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ASHVAMEGH... the literary flight!



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ASHVAMEGH... *the literary flight!*



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About Us

August 2015 (Issue-vii)
The Ashvamegh Team



'Making the Impression'

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Ashvamegh... the literary flight

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ASHVAMEGH... *the literary flight!*

Editorial

August 2015 (Issue-vii)

Alok Mishra (Editor-in-Chief)

'Making the Impression'

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How much I can pretend or try, but the enthusiasm of our first issue with an ISSN will always linger throughout my address. Indeed, this result is the consequence of dedicated hard labour and serious effort of our team and all our contributors. Nevertheless, what the beauty is that remains unseen! Therefore, the lion's share in this success goes to all our visitors who have supported our venture to the full by visiting and commenting. Now that we are an official international journal dedicated to the restoration of interest in literature, we are delighted; we are excited; we are more dedicated and at the same time, we feel the most responsible about our duties. We are gaining recognition; we are getting impression; we are being talked about; we are being discussed about; and in simple words, we have now touched the first circle of literary revival. We hope for more support from you in the coming days; we expect more contributions from you in near future; and we always welcome suggestions, inputs and advice from you about the improvements to add in our efforts.

On a personal note, I am indeed overwhelmed with the joy of announcing our first issue with an ISSN that will be kept in the records for forever. I am thankful to all the contributors whose works have appeared in this issue, and also to those who have shown the interest to submit their works to us. About the last issue, I owe my thanks to the poets and authors who have given me the time to have a discussion with them about literature and various topics of literature. I am also thankful to Mr. Kevin Kiely, and madam Carmen Tafolla, the poets and versatile literary personalities who have agreed for an interview for Ashvamegh.

At last, let us celebrate the first step towards an attempt to the revival of interest in literature. Read, ponder, enjoy and do add your comments once you are finished with the issue.

Seeking your support, always,
Alok Mishra
Editor-in-Chief
Ashvamegh

(Published from New Delhi, 44)

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Poems

Tabish Khair

August 2015 (Issue-vii)

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'Making the Impression'



NURSE'S TALES, RETOLD

Because the east wind bears the semen smell of rain,
A warm smell like that of shawls worn by young women
Over a long journey of sea, plain and mountains,
The peacock spreads the Japanese fan of its tail and dances,
And dances until it catches sight of its scaled and ugly feet.

Because the *koel* cannot raise its own chicks --
Nature's fickle mother who leaves her children on doorsteps
In the thick of nights, wrapped in controversy and storm --
Because the *koel* will remain eternally young, untied,
It fills the long and empty afternoons with sad and sweet songs.

Because the rare *Surkhaab* loves but once, marries for life,
The survivor circles the spot of its partner's death uttering cries,
Until, shot by kind hunters or emaciated by hunger and loss,
It falls to the ground, moulting feathers, searching for death.
O child, my nurse had said, may you never see a *Surkhaab* die.

(From WHERE PARALLEL LINES MEET, Penguin, 2000)



AMMA

Down the stairs of this house where plaster flakes and falls,
Through the intimate emptiness of its rooms and hall,
I hear your slow footsteps, grandmother, echo or pause

As they used to through long summer afternoons spent within
The watered down four-walls of *khus* and fragile drinks
Of ice, mango or lemon, the circle of water-melon crescents.

Slowly you shuffle examining each new tear in the curtains
Which will have to be mended when the first monsoon rain
Provides a respite from sun, curtails the need for shade.

Slowly on arthritic joints you move from room to room
Marking the damage of the years, evaluating how soon
The past will collapse or how long the present last.

You never need glasses to mark the contours of your house
Though you can't see grandsons at a distance, once wore a blouse
Inside out. Nothing has changed, grandmother, no, not yet;

Though your collected steps never turn the corner into you
In a starched and white *sari*, the fragrance of soap around you.
And all the curtains have long been taken down.

(From WHERE PARALLEL LINES MEET, Penguin, 2000.)

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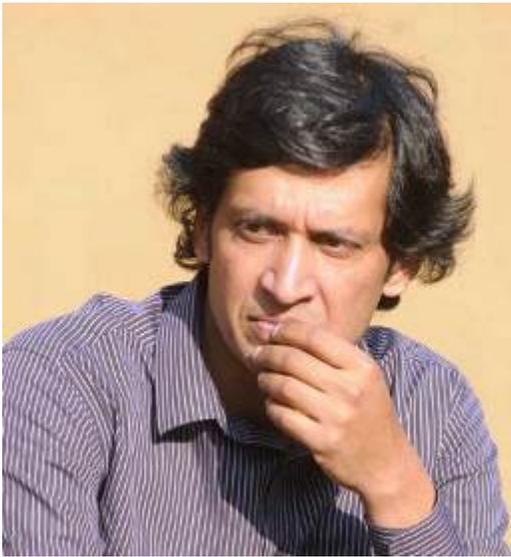
Poems

Tabish Khair

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'Making the Impression'

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Born (1966) and educated mostly in Bihar, India, Tabish Khair is the author of various books, including the poetry collection, **WHERE PARALLEL LINES MEET** (Penguin, 2000), the study, **BABU FICTIONS: Alienation in Indian English Novels** (Oxford UP, 2001) and the novel, **THE BUS STOPPED** (Picador, UK, 2004), which was short-listed for the Encore Award. His honours and prizes include the All India Poetry Prize (awarded by the Poetry Society and the British Council) and honorary fellowship (for creative writing) from the Baptist University of Hong Kong, as well as fellowships at Cambridge University (UK), JNU (Delhi), DU

(Delhi) and Jamia Milia (Delhi). **OTHER ROUTES**, an anthology of pre-modern travel texts by Africans and Asians, co-edited and introduced by Khair, was published by Signal Books and Indiana University Press in 2005 and 2006 respectively. Khair's latest novel, **FILMING: A Love Story** (Picador, UK, 2007), shortlisted for the Crossword Vodafone Prize, examines memory and guilt against the backdrop of the 1940s Bombay film industry: a Danish translation will be published by EC Edition, Aarhus, in November 2009. The major feminist house, Zubaan Books, published Khair's first illustrated book for children (**THE GLUM PEACOCK**) in the winter of 2008. His recent novels, **THE THING ABOUT THUGS** (2010) and **HOW TO FIGHT ISLAMIST TERROR FROM THE MISSIONARY POSITION** (2012) have elicited various prizes short-listings (including the Man Asian award) and good reviews globally and in India. Recent studies by him include **THE GOTHIC, POSTCOLONIALISM AND OTHERNESS** (Palgrave 2013) and **THE NEW XENOPHOBIA** (Oxford University Press, 2015). He works as a professor in Aarhus, Denmark.

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Poems

Travis Blair

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'Making the Impression'



Babylon Revisited

Apple snails,
spiral houses
on their backs,
slide along glass
tank, labor like
Egyptian slaves
climbing pyramids.

Red-tail shark
struts his fin,
swerves and darts
amid miniature
palms in weighted
pots, a Pharaoh
surveying his
kingdom.

Bottom suckers pilfer
algae and snail
droppings.
I press my nose
against cool glass,
whisper words
to my grandson:
*This is what
Babylon was like.*

He smiles and nods
while we watch
commerce bustle
on the Euphrates.



Cuban Tete-a-Tete, 1960

A pontoon plane plops
onto Havana Harbor, roars
to the docks. Out hops
Tennessee Williams
toting his dog Fifi.

Looking nervous, he scowls
I hear Hemingway's homophobic.
He'll likely punch me in the face!

But inside Club Floridita
Papa charms him.
Morning brandy in hand,
he wears a grin, offers a drink.
Relieved, Tennessee gulps a Gin Fizz.

The renowned writers swap
tales of bad health. *My liver*
is failing me, Tennessee laments.
My plane crash injuries won't heal,
Hemingway growls.

They talk Key West days, Nobel
and Pulitzer Prizes. Papa brags
of Spanish bullfights and wars.
Tennessee spins New Orleans tales
and dramatic Southern tragedies.

After a final round of the club's
infamous daiquiris, the men
go separate ways, both pleased
they like each other.

Papa asks, *What's that yachting cap*
all about? He think he's some kind
of commodore? His entourage responds
with obsequious laughter.

Not a predictable man, Papa chortles.
But a god damn swell playwright!

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Gulf Coast Musings

The girl on the jetty,
long dark hair, longer legs,
paces the granite rocks, casting
a fishing line into the gulf bay.
Her pink blouse and baby-blue shorts
stand out against the bleached sky.
Seagulls squawk, circling overhead.
Not a single nibble rewards her,
only the riveted attention of old men
sitting in rocking chairs that line
the porch of storied Tarpon Inn.
She seems content to fish and pace,
her bronzed legs strolling in and out
of their languid dreams.

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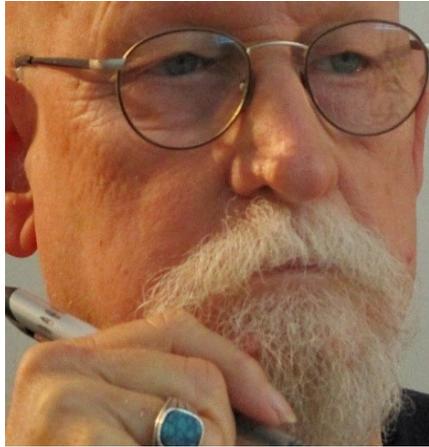
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Travis Blair lives down the road from the University of Texas campus in Arlington where he earned his BA in English Lit. After a lengthy career in the movie business, he took up writing poetry. Author of three books, *Train to Chihuahua*, *Little Sandwiches*, and *Hazy Red and Diesel Grey*, his poems have appeared in literary journals throughout the United States, England, South Africa, and Australia. He received a 2015 Pushcart Prize nomination. The former President of Dallas Poets Community and member of the Writers League of Texas now teaches ESL to adult immigrants for the Fort Worth Independent School District. He has two daughters, five grandchildren, and hides from them frequently in Manhattan and Mazatlán.

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Gabriel Patterson

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Black Screen

What if you had tickets to see Elvis, but when the curtain opened, David Lee Roth walked onto the stage

or imagine you are at a fancy restaurant with the love of your life, white tablecloths drape the table as the waiter serves you a glass of bubbling champagne

then suddenly the screen

-- BLACKENS --

when it reopens, you find yourself shuffling your feet through the dirt in the dead of night, sucking on a pierced can of condensed milk

you hurry alongside the road, every vehicle that passes a van with no windows, the wind from their momentum the only breeze you feel

the scene fizzles again...and returns to

-- BLACK --

now imagine you've waited your entire life to ride a roller coaster, the black screen reopens to a beautiful sunny day, you're seated at the top of a winding coaster

as the ride begins, a man dressed in all shadows appears in front of the first fall, draws a gun -- and SHOOTS

at the impact of the shadow bullet into my stomach I awake, the sound of my wife's heavy breathing next to me as I lay in bed

I begin to decipher my dream and realize

we are the makers of our own heroes and demons

the painters of our own masterpieces and misery

simultaneously author and witness

these figments of my imagination are the manifestation of fear

the fear of living a fruitful life

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and it's clear to me now

all is well if I can rejoice in the song being sung

if I can drink that can of condensed milk with humbleness, not bitterness

take the shadow bullet with no regrets

it made me think of how guarded I am...

the people I work with do not know the names of my family, my interests or even my favorite football team

it's so hard to share

the thought of posting on social media makes me shiver...

when not long ago my ego would frequently write a post when I had something to brag about, constantly reminding YOU that you're not ME

but lately, I feel like I'm rising in love

ascending higher, growing deeper

sometimes I cry uncontrollably at a Whispers song, just because of its beauty

the other day I stopped dead in my tracks, my shoes cemented into the ground, stunned and in awe of a small city bird on a perch...

witnessing

-- the manifestation of God in its beauty.

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Falling Is Truth

A child falling from monkey bars puts the exclamation point
on my reality: this is the most perfect world possible
perfect because of motion

It was something like a 7th grade math question:

If a delivery driver whips around a corner on Federal Blvd
bumpin' Anita Baker at the exact same time a child falls
from monkey bars, what type of happening will take shape?...
sometimes falling is truth.

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Symbiosis

A spider lives

in my Smith Corona

walking under my fingers

then over the space bar

it's presence creates

a symbiosis.

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Gabriel Patterson

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Gabriel Patterson (@GabePatterson77) lives with his family in Las Vegas, NV. He escapes the city's neon lights by writing poetry. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Cattails*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *hedgerow: a journal of small poems* and *A Hundred Gourds*.



Fallen

Merciless, O Man
What is it that you seek?
What is it that you hunt?
When will your thirst quench?
Caught in the rollercoaster of greed
Weary and desperate you wander.
Unmindful of the fragile being inside.

In oblivion you walk
Like a host you live
When the sun rises after the midnight moon
How will it be to lie?
On the face of earth
Bleeding inside, shedding the last tear.

As the odor of death hit hard
Faraway you hear a cry.
When the mist reveals
You see a child,
An aura surrounding it

Fragrance of peace fills the air.
He lifts you to the centre of gravity
Obscenely ecstasied you close your eyes
Falling into Styx
To be born again!



MAN IN OBLIVION

Stumbling, I recognize the tall buildings.
Shadows of the world
Shine on fancy architecture.
Man, a machine fail to recognize
the beauty of nature.
Breeze echoes in his ears
composing a musical composition,
Hurrying back home he ignores
incense moonlight ,starry sky
A wind walks into his thoughts
As he wait for the train
mockingly he smiles at nothing, himself.
Melting into his past in oblivion
Nostalgic memories imponderable
Inhaling the smell of raindrops,
cool music playing all the way.
Gleaming ember he opens his eyes
To a refreshing reality of today.

