locales also alternate

between the coloniser's country and that of the colonised. In *The Coffer Dams*, Helen, the wife of the British chief engineer, falls in love with Bashiam, the tribal engineer. Here Helen and Bashiam symbolise racial harmony. Though sexual relationships between the English and the Indian are plausible solutions to cross the barriers of race, Bashiam and Helen go their separate ways. They have no future to live together. Many of the young people in the story like Jéfevre, Gopal and Helen spurn the codes of diehard imperialism and they promise the key to international fellow feeling. Racial prejudices are not felt where one human spirit is in true love with another. While Helen is able to understand this, others like Clinton, Millie and Rawlings cannot, as they do not choose to step out of their blinkered, artificial, slotted groove.

Possession deals with the attempt of Lady Caroline Bell to possess physically, morally and spiritually the shepherd boy Valmiki who is a painter of genius. He has warm human relationships with Ellie the Jewish refugee, and Annabel, a poor English girl. After Ellie's suicide and Annabel's deserting him, he returns to India to renew the genuine values that his guru, the Swami, had cultivated in him and that had been almost obliterated by the possessive and aggressive Caroline. While the Indian woman is reticent, cultured, talented, helpful and spiritually enlightened, the English lady is cold, intolerant, selfish, mercenary and manipulates everything and everybody to attain her desired goal. She does not recognize the human element in Valmiki. She deliberately lies and makes Ellie break away from him and commit suicide. She, like colonial British, adopts the policy of divide and rule when it comes to Val and Annabel. Though Val could know about the possessiveness of Caroline quite early, he cannot break away till the catastrophe of Ellie's death tears his magic curtain aside. In this novel the author parodies the English-Indian relationship. Anasuya and Caroline maintain a love-hate relationship. Caroline symbolises queenly England, while Valmiki symbolises poor India, underdeveloped but spiritually intact. Anasuya can lead a decent life as a writer of moderate success. To her, existence is possible without a man; a manless life style need not necessarily be dry and meaningless.

One can be completely independent, and yet can care for humanity. It is not that those women are unable to marry; they do not seem to see any point in marrying. Indeed, Caroline keeps Val and Annabel apart, and exercises power over other characters. She pulls the strings like a puppet master. Yet her power over them stems from their allowing her to have it. Despite this, Caroline is by no means happy or fulfilled. She is like those rich women who flock around a Swamy in the Indian city.

In *The Nowhere Man*, Srinivas and his wife Vasantha are forced to settle in England, for their families were suspected of involvement with terrorist activities against the British rule in India. Their two sons are born and brought up in England. The elder marries an English girl, while the younger dies fighting for England, hit by a German bomb. Vasantha, grown old in England, dies of consumption and the lonely, alienated Srinivas is brought back to the mainstream of life through the caring he receives from Mrs. Pickering, a fairly old and destitute English lady. Vasantha is a quiet little woman who maintains her "Indianness," her integrity in the face of alien rule and racial prejudices. Even after death, she is a living presence to Srinivas in the old house. He finds life empty after her death, a vacuum never to be filled again, however much care is given to him by Mrs. Pickering. Vasantha deliberately keeps her standard of living modest. She adopts the Gandhian ideal of eschewing luxury as the majority live in poverty. Even in the alien country she does not give up Indian way of living. Her attitude towards marriage and motherhood are essentially Indian. She is really a practical woman as she adopts the aspects of British life which seem to be advantageous and discards those Indian ways which are harmful. The serenity and harmony aspired for by the Indian women is an elusive goal.

Two Virgins deals with the lives of two growing sisters in a closely knit, impoverished family in a small village. It shows what life means to Indian women. Their lives are shaped by the influences of the childhood environment. They do not want to be rooted under the familiar environment. They move beyond the home and the village towards the city and the larger life beyond their childhood

environment. They want to feel free. The two sisters, Saroja and Lalitha, are constantly made to choose between the Eastern and the Western ways of life. The contrasts between tradition and modernity, between India during and after the British rule, between the older and younger members of the family, between the sons and the daughters surround their lives in their school, at home, and everywhere.

Lalitha is a freedom seeker, she goes to the city in pursuit of a film career. Soon she is lured by the western punk, Mr. Gupta. In order to become an actress, she sells herself to this film magnet. In the process, she has to abort her illegitimate child. Having more than her fair share of men, she becomes a woman of the streets. Saroja witnesses Lalitha's acts. Gupta refuses to undertake any responsibility of Lalitha, blaming her in every possible manner. Their mother Amma guards Lalitha's pregnancy from the prying eyes of the neighbours in the village and they decide for abortion in the city. Lalitha attempts suicide, but is rescued by Saroja at the brink of the well. Lalitha finds the whole episode horrible. She cannot keep an illegitimate child and so the mother in her mourns the loss. The destruction of an unborn child is a shattering blow to her. Motherhood, without the mantle of marriage, is terrible, and Saroja learns this through Lalitha. Physical desirability and sexual parlance dominate Lalitha's mode of behaviour throughout her life. She attains status because of her beauty and her manipulation of it. She is very much for modernity, Westernized education, and equal rights for women. She inherits all this from her mother who is fully feminine and free. She is like the sensuous Indian woman of Vatsyana's *Kama Sutra*. According to her, sex is something natural in human nature. But unfortunately in the choice of her lover, she acts unwisely. She risks all and is brought low unlike her sister who observes acutely, quivers with new experiences but chooses to act wisely. She is endowed with natural beauty and vivacity only to be laid low all too cruelly like Emma Bovary and Anna Karenina. The irony lies in the fact that Lalitha demands so much from life but ends up with nothing.

The story of *Two Virgins* is unfolded through Saroja's eyes.

Through her innocence and outward quest for autonomy and adventure in life, the novelist presents the plight of sensitive women caught in a harsh dehumanising society. She also symbolises the conflict between reason and feeling, and between tradition and modernity. Her free, discriminating responses are ever in contrast with the restricting egotism of the people around her. She wants to move beyond them and seek newer and fresher pastures, and establish a sense of her own integrity, of her own independence as an integrated, whole human being. The author portrays skilfully the young girl's impressions, with regard to the simultaneous awakening of intelligence and coquettishness, falling in love, the disclosure and analysis of delicate and shy refinements in feelings, and all the unknown and subtle aspects of a young woman which husbands, lovers, fathers and brothers generally ignore or are unaware of. She protects herself assuming silence, stupidity and agility. The awareness of her own integrity is brought about through the negative depravity of promiscuous love as seen in Lalitha. She creates a positive world out of sympathy and loyalties of ordinary human relationships, and out of her awareness of the virtue of lasting love and respect. It is this awareness that makes her resist the allurements of Devraj or Chingleput. She is not to be corrupted, and is truly a virgin in a whorehouse.

In *The Golden Honeycomb* the main protagonist is Rabi, named after the poet. He is destined to preserve his kingdom, like a fragile honeycomb, from the British usurpers and the Indian freedom fighters. He is able to do this because of the influence of some women on him. These women are his grandmother, Manjula, his mother Mohini, the "constant concubine" Usha, the Dewan's daughter, Sophie, the Resident's daughter, and Jaya and Janaki of the labourer's class. Manjula, Rabi's grand mother, is an impressive figure. She remains free naturally in her spirit, whereas Mohini, Rabi's mother, chooses to be free deliberately. Together the grandmother and the mother shape the boy's life to a great extent. Manjula is a spirited companion to her husband, and is patterned after the great warrior queens of Indian history. Though hedged in by the alien rulers, she is a brave woman and

remains free to the end of her days. In her we see not the pain of death but of the living after the loved one has died. She goes through the routine of death unflinchingly. Through her Rabi learns about death as part of the general human plan. She inculcates in her grandson a love for family life, the country, and life itself.

Mohini, Rabi's mother, presented as a contrast to Shanta Devi, the queen of Devapur and the legal wife of Bawajiraj III, is wilful and wayward. She preserves her autonomy by refusing to marry her lover, and thereby causes tensions all around. She is far-sighted enough to perceive the disadvantages that this promiscuous union of hers with the king might bring to their child Rabi. Yet she is clearly adamant about not compromising her autonomy, her sense of integrity, for the sake of legal and royal favours. Shanta Devi is an arranged match to the king. Yet her marriage yields no male issue, but three daughters, and the failure to produce an heir to the throne is attributed to her. The tepidity of married life forces her husband, the king, into a string of liaisons until he meets Mohini, the spirited girl from the mountain valley. To maintain her freedom, she refuses to be trapped into a formal marriage, though she remains faithful to her first and only lover. Though she has no tangible hold over her lover, yet her union with him is more enduring and meaningful than that of Shanta Devi. She is brave enough to face the problems and risks involved in her unorthodox social status. Her ultimate reward is the taste of freedom that is denied to other members of her class. Thus the novelist points out how the emancipation of Indian women has been seriously hampered by the distortions and imbalances in the economic and social order. No wonder their quest for autonomy leads them towards a larger concept of love—love for human race.

SOME ASPECTS OF DOM MORAES' POETIC ALIENATION

S.N. Pandey

Alienation is Moraes' central preoccupation and it manifests itself in divergent ways in his poetry. Commenting on the nature of his expatriation Ajit Khullar dubs it as "a willed alienation"¹ and rightly so because it is not a natural consequence that follows from the circumstances. He spent his first sixteen years in his native city of Bombay, whereafter he migrated to England of his own and adopted the British Citizenship in 1961. One has reasons to believe that the poet took this decision after a cool and prolonged consideration. The following excerpt from "Afternoon Tea" voices his resolution:

There to achieve a root, slowly to grow,
Is all my will. Here no one can elude
Desire, but in this city when I go,
I'll leave a bedtime and destructive mood.²

In "Letter to My Mother" (pp. 99-100), he elaborates:

I saw my whole country,
A defeated dream
Hiding itself in prayers,
A population of corpses,
Of burnt bodies that cluttered
The slow, deep rivers, of
Bodies stowed into earth
Quickly before they stank
Or cooked by the sun for vultures
On a marble tower.

This comprehensive description of 'a defeated dream' has subtle hints as to the cultural plurality of India with different funeral rites of Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Parsees. This observation should be viewed in the context of a Goan Catholic boy, who had very unhappy childhood, was brought up as a British and travelled while young to parts of what are still felt to be the Empire. Coupled with this his schooling, University and early success in England prompted him to identify himself with the British. Mr. Khullar's statement 'a willed alienation' hardly takes into account the psychological situation which compelled this youngman to take this

unhappy decision. The following excerpt dwells on it:

It calls me everyday
But I cannot enter it.
You know I will not return
Forgive me my trespasses.