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Poems

August 2015 (Issue-vii)

'Making the Impression'

Radhika Menon

ISSN: 2454-4574



Radhika Menon N is from Kerala, India. She is an amateur poet, short story writer and an aspiring novelist. Writing is her passion. It helps her to connect to the world outside. Reading is her favorite pastime, and she is curious to learn new things. Academically, she has completed her bachelors in English language and literature and is currently working as a trainer in communicative English.

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Gilbert Taylor

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SILENT FRIENDS

Every pebble
Represented the slurs and slanders the slaps and the subjugations.
I collected them as a child, one for each.
They were beautiful!
They comforted me; each was equal in their value
I needed them all!
Tears only led to more, so I never cried.
I bit my lip and drifted into the blackness.
I rolled them across my knuckles, exploring every detail.
My intimate relationship with reality.
Daily their numbers and weight increased.
My pants sagging, my bottom bared.
Leaving skin visible, vulnerable, scars exposed!
At 10 my heart was broken and all my will was taken,
so I confided in my only friends.
Would they go with me to the bottom?
There was no dissent.

My toes hung on the edge of the precipice
I held no fear, my mind was clear.
My fingers plunged deep into the pockets
Caressing the pebbles and comforting my pain.
This would set them free
and
free of me they may find happiness.

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'*Making the Impression*'

Questions

There are no more lambs!
They were devoured by the lions, the bears and the jackals.
Please... tell me of your God,
and I will tell you of mine?
Which created the heavens and the earth?
Why did God pause for so long?
Why write through flawed man?
Why are our stories so similar?
Why are our books so young?
What about the religions that are so much older.
If your God is the true God then all others,
their fates rest in Hell, your Hell!
If my God is the true God
I can be removed from that list
Sadly you would be added.
If the meek are all gone
Who can inherit the earth?
Is there a meek one among the lion, the bear and the jackal?
Please! tell me of your God
I will say nothing of mine.
I want to believe in something.....

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Poems

Gilbert Taylor

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'Making the Impression'

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Gilbert Taylor is from Western New York and works as a Supervisor for the Chautauqua County Probation Department. Mr. Taylor is a graduate of the State University of New York. He writes for enjoyment and to clear his mind.



THE ATTRACTION

Mayuri was twenty-three going on twenty-four. She was very pretty with lustrous hair, glowing complexion and beetle stung lips. She earned well for her age, was considered cool and intelligent by those who knew her and had a charming boyfriend with whom she was going stable for the last five years. What more could she want at this stage of her life? Yet there was something nibbling at her happiness.

If the human mind could be compared to a churning sea, some aspects of it would be analogous to icebergs- made of it, a part of it but yet so different in nature. Most of the times the frozen blocks could be ignored as they did not participate in the movement of the rest but remained steady and still in their places, so much so that they were easily forgotten all together. In Mayuri's world a tiny piece of ice was melting, adding to her already brimming life, causing little spills here and there, ever since she found herself irresistibly attracted towards one of her colleagues.

Mayuri was not two timing her boyfriend nor did she have any intentions of replacing him with this alluring colleague who might or might not have had any inkling about her feelings. If courtship could be imagined as two minds fitted into each other like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, due to their affinity towards forces of change the matching projections might experience alteration in shapes, small spaces creeping in at places where they had once perfectly interlocked. In case of Mayuri's relationship with her boyfriend, the differences becoming visible over the years were not of such magnitude that they would make them drift apart. They remained very much attached to each other and had matured together to treat the small gaps as peeks into the future where they were certain to be in a position to adjust to each others' divergences from their own characteristics.

Her relationship status being what it was and also for the fact that Mayuri's crush was not single either, she refrained from thinking of ways to take the attraction to the next level. She was very clear that she did not want to get into any casual fling with him even if there were any responses from his side as she believed the consequences of such liaisons could be quite unpleasant. She did not even want him to feel a similar kind of attraction towards her but she just could not stop thinking about him. The insignificant conversations they had shared, the silly jokes they had laughed over and the few nuggets of office gossip they told each other to amuse themselves and relax between work played on and on in her mind in a loop.

Mayuri's crush was not handsome in the conventional sense but unknown to him, his big brown eyes followed her around- on her way home, in her bath, during her meals and along the crumpled edges of her disrupted sleep. Whenever their eyes met while discussing work related issues, Mayuri felt benumbed for a few moments, as if the rotation of the earth had stopped to let time take an interval in its journey towards the night and all the things that had no relation with the regular flow of life could happen during time's brief repose. His eyes burned her, the heat baking her consciousness like a cake in an oven, giving it a distinct aroma amidst the dreary and often difficult office work. These few moments of ecstasy were followed by long periods of embarrassment. At one point of time it so happened that Mayuri could not look him in the eye lest he suspected something.

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Short Stories

August 2015 (Issue-vii)

'Making the

Impression'

Lahari Mahalanabish

ISSN: 2454-4574

Mayuri, who had always considered herself smart and confident, could never have imagined a situation where she would not be able to make eye contact with a person. She forced herself to look at him while speaking and in doing so, sometimes she forgot to blink causing her eyes to water. Again she prayed that he noticed nothing.

The sight of him caused her memory to play tricks. If she was going to someone's workstation and her crush happened to be in the way, she forgot about the destination and returned back to her own cubicle. If she was having a serious discussion with a senior colleague concerning the solution to a production challenge and he happened to join the conversation with his own suggestions, she found herself stupidly stopping in the middle of her sentence. She had this habit of retreating to the restroom and looking at herself in the mirror whenever she felt awkward. Her boss asked her one day whether she was feeling alright, assuming she was having stomach troubles.

She often asked herself why she was feeling so embarrassed and awkward when she had not crossed any boundaries of propriety she had set for herself. How the initial feelings of elation had thrown her into such a trajectory? Could it be that she always saw herself as *the* centre of attraction and a subconscious sense of vanity prevented her from accepting her entirely one sided feelings for someone else's boyfriend, leading her to experience a kind of discomfiture with herself.

Like the humiliation of a child on being scolded by her teacher in a class of fifty, overshadows the shame of being admonished by her mother at home, the incident that would make all the others pale in comparison came along one Friday evening. A nice creamy chocolate cake had been brought to celebrate a milestone reached by their firm. Mayuri being the youngest person in the team was asked to cut it and distribute the pieces among the others. After offering the cherry topped slice of the cake to her boss, she turned towards the person on her right who was none other than her crush. All she had to do was put the piece in his hand but her hand was shaking tremendously. When the cake had been touched by his fingers but was not yet firmly within them, it slipped from her hand and fell on the brand new jeans gifted by his girlfriend.

That moment of abashment refused to spare her during the client calls, the report making, the long bus journey to her home, the after dinner conversation with her parents, and the before bedtime call to her boyfriend. That night she promised herself she would defeat her own demons. The first thing she realized she would have to do was to overcome the fear of making a fool of herself. Fear caused the dreaded thing to happen many times- several instances in the mind before the actual one in reality. In her case fear was a kind of wet clay preserving footprints of apprehensions travelling about in her mind and leading her to follow them to their materialization. Mayuri asked herself whether there was anything to fear. By then her crush must have guessed her feelings. If he had not noticed her unblinking eyes, halting sentences or trembling fingers yet, he never would. In either way, it did not matter what he thought of her as she expected nothing from him.

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Mayuri took a weekend's trip to a beautiful place outside the city with her boyfriend. Standing together against the railing of a launch, they let the river breeze loosen them from the grip of their routines. She tried to recall the names of all the different species of birds which got spotted through their binoculars. Her boyfriend had brought along *The Book of Indian Birds* by Salim Ali to identify them. The food served on the boat was exemplary. Her boyfriend being a vegetarian savoured the taste of Mushroom Manchurian while Mayuri felt she would never forget the deliciousness of that particular preparation of tiger prawns.

On the way back, watching the increasingly distant islands thinning into lines like the slits of sleepy eyes, she found it easy to unwind and stop worrying about things peripheral to the natural course of her love life. It also helped that her crush took a week's leave towards the end of the month to enjoy the serenity of Munnar. It would be his last holiday with his parents before he wedded his girlfriend. The few days of his absence was a change for Mayuri and she found herself in a better position to interact with him normally when he came back the following week.

One year had passed and Mayuri was in the mall to buy a parting gift for her crush on behalf of her team with the money pooled from all its members. He had found his dream job. Despite of having a boyfriend, she always faced a bit of difficulty in buying a present for a man as many items in the world were out of bounds for the heterosexual male. Selecting a gift for a woman was comparatively easy as there were options in the form of jewellery, cosmetics, hand bags and soft toys. She did not want to present him the usual things bought for colleagues like wallets, ties, mugs or pen stands. Although the gift was from the entire team, she wanted it to come wrapped in her own personal choice. She could not gift him chocolates as she knew he was on a diet following a drastic weight gain after marriage. So what would be the perfect present for him? The clues about his likes and dislikes obviously lay among the words they had exchanged in their cubicles and the elevators, during the group lunches and the brief tea breaks, on the way to the bus stop and while switching off the computers but Mayuri felt the need to rummage through her mind, reaching beneath the piling memories, to recall them.

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Short Stories
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August 2015 (Issue-vii)

'Making the

Lahari Mahalanabish

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Lahari Mahalanabish is a software engineer by profession and currently the mother of an infant. She was born in Kolkata, studied in Carmel Convent (Kolkata) and graduated as an engineer from Jadavpur University.

Her first book of poems entitled *One Hundred Poems* came out of Writers Workshop, India in 2007. Her poems and writings have also appeared in *The Statesman*, *The Asian Age*, UK based journal *Saw* and the e-journal *Poets Online*.

Besides creative writing, she enjoys other art forms like painting, making paper crafts, needlework, singing, composing music, cooking different dishes. She believes in assimilating the variety of experiences that life has to offer and have participated in adventure sports, learnt martial arts and performed music and dance on stage. Being closely involved with orphanages and nonprofit organizations for underprivileged children and destitute women, she has been affected by the sufferings in society as well as influenced by those who work selflessly to eradicate them.



QUOTES FROM ANNIE BESANT'S, A STUDY IN CONSCIOUSNESS

A Book Review

By

Don Crawford

Annie Besant was the President of the International Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras, (now Chennai) India for over 25 years, assuming that Presidency at the death of H.P. Blavatsky, the co-founder of the Society along with Henry Steel Olcott. She was a very spiritually advanced entity and had many psychic powers; clairvoyant, clairaudient, and with microscopic and macroscopic vision. She wrote over 300 books and articles on Theosophy which she had mastered and could easily clarify in her books and numerous speeches; all based on her achieved illumination of the concepts of the Ancient Wisdom. The book, A Study in Consciousness, was first published in 1903, and there is nothing to my knowledge anywhere to equal her acumen of this subject. Most all her books are readily available today from the (www.theosophicalsociety.org). The American Branch of the TS is in Wheaton, Illinois.

A careful reading of the two comments below can answer the quest of Soul Survival, (reincarnation) which is a higher level energy, or part of the Superconsciousness. Both the sub and waking consciousnesses do NOT survive our physical body deaths. It helps to understand these comments once the seven levels or planes of the solar Logos are realized. Each level is a level of vibrating energy and of consciousness. Remember the comment that LIFE is Conscious, and Conscious is LIFE. They are the same. When referring to UNITY, we are talking of eternal LIFE, or our consciousness turned Inward.

When talking of Multiplicity, we are talking Consciousness; turned outward.

I offer her more quotes from Annie Besant's A Study in Consciousness. "Consciousness exists only in and by change; ...giving rise to consciousness of differences. From this an awareness of the Real and Unreal arise." Regarding becoming Self-Conscious: "The external world grows into Reality as the Consciousness, separating itself from it, realizes its own separateness; changes from a vague "am" into a "I am." There are three levels of consciousness: 1)Subconsciousness; 2)Waking consciousness; and 3)Superconsciousness.

Regarding number one: "It has been noticed that many activities of consciousness, once purposive, have become automatic and have sunken below the level of consciousness." This is our Past. 2) Waking consciousness (present consciousness) working on the mental plane and seated in the brain as Self-Consciousness uses that brain and its connected nervous system as an instrument for willing, knowing and acting on the physical plane. 3) Superconsciousness "In the West, this is often referred to as 'abnormal,' 'inconscient' and as 'dream consciousness.' More advanced psychologists in the west are beginning to consider this level of consciousness as "a manifestation of conscious conditions not yet understood." This is a level of consciousness which awaits the future of humanity and is referred to as the Intuition, which will come when modern day conditioned intelligence is transcended. "Superconsciousness includes the whole consciousness above the waking consciousness." "The higher consciousness knows the lower ones while the lower ones do NOT

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know the higher. "It is to be remembered that all is energy and planes of consciousness are energies with varying rates of vibration. To be cognizant of higher level vibrations, there must be something developed within the human entity that can resonate and find an infinity with such higher vibrations. This something can be developed and discovered through continued and serious Meditation, which fortunately is of growing interest in the West. This something is called by many the Soul, which is the vehicle for the Spirit, which is the LIFE-FORCE permeating the universe. The three major aspects of the solar Logos are: Will-Purpose; Love-Wisdom; and Intelligent Activity, which manifests within the human entity as LIFE -CONSCIOUSNESS-FORM/APPEARANCE. "In the future, the waking consciousness will 'sink below the threshold' and be subsumed into the Superconsciousness, just as the Sub consciousness has been subsumed by the Waking consciousness." Then, Intuition will be our only way of "cognizing" Truths. "We cannot transcend the Laws of Nature; we can only try to understand and utilize them."

A careful reading of the two comments below can answer the quest of Soul Survival, (reincarnation) which is a higher level energy, or part of the Superconsciousness. Both the sub and waking consciousness do NOT survive our physical body deaths. It helps to understand these comments once the seven levels or planes of the solar Logos are realized. Each level is a level of vibrating energy and of consciousness. Remember the comment that LIFE is Conscious, and Conscious is LIFE. They are the same. When referring to UNITY, we are talking of eternal LIFE, or our consciousness turned Inward. When talking of Multiplicity we are talking Consciousness; turned outward.



Hybridity of Race and Culture in Amitav Ghosh's *River of Smoke*

Abstract

River of Smoke first part of Ibis trilogy is very beautiful novel of Amitav Ghosh in all respects and the mixture of human race and culture is one of them. The story of the novel revolves around Bahram Modi a Parsi opium trader who goes to China for opium trade and through him we come to know about the beautiful town of Canton in China its traditions, culture and lives of the boat people. Bahram's story also shows Indian concept of fate. We also find how to countries people fall in love with each other and language, race prove no barriers as far as human bonding is concerned.

Research Paper

According to Lawrence Alloway, "Acceptance of the mass media entails a shift in our notion of what is culture. Instead of reserving the word for the highest artifacts and the noblest thoughts of history's top ten, it needs to be used more widely as a description of 'what a society does'" (Singh 76-77). According to Mathew Arnold: "Culture, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit" (Singh 77).

In *River of Smoke* there are also some beautiful human relationships which are based on modern relations. Ghosh highlights on the racial hybridity and culture through his characters in the novel. Once there had been a time when Bahram's own family had also been prosperous and well-respected, occupying a place of distinction in their hometown of Navsari, in coastal Gujarat; his grandfather had been a well-known textile dealer, with important court connections in princely capitals like Baroda, Indore and Gwalior. But in his waning years, after a lifetime of prudence, he had made a slew of rash investments, incurring an enormous burden of debt. Being a man of steely integrity he had taken it upon himself to pay off every loan, down to the last tinny, coproon and halfanna; as a result, the family had been reduced to utter penury, with no more than a handful of cowries in their khazana. Forced to sell off their beautiful old haveli, they had moved into a couple of rooms on the edge of town, and this had proved fatal for the old man as well as his son,



Bahram's father, who was a consumptive and had suffered from lifelong ill health; he did not live to see Bahram's navjote - his ceremonial induction into the Zoroastrian faith.

His mother was an exceptionally good needlewoman, and the shawls she embroidered were much prized and admired. When word of the family's plight spread through the community, orders came pouring in, and by dint of thrift and hard work, she was able not only to feed her children, but also to provide Bahram with the rudiments of an education. In time her renown spread as far as Bombay, fetching her important commission: she was asked to supply embroidered wedding shawls for the daughter of one of the foremost Parsi businessmen of the city - Seth Rustanjee Pestonjee Mistris. The two families were not unknown to each other, for the Mistris business had also been founded in Navsari - its origins lay in a small furniture workshop which the Modis', in their heyday, had lavishly patronized and supported. Attached to the workshop was a shed for building boats: although small to begin with, this part of the business had quickly outstripped every other branch. After winning a major contract from the East India Company, the Mistris' had moved to Bombay where they had opened a shipyard in the dockside district of Mazagon. On taking charge of the firm, Seth Rustanjee had built energetically upon his inheritance, and under his direction the Mistris shipyard had become one of the most successful enterprises in the Indian subcontinent. Now, his daughter was to marry a scion of one of the richest merchant families in the land, the Dadiseths' of Colaba, and the wedding was to be celebrated on a scale never seen before.

But a few days before the beginning of the festivities, with all the arrangements made and anticipation at its height, fate intervened: one of the Dadiseths' associates in Aden had presented the prospective bridegroom with a fine Arab stallion, and the boy who was only fifteen had insisted on taking it for a ride on the beach. Disoriented after the long journey across the sea, the horse was sorely out of temper: galloping headlong on the sand, the boy was thrown and killed. For the Mistris family the boy's death was a double disaster: not only did they lose the son-in-law of their dreams, they had also to reconcile themselves to the knowledge that the tragedy would make it difficult, if not impossible, for their daughter to make a good marriage: her prospects were sure to be contaminated by the stain of misfortune. When they began to send out feelers once again, their apprehensions were quickly confirmed: the girl's plight occasioned much sympathy without



eliciting any acceptable offers of marriage. When it became clear that no proposals would be forthcoming from within their circle, the Mistris reluctantly took their search beyond the city, to their ancestral town, where they presently found their way to Bahram's mother's door.

After facing many difficulties this branch of the Modis was acknowledged to be of respectable pedigree, and Bahram himself was a sturdy, good-looking lad, more-or-less educated, and of an appropriate age, being almost sixteen years old. Hearing good reports of him, the Seth met with Bahram during a trip to Navsari and was favorably impressed by his eagerness and energy: it was he who decided that the boy would be an acceptable match for his daughter, despite the disadvantages of a rough-edged demeanour and a poverty-stricken upbringing. By Mistris the proposal that was sent to Bahram's mother was qualified by certain stipulations that since the boy had no money and no immediate prospects for advancement, the couple would have to live in Bombay, in the Mistris mansion, and the groom would have to enter the family business. Here Indian's belief on fate and astrology is truly pictured.

Bahram's mother who had facing many difficulties in her life says that "For a man to live with his in-laws, as a 'house-husband' - a gherjamai - is never an easy thing. You know what people say about sons-in-law: kutra pos, bilarã pos per jemeinã jeniyanã varmã khos - rear a dog, rear a cat, but shove the son-in-law and his offspring into the gutter..." (*River of Smoke* 48). He knew that an opportunity like this one was unlikely ever to be presented to him again and he accepts his offer.

Bahram and Shireenbai moved into an apartment in the Mistris mansion on Bombay's Apollo Street. Shireenbai was a shy, retiring girl whose spirits had been permanently dimmed by the tragedy that preceded her marriage; her demeanour was more of a widow than a bride, and she seemed always to be shrouded in melancholy, as though she were mourning the husband she should have had. Towards Bahram she was dutiful, if unenthusiastic, and since he had not expected much more, they dealt with each other well enough and had two daughters in quick succession.

Mistris had succeeded in making their firm into a formidable force within a fiercely competitive industry because they had kept their attention closely fixed upon their chosen fields of expertise. To fit into such a specialized organization required, of a newcomer, certain skills and abilities that Bahram did not possess: tools did not sit well in his fidgety hands, details bored him,



and he was too individualistic to stay in step with a team of fellow workers. His tenure as an apprentice shipwright was a short one and he was quickly shunted off to a dingy daftar at the back, where the firm's accounts were tabulated. But this suited him no better for neither numbers nor the men who worked with them were of the least interest to him: shroffs and ledger-keepers seemed to him to be painfully constrained in their vision of the world, devoid of imagination and entrepreneurship. His own gifts, as he saw them, were of a completely different kind; he was good at dealing with people, staying abreast of the news, and was blessed moreover with a sharp eye for sizing up risks and opportunities: not for him the tedium of coin-sifting and column-filling - even while serving time in the daftar, he was careful to keep himself informed of other openings, never doubting that he would one day chance upon a field of enterprise that was better suited to his talents.

He thinks that the export trade between Western India and China was growing very fast, and offered all kinds of opportunities - not just of profit but also of travel, escape and excitement. But he knew that to persuade the Mistris' to enter this arena would not be easy; in matters of business they were deeply conservative and disapproved of anything that smacked of speculation. When Bahram first brought up the matter of entering the export trade, his father-in-law had reacted with distaste: What? Selling opium overseas? That's just gambling - it isn't something that a firm like the Mistris' can get involved in.

He told to his father-in-law today the biggest profits don't come from selling useful things: quite the opposite. The profits come from selling things that are not of any real use. Look at this new kind of white sugar that people are bringing from China - this thing they call 'cheeni'.

Is it any sweeter than honey or palm-jaggery? No, but people pay twice as much for it or even more. Look at all the money that people are making from selling rum and gin. Are these any better than our own toddy and wine and sharaab? No, but people want them. Opium is just like that. It is completely useless unless you're sick, but still people want it. And it is such a thing that once people start using it they can't stop; the market just gets larger and larger. That is why the British are trying to take over the trade and keep it to themselves. (*River in Smoke* 51)



He said to his father-in-law fortunately in the Bombay Presidency they have not succeeded in turning it into a monopoly, so what is the harm in making some money from it? Every other shipyard maintains a small fleet, to engage in overseas trade; isn't it time for the Mistrie's to set up an export division of their own? Look at the returns that some other firms are getting of late, by exporting cotton and opium: they have been doubling and even tripling their investments with every consignment they send to China. If he gives him permission he will be glad to make an exploratory voyage to Canton. After much discussion his father-in-law allowed Bahram to go to China. For him, of all the surprises of that journey, none was greater than that of the foreign enclave of Canton, where the traders resided.

'Fanqui-town', as old hands called it, was a place at once strangely straitened yet wildly luxurious; a place where you were always watched and yet were free from the frowning scrutiny of your family; a place where the female presence was strictly forbidden, but where women would enter your life in ways that were utterly unexpected: it was thus that Bahram, while still in his twenties, found himself gloriously and accidentally entangled with Chi-mei, a boat-woman who gave him a son - a child who was all the more dear to him because his existence could never be acknowledged in Bombay. (*River of Smoke* 52)

Mr. Bahram Modi a Parsi man and Chi-mei a Chinese woman have an illegal son Ah Fatt. Ah Fatt a half-Chinese boy lived in Canton found out in his boyhood that he had connections, relatives, in faraway Bombay. As a child he had been told that he was an orphan that his mother and father had died when he was a newborn, and that he was being brought up by his widowed Eldest Aunt Chi-mei - his Yee Ma. This was the story that was told to everyone who knew them, on the Canton waterfront and in Fanqui-town. Mr. Bahram Modi whom they called Uncle Barry, his Kai-Yeh had been his father's employer and after his parents' death he had felt a great obligation to their orphaned child; this was the reason that he gave Yee Ma money for his upkeep, and brought presents for him from India, and paid for his teachers and tutors.

Yee Ma did not encourage Uncle Barry's ambitions for the boy: she did not approve of spending so much money on such things. To arrange schooling for a boat-child was no easy matter and Uncle Barry had to pay generously to organize it: he wanted the boy to be literate in Classical



Chinese as well as schoolroom English; he wanted him to grow up respectable, to become a gentleman, who would be able to move easily with the merchants of Fanqui-town, impressing them with his sporting talents as well as his knowledge. Yee Ma could not see the point of all this: she would have preferred that Uncle Barry give her the money and leave the boy alone. She thinks;

What use was calligraphy to him when boat-people were banned by law from sitting for the Civil Service examinations? What was he to do with boxing and riding lessons when boat-people were barred even from building houses ashore? She wanted him to grow up like any boat-child, learning to fish and sail and handle boats. (*River of Smoke* 89)

Here Ghosh wants to explore that in lack of good education and other essential facilities the boat children's development would not possible and they entered in the world of crime easily. Yee Ma in her dreams if not in her waking state must have accepted that he was not really a boat-child for she often had nightmares in which the boy was attacked by a dragon-fish - a sturgeon. As a result she would not let him in the water. Like other boat-children Ah Fatt grew up with a bell attached to his ankle, so his family could always keep track of him; like them he had to sit in a barrel when the boat was moving; like them, he had a wooden board tied to his back, so that he would float if he fell in. But the other children lost their boards and bells when they were two or three - Ah Fatt's stayed on till long afterwards, making him a target of mockery. On the Canton waterfront little boys would earn money by diving in the river to amuse the Aliens, fishing out the coins and trinkets they threw in the water. Ah Fatt too wanted to do these things, to swim with the boat-children, to dive and earn coins - but to him alone, these things were strictly forbidden because of the spectre of the lurking dragon-fish. Ah Fatt told to Neel that the pun-tei i.e. the land-people mock us and say we have fins instead of feet. Sometimes Ah Fatt also goes to dive for coins with others when Yee Ma was not there. Then one day she find out, and she pull him from the water. Beat him, shaming in front of everyone. So much shame, he think throw him in the river, and if dragon-fish comes, that is also good. "I think: she doing this because I have no parents. I think: if I her child, she not beat like this. I think: better run away. I make plans, I speak with beggar-men, but Older Sister find out. Then she tells me everything: that Yee Ma not aunt, but Mother. That 'Uncle Barry' not kai-yeh, but Father" (*River of Smoke* 90). Next time when Mr.