However, he is gripped by a sense of guilt and says:

I am ashamed of myself
Since I was ashamed of you.

This option for a poetic career in England—"I am tidying my life/
In this cold country"—had had its own repulsions:

I stumbled dumbly through the English rain,
The literature, the drink, the talk, talk, talk.
I wrote about them: it was waste of breath.
For many they were home, for me too wild,
Too walled for me those valleys full of death
Who had grown up as a wanderer and child. ("A Letter", p. 53)

Moraes' third volume, *John Nobody* (1965) centres in his poetic efforts to identify his own self. P. Lal has perceptively noted it as "permeated with a self-destroying exile's nostalgia and melancholy."³ Dedicated to Judith, an English woman who was Moraes' love for several years and bore him a son, Francis, the book recapitulates the sources of anxieties which have rendered the poet as 'nobody' instead of 'somebody' with a definite mooring and tradition. The title poem (pp. 93-96) has touching echoes of ambivalences and peculiarities that defined Moraes' life:

But in the square today, I dream of hawks,
Of doelike girls, the sun endless delay,
Bullocks and Buicks, statesmen like great auks,
And I grow homesick for an Indian day.

This nostalgia for the native country prompts him to ponder over the happenings in India, one such among them being the liberation of Goa the place of his ancestors from the Portuguese. Moraes was disparaging of Indian accession of Goa on moral grounds and incurred the wrath of his native country:

But there, last year, a moral issue rose,
I grabbed my pen and galloped to attack.
My Rosinate trod on someone's toes
A Government frowned, and now I can't go back.

Spotted as a Goan in India and an Indian in England, Moraes had to keep defining and identifying himself. The following lines from "Autobiography" sum up his predicament:

I have grown up, I think, to live alone
 To keep my old illusions, sometimes dream,
 Glumly, that I am unloved and forlorn
 Run away from strangers, often seem
 Unreal to myself in the pulpy warmth of a sunbeam.

The words—alone, forlorn, stranger, unreal to myself—reinforce the gripping alienation and obviously

And now all my desire is to atone
 For an unfriendly springtime, webbed in cloud. (p. 37)

The poet feels that his situation is somewhat better than that of Cains:

Having eliminated his dear brother
 He let tears fall and wandered off alone,
 Blaming himself in whispers for another
 Error, yet knowing that he could not alone: ("Cainsmorning", p. 36)

Moraes mocks the romantic clichés of sex, love and marriage bringing people together and overcoming loneliness. The poem "Being Married" (p. 27) demonstrates how the protagonist is made to realise the hard truth:

When I awake (he said) I shall be lonely,
 O feel my loneliest ever by your side;
 For I have dropped my root, and stuck: you only
 Move through a night of sleep, conscious of right.

... ..

...We rushed together
 As frontiers of our miles of loneliness
 And lived, and parted at a gate
 Where the last touch of lips was meant to bless.

The poet employs 'island' imagery to exactly underline the nature of isolation in another poem "Sea" (p. 21) to describe a couple strolling on a seabeach:

Separate islands, wet blades
 Drawn and dipped in some other time.

... ..

His known hand on her arm cold,
 Pressed between it and her leant breast,
 He smells her scent, their eyes hold.
 Islands come together in silence.

This coming together of islands to surmount alienation is self-defeating. In his poem "Son" (p. 102) supposedly written for Francis, the poet recalls the moment when Judith experienced labour pain leading to the son's birth:

I had stood by the bloody bed.
 She had cried lonely as a wolf,
 I had put my hand behind her head
 She had been lonely and herself.
 Now I was lonely and myself,
 And standing by the newmade bed,
 When he cried lonely as a wolf
 I put my hand behind his head.

The emphasis on the loneliness of experience has been conveyed, first from the mother's, then the father's and finally the son's viewpoint. The lack of a religious or cultural conviction is symptomatic of "intellectual thinness." S. Nagarajan feels that the Biblical allusion in the line—"My son came through the burning bush"—"does not add significantly to the meaning despite Moraes' claim that myths nest inside (his) head."⁴

The intuitive alienation coupled with bitter family memories has its own pangs. Living apart from a son by one of his former loves in England, Moraes feels emotionally stirred. In the Sonnet "Key" (p. 119), the child is hidden behind a "Victorian lock, stiff/ With difficulty screwed open." His wound is freshened fifteen years later and the poet is shattered by a letter:

Fifteen years later, he redescends,
 Not as a postponed child, but a letter
 Asking me for his father who now possesses
 No gardens, no home, not even any key.

Commenting on his use of images, Moraes observes:

When I employ a private shorthand to connect the movements within a poem, it is often in the form of a condensed image which is absorbed in the texture of the words.⁵

The ramifications of 'Key' symbol here involve the private world both of subjective feelings of breakdown, guilt and homelessness (lack of property, lack of possessions and lack of community) and of loss and failure. Bruce King rightly comments:

Moraes as father feels a failure to his son both in lacking the keys to property but also in missing the key to the emotional world of shared experiences which should bind father and son. He lacks the keys to memories of a life of fatherhood.⁶

In the poem "Friends" (p. 125) also he alludes to the private wounds kept alive by memories (and the son in another country):

Dead stepdaughters, undead sons
 Nibbling at me from another country

What cages I pace...

...I watch the sky.

Also the gutters: dead people fall there,

Mostly are beautiful than in their lives.

Ruminating over the predicament of his present wife, the actress Leela Naidu, who left her own children and her rich first husband because of his drunkenness and brutality, Moraes feels equally piqued and broken. In the sonnet "Asleep", he dwells on the distance between the comforts she brings him and her own unhappiness:

You talk unhappily to yourself in sleep.

I snore on the cool pillows of your breast

But fall awake as you slip down the slope

To your private valley of unhappiness...

The deep hurt in you like the sun disturbs

My dawns:.... (p. 124)

Given an equally painful emotional situation, the poet speaks of their relationship in "Fourteen Years" that have stood the test of time. Moraes criticises how he has lived his life: "Sometimes I am too tentative / In my approaches towards her." The quatrain that closes the poem is touching with the resultant import of the acceptance of life's inevitabilities:

Her heart and mine have one beat

Her helplessness looks through my eyes.

Since we are both learning to die.

We had better first learn how to live. (p. 111)

In Moraes the emotional agony is not confined to the blood-relations and family members—the mother, wife and son—only; he is equally perturbed by the estrangement and separation from friends. Pondering over his peculiar, rather abnormal temperament (might be on account of an unhappy childhood), he scrutinises self:

Since I was ten I have not been unkind

To anyone save those who were most close....

("The Final Word", p. 64)

In the unusual sonnet "Library" in Interludes, there is a passing reference to personal wounds. He is prompted to think that now separated from fellow poets by distance, he shall after death be separated by rows of shelves under different letters as per catalogues in the library—"The hospital for dead poets"—. Addressing his friend Geoffrey Hill, the British poet, Moraes says that they can hope to

meet only by default:

Geoffrey, goodbye: four rows of shelves
 Separate hill from Moraes.
 We shall have to be borrowed and stamped
 And put back in the wrong places
 If we are ever to meet. (p. 140)

"'Library' for all its clever cheerfulness and understated mention of pain," observes King, "is the most disturbing of these short poems on the passing of life into defeat and mirage." (*The Three Indian Poets*, p. 134).

The inherited Christian element in Moraes consoles him to treat suffering and wound as part of human existence. In his poem "For Peter" addressed to his priest friend Peter Levi, the poet asks:

Taught about crucifixions, tell me first
 How long, in your opinion, mine will last.

The employment of Christian imagery of crucifixion denotes the heaviness that overweighs Moraes' consciousness. However, more significant is the enclosed world of Oxford friendships ("the eyes and voices we shared") contrasted to Moraes' life afterwards and those of his friends. The following extract borders on self-pity:

Then you went home, all of you went home.
 To high tea, Gentleman's relish, maturity.
 At the end you all knew where you came from.
 All of you now have homes, Peter, not me. (p. 113)

While others have homes, go back to them, have stable families and know where they come from, Moraes sees himself as uprooted without anything to which he can return and fall back upon, a man without moorings. Fed up with travels and turmoils, the poet finally decides:

Stranger in every room,
 I now no longer roam
 The countries of my choice.
 There dazzled by defeat,
 My eyes became my voice
 Which looked in every street. (Interludes "Streams," pp. 136-37)

The irresistible urge to discover new lands and to inhabit them is the central concern of the poem "The Newcomers." Written about the Aryan invasion of India, its two parts are about going to a new land where all is strange and adapting to a formerly strange 'home.' The main thrust, however, is on how language changes reality

rendering the different familiar, allaying fears and inspiring prayer and devotion:

...But then our lips formed words
And we made each one harmless with a name.
So beast and tree were our familiars.
The river led us through the windless days....
They blurred the mountain echoes of the past.
Only in dream we saw the nomad years... (p. 135)

One can trace in these lines a desire to settle, to be home, to be done with exile and alienation and the pains of life.

Moraes' preference for characters who are outsiders or travellers is obviously rooted in his exile sensibility. In "Sinbad" the sailor carried away by the immense bird is an obvious symbol for the poet as world-traveller, isolated, exiled and ill at ease in a home that is not his. The story of Jason and the Fleece ("Jason") also turns into a life of disappointment, of travel to foreign lands, exile, a quest that ends with a wounded heart. The way Moraes' inner life is woven into the dramatic monologues can be seen from the last piece in *Collected Poems* "Babur." As warrior hero and autobiographer, Babur is a natural subject for a writer. Important to Indian history, he is both nationalist and outsider. The poet follows details from the Babur writings including the 'opium confection' that he often takes. But Babur sounds like Moraes when one of the corpses, seems like 'my son' or when he confesses that he is lonely in all lands. The following lines can be profitably cited while remembering that Moraes wrote poetry before travelling as a war correspondent, he lost his Indian passport and for a time was wifeless, and then in the middle age returned to writing poetry:

I wrought words before I fought wars
Steel in those words like swords
Hurt me also: my books are where I bleed,
As when they drove me out of the bad lands,
Wifeless, to echo the cry of the wolf
Then betrayals by friends: the death of friends. (p. 167)

In his interview with T.S. Tejpal, Moraes admits:

In my youth, I've written confessional poetry, but now I always write it through a mask, a mythological person, as in 'Babur.'

Besides putting on mask, Dom Moraes employs a peculiar poetic technique where images and symbols are reflections or projections of his own self. R.N. Millinger regards this strategy of

transforming material objects into psychic images as a typically Eastern mode and quotes Jung to substantiate his viewpoint:

"Introversion is, if one may so express it, the 'style' of the East, a habitual and collective attitude, just as extraversion is the 'style' of the West." Simply put, the introvert is mainly concerned with his inner life... the introverted attitude "calls forth the characteristic manifestations of the unconscious...the sense of indefiniteness, timelessness, oneness." As Jung puts it, for the Eastern mind the psyche is all-important: All existence emanates from it, and all separate forms dissolve back into it."⁸

This technique has been competently used in "Kanheri Caves" and "Letter to My Mother," the poems incidentally concerned with the East. Alluding to the second-century A.D. Buddhist caves outside Bombay "Kanheri Caves" is structured and organised on a principle of oneness. The speaker's attitude towards the Buddhist caves and India mirrors his own depressed feelings. The Indian landscape is described as "blunted," "tormented" and "ambiguous"; after the British leave India, the caves are "wrecked" by storms, the floors "crack," the stone blocks are "fallen," the statues of Buddha are awaiting their own "crash" and the atmosphere is full of "clouds." The negative description of India merges with a portrayal of the speaker himself:

this cliff
Was colonised by a mild antique race
who left us,... (p. 22)

Referring to the British withdrawal from India, the speaker identifies with India by the "us." The possible oneness of the hawks, British and the speaker emerges in the final lines of the poem. In his autobiography *My Son's Father* (p. 162) Moraes recalls a sense of isolation—"a kind of vacancy, a hollowness waiting to be inhabited"—experienced during one of his trips to Kanheri Caves. This hollowness and loneliness is nothing but the reflection of the poet's inner emptiness and void, he is hard put to cope with.

Moraes' last volume of poems, *Serendip*, recipient of the prestigious Sahitya Akademi award in 1994, is dedicated as 'For My parents who died.' There is a tangible pattern in the dedication of works that preceded (*Collected Poems*) and succeeded (*Never At Home*) *Serendip* with a view to assembling fragments of relationship and thereby achieving a sort of emotional catharsis. The dedication of *Collected Poems* to Leela, over whom he has

feelingly pondered in "Fourteen Years," is apt and appealing. Moraes has made no secret of his unhappy childhood and his bitter memories of parents but by offering his last *verve*-volume to his parents, he has redeemed himself of their love and affection. Left only with his wife Leela who has been sharing his turbulent days for a pretty long time, the poet cites the final poem of *Serendip* titled "Future Plans" as dedication for his latest work *Never At Home*. The piece dwells on the perfect understanding and appreciation the Moraes couple have developed for each other over the years. The poem begins on a nostalgic note:

Absorbed with each other's flesh
In the tumbled beds of our youth,
We had conversations with children
Not born to us yet, but named....
Leela-Claire, and the first death.
Mark, cold on a hospital tray
At five months: I was away then
With tribesmen in bronze forests.

There is a tinge of pathos, almost Lambian in its intensity and poignancy:

We became our children, my wife.
Now, left alone with each other,...

The poem is marked by an unusual simplicity as frankness stirred from the heart admits of no ambiguities:

We shall leave at the proper time,
As a couple without complaint,
With a destination in common
And some regrets and memories....
A little tired, but in the end,
Not unhappy to have lived.

(*Serendip*, p. 79)

The quantum of 'regrets and memories' has rendered the couple 'a little tired,' though they have apparently no complaints against their earthly existence—"Not unhappy to have lived." The pair of negative modifiers has been obviously employed to underscore the quality of experience.

The title poem "Serendip" centres in the Veddahs, the tribesmen, the first inhabitants of the island called Ceylon or Sri Lanka. But here also Moraes is involved in their process of adjusting themselves to the new setting:

From ships beached on stone,

Bleached exiles, faces etched....
 They settled, they bred,
 Watched by eyes of the forest,
 Shy behind helianthus
 They evolved codes of conduct.
 With the wheel and the tool
 They composed a culture:

(*Serendip*, p. 18)

The issue of overcoming one's alienation in a strange situation is explicit in the sequence of words and phrases—exiles, settled, bred, evolved codes of conduct, composed a culture—and Ceylonese Veddahs may serve as a model for someone gripped by tormenting loneliness.

The poem "1668" refers to the island of Bombay, where landed a small party of British marines another group of settlers in 1667 to take possession as it formed part of the dowry brought by the Portuguese princess, Catherine de Braganza, to Charles I, the English King. Here also the vivacious spirit and the joy of discovery are pronounced:

Dowry for a dupe, corpses' ransom,
 Fiction of the brindled Portuguese
 Whose Christ, marooned in the marshland,
 Held a wry hand up in benediction.

(*Serendip*, p. 58)

The question of identity worries the protagonist in "Aspects of a City" and he bursts:

Stupid inquisitor, / has no name,
 Has no identity, known to the other.
 / is the secretor of those words
 Exuded by the other on the page.

(*Serendip*, p. 72)

The problem of identifying one's true self leads Moraes to dwell on his situation in the apparently autobiographical poem "New Year":

Not bearded, brubbily stubbled,
 Solitary on chair in corner,
 He cultivates no company....
*Masks harangued him in many
 Languages, Faces behind them.
 Faces were shrivelled to fossils.
 Aspirations died, truths were found.*

(*Serendip*, p. 54)

The confrontation with reality denuded of all charms and attractions rendered life morose and the possibility of any change was out of question—"one dormant fever, then another". The poet is reluctant

to regard the advent of new year as 'a new morning'—"But morning is a misnomer"—because with dawn one invariably associates a fresh beginning.

It is in the fitness of things that a volume of poems by a deracinated artist like Moraes contains a piece titled "Exile." A poem in five quatrains, it concentrates on the exile's attempts to bear masks and adapt himself to his new milieu:

His glacial tower of words
Shrivels to an unkempt room.
A grimace of grief adheres
To the teeth of spectres. (Serendip, p. 66)

Thus, the image of stranger, the lure of the unknown, the futility of masks, the question of identity and the necessity to build up a composite culture are the ingredients of *Serendip*. Bruce King's comments are insightful:

Exile and withdrawal, the casting of a shell around one's life, is as likely to occur 'at home,' if you are not really at home, as abroad.⁹

However, whatever emotional losses Moraes suffered from his expatriation, they were more than compensated in the form of laurels he won in England. It is altogether a different matter that he could not get rid of his liness, born partly out of his disposition and mostly a product of an inbuilt pluralism which defines his native country: "Complex societies like India produce their own complexities, their own forms of alienation, their own relationships to other artistic traditions."¹⁰

References

- ¹Ajit Khullar, "Willed Alienation," *Indian Literature*, 32, 3 (May-June, 1989), p. 137.
- ²Dom Moraes, *Collected Poems 1957-1987* (New Delhi: Penguin Books, 1987), p. 31. All poetic citations refer to this volume unless otherwise indicated.
- ³P. Lal, "Dom Moraes: Stray Notes on His Poetry" in M.K. Naik et al (eds.), *Critical Essays on Indian Writing in English* (Madras: Macmillan, 1977), p. 155.
- ⁴"Dom Moraes" in Tracy Chevalier (ed.), *Contemporary Poets* (Chicago: St. James, 1991), p. 668.
- ⁵*Three Indian Poets* (Madras: OUP, 1991), p. 129.
- ⁶"Introduction," *Serendip* (New Delhi: Penguin, 1990), p. 9.
- ⁷"I'm Writing Better Than Ever," *India Today*, 15 May 1990, p. 149.
- ⁸"Psychic Images and Poetic Technique in Dom Moraes' Poetry," *World Literature Written in English*, 14, 2 (Nov. 1975), p. 324.
- ⁹"Exile's Blues," *Poetry Review*, 83, 1 (Spring 1993), p. 10.
- ¹⁰"Exile's Blues," p. 10.

THE CONTEMPORARY RELEVANCE OF INDIAN AESTHETICS: SOME REFLECTIONS

M.S. Kushwaha

Although there has been a gradual awakening of interest in Indian aesthetics¹ in academic circles,² the doubts still persist (even amongst its advocates) about its relevance for the present-day scholar or literary artist. And they are not totally unfounded. Indian aesthetics, however rich, is a thing of the past. It was the product of a culture or *weltanschauung* which has almost disappeared or radically changed. Our literatures in modern Indian languages are not only basically different in character but also shaped and conditioned by western influences. How can Indian aesthetics, which is grounded in a 'dead' literature, help us in appreciating the living literatures which are predominantly western in temper and technique?

The neo-champions of Indian aesthetics are trying to counter this argument with their efforts to demonstrate the validity and viability of the ancient literary theories. They intend to prove that the theories expounded by Indian aestheticians are not only better suited to the appreciation of Indian literature but are also universally valid, and can profitably be applied to western literature. Perhaps the national seminar on "Indian and Western Poetics at Work" organised by the Sahitya Akademi at Dhvanyaloka, Mysore in 1991 was prompted by such considerations. The emphasis was on applying Indian literary theories to modern literary texts, both Indian and western. There were several papers by distinguished scholars but none, however, was able to establish the efficacy of Indian literary theories convincingly.³

Such an exercise can hardly succeed, for it is based on false premises. It presupposes the existence of a stable universe which is governed by fixed and universal laws. Once these laws are discovered, they can always be applied without any misgivings. And since they have already been discovered by our ancient thinkers and writers, we have to do nothing but study and follow them. This is exactly the view which the Augustan critics like Pope⁴

propagated with great force but which has since been discredited. Science has proved that there is nothing permanent or steadfast in this universe which itself is in a state of constant flux. Literature is no exception to this process of change and no theory, however catholic, can hope to meet the new challenges without constantly updating itself.

Perhaps the very criterion of testing the relevance of an ancient theory by applying it to modern situations is not proper. Its relevance lies not in its adequacy but in its being part of our tradition. In our tradition we have our roots, and we cannot grow unless we relate to them. They provide the necessary nourishment. But it will be foolish to identify ourselves with our roots and refuse to grow up. The roots are indispensable, but not enough. We need also light and air for our growth. In fact, it is the constant interaction between the internal and external forces which shapes our development.

It is necessary to relate to our tradition because it gives us our identity and provides the *terra firma* on which we can build our home. Unrelated, we remain parasites. The relationship, however, does not entail any restriction on our freedom. Tradition is always open to experiment and innovation. In fact, they are essential for its survival. When it becomes static, it dies. The history of Indian aesthetics itself offers the best evidence of this fact. For about seventeen hundred years, from Bharata to Panditaraja Jagannatha, it had had a glorious and unbroken tradition which was marked by an independent spirit of inquiry. But afterwards this spirit of inquiry declined and stagnation set in. Gradually the tradition came to an end.