Barry come Ah Fatt asked to him was this true that he was his father and Yee Ma was mother? At first, he said no this was not true but finally he said that yes, all was true and he has other family in Bombay. Ah Fatt was very shocked by this incident. He said to Neel that;

When I small, we live in boat like this one; we also poor people, like these. Just poor boat-people, sometime no food, we eat wind. Then one day I hear my father hou-gwai, rich man, rich White-Hat Devil. Now I think I know why my mother beat me - I not real China-yan, I her secret shame, but still she need me, because of money Father gives. I read in books that "Western Island" - India have gold and magic and I want to go - I want fly there like Monkey King. But this is in my head my feet in kitchen-boat where I live. So when I hear of Father's ship, Anahita, I am mad to see it. (*River of Smoke* 90)

After seeing Anhita a luxurious ship of his father Ah Fatt became very anxious and wants to know more about India. Ah Fatt left his family in Canton and went to Lintin Island in fast-crab. There he meets Dai-Lou, a big opium-sailor and he joined him. Ah Fatt told to Neel that Dia-Lou had many boys like him to work for him; he likes to hire his kind i.e.:

Jaahp-júng-jai 'mixed-kind-boy'. Many like that along Pearl River - in Macau, Whampoa, and Guangzhou. In any port, any place where man can buy woman, there is many yeh-jai and 'West-ocean-child'. They too must eat and live. Dai Lou give us work, treat us well. For long time he like real Elder Brother to me. But then we have trouble. (*River of Smoke* 92)

So he had to left Canton and run away. Dai-Lou have a woman not wife but a concubine. She was very beautiful. Her name was Adeline. Adeline was also salt prawn-food like me: she was also half Cheeni and half Achha (Hindustani). He said that Achha means good or all right but it is opposite in Gwong-jou-talk. Here Ah-cha means bad man. Her mother was from Goa but lives in Macau. Her father was Chinese, from Canton. Adeline was very attractive; she also likes smoke opium. When Dai Lou travels, he tells him to look after Adeline. Sometime she asks to him bite the cloud with her. "We both half-Achha, but never seen India. We talk about India, about her mother, my father. And then..." (*River of Smoke* 93). They became lovers and his boss found out. Just like countries have laws, gaa have rules. He knows Dai Lou try to kill him so he hides with

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mother. Then he hears hing-dai come for him, so he runs away. Go to Macau, and pretend to be Christian, hide in seminary. Then they send him to Serampore, in Bengal and Adelina killed herself. Thus the tragic story of two persons who were deprived of their family's love and care comes to an end. Here the true picture of racial hybridity is clear. The illicit romance between Bahram Modi and Chi-mei is strong enough to challenge ethnic, linguistic and cultural barriers; the only image that comes to his mind while he is endangered is that of Chi-mei rather than his lawful wife and daughters. This "lob-pidgin" (*River of Smoke* 74) love story seems to prove that language and culture prove no strong barriers as far as human bonding is concerned.

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Memory And Flora As essential Aspects In Caribbean Poetry: Reading *The Collected Poems, 1948- 1984* of Derek Walcott

Abstract

The paper is an attempt to analyse Derek Walcott's consciousness as revealed in his Collected Poems, 1948-1984, published in the year 1986. The paper briefly discusses the Caribbean history, culture, literature and introduces the poet. It also talks about the concept of consciousness and pinpoints the poet's consciousness in his awareness of the external world. 'Flora', 'Fauna', landscape, 'Past' and 'Values'-each of these elements which form the ground for the poems in this collection are analysed in the paper. Within this framework some of the poems included in Collected Poems 1948-1984 are analysed and various details of the poet's consciousness, some of them not dealt with so far, are pointed out.

What is significant about Walcott's consciousness is that in spite of all the bitterness and anger he has experienced through life, the dominant tone of his poetry is one of acceptance of the Caribbean situation. This acceptance of the colonial heritage is made evident in the poet's active engagement with varied aspects of his environment - its history, geography and society. The human and the non-human, the past and the present criss-cross, weaving captivating patterns of recollections. Walcott's use of memory is a crucial aspect of his poetry as it holds the key to his psyche. Therefore this study attempts to undertake an analysis of Walcott's consciousness in terms of the poet's response to various aspects of the Caribbean environment.



Introduction to Derek Walcott

Derek Walton Walcott and his twin brother, Roderick Aldon Walcott were born on 23rd January 1930, in Castries, St. Lucia. His family was among the few Methodists in a predominantly catholic neighbourhood. By birth and economic slams he was born to the island's brown middle class- the mulattoes:

I'm just a red nigger who love the sea
I had a sound colonial education,
I have Dutch, nigger and English in me,
And either I'm nobody, or I'm a nation. (346)5

Conscious of the union within him of the two racial strains, he accepts the fact very early in his life that he was 'adivided child' since he knew that "maturity is the assimilation of the features of every ancestor"(Walcott 1974:38).

Walcott's Colonial legacy

Though Walcott was born to a community without an indigenous culture, his education "Ranked with the finest in the world. The grounding was rigid-Latin, Greek and essential masterpieces, but there was this elation of discovery ' (Walcott, 1970:51), and he discovered in the masters of literature a kinship which he inherited. As a colonial apprentice, he imbibed the best of T. S. Eliot and the Modems, the Metaphysical and later the Latin American, Russian and North American literatures. Pablo Neruda, Aime Cesaire, Joseph Brodsky and Robert Lowell are all his masters in the way Andrew Marvell, John Donne, Mandelst&m and St. John Perse were. Walcott was never obsessed by fear of imitation. As a serious writer, whose aim was to write good poetry, he learnt greatly from his predecessors. That he did, with genuine vocation, in the course of which he might have borrowed their ways of seeing and expressing, albeit unconsciously. As Stewart Brown says, "the mature Walcott has borrowed from those poets-alive and dead- whose work he both admired and drew a particular energy from" (1991:21) With the elation of discovery', Walcott had delved into " Shakespeare, Marlowe, Horace, Virgil- these



writers weren't jaded but immediate experiences" (Walcott 1970:51). It would be unjust to accuse him of ventriloquism's (Vendler 1982:26), as it was quite natural.

Walcott's Poetry

When he was in his twenties, he had made his commitment to his native island St. Lucia- "to praise lifelong, the living and the brown dead" (5) And on his return to his native land, after his studies, Walcott tells his friend St. Omer that "we were the light of the world" (220) so armed with 'words' and 'paints' they set about "Adam's task of giving things their names" (294) As they do so "the humblest things gain new significance. The fisherman, the carpenter, native plants, mountains, coastal inlets, sounds, odours, colours, all reveal unsuspected beauty' (Hamner 1982: xxxi.)

His first three collections of poems- *25 poems* (Trinidad: Guardian Commercial Printer, 1948), *Epitaph for the Young: xii cantos* (Barbados: advocate, 1949) and *Poems* (Jamaica: City Printer, 1951) were published privately in West Indies. His early poetry with echoes of Dylan Thomas, Yeats, Eliot, Marvell, Joyce and Pound shows young Walcott as he is equipping himself for his chosen career:

I go, of course, through all the isolated acts,
Make holiday of situations.
Straighten my tie and fix important jaws,
And note the living images
Of flesh that souter through the eye. (3-4)

These poems reveal his consciousness of racial and social problems in the Caribbean region.

In a Green Night. Poems 1948-1960 were his first major publication. Using traditional forms, Walcott, in his collection examines his divided allegiance to his people and to the dying empire. This was followed by *Selected Poems* in 1964 and *The Casteaway and Other Poems* in 1965. Here, the image of the shipwreck as a metaphor for the modern world is introduced. His consciousness is of a synthesis of western and



African cultural values which he considers necessary for a new cultural identity. In *The Gulf and Other Poems* (1969) he explores the theme of racism and his consciousness is of the ties of the Caribbean region to America, as his vision moves from St. Lucia to Washington D.C. and South America, he observes another empire in the midst of internal Conflicts and violence. The motive that dominates this volume is of homecoming. *Another Life* (1973), his long autobiographical poem in four books is centrepiece of *Collected Poems 1948-1984*, and this poem is "at once a poem to the culture of his island and the history of the poet's mind" (Peter Balakian 1986:172). As E.A. Markham observes, "Here Walcott attempts what had hitherto been achieved in the Caribbean only in prose: the growth of consciousness through development from child to young man while portraying a uniquely Caribbean consciousness" (Hinterland 1989). His next collection *Sea Grapes*(1976) expresses the poet's own need for expression and recognition as he move from his native island to settings as far as Ohio and London. In *The Star Apple Kingdom* (1980), Walcott blasts the corruption in government and the sea becomes the repository of history even as the coral reefs cry out with the horror of sunken ships with human cargo.

In *The Fortunate Traveller* (1982) the poet's perception is of places outside the Caribbean- New England Manhattan, London, and Wales, even as his consciousness is of himself as exile. Walcott's moral consciousness surfaces here as he extends his sympathy to the oppressed peoples of the world In *Midsummer* (1984).

Walcott makes use of visual imagery, while his consciousness is of middle age, mortality and the future of poetry. While the poems' focus is on "the stasis at the heart of summer" (Steven Ratiner 42:415), his consciousness is of his relationship to family and place, from the perspective of an exile, who moves from the Caribbean islands to Boston and New York and then to Great Britain, Central America and even Rome. His next collection was *Collected Poems 1948-1984* which was published in 1986. For this collection, Walcott draws on all eight of his previously published volumes and includes the long narrative poem *Another Life*. This collection on which this study is based, "handsomely celebrates the



poet's career at midpoint" according to Michiko Kakutani. (Kakutani 42:418)

Collected Poems received the 1986 'Los Angeles Times Book Prize for Poetry'. His other publications of poetry are the *Arkansas Testament* in 1987 and *Omeros* in 1990- a long epic poem which intact clinched him the Nobel Prize. Now, in his new book-length poem, *The Prodigal*- which he tells himself, hopefully in error, "will be your last book"- we have the quintessence of what could be called late Walcott. The book purifies and summarizes the style and the subjects he has treated so many times over a long career. Here we find the Caribbean childhood he wrote about in *Another Life* (1973) and the peripatetic life of *The Fortunate Traveler* (1981); the long, cascading lines he perfected in *Midsummer* (1984) and *The BounW* (1997); and the visual enchantment that has pervaded his poetry from the beginning but culminated in *Tiepolo's Hound* (2000).

"*The Prodigal* is like the last movement of a symphony in which all the earlier themes return, transformed by memory and tinged with melancholy" (Kirsch: 2004). His collection of poems was published in 2004. After a gap of three years, in 2007, Walcott came up with *Selected Poem*, which according to a critic "begins with poems of disturbing self-confidence- amused, self-mocking, mildly self-hating" (Logan: 2007).

Memory is a crucial aspect in poetry

Walcott's use of memory is a crucial aspect of his poetry as it holds the key to his psyche. The response of an organism to a given stimulus is very often dependent upon the past history of the organism and not merely upon the stimulus and the hitherto discoverable present state of the organism, observes Russel(1978:77), a characteristic embodied in the saying 'a burnt child fears the free. Different classes of anemic phenomena include- (a) Acquired habits i.e., Habitual knowledge (b) Images i.e. Copies of past sensations, (c) Association e.g. smells recalling former situations, (d) Non-sensational elements in perception- as when we perceive any object of a familiar kind, much of what appears subjectively to be immediately given, is really derived from past



experience e.g. shapes of objects, visual details and the correlation of sight and touch-are all acquired (e) Memory as knowledge i.e., occasionally we remember things that have happened to us because something in the present triggers our memory (f) Experience i.e., one chain of experience or one biography is defined as a series of occurrences linked by anemic causation. (Russel: 79-83) Our permanent store of memories is referred to as secondary memory and whatever is in consciousness at any given moment is called primary memory- and such elements stay conscious only for a few moments and then is replaced by others. Creativity has to do with the total number of elements in consciousness and upon new combinations of pre-existing element, according to Martindale (1981:311).

Flora: The Flutter of Leaves Felt in the *Collected Poems*

Philip Sherlock, the West Indian poet and former Vice-Chancellor of the University of West Indies, in his forward to the "Caribbean Voices," speaks of his excitement in finding in the West Indies, "poets to open magic casements on (his) fields of bananas and orange trees in the way that Keats transformed or Wordsworth illumined, the English countryside" (Figueroa 1966: vii).

Walcott's *Collected Poems 1948-1984* beckons the reader to enter the Mundo Nuevo (New World) of the Caribbean and feel the flutter of the leaves and experience the richness of the island's vegetation even as he commemorates the island folks:

Black lissome limbs and teeth like
fresh cooked yarns
Backs smooth and sleek like rainwashed
aubergines
And tits like nipples goose berries.

(261)

Walcott moves "with gradually deepening confidence to find his own poetic domain,



independent of the tradition he inherited yet not altogether orphaned from it." (Heaney 1986) As the poet grows, vegetation plays a significant role in his life. He traces his growth from childhood, through adolescence to middle age:

By a pile of red sand, of seeding abandoned gravel
near a burnt out lot, a fresh jungle unfurls
its green
elephants' ears of wild yarns and dasheen.

(no step over the low wall, if you should
care to,
recaptures a childhood whose vines fasten
your foot (474)

To a boy who walked all day, each leaf was
a green breath... (6)

As an adolescent, he tells his first love Anna:
you are suddenly the word 'wheat'. (239)

As Anna goes out of his life his consciousness wakes:
to the knowledge that things sunder
from themselves like peeling bark. (240)

With the onset of middle age the poet's consciousness is of death:
With the stampeding hiss and scurry of green
lemmings,
midsummer's leaves race to extinction like
the roar of Brixton riot tunneled by water hoses;
they seethe towards autumn's fire- it is
in their nature,
being men as well as leaves, to die for the
sun (483)

It is evident that vegetation plays an important role in the shaping of Walcott's consciousness. In this collection Walcott refers to 183 lexical items referring to flora, and he does so 638 times. Out of these 183 items, 101 items occur only once, 31 items occur twice and 12 items occur three times. Items which occur more than three times are only. This suggests that though Walcott is aware of a large variety of vegetation there are only a few which dominate his consciousness; that is eight of them. Most of the items appear just once in his mind and do not recur. Therefore Walcott is not preoccupied with vegetation.



Generic versus Specific

It may be presumed that a person deeply interested in nature will observe plants and vegetation very carefully and distinguish one plant from another. He would make sharp, particularistic observations. Therefore his observation may be more specific than generic.

In the kind of mental universe that Walcott inhabits, the five generic items, 'leaves' (75 times), 'trees' (52 times), 'palms' (38 times), 'grass' (36 times), and 'flower' (22 times) seem to predominate. So far as those items which occur very frequently are concerned, it is generic. But when we examine all the 183 references to vegetation, we find that an overwhelming number of reference are specific (i.e., 155 of them) rather than generic (22 items only). This shows that Walcott observes vegetation around him and he tends to name an object by its name as he notices 'lilies', 'roses', 'lotuses', 'frangipani', 'dog rose' etc. but since this tendency to particularistic perception of flora is infrequent, we can infer that Walcott has more generic mind as far as flora is concerned.

We notice that in his perception of vegetation Walcott is conscious of trees (171 times) and fruits (134 times) much more than Rowers (56 times).

Caribbean versus European Flora

In the article, 'Derek Walcott: The Poet as a Federated Consciousness', Funso Aiyejina observes that "When Walcott names the inhabitants of St. Lucian forests, he does not use English or botanical names; rather, he uses the patois name by which the local inhabitants would refer to them." (1987:71) In the *Collected Poems* when we consider all the 183 lexical items referring to Rora, Walcott uses some patois names like pommels de cythere', 'otaheite apple', 'frangipani' etc. But we find a delightful mixture of English 'oak', 'cedars', 'cypress' etc. and dialect cabbage palms', 'star apples', etc. Almost 100 lexical names referring to Caribbean flora appear in the *Collected Poems*. On the other



hand, we come across 80 references predominantly European and other common place lexical items such as 'apples', 'peas' and 'acorns' as well as 'trees', 'leaves', 'grass' etc. the Caribbean islands with their "astonishing varieties of green, yellow and parti-coloured vegetables and fruits of all hues and forms...blazing green vines(which) cover every branch and stem; (forming) draperies and tapestries and curtains and motionless cascades- pouring over all projections like a thick silent flood" (Hearne 1923:44) must have played a major role in the heightened awareness of its poets and artists. A study of Walcott's consciousness of vegetation shows his alertness to his island environment Peter Balakian observes that Walcott "is able to find in the cosmogonic conditions of his landscape a protean identity as a man and an epic consciousness for his culture" (1986:170). So he takes upon himself the task of:

...christening the pomegranate with a careful

tongue

Pommes de cythere, bitter cytherean apple.

(14)

Qualities in Flora

We notice in Walcott a heightened sense with his eye, ear and nose indefatigably awake as physical environment takes hold of his imagination. With a painter's eye for details, he observes colour (120 times), shape (108 times), movement (59 times) and certain other qualities of flora (42 times). He also notices number (44 times) and size (10 times). Sound is referred to 34 times and smell, 20 times. Touch and taste are referred to 6 times each. The poet is also conscious of age (6 times), decay (8 times) and death (5 times). Recalling how Walcott differs from Robert Lowell, Sven Birkerts observes that in "Lowell, one feels the torque of mind; in Walcott the senses predominate" (Birkerts 42:415)

Colour in Flora

As we analyze the *Collected Poems*, we notice the poet's consciousness of 31 different hues of vegetation ranging from white to black and from grey to ashen to fire and crimson. The fact that the Caribbean islands were a paradise for anyone with painter's eye, is vouched for by Heame as she describes "lines of mahogany, breadfruit, mango, tamarind



and palm trees-as irregular mass of at least fifty different tints from a fiery emerald to a sombre bluish green".(1923:13)

It is interesting to note that among the plethora of colours that Walcott is conscious of, the primary colours green and red seem to dominate his consciousness as he observes vegetation. This is followed by the colours orange and yellow. While referring to colour of Home 120 times, Walcott is more conscious of bright colour than dull colours. He is very much aware of the green colour in the environment- that being that colour he is most likely to encounter in the islands. He observes the salt green vine'(57), green flutes of grass'(195), the green oak'(506) etc and as he does so, it is the idea of freshness that dominates his consciousness.

Walcott's consciousness of yellow colour in vegetation often has a negative connotation reminding us that in the islands' 'yellow' is an unfavorable term for mulatto.

The ripe brain rotting like a **yellow** nut (58)
scorched **yellow** palms
from the summer sleeping house
drowsing from August.

(333)

and he says:
I imagine the death of Mandelstam
among the yellowing coconuts... (304)

Walcott is deeply conscious of the colour of 'blood' as he refers to it almost 7 times with reference to vegetation. The slight presence of the red colour in vegetation seems to evoke in him images of the blood of Christ: Christ and the killing of the innocents:

And a vein opened in the earth
its drops congealing into plum, sorrel and berry,
the year bleeding again, Noel, Noel,
blood for the bloodless birth
blooddeepening the poinsettia's Roman blades.

(231)

...poinsettia bleeding at your praying station

(13)

A suggestion of contrast in colour is seen as Walcott celebrates the mother of Memory' who:

Bears in her **black** hand a **white** frangipani
with berries of **blood**.

(12)



When Walcott observes the palms 'rusting' and the blood 'rusted leaves', he seems to be conscious of not only the colour but alludes to the corrosiveness of rust as well:

...pardon life
if he saw autumn in a **rusted leaf** (183)

In a sad state of mind as he grieves over the death of his pet dog he is conscious of the receding colours of vegetation:

the sunlight altering
the darkening oleanders
in the sea garden
the gold going out of the palms.
(334)

Shape in Flora

The act of describing is often equated with that of discovering metaphors. About his poem *The Lute*, Rilke observes that "to describe the shape of the instrument we should have to speak of that of a ripe flg". (Jephcott 1972) Similarly, Walcott describes shapes of vegetation by comparing them to parts of the human body and to certain instruments. We come across 92 such descriptions in Walcott's consciousness of flora. Walcott often makes down-to-earth comparisons when he is thinking of the shades of flora. Almost 38 times he compares flora to parts of human body. He refers to "head of trees", hair of Casuarians' and arms of banyan tree'. He is sometimes conscious of the vulva of ginger lilies and phallic of plantains'. Therefore the human body is an important organizing principle in his perception of flora:

the flowers tightened their fists in the
name of thrift.
(385)

Shapes of flora are often compared to instruments of war and other tools like blades of grass', 'needles'(palms), 'lances'(canes), 'helmets'(flowers, palms, pineapples), ropes of mangrove', bows of reeds', knives of oleanders', 'cannonballs'(calabash), 'swords'(coconut), 'horns'(branches) and 'shields'(apples).

There is a shattered palm
of this fierce shore,



its plumes the rusting helmet
of a dead warrior.

(368)

Movement in Flora

Walcott is conscious of considerable movement in vegetation as he observes that:

while the thorns of the bougainvillea
moult like old fingernails
and the flowers keep falling
and the flowers keep opening... (156)

One motion folds the grass. (125)

According to some critics a consciousness of various kinds of movement provides an attitude to life or even a philosophy of life. Walcott makes extensive use of words referring to movement in flora (59 times) and they can be classified as given below:

1. Linear movement: e.g. 'shake' (tree), nodding plumes, 'shiver' (canes), grass sways', 'sailing' (palm), spreading lianas', 'stirs' (trees), etc.
2. Circular movement e.g. head of the coconut rolls', melons roll' and turning leaves'
3. Downward movement: e.g. one leaf fell', falling (flowers), 'starapples rained' and of fruit trees crawling downwards to the city' upward movement: e.g. 'lifted' (leaves), 'bobbing' (coconut) and the vines ascending.
4. Closing and opening movements: 'folds' (grass), 'loosens' flowers),
5. 'clenched'(bamboos), 'shut'(mahogany), 'unfurls'(wild yarns, dasheen) and 'open'(flowers).

Sometimes Walcott is conscious of ritualistic movement as in his choice of words like 'sways' (summer grass), leaves dancing', and 'shakes' (palm trees). He observes that:

...the bent palms dance
to your tune.

The poet is conscious of the people around him, and the fortitude with which they bear themselves in adverse circumstances is a source of admiration for him. They face



various ills like poverty, fevers etc. Walcott sees their problems reflected in nature as he speaks of:

...the malarial light (that)
Shiver the canes (25),
leaves of the long afternoon silverly
trembling (268)
A frisson shakes the palm trees.
(463)

What would otherwise be static is endowed with alertness by the poet's use of words denoting vigorous movements:

The mangoes pitch from their green dark
Like meteors.
(445)

marching oaks', nut bowled', canes surging', all add to the feeling.



Conclusion

Walcott's consciousness seems to have shaped by at least three factors. Firstly, St. Lucia, his native island, is just a speck on the map of the British Empire a colonial backwater and a place cut off from the mainstream world events. That is to say that the poet belongs to a country that has received influences from outside rather than one that contributed to the shaping of world history. This has had an effect on the poet, like that of accepting the past. As he says, " to be born on a small island colonial backwater meant a precocious resignation to fate" (Walcott 1970:14).

The Caribbean becomes the bedrock of his imagination as he observes Caribbean fauna like grouper, tarpon, iguana etc. Not only does the large variety of birds: heron, sea gulls, etc. in the islands soar through his vision, but he is also conscious of different types of fishes like minnows and parrot fish, animals like monkeys, cows and bulls, pre-historic creatures like mastodon and dinosaurs and even mythological creatures like fauns and behemoths. The islands being a treasure trove of insects, it is not surprising that Walcott is aware of varieties of them like weevil, locusts, etc.

Walcott's consciousness of memories and values were also analysed and it was observed that memory plays a vigorous and creative role in Walcott's consciousness. His mode of representing the past is both historical and imaginative. It is not a literature of remorse' that he creates. Instead, the memories of his childhood, colonial days, Caribbean history and culture and racial memory are all imaginatively recreated as discussed in the paper.



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Research Articles

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'Making the Impression'

Dr. G. Kiran Kumar

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Fowler, H.W. and F.G.Fowler, eds. *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*. 5th edn. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963.

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He enjoys teaching English Literature, pronunciation, grammar, and listening/speaking and teaching in special programs for teacher training and English for Specific Purposes. He presented research papers in Germany, Switzerland, and other national and international seminars on various topics in literature. He published several articles in well-known journals. When He's not teaching, he loves spending time with reading literary works of the giant writers in the world of literature.



Revisiting Arthur Miller: The Loss of Humane Identity under the Industrial Exploitation

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Abstract: *The present article represents the struggles of the modern everyday man, the hard attempt against sovereign states, machines, industries, parties and government. This modern tragedy shows the class confrontations; the hostile encounters between the bourgeoisie and low class people. Arthur Miller criticizes and even ridicules the hypocrisy, greed, dehumanization, and selfishness of capitalists and bourgeoisies in his play, Death of a Salesman. This powerful playwright portrays the picture of a bourgeoisie as a man whose personality and superiority depend on his possession of machines, large apartment and money. Moreover he shows the superiority of employer and inferiority of employee. Simple workers are seen as tools or slaves. Miller also mocks the cold relationships among modern family members. He warns about the domination of industries and machines which try to take out the essence and quality of human character and bring them the decadence of humanity.*

Keywords: *Industrialism, Capitalism, Bourgeoisie, Humane relation, Modernism, Dehumanization*

1. Introduction

Playwright Arthur Miller, the celebrated realist and naturalist American Pulitzer Prize winner, with a large familiarity of modern men tried to reflect opinions, thoughts, and feelings of people who lived during the second third of the 19th century and involved in industrial surroundings. In his play, Death of a Salesman, he tries to find reasons beyond the modern human's artificial behaviors. His characters are universal samples. He shows the workers' feeling subjected to the most degrading and humiliating conditions in every aspect of their lives and then focuses on the employers' loss of human identity in relation with their workers. The play shows the horrifying fate of 19th century workers. The protagonist, Willy Loman's, challenges with his dreams, memories, arguments, and confrontations all of which put him in a sensitive situation to decide the type of living. Miller uses Willy Loman to compare and contrast the traditional society with the modern one. The protagonist looks back to his past as a nostalgia for the good old days of the craftsman and relationships among people. He gets results that modern industrial society as the major source of anger makes people be unkind and spiteful to each other, while the traditional people mostly thought about the true living and good relations. Traditional people were closer to nature, while modern people are anti-nature because of industrial necessity. All the poor had to look forward to the "struggle for existence"

2. Statement of the Problem

Since the advent of technology and machines, man's identity as a human being with humane responsibility has being forgotten or repressed from consciousness. The problem has its roots in industrialism. The industrial development led to capitalist system whereby capitalists, industrialists, and bourgeoisies gained the upper hand over working class whereby to rule the societies. They have distanced from morality. They have thought that they are superiors and the others- those who have not possessed industrial things- are inferiors or even slaves. living labors are classified into commodities and therein the class confrontation, is becoming irrelevant. Through industrialism, a truly humane organization of society as human utopia is suppressed. Industrial labor has been seen as an industrial tool for economic necessity into the realms of material production and distribution-sphere. Human



beings are counted as appendages of machines for the sake of profits. The needs of human beings just depend to their physical power. The capitalist concept of society lies in a satanic parody: everything at

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anyway should lead to profit, never to self-evident use for human beings themselves or their own happiness. Such domination of production over human beings urges them to be and to do just for development of production. In *Death of a Salesman*, we see the new boss of Wagner company, Howard Wagner, fires his salesman, Willy Loman, when he hears that Willy is weak and can't do his job as well as the past. This capitalist boss miss his humanity to get material profit from everybody and everything. Under the influence of the capitalist and bourgeois thought, he didn't respect Willy with his thirty-four years of service. Miller portrays and betrays the outmost concern of capitalists on centralization and then criticizes their view of workers as production-apparatus. Cohn (1979) stated that adherents of industrial domestication have flaunted sexual, economic, religious and civic taboos, with a wide variety of tactics -some of them violent-to achieve their utopia.

3. Research Questions

- Does Willy Loman suffer from his boss' inhumanity?
- Is Will Loman looked as an industrial tool?
- Does Willy Loman's poverty cause his sons' disrespect to him?
- Can industrialism and capitalism suppress humanity?
- Does Willy Loman's suicide provide his family with prosperity?
- Does industrialism domination lead to exploitation of worker class?
- Should the poor obey the rich in order to be alive?
- Is industry counted as the origin of social class confrontation?