There is no way of reviving that tradition now, but by relating to it we can revitalize our critical inquiry. Indian aesthetics, if approached in the right spirit, can help us in developing a genuine Indian literary criticism. So long the literary criticism in this country has been almost entirely dependent on western models or guided by them.⁵ But what has it gained? Of thousands of critical works in English by Indian scholars, not more than a dozen or so figure in the latest bibliographical guide published by Penguin Books, A

Guide for Readers (1984). To some extent, this may be due to the prejudice of English scholars or their unwillingness to accord recognition to their Indian counterparts, but it can hardly be denied that this may also be due to lack of an authentic voice on the part of our scholars. Since they were cut off from their tradition, they could scarcely develop their own thinking. The tradition gives strength to stand on one's own feet. Only a scholar who is rooted in his tradition can meet a scholar of another tradition with authority and assurance. One without a tradition has no roots to hold on; he or she is easily swayed or carried away. Tradition gives us not only strength but also a distinctive authentic voice. And it makes a world of difference when we speak in our true voice. *A History of English Literature* by Legouis and Cazamian offers perhaps the best example of the impact that a genuine voice does make. Though written by French scholars, it succeeded in winning a distinctive place amongst the histories of English literature simply because it reflected the distinctive genius of a people. There is no reason why an Indian scholar, who writes about English literature, should fail to win recognition. The only condition is that he must write as an Indian. Sri Aurobindo's *The Future Poetry* holds a promise.

And what Sri Aurobindo himself did is a lesson for every Indian scholar in English. He was almost a foreigner when he returned to his country, but he soon realized the need of relating to his roots and studied Sanskrit language and literature. It was this study which shaped his vision and lent a striking originality to his work. His western scholarship, however vast, could hardly make him so distinguished. For real growth is possible only when one is related to one's roots.

Indian aesthetics can provide roots to Indian scholars and help them grow. Its insights will lead them to further exploration and discovery. And once they are firmly rooted, they will be in a position to respond to and interact with other currents of thought authentically and fruitfully. It is only at this stage that a cross-fertilization takes place, resulting in enrichment and furtherance of the parent tradition.

For western scholars, too, Indian aesthetics is equally relevant. It can help broadening their outlook which is almost wholly conditioned

by western tradition. It is a well-known fact that many western creative writers have benefitted from their acquaintance with Indian philosophy and culture. It is also established that Ferdinand de Saussure, the father of modern linguistics, profited greatly from his study of Indian grammatical thought. There is every reason to believe that an interaction with Indian aesthetics will prove no less beneficial. Its ideas and concepts (*e.g.*, *Rasa*, *Dhvani*, *Vakrokti*, *Sadharanikarana*, *sahridaya*) are bound to enrich the western critical tradition. It is really unfortunate that western literary scholars and critics have so far made no deliberate attempt to explore and exploit the insights of Indian aesthetics. Even T.S. Eliot, who is believed to have been influenced by the *rasa* doctrine,⁶ makes no explicit reference to Indian literary theories. And though Susanne K. Langer (*Feeling and Form*) mentions the concept of *rasa*, her treatment is also nothing but casual. This pervading indifference of the western literary scholars or aestheticians is most probably due to two reasons: they suffer either from some deep-rooted prejudices or from some misconception. May be they think that there is nothing worthwhile in Indian aesthetics or that it belongs to the domain of orientalists. But both the positions are untenable. A tradition, however remote in time, never becomes old or meaningless: it contains in itself the seeds of regeneration and recovery. It is always relevant to the present simply because the present is the child of the past.

There may or may not be any immediate gain from the study of Indian aesthetics, but it is not as important as its far-reaching effect. It is no less a means of self-discovery than a stimulus to critical thought.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

¹Indian aesthetics or, more accurately, Indian poetics (the term "aesthetics" has been superimposed by western thought) refers to a body of Sanskrit writings on literary theory and criticism. In the beginning there were two currents of Indian aesthetics, one relating to drama called "*natyasastra*" and another relating to poetry and other literary forms called "*alamkarasastra*." In the course of time this distinction was obliterated and Indian aesthetics, comprising both poetry and drama, came to be known simply by "*alamkarasastra*" or "*sahityasastra*."

²Among the recent studies in Indian aesthetics the following are most noteworthy: *Sanskrit Criticism* by V.K. Chari (Honolulu: Hawaii University, 1990); *Indian Poetics* by Edwin Gerow in *A History of Indian Literature* ed. Jan Gonda, Vol.5, Fasc. 3; and the English translation of *Dhvanyaloka with Locana* by Daniel H.H. Ingalls *et al* (Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. 49).

³The proceedings of the seminar have lately come out under the title *East West Poetics at Work* edited by C.D. Narasimhaiah (New Delhi: Sahitya Akademi, 1994).

⁴Cf. Alexander Pope, *Essay on Criticism* (London: Macmillan & Co., 1960), especially the following lines:

Those Rules of old discovered, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd.

.....
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them. (ll.88-9; 139-40)

⁵The first book of literary criticism designed for postgraduate students of Hindi, Babu Shyam Sunder Das's *Sahityalochan*, was an adaptation of Hudson's *An Introduction to the Study of Literature*.

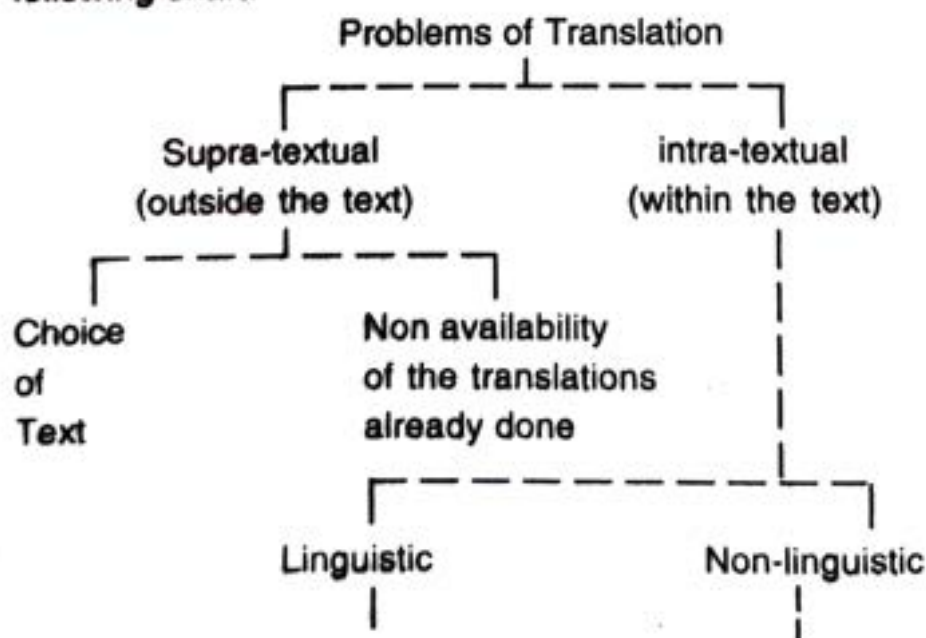
⁶Eliot's concept of "objective correlative" is obviously a restatement of the Indian concept of *vibhaya-s*. See also Lee T. Lemon, "T.S. Eliot's Other Tradition," *Journal of Literary Criticism*, 5:1 (June, 1989), pp. 1-9.

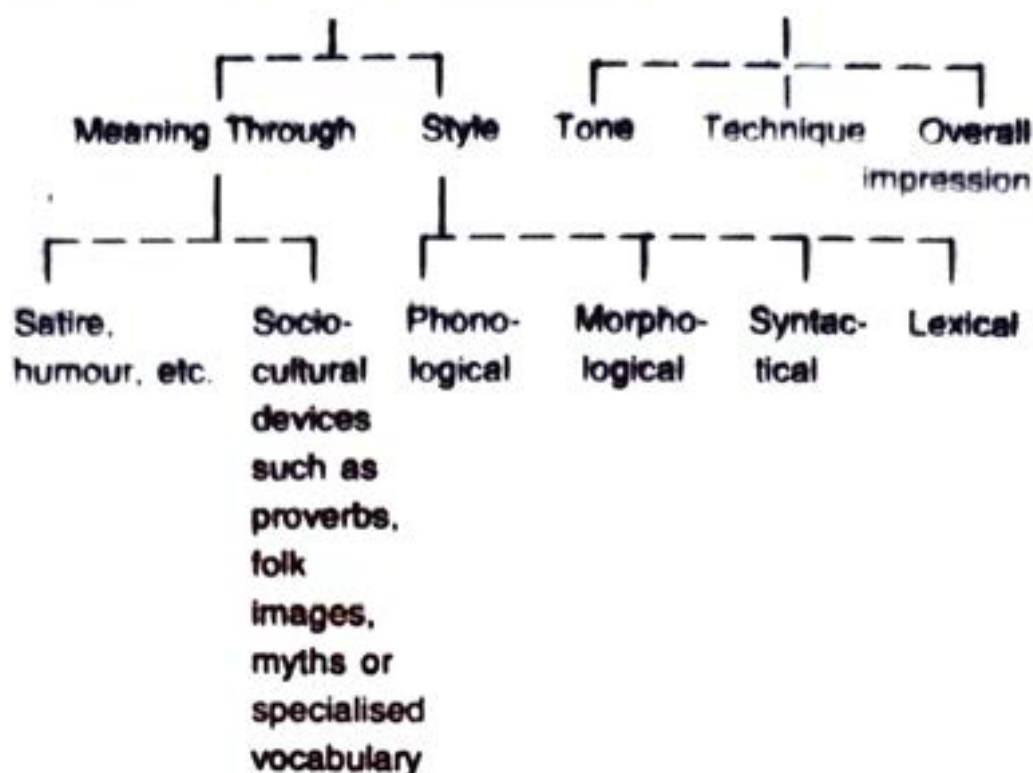
PROBLEMS OF TRANSLATION FROM HINDI TO ENGLISH

Arun Singh

No one can actually repeat the same thing a second time in exactly the same manner, intensity or volume in the same language; obviously, in the process of translating from one language into another it is inevitable that some things get added and some things are lost. A translator edits, deletes, condenses, elaborates, interprets, modifies, etc. to suit his own tastes as well as those of his immediate readers. Every translation can only be an approximation, "no translation can reproduce the original perfectly."

How closely a translation can approximate the original in form and content depends on many factors, most of which are problems of equivalence—both linguistic and cultural. If the text happens to be a literary work, then the translator is faced with additional problems. He tries to evoke an emotional experience in the reader through the translation similar to one created by the author of the original. Thus, the translator struggles for the three-way balance of form, content and emotion. A translation of Dr. Dharmveer Bharati's *Su:raj Ka: Sa:twa:n Ghora:* presents a good example of the problems involved. These problems can be represented by the following chart:





As shown in the chart, the problems of translation can be categorized under two headings—supra-textual, i.e. problems arising outside the text, and intra-textual, i.e. problems within the text. Supra-textual problems generally involve the choice of text for translation and the non-availability of the translations of the same text already attempted. Intra-textual problems can be further divided into two categories—Linguistic, i.e. problems related to linguistics, and Non-linguistic, i.e. problems which lie outside the linguistic contents of the text. Linguistic problems are of two kinds—problems of meaning and problems of style, and Non-linguistic problems comprise of tone, technique and overall impression. Problems of meaning involve the problem of suggestive emotive meaning and the problem of socio-cultural meaning, and problems of style involve three factors—phonological, morphological and syntactical.

Truly speaking, the problems of translation begin with the choice of the text. A translator is often asked about his choice of the author or text for translation. Universality appeals to the translator as the first criterion. Chelishchev puts it, "We give preference to those works that most fully reflect the past and the present of the people, that reflect their most cherished hopes and aspirations."² The

national priority becomes translator's second criterion. "National priority" does not imply a mere description of the life of the people, it must reflect the chief features of the people, their spirit, their main national traits, that might serve as a window to people of other nations. Another significant criterion in the choice of a work for translation is its artistic worth, achieved by the author as a triumph of his talent, culture, experience and the aesthetic ideals. Stress can also be on the social relevance of a work, that includes everything that helps to inculcate socially valuable traits in man. The humanistic trend of a work, therefore, is an important criterion. When choosing a literary work for translation, one is also guided by the popularity of the writer and the appraisals he has merited from the critics.

If the work has already undergone translations then the translator has to first act as a translation-critic and if he finds it improper then he decides to (re) translate avoiding the lapses of the earlier translators. But, sometimes non-availability of the translated text causes a major hurdle before the translator, in this case he has to work in a vacuum. So far as the translation of *Su:raj Ka: Sa:twa:n Ghora:* is concerned, many academicians felt the project worth undertaking. They too had no idea like this translator that it had already been translated by Ajneya. When I contacted, after attempting it, Dr. Dharmveer Bharati informed in his letter dated 28 May 1995 — "Two translations of this novel have already been done. One was by late Ajneya which was, perhaps, published in 1954 or 1955 in "Thought," a weekly newspaper which was, at that time published from Delhi. The second translation is done in a serial form by a Principal of Cambridge which is going to be published by some publisher in London." Ajneya's translation might have been covered by the sands of time and England's T.V. serial and "some publisher" are beyond reach. Therefore, this translation was attempted in vacuum *sans* any comparison.

As has been stated earlier, overall impression, technique and tone fall under the category of non-linguistic problems. A translator, first of all, tries to capture the overall effect of the work before undertaking translation. This overall effect of the work becomes the guiding factor to the translator at every step. For example, in

this novel the author uses "violet" colour abundantly. Lightning, dust, storm, horizon, etc. all seem to the novelist to be violet coloured which shows his love for a particular colour. But, this does not help in creating an overall impression of the novel and, therefore, it can be deleted because it would seem incongruous for these phenomena don't have violet colour. Another example is Angels Sikeliano's poem which Bharati quotes at the very beginning of the novel. Sikeliano was a Greek poet and Bharati has translated the poem from its English translation:

आगे बढ़ो,
 सूर्योदय रुका हुआ है।
 सूरज को मुक्त करो ताकि संसार में प्रकाश हो,
 देखो उसके रथ का चक्र कीचड़ में फंस गया है।
 आगे बढ़ो साथियो
 सूरज के लिये यह संभव नहीं कि वह अकेले उदित हो सके
 घुटने जमा कर, सीना अड़ा कर,
 उसके रथ को कीचड़ से उबारो।
 देखो, हम सब उसको सहारा दे रहे हैं
 क्योंकि हम सब सूरज के अंश हैं।

In *Desha:ntar* which was published in 1960, Bharati translates the same poem. But for the purpose of his novel Bharati gave only the summary of the poem. This summary which is given at the beginning of the novel is an adaptation of Sikeliano's poem. But, as Prasad puts it, "The demarcation between adaptation and translation should be understood in terms of the difference between adaptation as a process, inherent in translation and consciously pursued to bring the SL text closer to the TL culture and adaptation of the text so-called because of its modification of SL text for a new purpose."² This precis of Sikeliano's poem is for a "new purpose," to meet the demands of the novel. One cannot take the English translation as it is which was the source of Bharati's translation should it fail in corresponding with the theme of the novel.

Greater problem is faced while dealing with the technique of the work. Reader's familiarity with the various narrative techniques is simply assumed but there is no way to ascertain it because in

absence of this mastery the narrative technique would seem to be a handicap. The technique of this novel is not new but to the reader of fifties it might have appeared new. At least in Hindi it was unique then. The novel is a conglomeration of several stories hung like threads on one hook. As soon as the reader loses concentration the story slips off and as a result he will not be able to pick the thread. The reader will have to keep his concentration intact till the last story where all merge into one. A translator cannot deviate from this technique if he does so then he would distort the craftsmanship because it was the best-suited technique for what the novelist wanted to say.

Another important aspect of the problems of translation involves the problem of capturing the tone of the original. In this the translator's aim has been to be meticulously scrupulous. There was neither omission of words or phrases nor an attempt was made to give approximate versions of difficult and obscure idiomatic expressions or quotations. There was no effort of improvising which is often a seductive temptation to the translator. There was only occasional compression of two or more Hindi sentences into one English sentence, or viceversa. Some times Bharati's tone is mildly ironic and some times it becomes serious and at times it becomes romantic or sentimental. This variation of tone poses a serious problem before the translator.

Under non-linguistic problems come the problems of style and the problems of meaning. Catford states, "Translation as a space is always unidirectional: it is always performed in a given direction: 'from' a Source Language (SL) 'into' a Target Language (TL) Translation may be defined as follows: the replacement of textual material in one language (SL) by equivalent textual material in another language (TL) The central problem of Translation practice is that of finding TL translation equivalents."⁴ Catford, while categorizing translation into types, says, "By total translation we mean what is most usually meant by translation in which SL grammar and lexis are replaced by equivalent TL grammar and lexis."⁵ Of the two, grammar and lexis, lexis or words play a major role in translation, as they are the carriers of meaning. This aspect becomes clear by another definition of translation by Nida as

"reproducing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent of the message of the source language first in terms of meaning and second in terms of style."⁶ The problem of style in translation is an intricate one. Here the wider meaning of the term 'style' has to be borne in mind. For this purpose it is necessary to distinguish between the style of language and the style of the author. The style of language means the peculiar stylistic structure of each language, which is closest to that in another language. The style of the author means the selection of individual author from the general stylistic structure of a language. In translation, we are mainly concerned with the first aspect of style. Style in translation should be taken as a wider term to indicate the peculiarities of stylistic structure of each language. Style, in the context of translation, can be defined as a structure of phonology, word, morphology and syntax of SL which are contrastive to those of TL. Stylistic problems in translation occur mainly because of the difference in the stylistic structure of source and target languages. It means that stylistic problems in translation should be studied with the help of contrastive stylistic analysis of SL and TL. According to Nida, stylistic problems of translation can be divided into four levels – "phonological, lexical, morphological and syntactic."⁷ These problems are discussed as under:

Phonological Factors:

In transcribing Hindi proper names one has to be aware of the phonological systems of Hindi and English. If the transcribed form happens to be homophonous to another word in English, it sounds objectionable. All the proper names should bear diacritical marks to ensure correct pronunciation, but, again, the text would seem odd by the use of these marks and it is not certain whether the reader is aware of the implication of these marks. However, there are no such objectionable proper names in this novel, and the problem of transcription from Hindi into English is not as troublesome as problems at other levels.

Morphological Factors:

At the morphological level, the problems of translation increase

because the morphological structures of Hindi and English often do not correspond. For example, many Hindi particles have no corresponding English equivalents. Hindi particles 'तो', 'सी', 'ही', 'न', etc. add emphasis to the speech, sentences containing such particles are difficult to translate. For example, 'मैंने कह दिया था न' (50). 'See, didn't I tell you already.' The emphasis which exists in the original would be lost without the use of 'see' and 'already.' There are many such sentences in the novel.

In many cases no English word properly communicates the emphasis. In spite of this, many problems are related to verb morphology: compound verb-formation, tenses and aspects, etc. In Hindi, we generally make use of complex verbal formations made up of nouns and verbs. Thus, they can be characterized as 'nominal' as opposed to the 'verbal.' In translating from Hindi to English one must simplify this complex verbal formations into simple verbs. For example, 'हिसाब जोड़ना' (81) 'to add an account' must be changed to 'to calculate the account' and 'गिरफ्त करना' 'to make an arrest' to 'arrest.' Without these changes the translation though intelligible, would not be natural.

Syntactical Factors:

Syntactic processes, such as pronominalization, relativization, passivization, definiteness and indeniteness in Hindi are different from those in English. Regarding pronominalization, Hindi tends to omit both subject and object pronouns which must be supplied in English. For example, 'सत्ती सिर झटकती थी तो उसके कानों के दोनों बंदे चमक उठते थे और हंसती थी तो मोती से दांत चमक जाते थे, मुड़ती थी तो कंचन सा बदन झलमला उठता था और सिर झुकाती थी तो नागिन सी अलकें झूल जाती थीं' (80) 'When Satti shook (her) head (her) earrings shone and when (she) laughed, her pearl-like teeth glistened; when (she) turned, (her) golden body glimmered and when (she) bowed (her) head down, her serpentine locks swung.'

Hindi does not have articles, either definite or indefinite. Definiteness is indicated by other grammatical devices, such as the use of demonstrative pronouns and the numeral "one." Definiteness can also be part of some grammatical constructions,

such as the relative clause construction. Correlative relative clauses in Hindi are indefinite, whereas restrictive relative clauses are definite. Therefore, a translator should not use a restrictive relative clause for a Hindi correlative clause. 'जो जोतेगा, सो बोएगा' should be translated 'whoever tills will sow' and not 'the one who tills will sow.' The position of elements in a sentence provides information about definiteness. For example, 'देखा उसने सिनेमा' 'he saw the movie' as opposed to 'उसने सिनेमा देखा' 'he saw (a, the) movie.' The second sentence is ambiguous in terms of definiteness, and the translator must decide from the context.

There are problems in translating sentences with complex embedding. Hindi participles and attributive clauses make Hindi sentences compact. Such sentences must be elaborated following the structures of English. For example, 'रास्ते में गिरा हुआ रुमाल' 'in-(the)-road-fallen handkerchief' should be translated into 'the handkerchief dropped on the road.' Similarly, 'Having come, the teacher spoke' must be split into 'The teacher came and spoke.'