4. Significance of the Study

Arthur Miller, one of the modern naturalist and realist playwright shows us the reality of human suffering from capitalism, machinery, industrialism, and bourgeois trends. He uses Willy Lowman as the protagonist of his play called *Death of a Salesman* who is exploited by his capitalist and bourgeois employer. In this play, Miller also deals with class confrontation. That's why the capitalist and bourgeoisie think of themselves as the dominant and superior class but think of others specially worker classes as the inferior classes. He well shows the dominance of machines on human being in changing their ideal behaviors. This modern tragedy broadens our universal horizons through elevating and bitter experience. It also awakens the readers and spectators to the dangers hidden in capitalism, industrialism, and bourgeoisie. Miller warns the employers of industrial company to be aware of machinery dominance and the dramatic decline of humanity. He also wants to make the modern people be aware that if human beings distance from natural environment, they may behave each other unnaturally. Miller's attempt in portraying challenges among moral, immoral, artificial, and natural behaviors among people gains a high level of significance. Industrialism has brought the fate of degradation and labeled people with their material possession. It has abandoned all the rights of being a "free-born man" for workers. Miller outcries about the fear that a worker like Willy Loman has in "struggle for existence". It is significant to go along with Miller and see the misery of the lower



classes who found themselves bent under the yoke of obedience, work, and money and then sympathize with them. Deliberating about our present world and surroundings which are quickly moving toward the end of technology is an appropriate caution for pondering ourselves.

5. Historical Background

Since the second half of the 19th century with the widespread of industrialism, bourgeoisie and its

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destructive effects on human society has been one of the noticeable concepts by artists, authors, and historians. Around the first world war, playwrights with more emphasis tried to prove the negative effects of this monstrous capitalism on human being's mind and spirit. Not only this system's achievement in evolution of producing techniques does not help human being's welfare but also is obsessed with a more interest. Capitalism observes a human being as a living target and does not grant the least worth for him. This approach tried to enslave workers to reach their industrial goals. Human being is like a fruit that capitalism sucks its extract and when there is no extract, throws it away. He is useful until his physical appearance and power function. Marks believed that the existing society contains the history of class struggles. He describes these classes into two parts as oppressor groups (the bourgeoisie) and oppressed groups (the proletariat). It was the bourgeoisie (modern capitalists) that owned all of industrial production and the wage labors. The economic powers of the bourgeoisie provided them with political empowerment and improvement. Their political strength led to social destruction on which previous societies were based. Instead of focusing on natural human rights, the bourgeoisie pursued their plan of egoistic material profit. The proletariat are the workforce for bourgeois. Their living depends on their drudgery in industrial environments. Their work is much assimilated to the industrial machinery, of which they are no more than cogs. (Marks & Engels, 1964).

6. Methodology

Arthur Miller depicts modern human suffering from their surrounded environment. The society changed based on an influential factor like industrialism. Through the advent of industrialism everything was changed in human intercommunication. Through social methodology, Miller shows the different types of social classes, livings, thoughts, and behaviors in his play, *Death of a Salesman*. He portrays the influence of industrial products on shaping human relations with themselves and with nature. He addresses the identity that human beings loss in their relation with industry. He also shows the interweaving of industrialism with machinism, bureaucracy, materialism, capitalism, and bourgeoisie with their negative outcomes upon ordinary people. These annihilating elements of human nature treat human beings as mere tools. Industries are dependent on machines and machines are powerful monsters which mysteriously take human beings under their own exploitation. The twentieth century German philosopher and sociologist, Theodor Adorno, who is famous for his critique of the "Cultural Industry", believed that words such as industrialism, capitalism, machinism, and bourgeoisie, are homogeneous in character. Industry has dominated human beings especially individuals' working lives, through social, political, and economic power. His description of "the culture industry" refers to an integrative mechanism for binding individuals, as consumers and producers, to capitalist and modern societies. The culture industry is counted as a manifestation of identity-thinking whereby men are effected by instrumental productive techniques. Through industrialist domination of nature and the development of sophisticated technological productive machinery, human beings have become objects of a system of their own making. His philosophy is much concerned with human misery and suffering with emphasis on morality in the process of civilization. He warns about the danger of insidious capitalistic industrial systematic repression of nature. His critical theory aims to enumerate the causes of the calamitous state of human affairs, such as; material, political, economic, and social conditions in industrial society. He believed that the



entertainment industry of modern society is just as formulaic, mechanical, and dominating as the workplace. People in such modern society are programmed at work and they try to escape the monotony of their workplace, they are being changed to another piece of the machine. Therefore, people have no chance of becoming free individuals. (Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy, 2005). The British political theorist, David Held, also agreed with Adorno's critical theory. He believed that the culture industry contributes to the determination of consumption. People are treated as objects, machines, outside as well as inside the workshop. Moreover, the culture industry, integrated into capitalism with the purpose of pursuit of profit in producing profitable and consumable goods. (Held, 1980). Man thinks that machines are his servants, unaware of the fact that these mysterious and powerful monsters have taken him under their own power. Machines are the idols which human being makes them for his own benefit, and now he has to scarify himself for the sake of these idols' eternity.

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Modern human being's separation from industries and machines is impossible and multidimensional domination of machines on essence and quality of human character is equal to decadence of humanity. In this society, life conditions become unreal and arbitrary under the effect of machinism, bureaucracy, materialism, whereas social, political and cultural forces lead to corruption in human spirituality. In the world that human being is part of macro machine innards and is behaved like bolts and nuts. In these situations, human beings changed to be illusory men without identity who have to conceal their own natures and habits constantly. They have to bow down before these idols. However, these idols (gods) have no attention to their poor servants' inner and spiritual needs. The bourgeoisie have filled up enormous wealth from various industries ownership and have seen their mass of workers as unvalued nuts in productive processes. Class distinctions between owners and workers have shifted contemporary human being's society to two poles of masters and slaves. Socialists of these materialistic views believe that predict decadence and annihilation in these class distinctions. According to socialists, contemporary human beings have cut out their true cultural relationship with each other. They feel lonely while they are among many people. When modern man cannot directly fight with reality, he has to resort to dream and imagination. This means that escaping from the reality replaces fighting with bitter reality. Seeking nostalgia is the only solution that he can resort to (Vaughan, 2009).

7. Arthur Miller (life and Literary Works)

American playwright, **Arthur Asher Miller**, was born on October 17, 1915, in Harlem, New York. He is the son of polish immigrants, Augusta (Barnett) and Isadore Miller. His father was a successful shopkeeper until the Wall Street Crash of 1929. In 1933, Miller finished his high school in New York. He experienced some odd jobs like hosting a radio program before entering to University of Michigan. At university, he began to write plays, to study journalism, to do editing for Michigan Daily, and to try theater. In 1938, he received his degree from University of Michigan. In 1939, he joined the Federal Theater Project in New York City. The Federal theater provided good opportunity for unemployed writers, actors, directors, and designers. His writing career lasted over sixty years. In that time, he wrote twenty-six plays, a novel called *Focus* (1945), a short story called *I Don't Need You Anymore* (1967), an autobiography with the title of *Time bends: A Life* (1987), and several journals. In his plays, he usually addresses social issues. In his play, *Death of a Salesman*, he used his experience as a salesperson after his high school. In this play, he portrays modern social problems such as the loss of identity, social class confrontation, and man's inability in accepting change within himself and society (Gottfried, 2003). Rachel Galvin wrote; "For nearly six decades, Miller has been creating characters that wrestle with power conflicts, personal and social responsibility, the repercussions of past actions, and the twin pols of guilt and hope" (Anonymous, 2008). His masterpieces caused him to receive numerous honors and awards such as: the Michigan's Avery Hopwood Award in 1936-1937; the Theatre Guild's Bureau of New Plays Award in 1937; the New York Drama Critic's Circle Award in 1947; the Pulitzer Prize in 1949; the New York Drama Critic's Circle Award in 1949; the



Antoinette Perry and Donaldson Awards in 1953; and the Gold Medal for Drama by the National Institutes of Arts and Letters in 1959. He was also elected as President of PEN (Poets, Essayists, and Novelists) in 1965. At the age of eighty-nine, he passed away on February 10, 2005 in Roxbury, Connecticut because of congestive heart failure (Gottfried, 2003).

8. Summary of Miller's *Death of a Salesman*

Death of a Salesman is a modern tragedy. The setting is in New York and Boston. It is a story about a salesman called Willy Loman and his family. He is a salesman of a company named Wagner company. He sells the products of Wagner Company through a road trip. He has two sons called Biff and Happy. Biff is 34 years old and single. Happy is 32 years old and single too. Biff has not a special career except, once he worked for an old employer called Oliver. His brother thinks that he cannot be promoted until his merchandise manager dies. So he leaves his job. These two jobless brothers think

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about buying a ranch and working together but they can't succeed. They spend most of their time in flirting with prostitutes. Willy's wife, Linda, is a patient and long suffering housewife. She is kind to her husband and her sons. She tries her best to do housework. Moreover, she is sensitive to her own family relationships. Everything was good because Willy was happy with his family and his house natural surroundings. He could plant in the yard around his house. He was endangered when the good old days passed and his good old boss- Frank Wagner- died. In other words, he was shocked when he walked in industrial age. So he experienced some discontent facts, such as large buildings were built in his neighborhood where he couldn't see the sun; his older son stole his employer fountain pen whereby missed his job and hovered at home; his younger son also left his job and hovered at home too; they waited for his father to feed them financially; and the last more discontent one is that Willy was fired. After 34 years of working, Willy became old and weak. He couldn't sell the company's products as well as the past. Based on Linda's suggestion, he asked his new boss, Howard Wagner, for a desk job inside the company as he once had in the past. But his boss fired him as soon as he heard Willy speak about his oldness and weakness. Willy's insistence on convenience for 36-year-service to Wagner's company didn't put any influence on young Wagner's mind. He became depressed. Moreover, his sons didn't respect him as well as in the past. His poverty put him in a disastrous situation in which he found out that he was like a tool- a tool for making money for his boss and his sons. Everybody sought his personality beyond his money and material possession. He should be a salesman- a man who sells thing to get money; sells (passes) his time for making money; sells his youth, strength, and energy to provide his family with prosperity- in order to be a valuable and honorable man. Now he has nothing to represent except his life. Finally, he committed suicide to leave life insurance payment for his family's prosperity and investment. A dream that never came true after his death (Sinclair, 2012).

9. Discussion and Result

Through this play, Miller aims to inform us about the interactions and conflicts of a man with his society and surroundings as well as with himself. Miller tries to get the reasons behind people's behaviors from different types of social classes and jobs. He wants to explore men's search for meanings of life across the modern world.

- **Criticizing Machine's Domination on Human being and His Avoidance from Nature;**
This is one of the most important concepts used in "Death of a Salesman". A human being who produces machines and gadgets for the sake of his own peace and ease, is now subdued



by those machines and obeys them. The result of such a society is human being's gradual sinking in technology's swamp and his avoidance from his own origin that is living by the nature. The evolution of producing techniques do not help human being's welfare. It makes human being be obsessed with machines (Winner, 1977). Willy's industrialist boss, Howard, is so fascinated by the wire recording machine that does not notice Willy's request (*like to ask a little favor if you...* [p.54]) for shifting his job as a salesman to an easier desk job in the office. He admires machines while he is snapping the machine off: "*Didn't you ever see one of these? Wire recorder. ...Records things. Just got delivery yesterday. Been delivering me crazy, the most terrific machine I ever saw in my life. I was up all night with it. I tell you, Willy, I'm gonna take my camera, and my bandsaw, and all my hobbies, and out they go. This is the most fascinating relaxation I ever found.*" [p.54-55]. Miller uses Willy to complain about the treacherous manipulation of nature by modern people.

Willy: "*The street is lined with cars. There's not a breath of fresh air in the neighborhood. The grass don't grow any more, you can't raise a carrot in the back yard. They should've had a law against apartment houses. They should've arrested the builder for cutting those down.*" [p.8]. The main part of Willy's low income is spent of mortgage payments, and his house machines' repair. That's why Linda is unhappy when she says: "*They got the biggest ads of any of these refrigerators! ... Well, there's nine-sixty for the washing machine. And for the vacuum cleaner there's three and a half due on the fifteenth. Then the roof, you got twenty-one dollars remaining. ... Then you owe Frank for the carburetor.*" [p.23]

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It seems nobody pays attention to Willy's constantly complains about the existing conditions and dreams of returning to the nature, he has no way except accepting the new machinery living condition. That's why he ironically says; "*A man who can't handle tools is not a man.*" [p.30]. On the contrary, he tries to persuade his wife to avoid from machinery condition and escape to nature; "*We'll go out of the city and buy a piece of land; we'll plant vegetables there and also keep some chickens.*" [p.58]

- **Criticizing the Annihilation of Individual Identity**

Absolutely the main victims of industrial situation are human beings who keep aloof from themselves and empty out from their inner sides. An individual identity in industrial societies must turn to the form of a mass similar to his environment and society. If a member of this society acts uncoordinatedly with others, he is doomed to failure and decadence. That's why, Willy's boss, Howard, forces him to accept industrial sacrificing condition; "*...but it's a business, kid, and everybody's gotta pull his own weight.....cause.....business is business*"[p.57]. Miller's direct cry to human dignity goes out through character Linda's speech when she warns and informs her sons to pay attention to their father as one with human identity that distinguishes him/ her from non-human beings; "*he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall in his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must finally be paid to such a person.*" [p.39]

- **Criticizing Capitalism (Bourgeoisie)**

Miller has tried to prove the negative and destructive effects of bourgeoisie and monstrous capitalism on human being's mind and spirit. Capitalism observes a human being as a living target and does not grant the least worth for him. He is useful until he is a good seller and makes profits, but when there is no income, he should be omitted. The remarks of character Charley shed more light on this issue; "*The only thing you got in this world is what you can sell. And the funny thing is that you're a salesman, and you don't know that.....J. P. Morgan....looked like a butcher. But with his pockets on he was very well liked.*"[p.70]. In capitalist society, man's existence depends on his physical and financial power in business. He is like a fruit that capitalism sucks its extract and when there is no extract, throws it away. The second scene from act two is the evidence of the playwright's criticism. The part that



Willy goes to his boss's office, young Howard, to request for shifting his job as a salesman to an easier desk job in the office with a very low salary. He is arguing directly to his employer that there must be responsibility taken for employees. He reminds his boss that he gave his youth to the company, and now the company must take care of him. "*Howard, all I need to set my table is fifty dollars a week. ... I put thirty-four years into this firm, Howard, and now I can't pay my insurance! You can't eat the orange and throw the peel away — a man is not a piece of fruit!*" [p.56,57, 58]. Miller shows the conflict between the bourgeoisie and lower class like Willy Loman whose surname stands for low man, an ordinary man, and a common man, as well as all citizens in post-World War II America. His name implies a man of the earth or a loam man. Willy tries to be "well liked" not to be "liked" (Patterson, 2015). Miller betrays the brutality of bourgeoisie through Linda's words; "*A small man can be just as exhausted as a great man. He [Willy] works for a company thirty-six years this March, opens up un-heard of territories to their trademark, and now in his old age they take his salary away.*"[p.39].