Lexical Factors:

The basic problem of meaning in translation is considered to be the question whether a word is to be translated literally or the sense of the word is to be translated. This problem can be interpreted as the problem of suggestive meaning or 'dhvani' as expounded by Anandvardhana in his *Dhvanyaloka*. 'Dhvani,' according to him, is "the capacity of word to suggest a meaning other than its literal meaning."⁸ He accepts the existence of primary and transferred meanings of words. Before Anandvardhana, Bhartrahari had suggested 'sentence is the prime basis of meaning and not the word; the word becomes meaningful only when it is used in sentence.' According to him, "the meaning of a word depends upon its use in the sentence, its context, etymology, appropriateness, time and place, association, contrast, gender, collocation, its power of expressing the meaning, the speaker and the tone."⁹ Both the theories of Anandvardhana and Bhartrahari are helpful in the study of meaning in translation. Owing to the difference in the semantic structure of SL and TL and also owing to lack of correspondence of the above-mentioned factors of meaning, it is often very difficult to communicate the exact meaning of the original when the words

are translated literally.

In dealing with lexicon, a translator faces the problems of finding equivalent/suggestive meanings. The meaning of a word in Hindi does not accurately map into the domain of a similar English word. For example, 'हँसना' in Hindi means 'laugh' as well as 'smile.' In translation it is hard to decide between 'Manik said with a smile' and 'Manik said laughing.' While translating this novel the translator faced an interesting problem. The writer seems to be so fond of the word 'अजब' or similar words having it as kernel that he has used it more than thirty times. Now, on the part of translator it becomes very difficult to translate it. It cannot be translated as 'strange' again and again. The Hindi word 'गुरु' (18) has no equivalent in English. It cannot be translated as 'teacher.' 'Dada' and 'bai' of Hindi have different connotations which differ from place to place. 'Dada' in Hindi is used for a scoundrel but in certain regions it refers to 'elder brother' or 'father.' Similarly, 'bai' in Northern India, specially in U.P., means a 'dancing girl' or a 'prostitute' but it is also used for 'mother' and 'maidservant' in certain parts of the country. Change of meaning with the change of region is a great difficulty before a translator. Some times distorted proper names are used in order to tease the person. For example, Jamunia (26), distorted form of Jamuna. It is very difficult to communicate this peculiarity of language to the reader of TL text.

Idiomatic phrases are always a problem. For example, 'हम लोट-पोट हो गए' (39). A literal translation would be 'we rolled (fell) on the ground.' Actually it should be translated as 'We burst into laughter.' Similarly, 'दूसरों को क्यों खाने दौड़ती है' (46) should not be translated literally as 'why do you run to eat others' but as 'why do you bully them.'

Combined words, too, pose difficulty before the translator. For example, 'दो-चार पुए' (29) cannot be translated as 'two-four/two or four *puas*' but 'some *puas*'. 'खाना-पीना' (20) does not mean 'eating and drinking' but taking 'meal.' We cannot translate 'बैठी-बैठी' (29) as 'sitting-sitting,' 'खुशी-खुशी' (27) as 'happy-happy,' 'पढ़ाई-लिखाई' (20) as 'reading-writing' and so on and so forth.

Some Hindi pronouns play a major role in expressing the

emotion of the character. For example, Satti always uses 'मैं' but when she becomes sentimental she says 'घबराओ न नाणिक, हम जा रहे हैं' (86); Lily asks Manik, 'हम कभी छिपाते हैं तुमसे कोई बात' (67). Replacing 'हम' for 'मैं' makes the tone sentimental but in English we have only 'I' for first person pronoun. Similarly, 'तू', 'तुम' and 'आप', the second person pronouns in Hindi are used according to the degree of intimacy of the speaker with the listener. Also, it indicates the aspect of formality in their relationship. English proves poorer here. It has only 'you' for all the three second person pronouns of Hindi and hence a great deal of tone of the original is lost.

All the above-mentioned four problems govern the stylistic aspect of a work. But, greater problem is faced in searching a meaning through socio-cultural devices, such as proverbs, folk images, myths, specialized vocabulary, humour, satire, etc. These devices are peculiar qualities of a particular language and finding an equivalent in another is not only difficult but sometimes impossible too, leading to decay of the original flavour of a language. For example, kinship names. In Hindi we have 'ma:ma:', 'cha:cha:', 'fu:fa:' for different relations but English has only 'uncle' for all of them making the exact relationship between two persons vague. Also, these names in Hindi do not necessarily describe the meaning for which they are used. For example, Hindi word 'bua:' generally means 'father's sister.' In this novel Mahesar Dalal puts up a lady as a kept and asks his children to call her 'bua:' (52). If the reader of an alien language is informed about the archetypal meaning of the word then the hidden satire will slip off.

There are certain words or customs in our culture which do not have exact equivalents in English. For example, 'जमुना ने घूड़ी-कंगन तोड़ डाले' (42), translating it as 'broke the bangles' does not serve the purpose because in Indian culture it means that the lady has become a widow. 'गाय को टिक्की खिलाना' (27), 'लिपे-पुते तुलसी के चौतरे' (40) cannot be translated into English keeping the convention and cultural aspect intact. A bride's weeping at the time of farewell from parents' house (71) has a typical cultural aspect which the reader of an alien culture cannot understand unless it is described in the glossary or footnote. 'बीजा छीलना' (38, 86) is a practice among

women of Allahabad region of relishing the melon seeds during their leisure. Now which particular seed is this and what is the use of its kernel is not known to the native of some other regions. When asked, the writer informed that it is the seed of melon and its kernel is used as dry fruit to make sweets look attractive. Vegetation also differs from region to region. नीम, पीपल, सोनजूही, नरगिस, etc. are not necessarily found in other countries. Using their Botanical names would not serve the purpose, for it will be both absurd and unintelligible. Same is the case with dresses. 'बलूची कुर्ते' and 'गरारे' are beyond the imagination of a western reader. Some times the English transcription of proper names creates a difficulty to a translator. A recent Gujarati translation of Frank Davy's memoirs by Nita Ramaiya (भारत विशे केनेडियन मागदर्शिका) provides an interesting example of this kind of problem. The English transcription of famous Sufi saint शेख सलीम चिश्ती would be 'Sheik Salim Chishti.' In English 'ch' represents two different sounds 'च' and 'क'. The translator took it to be 'क' and transcribed it as 'किस्ती'.

In this novel there are several references of famous Hindi writers, their works and characters, literary traditions and ages and famous quotations from Hindi and Sanskrit literatures. Reader's familiarity with them can simply be assumed, there is no way out except putting them in italics and defining in footnote. Deletion is not always possible because it can distort the meaning. Transcription can serve the purpose but not in every case. Boman Desai in his novel *The Memory of Elephants* translates 'डंडा लेके मारू छे' (38) as 'I'll break your spine.' In this case it is a transliteration. But it is very difficult to transliterate/transcreate quotations like

- (i) उत्तम के अस बस मन माहीं (40)
- (ii) रम्याणि वीक्ष्य मधुरांश्च (63)
- (iii) आह बेबना मिली बिदाई (63)
- (iv) सूर्य आत्मा जगतिस्तस्थुश्च (103)

Even if we transcreate them it will be betrayal both to the SL text as well as to the famous scriptures from where these quotations have been cited.

If the dialogues are in standard (in formal or colloquial) language, a translator can achieve an optimum of acceptable equivalence in

English without sacrificing the spirit of the original. But then arises the problem of translating the dialect which represents certain character's world—his educational status and culture. Must the translator go for an equivalent slang expression in the target language? If granted then what variety of slang should be chosen? American or British? Valayudhan argues, "The average life-span of a slang expression, unless it survives and gets accepted into the standard language, it is at the most, a decade."¹⁰ Having taken a decision on the regional variety of a slang, the next step would be to choose the slang of a given decade. It is almost impossible for an Indian to keep abreast of the kaleidoscopic change occurring in one or the other regional variety of English slang. Since this novel was published in the fifties, should the translator go for the slang of that decade. If he should, again the problem of the lifespan of a slang arises. So in order to handle this critical problem the dialectical dialogues occurring in the novel, which are very few, have been translated into colloquial English, and moreover it was felt that it would not create much loss to take liberty with the dialect.

Translation, as some would presume, is not an easy task. It is some times more challenging and difficult than the original, more so when the languages involved are not cognate. A perfect translation of a work from one tradition into another is like transplanting a tree, root and branch, along with the balls of earth clinging to its roots. Some times pollination is done in such a magnificent way that the resultant fruit becomes a significant horticultural achievement. Regarding the problems of translation Friedrich Max Muller had said that translations could never take the place of the originals, because they could never be more than an approximation of one language to the other. Then he observed, "The translator, however, if he has once gained the conviction that it is impossible to translate old thought into modern speech, without doing some violence either to the one or to the other, will hardly hesitate in his choice between two evils. He will prefer to do some violence to language rather than to misrepresent old thoughts by clothing them in words which do not fit them."¹¹ Hence, in spite of many problems and violence to the original, translation is inevitable. In a recent translation of Canadian verse into Gujarati, Suresh Dalal very aptly summarises

the strategy of translation:

When I translate
a poem,
I enter
into its novel unique world.
And try to acclimatize (myself)
in that environment.
I inhale a deep breath,
then I invite the words
of my mother tongue
quite close to my bosom.
And urge them
to invigorate in the new climes
and unfold their own magic.¹²

REFERENCES

- ¹Werner Winter, "Impossibilities of Translation," *The Craft and Context of Translation*, ed., William Arrosmith and Roger Shattuck (Austin: University of Texas, 1961), p. 72.
- ²E. Chelishev, "Some Problems of Translation of Hindi Literature into Russian," *The Problems of Translation*, p. 119.
- ³Indira Prasad, "Translation and Adaptation: Their Respective Realms," *IJT*, II, 1, Jan-June, 1990, p. 44.
- ⁴J.C. Catford, *A Linguistic Theory of Translation* (London: Oxford University Press, 1972), pp. 20-21.
- ⁵*Ibid.*, p. 22.
- ⁶Nida, *Language, Structure and Translation* (California: Stanford University Press, 1975), p. 95.
- ⁷*Ibid.*, p. 102.
- ⁸Quoted in G. Gopinathan, p. 43.
- ⁹*Ibid.*
- ¹⁰S. Velayudhan, "On Translating Modern Indian Classics into English," *Problems of Translation*, ed. C.D. Narasimhaiah and Srinath (Mysore: Dhvanyaloka, n.d.), p. 74.
- ¹¹Nirad C. Chaudhury, *Scholar Extraordinary* (New Delhi: Orient Paperbacks, 1974), p. 354.
- ¹²Shirin Kudchedkar, *Kavisaptak* (Bombay: S.N.D.T. Univ., 1989), blurb.

BOOK REVIEW

Asha Vyas, *Melting Memories*

(Delhi: K.K. Publications, 1996), pp. 48, Rs. 120.

Charu Sheel Singh

This elegantly produced collection of forty poems gives an account of a cultured self that is both purposefully centred as well as artistically objective. The poems have a range and depth that mixes up places and names in its horizontal and vertical dimensions. They have a remarkable tenderness of feelings and emotions and a deep reading gives the impression that they create a mythology:

Desire I
is a pelvic pain
in the womb of night.
It is also a game
played by Princes
On the chessboard
Of days to denude a wife.

(Trinity)

The poems breed postures of agony, void, dream, hope, remorse, love, longing and friendship. They are too human to visualize mystic union. The protagonist is a conscious self who has an artistry in articulation and a sense of the pulse of the words. What is more enthralling about these poems is that they are elevated by portraits that accompany each of them. There is no substitute for existential loneliness:

He raised a big structure
of surface
Ambiguities
That left us unfortunate
Parallel lines.

(The Misunderstanding)

Communication breaks down but the memory, sometimes as a useless and hopeless mass, grips and makes the "Forgotten" a "familiar dream" (Hopeless longing). Poetry is, after all, *Vasana* and *Vritti*; it is an inescapable 'you.' The poetess encounters this 'you' (you) in the core of Nothingness.

The poems can well be compared with those of Emily

Dickinson except that they are not written in hymn meter. The images and symbols which grow from the warmth and tenderness of the human heart create a destiny on "sand hills." Words become ghosts and tears transform relationships. "A skirl of wind" is enough to spread "greyness."

Indian English women's poetry, for some reason or the other, has not seen the days we could call sunshine. One could describe the situation in the poetess' own words:

The barren evening
Discoloured, deserted
By Day, deceived by night
Searches for moments
That slip from the palm
In the Dust of Time.

(Rakt Beej)

There is a lot of postpoetry moment in these poems by which I mean one can pause and think. It is not that the poetess is not conscious of "the teasing wind," still a portrait emerges that is precisely the victory of art over chaos. The realization that the protagonist is a shadow is superseded by the fact that the shadow is a shadow of some reality which is making poetry possible. In a few poems the imagery is cosmic:

I stretch my arms
In void but stone-
Walls of cosmic ego
Strike once again. (Void)

One gets the feeling that the poems are genuinely Indian although the Indianness derives its connotation from the Upanishadic period of Indian history. The poems go on as life does and the Gangetic depths through the holy ghats of Benaras give a test of infinity that is enough for a "semiosis of self." There is no violence in the images and symbols of these poems. Narration is free and frank. There is a lot of play upon the syntax and the word is realized in terms of its weight and depth. The words stand alone mocking the chronology of seasons and melting the Hymalayan snows into conflicting claims of self-identity. I should consider this collection as a promising beginning. This surely gives a new lease of life to Indian women's poetry in English.

**Propheying Post-Modernist History:
Charu Sheel Singh's *The Indian Hero***

(Delhi: B.R. Publishing Corporation, 1995), pp. 69, Rs. 40.

Sunanda Mongla

Incorporating thematic contradictions, disruptions, repetitions, refractions, antinomies, ironies and paradoxes, *The Indian Hero* is rooted most of all in the Indian psyche and in the western as well, insofar that the western is part of the post-modern Indian sensibility. This poem (fiction according to the publisher) by Dr. Charu Sheel attempts to translate the classically western post-modernist impulse in terms of an Indian cultural and philosophical idiom. Contesting the currently fashionable superstructure of Orientalism built up on the theories of Edward Said this work successfully shows that there is an affinity in traditions which are taken to be disparate. In this sense this poem points to a universality of human destiny and existence.

The poem circulates around the birth, rebirths and reincarnations of a being according to a spectrum of creativity myths. The hero is not only Vishnu, Krishna, Christ, Buddha, he is also a hermaphrodite, the Eliotian "hollow man," Bellow's "Dangling man," Whitman's spiritual mystical being, and the visionary being of Blake. The hero carries in him the traces of a Muslim substance and is also the true post-modernist man for he is born out of a test-tube. That the hero seems to stagger under too heavy a burden of meaning is not surprising for he carries the weight of all human history and an amalgamation of the whole range of human possibilities. Combined in the hero are all that can be appreciable and abominable in a human shape.

It is possible for the hero to go through so many transformations because creation is always recreation. This rhythm of life and death, actuality and potentiality, concretization and dematerialization is expressed through the "circumlocutory" structure of the poem. It is possible to trace structural parallels with Eliot's *The Wasteland*, though since *The Wasteland* combines circularity with a linearity

of theme, so it should be more properly called spirally structured. This work does not show a forward movement of theme in its pure circularity. It may be argued that since the Indian reality is defined as "Maya," the illusion that *The Hindu* reviewer (Oct. 11 '94) finds to be the theme of *The Indian Hero*, so such a structure is an apt expression for life's greatest illusion, namely, that it has a meaning. Perhaps, linearity is a western narrative technique and the circulatory an Indian one. However, these ideas will have to wait till we develop our own Indian theories of Narratology.

A complex theme, a complicated structure, an abstract and metaphysical imagery and a use of language which often defies instant communication: there is no doubt that this is a work for the initiated with a stout intellect and a firm determination. The alternative is to perform the ostrich act, which is all too well for the reader's comfort but would not augur well for the state of scholarship. In its self-reflexivity, contextuality, intertextuality, polymorphous indetermination *The Indian Hero* tackles the contemporary issues in creativity and criticism. In both these senses Dr. Charu Sheel's credentials are sound; this is his fourth collection of poems. Moreover, he has written widely on criticism and has propounded an original theory of the creative process. Lesser writers have garnered greater fame but there are some poets who believe that it is better to starve in the garret of obscurity than to compromise one's poetic impulses. Thus, he has actually not availed a chance to collaborate with Harold Bloom at Yale University, which, considering the acceptability it would have generated for him, is indeed revealing of this particular poet's thinking.

Four Collections of Poems by a Single Hand In a Single Year

K.G. Srivastava

The year 1996 has been very lucky indeed for Dr. Narinder K. Rattan because it has witnessed the publication of four volumes of poems by him. The credit of having published non-profitable items like poems and that too poems in English by an Indian in hard times like ours goes to K.K. Publications, 3350, Peepal Mahadev, Hauz Quazi, Delhi-110006. The Managing staff of the publications have really been very bold and courageous in this venture. But readers and scholars of Indian English poetry must be deeply grateful to them for their having brought into limelight a new poet with great promise. Notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Narinder K. Rattan has not been widely known in his native land, many of his poems have been published in international journals of creative writing and two of his collections of verse have been translated into the Romanian language and these Romanian versions of his poetry have been published in Romania.

The volumes under review here are: *Stray Petals*, *For Him, His*, *A Beacon* and *Beyond the Prism*. Of these the first volume contains the largest number of poems: 36, most remarkable of which are: "the dogged artist," "wars the world over," sphinx's finale!, "stray petals," and "mortal longevity." *For Him, His* has 25 poems of which most significant are "end of the tether," "music of incense," "incarnation," "laughter and smile" and "unstring." *A Beacon* contains 27 poems of which to my mind "Demons' Dance," "Keats' Violets," "Glow-worms," and "Monkey-mother" are quite arresting and absorbing. And *Beyond The Prism*, too, contains 27 poems of which "The Down-flowing Stream," "Eternal Timography," "Becket," "Nonchalance," "Poetic Transcendence" and "The Spider" have impressed me most.

There seems to be a unity in all the collections under review: all poems in them seem to be picture-poems, making pictures through their peculiar arrangement of words—their typography. Rattan seems to be a follower of the American poet e.e. cummings in this experimentalist venture, apparently ultra-modernist. Another influence seems to be the British poet Ted Hughes, leader of the Group poets

who had emerged in the 60s. "The dogged artist" in *The Stray Petals*, for example, readily reminds us of Ted Hughes's "Thought Fox." Moreover, the volume of Ted Hughes entitled *Caves* can supply us the prototypes of many of Rattan's poems. The Indian poet is quite brilliant and witty but remains an experimentalist, through and through and there lies his peril.

In Indian poetic traditions picture-poetry was never admired. One of the most influential Sanskrit theorists—Mammatha, author of the famous critical treatise *Kavyaprakasha*, called *chitrakavya* (picture-poetry) *adhamkavya* or very inferior kind of poetry though the brilliance and competence of the poets involved was presumably admitted by the great critic from Kashmir. The Sanskrit-poet Bharavi, who experimented with *chitrakavya* in the fifteenth canto of his epic *Kirataryuniyam*, was censured by many literary critics of ancient times; even the British scholars like Keith attacked him vehemently for his indulgence in senseless obscurity displayed in the fifteenth canto of his *magnum opus* whereas his lucid and liquid verse in the remaining parts of *Kirataryuniyam* has elicited praise from all schools of literary criticism. Dr. Narinder K. Rattan who is a Reader in the Department of English, M.D. University, Rohtak (Haryana), should take lesson from the fate of picture-poets of India. And I believe he is fully acquainted with the fate of the picture-poets of the West who have all already gone into oblivion. How many readers of poetry today go in for the poetry of versifiers such as e.e. cummings? Not many, I am sure.

Poetry, if it wants to be abiding, enduring and wide of appeal, should be 'simple, sensuous and passionate' as John Milton opined long ago. I agree that the poems of the volumes, under review, have many virtues such as sparkling wit and startling irony. But these virtues, by themselves, cannot make a poet of real power; they need to be supplemented with lucidity and human concerns. Rattan's poems are, no doubt, beautiful artefacts, but they fail to touch the human heart simply because they are not 'simple, sensuous, and passionate'. However, Rattan's efforts are commendable and he has definitely enriched Indian English poetry.

Santosh Nath, *Treatment of Greek Mythology in the Poems of Tennyson*

(Aligarh: Printwel Publications, 1992), pp. 220, Rs.225.