- **Criticizing the lack of Intercommunication**

One of the negative results of living in capitalistic systems, after individual identity crisis, is the fact of lacking intercommunication. When the most significant purpose in these systems are money and raising money, the intercommunication affected by this intention also becomes superficial and shallow, i.e. durability of every communication depends on financial benefits of either side. Family ties, love, philanthropy and so on in these societies fade out, and opportunism and policy would be replaced. In this play, the boys' relationship with Willy

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is one of the remarkable evidences of the considered concepts. However, Willy himself is definitely the main guilty one in making this crisis. Today, people like Biff and Happy do not respect their fathers so much because they do not see them as the financial provider of the family as before. Linda's repeated attempts for remaking this relationship didn't succeed.

LINDA: Biff, dear, if you don't have any feeling for him, then you can't have feeling for me.....he's your father and you pay him that respect.

Biff: He's got no character.

LINDA: And you tell me he has no character? The man who never worked a day but for your benefit? ...And you! What happened to the love you had for him?...He's just a big stupid man to you, but I tell you there's more good in him....I tell you he put his whole life into you and you've turned your backs on him[p.38-42]

Perhaps such reproaches could be effective for a short term, but the distance among people is too farther. In the restaurant, these boys forget the dinner appointment with their father for some girls and leave him alone. *HAPPY: .. that's not my father. He's just a guy. Come on, we'll catch Biff, and, honey, we're going to paint this town!*" [p.85]. Willy is angry with civilized world, because his sons preferred money to him. So he ironically informs his sons about the negative influence of civilized world on communications among people; "*Lick the world! You guys together could absolutely lick the civilized world.*" [p.45-46]. Then, he draws their attention to urgent conditions of capitalistic society;" *...A business suit, and talk as little as possible, and don't crack any jokes. Walk in very serious. ...don't be so modest.*" [p.46]. Finally, he wants them to be aware of the reality of humanity that depends on human's real personality; "*...personality always wins the day.*"[p.46]. In an argument, Willy reminds his boss, Howard, about the forgotten friendship that people enjoyed in the past;" *There was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried, and there's no chance for bringing friendship to bear.*"[p.58].



11. Conclusion

The three act play of "Death of a Salesman" presents a comprehensive description of people in a modern industrial society. The play is narrated through the first person point of view. It contains dreams, memories, and horrible fate of the oppressed people along with their struggles, arguments, and confrontation with oppressors in a modern industrial society. It provides the audience with bitter experiences of the universal characters of the play. Moreover, the playwright provided the possibility of the audience's identification within the play. Therefore, he creates a possible multidimensional character for Willy (the protagonist of the play), i.e. the playwright considers him through various aspects of humanity, faith, and physical, mental, and social feature. He uses this play to criticize; industrialized life of contemporary human being and his avoidance from nature; capitalists' view of human being as tools and gadgets; and human identity crisis along with alienation and disconnection with his environment.



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ASHVAMEGH... *the literary flight!*



Research Articles

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'Making the Impression'

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Stories by the Tea Stall

Each time I carry the bag
Each time I travel by that street
Leading to metro station
Each time I wait for my brother to return
After a long absence
Each time I cry aloud
When India loses a game
Each time I smile
When Ranchi's golden boy hits a six.
He is a savour, great warrior
Each time I eat momos
And wait for the rain
Each time I'm wet
I stop by that tea stall
For a cup of sugar free tea.
Stiff jaws are opened
Day's hard toils relieved
In a sip. Life takes a fresh guard.
Each time I stop
The stall is overcrowded.
People debating over hot themes.
Each time I stop for a cup of tea there
I watch the tea seller growing old
Minute by minute. Talking to an old pillar.
Each time I go there
I have a story to write.
Each one over there
Is a character. A protagonist, perhaps.



Who is My Master?

What language should I speak?

Bangla

Hindi

Sanskrit

English

Brahmin

Dalit

All possibilities are wide open

Like open market for trade.

I move between

The language of the poet

And the translator,

Reason and effect

As if one will die without the other.

Someone told me when I was a tiny boy

Forgotten her name

May be a shadow

"Language is a master."

I didn't understand

I was too small.

Now the sky is clear to me

I see things through its language

I read my master through his code.

A coat made on the banks of the river Thames

Is not that will be living for ever.

Small sprouts are visible on the banks of the Ganges

And near the banks of the Yellow river.

We are holding willow branches. My old master

Is to leave behind his earthly abode soon.

ASHVAMEGH... *the literary flight!*

Poems

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'Making the Impression'

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Bhasa's Urubhangam or The Shattered Thigh: A Unique Dramatic Work Revisited

The plays of Bhasa were missing for a long time, but his name was greatly revered among the Sanskrit poets and dramatists. In the Prologue of his play *Malavikagnimitram* Kalidasa mentions Bhasa as one of the established and famous poets. His name is found in Bana Bhatta's *Harshacharita* and in Dandin's *Avantisundarikatha* and many other texts by notable Sanskrit writers. In 1909 Mahamahopadhyaya T. Ganapati Sastri of Trivandrum discovered 13 texts of ancient Sanskrit plays which came to be known as 'Bhasa Nataka Chakra' or the drama cycle of Bhasa. Among the thirteen plays six are based on incidents from the epic *Mahabharata*. And where Bhasa is different from other dramatists is that he does not hesitate to introduce new characters and new events in the very well-known episodes of *Mahabharata*. He even takes the liberty of changing the course of the epic's incidents for dramatic purposes. And if we think of the construction of the plays, we often notice that Bhasa does not strictly conform to Bharata's *Natyashastra* which can be considered to be the Bible of Indian dramatic art. Dr. Indu Shekhar in his book *Sanskrit Drama: Its Origin and Decline* comments:

"... after the formation of rules governing the plays and their compositions, none seems to have revolted against the system. Thus from Asvaghosa to Bhavabhuti or even till its total decline the drama is composed on a set pattern, the deviations, if any, were the result of the brilliance of a poet, not an indication of boldness. Even a poet of Kalidasa's stature betrays marvellous fidelity to the Sastra, which again is blindly followed by Sudraka and others. The only exception, perhaps is that of Bhasa...". (Shekhar 155)

As we shall be discussing about *Urubhangam* or *The Shattered Thigh*, we must know that the play is unique in more than one aspect. It is the only tragic play in the vast world of Sanskrit dramas. The representation of death was not permissible on the stage. But Bhasa shows the death of Duryodhana after his thighs were smashed by Bhima's mace. Thus in both theme and technique Bhasa's *Urubhangam* is different from other Sanskrit plays. Sadness emerges out of Duryodhana's last sigh. Allardyce Nicol, while commenting on the spirit of tragedy, writes:

"The theme of tragedy is always an unhappy one. It frequently introduces misery, torment physical and mental, and crime. The old medieval notion of tragedy as a falling from prosperity to unhappiness has this general truth in it, that all tragedy of all nations has always had about it an element of pain and misery." (Nicol 72)

But before proceeding to the detailed analysis of Bhasa's uniqueness in representing the tragedy in *Urubhangam*, let us see how the world of Sanskrit drama was. In his 'Introduction' to *The Shattered Thigh and Other Plays* A. N. D. Haksar informs:

"The theatre was already a flourishing art form in India in the time of Bhasa and the *Natyashastra*. It had evolved beyond recitals of epic dialogues by hereditary bards. Plays were written and performed often accompanied by music and dance. There were professional producers, actors and actresses, drama teachers and dance instructors.



Costumes, make-up, and other aspects of stagecraft were well developed. Performances took place in palaces, in temples and in halls built for the purpose. The *Natyasastra* suggests dimensions of theatre halls for as many as five hundred people, measures for their ventilation, and arrangements for seating the audience. The hall consisted of an auditorium, and a podium with a backstage. In between a curtain was put up for entries and exits by the players." (Haksar xiv-xv)

To understand Sanskrit literary texts, one has to be acquainted with the theory of 'rasa'. Haksar says:

"... the theory of flavour or *rasa* which formed an important and perhaps unique part of ancient Indian poetics. *Rasa* is commonly, but inexactly, also translated as sentiment. ... To put it simply, drama is an imitation of life, and specially of emotions, or *Bhava*, which the dramatist shows his characters as experiencing. The audience in turn experiences, not the actual emotion, but an aesthetic appreciation of its *rasa* or flavour. ... The skill of the artist lies not only in portraying the emotion on the stage, but also in invoking its flavour in the audience. A cultivated person, able to appreciate a *rasa* with discrimination, was known as a *rasika*." (Haksar xv-xvi)

The theory of *rasa* was given extreme importance in ancient Sanskrit dramaturgy. It was at the heart of any literary text and without proper creation of *rasa* a text was not considered 'literary'. Adya Rangacharya writes:

"The appeal of the *rasa* theory and aptness to describe appreciation has been extolled by all later writers. Dhananjaya, the author of the treatise called *Dasarupaka* (dealing with dramaturgy) has this to say of *rasa*:

'Anything, be it beautiful or ugly, dignified or despicable, or dreadful or of pleasing appearance, deep or deformed, object or non-object, whatever it be it, could be turned into *rasa* by poet's imaginative power.'

... *Rasa*, as Bharata explains, is the final state of relish or satisfaction but that state follows many others, as we have seen with various different tastes. These different tastes with their reaction, etc., and preceding the ultimate satisfaction, are called as *bhavas* and Bharata says that *rasa* is the result of and from the *bhavas* and not vice versa as some believe. This *bhava* is nothing but what express a reaction, be it by bodily gestures or by words." (Rangacharya 75-7)

Bhasa's *Urubhangam* gives birth to both *bira-rasa* (heroism) and *karuna-rasa* (pathos). It is shown in the text how the Kaurava King Duryodhana is defeated unlawfully in a mace-fight by the Pandava prince Bhima and how after Ashwatthama's vow for killing the Pandavas Duryodhana dies. The contest between Bhima and Duryodhana is narrated by three Kaurava soldiers. Scenes of battle were not allowed to be shown on the stage. Bhasa adhered to this rule but he could not help showing the death of Duryodhana on the stage for the sake of evoking *karuna-rasa*. By the time of Bhasa Sanskrit drama had already developed a number of conventions. Haksar writes:



"Most plays began with a *nandi* or benediction followed by a prologue, the *prastavana* or *sthapana*, in which the producer or stage director, called the *sutradhara*, appeared on the stage with one or more assistants and introduced the play and often the playwright. In most cases the plays also ended with a benediction or *bharatavakya*, generally pronounced by the *sutradhara*. ... Journeys, wars, deaths and common acts like eating were not represented on the stage...". (Haksar xvi-xvii)

As mentioned earlier, Bhasa's *Urubhangam* does not conform to the rules of the *Natyasastra* always. The play begins with the Prologue which starts with the stage direction: "After the benediction, enter the Producer" (p 112). Here we see that Bhasa has disposed of the *nandi* or the benediction at the commencement of the play. Although the benediction at the end of the play is still there, spoken by Balarama, the absence of *nandi* marks a significant divergence from the pre-set rules of dramatic writing. And again, the play ends with the death of the principal character, possibly becoming the only instance of tragedy in the whole pack of Sanskrit plays. Haksar comments:

"The play *Urubhangam* ends with the death of the hero, Duryodhana, who has earlier been vanquished in battle and humiliated. It is a powerful tragedy in modern terms, and perhaps explicable conventionally only if the hero's end is regarded as his ascent to heaven." (Haksar xix)

Urubhangam might be called a revenge tragedy. It was a revenge taken by the Pandavas (especially Bhima who vowed to kill the Kaurava King) for their misfortunes caused by Duryodhana; it was again revenge-time for Ashwatthama who promised to kill the Pandava warriors in their sleep because his father Drona died in the battlefield and the promise of revenge gives immense pleasure to Duryodhana who utters: "Bless you! What my heart wanted is done" with his last sigh; and again it was the possibility of sweet revenge for the blind Dhritarashtra who had lost his hundred sons in war and he was perplexed to know that Balarama was still there, bearing witness to their conspiracy. Thus the theme of revenge is manifold in *Urubhangam*. The shattering of Duryodhana's thighs was a personal vendetta on Bhima's part. In 'Sabha-Parva' of the *Mahabharata*, the Pandavas lost the game of gambling to the Kauravas and their wife Draupadi was dragged in the court only to be molested by Duryodhana, Dushasana and Karna. Duryodhana bared his thighs and threw some ugly comments at Draupadi and her five husbands. It was then Bhima vowed to shatter those thighs in the battlefield. So in *Urubhangam* that wish of Bhima is fulfilled.

In a way *Urubhangam* resembles a Senecan tragedy. In her 'Introduction' to *Seneca: Six Tragedies* Emily Wilson writes:

"Seneca's tragedies are intense. They show us people who push themselves too far, beyond the limits of ordinary behaviour and emotion. Passion is constantly set against reason, and passion wins out: as Seneca's Phaedra asks: 'What can reason do? Passion, Passion rules.' Seneca's characters are obsessed and destroyed by their emotion: they are dominated by rage, ambition, lust, jealousy, desire, anger, grief, madness, and fear." (Wilson vii)



Duryodhana, the villain of the epic and the hero of Bhasa's play, was also driven by fierce passion. He himself confesses to Ashwatthama:

"What are kings but pride. It was for the sake of pride that I chose this war." (Bhasa 125)

Thus Duryodhana makes two things clear. Firstly, he admits that it was he who chose the war. At his moment of death he realises that he was responsible for this eighteen long battle and for his own predicament too. And secondly, he admits that he was proud. We are reminded of Milton's Satan who also became proud and brought his own downfall. This pride is Duryodhana's tragic flaw in character and it made him blind to the outcome of the battle. But at the same time we see in his character some qualities of a good man which make him esteemed in our eyes. Haksar observes:

"Bhasa's characterizations are in keeping with convention. The most interesting character in his plays, based on the *Mahabahrata*, is without doubt Duryodhana. This principal villain of the actual epic is presented in four of these plays as the *dhioddhata* type of hero, proud and haughty, wilful and defiant, but withal noble and self-possessed. Courage, magnanimity and piety are other qualities with which Bhasa invests Duryodhana who is also shown as a devoted son, a loving father, a good friend, and a man both royal and loyal." (Haksar xix-xx)

The fall of a villain cannot create tragedy. *Urubhangam* shows the downfall of Duryodhana who was an incorrigible villain in the original *Mahabharata* but Bhasa has turned him into a better man so that the audience may mourn for his death. Humphry House, while discussing Aristotle's theory of tragic action and character, comments:

"This predominant and main requirement of "goodness", which seems at first sight rather strange, is essential to Aristotle's whole theory because it is the foundation of that initial sympathy in spectator or reader without which the tragic emotions cannot be roused or the tragic pleasure ultimately conveyed." (House 83)

The tragic hero must possess nobility which makes his downfall an object of pity. Duryodhana, the Kaurava King, had this nobility in Bhasa's play in which his soul is received by Urvashi and the celestial nymphs and Death had sent a warrior's car drawn by a thousand swans to fetch him, suggesting the greatness of Duryodhana, the man. While discussing tragic relief, Allardyce Nicoll writes:

"The first and undoubtedly the greatest reason for our pleasure derived from the witnessing of a painful drama, the prime tragic relief, is the presence in some one or other of the characters of a lofty nobility, a note of almost heroic grandeur." (Nicoll 75)

In his essay entitled 'Rethinking Classics, English and Indian: A comparative Approach to Milton's Satan in Paradise Lost Book I and *Bhasa's Duryodhana* in *Urubhangam*', Ramchandra R. Joshi has found resemblances between the character of Satan and Duryodhana as both of them possess heroic qualities and grandeur in personality. Joshi observes:



“... Bhasa like Milton tries to elevate his central character by giving him heroic status. Apart from the physical description, both the characters can also be juxtaposed in the matter of feelings for their followers. Envious and angry though they are, but they are not devoid of human feelings. Satan is kind and caring towards his followers. He sympathises them for the fall because of his fault. He revitalises the spirit of the fallen angels. In the same way, Duryodhana also cares for his followers. He has great respect for Ashvathama and Karna being on his side. In a way, Satan and Duryodhana both are great leaders. Both are famous for their determination and unconquerable will. Satan knows the consequences as he rebels against God even though he is ready to fight. On the other hand, Duryodhana also knows that Lord Krishna favours Pandavas, even though he fights till his last.” (Joshi 8)

In the description of life-like violence *Urubhangam* bears resemblance with a Senecan tragedy. The horrific and bizarre scenes of Kurukshetra are discussed by the three soldiers who perform a choric role to the play. The terrifying spectacle of the battlefield reminds us of the horror of the vivid description of Seneca's Oedipus tearing out his own eyeballs. Wilson writes:

“Seneca's Oedipus shows us the consequences of the Theban king's anger at his father Laius, and also his unyielding anger at himself, which makes him gouge out his eyes from his sockets in a scene of unrelenting grossness: 'Greedily his nails dig into his eyeballs, / ripping and tearing out the jelly from the roots' (965-6)” (Wilson xvii)

This type of gory description is abundant at the beginning of the play *Urubhangam*. The three soldiers narrate the blood-stained scenes of Kurukshetra:

“Those jackals are eagerly pulling out a dead warrior from his chariot, with all his jewelled quiver and garlands. From the same chariot, would his sister-in-law have helped him down when he was a bridegroom.” (Bhasa 113)

Not only in the presentation of gore, but also in the use of ironies Bhasa has shown his mastery. As the play begins with the Prologue, the first line uttered by the Producer is: “May Krishna help you surmount your enemies”. At first sight it looks like an innocent prayer and it was customary to begin a play with a prayer to any of the forms or incarnations of God. But if we look closely we are surprised to find that it is just what happens in the play. Bhima was losing to Duryodhana; he fell to the ground after being struck by Duryodhana. And just at that moment Krishna stroked his own thighs, signalling Bhima to hit at his opponent's thighs. So “May Krishna help you surmount your enemies” is not just a prayer for prayer's sake; it is an ironical premonition of what is coming.

Allardyce Nicoll has mentioned the trait of using pathetic fallacy in tragedies. He writes:

“It is evident in the darkness and the gloom of the castle in which Duncan is murdered, and in the storm scenes of *Lear*, where the lashing hail and driving wind seem to sympathize with the aged king, the tempest outside symbolizing in a way the tempest of madness in his own brain. This natural symbolism has, of course, been used by other dramatic poets, ancient and modern...”. (Nicoll 64)



The pathetic fallacy in Bhasa's play is used to evoke karuna-rasa at the spectacle of dead men lying in the battlefield. The Third Soldier observes:

“All these dead horses and elephants, soldiers and chieftains are so sharply etched by the harsh glare of sunlight. And so are the scattered spears and arrows, swords and daggers. Like stars fallen on the earth.” (Bhasa 114)

All these dead bodies and the scattered weapons ultimately symbolise the fruitlessness of war. It shows that war has done no good to anybody, be it a simple soldier or a king like Duryodhana. And the dead bodies in the field set the sombre mood of the play and imply that more of this will come. And indeed the incidents of the play do not end in Duryodhana's death only. The *Mahabharata* tells that after the death of the Kaurava King, Ashwatthama slaughters a number of Pandava warriors in their sleep. So the events shown in the play actually causes a chain reaction that adds to the number of dead bodies.

In *Urubhangan* there is no great deal of stage directions for the actors. Stage directions are limited to entries and exits. The body movements of the actors depend on their improvisation. There is little description of how the stage looks like actually. The three soldiers, who are more or less the chorus of the play, give vivid descriptions of the horrifying sights of the battlefield but there is little treat for the eye. Haksar points out:

“The Sanskrit play had short but clear stage directions for all action from entry to exit. Action proceeded through dialogue, asides, soliloquy and imaginary dialogue. It seems there were not many stage props or accessories. In most they were evoked through dialogue and gestures.” (Haksar xviii)

Bhasa is one of the great playwrights in pre-Kalidasa era. His plays might not have the complex plotline and gripping rhythm of Kalidasa, but his plays are straightforward in their approach and his characters are lively and realistic. He is not a creator of stereotyped characters. As his main source is epics like *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, he has a great storehouse of interesting and dramatic events which are converted into dramatic pieces. And Bhasa was bold enough to use his author's license either to change a *Mahabharata*- story in *Pancharatnam* or *Five Nights* or to write the only tragedy in the whole history of Sanskrit theatre with a scene which bravely shows the death of the protagonist on the stage.



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Research Articles

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'Making the Impression'

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MANTO AND HIS TREATMENT OF THE DEBASED FEMININE

One of the greatest raconteurs of the 20th century, Saadat Hasan Manto declared that he was forced to write when his wife routinely demanded that he put bread on the table for the family. He does not attribute any genius to his skills as a writer, the flow of it came quite naturally to him we are asked to believe, even at times most uncongenial to composing literature like for example playing with his daughters or tossing a salad----- writing to him was a continuous process, “.....I sit on a sofa in my living room, pile up a sheaf of paper, unscrew the cap of my fountain pen and begin to write”. Now we as readers, and furthermore critics may dismiss this confession he makes in his essay ‘Main Afsana Kyon Kar Likhta Hoon’ as an arrogant boast of a man who throughout the forty-two years of his literary career (and incidentally which also doubles up as his short life on earth) had to bear a never-ending tryst with the many moral men of his age who would always set about measuring his composition on a morality scale of one to ten and would have always found him wanting. But infact Saadat Hasan Manto was a revolutionary, a person much ahead of his time and age and its sensibilities. What hits us when we read through his coveted short stories is the ‘genius’ of his skill in portraying all that his time saw as filthy and immoral with a sanctity of innocence and desperation that would make it as plain a topic of discussion as any written by all those moral men who had had set out to judge him.

One of Manto’s favourite areas of interest among other things----- women ----- make the core of the themes which recur throughout his stories as he brings to focus the bizarre morality in the context of feminine beauty. His works are a treasure trove offering invaluable and rare insights into human nature, that nature which contemporary native writers and scholars had henceforth rejected as base and unworthy to be written about. Saadat Hasan the common man who “knows and is able to express little” by the touch of the fountain pen undergoes a terrific transformation into Manto who stand to this date as not only a great author but also a true and vehement historian preserving the lives and times of his period in his stories as best as he could while getting plagued by “charges of obscenity by both the colonial and post-colonial states for his brutally honest depictions of everyday life”.

Manto’s women always range from the ordinary to the unspeakable. Saugandhi, Kanta, Mozail are all members of the lowest and vilest strata of society. They are either prostitutes by profession or just another simple woman who through her life-force has penetrated beyond the boundaries set by patriarchy and has acquired a reputation quite similar to the former. It is their story that Manto depicts; their struggle, their fight for existence as they are forsaken by the so called educated society and neglected except for when they are to satisfy their hypocrisy and carnality. Condemned by conservative society for his daring to write about prostitution and sexuality, Manto, has throughout maintained a great degree of calmness and dignity in writing about these women. He acts as a spokesperson highlighting the great hardships they undertake everyday and every night, the filth of hypocrisy that they internalise at every step in an attempt to douse the fire in their bellies. No girl wants to be a seller of her



body and her 'self' she grows up, circumstances and society make her thus, and Saadat Hasan Manto understood these all too well. And it is this very objective and attribute which sanctifies their profession. Their's is equally as moral and socially acceptable a profession as that of a shopkeeper or a driver or a barber. They are both committed to meeting the same end. Society has marginalised them to such an extent that existence itself for them is in question, but these women have garnered such courage and determination in them that they refuse to lose this battle of life. They put to work the only element in them that was, is, and always will be always theirs, their own----- their body. Their profession is not filthy says Manto, if it is anything at all, it is religious. This power of existence is something that no contemporary writer had given women in general, let alone to these 'vile' creatures. Manto gives them voice, he gives them power, power over their self and existence. They are 'Women' and Manto celebrates them. Saugandhi the prostitute in 'A Woman's Life' has full control over her body and her soul. It is she who decides whom to sell to and whom to reject. The power is with her, not with her dalal Ram Lal or her 'lover boy' Madhu, who she drives out of her house. Kanta in "Khushia" had turned away a bank clerk after they could not come to an agreement over the price. Manto's women are active characters not only taking part in the action but also defining it. The most unbridled example of power resting with these lowly women can be found in "The Room With The Bright Light" where the unnamed prostitute has had smashed the head of presumably her dalal with a brick and the sight of the bloodied corpse in turn has had given to the young man endless nightmares. It is the 'Woman' who projects the 'Man' to nightmares; the irony is at its most profound here. Patriarchy has at every step subdued these women and 'Women' in general. Their body has been exploited beyond mention, the Mantesque irony sets in when this very female body which they exploit at every step offers new life to patriarchy. Mozail in "Mozail" saves Tarlochan's and his beloved's life from the hands of the Muslim rioters by luring them away from them by her naked body and then stumbling to her death on the stairs. Tarlochan has hid his cowardice behind Mozail's stark naked body just like patriarchy from time immemorial has hid its various shallow hypocrisies behind the Female and then blamed it for it. Mozail sacrifices herself because she is capable of it; she has the strength and power of heart to internalise Tarlochan's apparent weakness. Mozail infact, should be worshipped and not condemned. Both Mozail and Tarlochan act as metaphors. Patriarchy defines society but it can never itself without the feminine.

Manto's women are a far cry to the silent and passive Shakespearean Desdemona. They have in them Jane Eyre's animalesque passion. Patriarchy has made the world a 'red room' for them where they confine what by their estimation is the 'weaker sex'. But the Saugandhis and Mozails fight back, their enormous life-force is an ode to humanity.

Manto's treatment of women finds close parallel to French Modernist poet Charles Baudelaire in his crusade to reveal the repressed feminine sensuality and sexuality. Manto had trodden into the forbidden territory and has veered upon the 'obscence' of society and unflinchingly brought the very hypocrisy of the notion to its knees.

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