Suresh Nath

Professor Santosh Nath's book is an excellent exposition of the treatment of Greek mythology in Tennyson's poems which sustain a personal allegory. Tennyson's poems on Greek mythology have many dimensions. With superb craftsmanship Tennyson weaves inimitable poetry with the past, the present and himself. These poems emerge as a unique diary wherein the poet records his innermost secrets through symbolical characters and places. They unfold to the reader the poet's mind and soul. Tennyson depicts his experiences, his views on some of the major issues of controversy-ridden Victorian era by successfully striking a judicious balance between myth, the allegory and the age. The poet's personality, very often, strays across into his poems and characters, without being aware of it. Hallam Tennyson, the biographer son, rightly calls his father's poems "the innermost sanctuary of his being."

It was because of the use of Greek myths in his poems that Tennyson was called the poet of scholars in his age. In fact, most of the readers fail to comprehend these poems because they study them in isolation, without paying due weightage to the biographical background. Thus, his poems like "The Lotos-Eaters," "Ulysses," "Oenone" have been simply reduced to aesthetic and literary marvels. Strangely enough, poems like "Tiresias," "The Death of Oenone," "Parnassus," "Ilion, Ilion" and "Semele" have not been assigned their due place in the assessment of Tennyson's poetic genius. This book presents a delightful and thought-provoking analysis of his mythological poems. True, these poems were inspired by the innermost experiences of the poet who was exceptionally sensitive and introvert. They are a vivid expression of his own experiences, his philosophy, and his approach to life and art. Mrs. Nath rightly opines: "Poetic composition on the subjects of Greek myths was not an academic exercise or recreation for him as it may have sometimes been for some erudite Victorians. It can be said that there was a very strong personal bond between the poet and these myths from his early childhood."

Tennyson wrote eleven complete poems and two fragments on Greek mythological subjects. They include "Hero to Leander," "The Sea-Fairies," "The Hesperides," "The Lotos - Eaters," "Oenone," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Tiresias," "Parnassus," "Demeter and Persephone," "The Death of Oenone" and the two incomplete poems "Ilion, Ilion" and "Semele." But unfortunately these poems have not been given adequate attention by the critics. Mrs. Nath's book provides this long-felt need for in proper appreciation of the entire corpus of Tennyson's poetry. With her firm grip over her subject matter and her highly developed critical judgment, she divides these poems into two broad categories, viz. poems on mythical personages and poems on mythical places. Further, on the basis of common thematic and formal features, these poems have been regrouped as (1) The Choic songs; (2) Poems with Greek Mythical Heroines as Protagonists; (3) Poems with Greek Mythical Heroes as Protagonists; and (4) Poems on Greek Mythical Places. Interestingly, Tennyson also uses Greek myths for ornamentation in his non-mythical poems. Mrs. Nath presents a fascinating analysis of these poems in the context of his other works and major contemporary issues like the social responsibility of an artist, problem of love and marriage, the new growing vista of knowledge and the age-old conflict between Hellenism and Hebraism.

The author divides the entire study into six chapters. The first three chapters are devoted to a detailed discussion of the first three groups of poems, mentioned in the earlier paragraph. The fourth chapter deals with the fourth set of poems and Tennyson's dabbling in translation of passages from Greek epics into English. The fifth chapter analyses Tennyson's use of and experiment in different forms, styles and technique. The sixth chapter sums up the thesis.

Thus, this study highlights the thematic and artistic values of the treatment of Greek myths in Tennyson's poetry. It throws new light on the form and style of his poems and establishes their inherent metaphorical and symbolic unity. The book has a very useful Bibliography which makes it indispensable for the scholars of Tennyson. It makes a fascinating reading and takes us directly to the core of Tennyson's poetic genius.

Suresh Nath, *Bubbling Life, But...*

(Delhi: K.K. Publications, 1997), pp. 48, Rs.120.

K.K. Sharma

This collection of 27 poems, composed by Suresh Nath, is a valuable addition to Indian English poetry. The very title of the collection strikes the reader immediately by its suggestiveness. We are always busy in pursuit of the bubbles that glitter in our eyes and dance before us, but often when we think ourselves within their reach, our footing fails and we slide and sink. This is the perennial flow of life which teaches us to bear its burden patiently on the inner strength—the strength of love, social well-being, faith in Divine Justice and the like—that carries us forward to the last station of life. In fact, life is a queer blend of agony and love.

The poet has poured forth his heart in a language which is simple and touching, and "explores the ceaseless miracle of myself" ("Do you know," p.1). He has painted on a fairly wide canvas the emotional, social and political scenario of our times in beautiful colours. The book appears to be a personal document of a wounded soul. It has been dedicated to his beloved wife who soared into the boundless space in Oct. 1992. Mark the carefully worded and brief dedication, "To beloved Rani, from her Raju." The poet makes nostalgic references to his days of mirth and youthful jollity which slipped out of his hand like the bright sliding particles of sand from one's fist: "Look at the train of past memories/Always aching with expectations" ("And Now," p.21). In the last poem of the collection, "The Return of Rani," the poet mentions a few remnants of his half-erased memory, sluggishly glued to the dark recesses of his mind: "I found myself deep in her.../ Her quivering lips slur," "Suddenly the autumn trees/Have sprouted with blossoms/Down with the scent," "I fear the Springs/They are very short" (pp.41-2). Strikingly personal, the collection presents lucidly the outlines of the poet's emotional attachment to his beloved wife who always haunts him, his intellectual vigour and his social awareness as a sincere citizen. He is painfully aware of "only cold laws—born out of/Selfish tyranny of powerful people" ("I am for life," p.3). The poet asserts: "I'm bubbling over the palpitating life/And not meant for shelves or the

theatre" p.3), "I'm for life and not waiting for death/To embrace and hook me off" (Ibid.).

The large-scale, deep-rooted corruption (see poems like "A Lyric Without Lyre," "Modern Bliss," "Bechari Janta," and "Glass-house Syndrome") in our social (see "Retired"), political ("So-called Politicians"), and intellectual ("What a Life") life rudely shocks the poet. His agony at the present state of affairs in his country robs his sleep and ultimately he seeks consolation in love and the various emotional aspects associated with his beloved. These emerge as a pillar of strength for the poet emotionally shattered by political anarchy, social degeneration, and intellectual and religious dishonesty. His beloved, thus, is always throbbing on his conscience; her perennial love and dedication perpetually obsess him, and at times unnerve him. He waits for her return, and in a mood of wishful thinking she does appear in a reverie, yielding, loving, caring and trusting.

It is human love—physical, sensuous love (see "The Return of Rani," "A Union Divine," "The Light of Love" and "Evening of My Hopes"), and the love for the poor and the noble (see "Mammon at His Door," "A Rainy Night")—that refines our spirit and paves the way for genuine spiritual bliss. In the moment of spiritual ennoblement the beloved and God become one. Ultra-materialism has made our life barren and meaningless. Our sorrows are due to the fact that we have miserably failed to discern the inner beauty, the inner bliss, the genuine joy and the pain of human heart. The unfulfilled lingering longings fill us with agony and despair. The poet is deeply pained and hurt by the rapid deterioration of values of life. Personal bonds of love have lost their eminence, and have been replaced by treacherous gold. In this state of emotional, political, social and intellectual chaos, the only ray of hope lies in the renewal of true love and compassion. All love at last merges into the Divine and the Blissful. The poet has successfully couched his feelings in new expressive idioms, essentially Indian and exceedingly suggestive.

Elegantly brought out, the book is moderately priced. It is exceptionally free from printing errors. In a word, going through the book is a delightful and refreshing experience.

POINTS OF VIEW

Declaration under Section 5 of the Press & Registration of Books Act, 1867

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1. Place of Publication | Ghaziabad |
| 2. Periodicity of Publication | Biannual |
| 3. Printer's Name | K.K. Sharma |
| Nationality | Indian |
| Address | KH/127, New Kavi Nagar
Ghaziabad--201 002 |
| 4. Publisher's Name | K.K. Sharma |
| Nationality | Indian |
| Address | KH/127, New Kavi Nagar
Ghaziabad--201 002 |
| 5. Editor's Name | K.K. Sharma |
| Nationality | Indian |
| Address | KH/127, New Kavi Nagar
Ghaziabad--201 002 |
| 6. Owner's Name | Mrs. Kuhu Sharma |
| | KH/127, New Kavi Nagar
Ghaziabad--201 002 |

I, K.K. Sharma, hereby declare that the particulars, given above, are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

K.K. Sharma

NEXT SPECIAL NUMBER

CENSORSHIP, ART & LITERATURE

SOME INVALUABLE TITLES ON LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

- **Feminism and Literature: New Points of View**
Ed. K.K. Sharma, D.Litt., Former Prof. of English, Univ. of Allahabad
1996 ISBN 81-86572-81-1 Rs. 400
- **Alienation in the Poetry of Matthew Arnold**
Shrawan K.Sharma, Ph.D., G.K. University, Harwar
1996 ISBN 81-86572-83-X Rs. 300
- **Melting Memories (A Collection of Poems)**
Asha Viswas, Ph.D., Reader in English, B.H.U., Varanasi
1996 ISBN 81-86572-85-6 Rs. 120
- **The Poetry of Madan G.Gandhi: A New Metaphysical Voice**
Narinder K. Rattan, Ph.D., Reader, M.D. University, Rohtak
1996 ISBN 81-86572-84-8 Rs. 360
- **Major Indian English Novelists: Some Points of View**
Harish Raizada, D.Litt., Former Professor of English, A.M.U., Aligarh
1996 ISBN 81-86572-86-4 Rs. 360
- **Bhabani Bhattacharya: Some Points of View**
Ed. K.K. Sharma, D.Litt., Former Prof. of English, Univ. of Allahabad
1995 ISBN 81-86572-80-5 Rs. 240
- **Mapping the Shore: Exercises in Criticism**
Asha Viswas, Ph.D., Reader in English, B.H.U., Varanasi
1995 ISBN 81-86572-81-3 Rs. 240
- **Symbolism in Anita Desai's Novels**
Kajali Sharma, Ph.D., T.S.E. College, University of Bombay
1991 ISBN 81-7017-283-7 Rs. 190
- **Rabindranath Tagore's Aesthetics**
K.K. Sharma, D.Litt., Former Prof. of English, Univ. of Allahabad
1988 ISBN 81-7017-237-3 Rs. 90
- **Modern Fictional Theorists: Virginia Woolf & D.H. Lawrence**
K.K. Sharma, D.Litt., Former Prof. of English, Univ. of Allahabad
- **Tradition in Modern Novel-Theory**
K.K. Sharma, D.Litt., Former Prof. of English, Univ. of Allahabad
- **Joyce Cary: His Theme and Technique**
K.K. Sharma, D.Litt., Former Prof. of English, Univ. of Allahabad

K.K. Publications

3350, Peepal Mahadev, Hauz Quazi, Delhi-110 006
Telephone: 3266965 ; Fax: 3269343