



Department of Pre-University Education
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Springs

English Course Book
Second Year Pre-University

2016

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Note on the Course Book

A major component of education is the development of the faculty of language. Language learning, as is evident, has to address two domains in a learner: one, appreciation of literature and two, development of language skills. The syllabus for English at the pre-university level has been developed addressing these two needs by giving due emphasis on cultivating a taste for literary works and enhancing the capacity of students to use English effectively.

The teaching-learning process has to undergo regular revision in order to incorporate new trends in language usage. The syllabus should also cater to the changing needs of students from diverse backgrounds. This should happen along with the strengthening of fundamentals of language usage. The syllabus has been prepared keeping all the various dimensions of language learning in mind. The course book is an anthology of various literary works such as short stories, poems and a play. The work book consists of exercises in important areas of grammar and comprehension that facilitate the learners to improve their language skills. The texts have been prepared adhering to the guidelines laid down in the “National Curriculum Framework 2005”.

Developing reading skills, comprehension and interpretation skills of learners are the objectives that have guided the preparation of the course book. The materials included have been chosen after wide-ranging consultations with teachers, experts and academicians across the state of Karnataka. Valuable inputs obtained during the consultations have enriched the quality of the text book.

The course book for the second year pre-university course can be viewed as an extension of the course book for the first year pre-university course in terms of the vast range of themes and topics introduced to the learners for study and also the intent of deepening the level of appreciation gained in the first year. An attempt has been made to include literary expressions from across the world by

selecting works from British, Latin American, African, Spanish, Irish and also two units translated from regional language. A selection from 'Romeo and Juliet' by Shakespeare has been included in order to introduce learners to the great master.

It is hoped that the course book will serve as an effective means in helping students enhance their language skills and also evolve their personalities in a holistic manner.

Chairperson and Members

Note To The Teacher

The Course Book is designed to cater to the needs of a pre university student. The primary objective is to ignite the curiosity and interest of the student in the subject.

The selection of prose and poetry has been done carefully keeping the following factors in mind:

- The needs of the learner
- Their age group
- Their interests
- Their cultural background
- Recent techniques in language teaching

The units deal with varied topics.

The Course Book includes the following features in addition to the text.

Pre-reading Activity : The purpose here is to tap the knowledge and experience of the world that learners bring into the classroom. The learners share their information and are gradually led into the theme.

Glossary : Contains the contextual meaning of words/expressions that are immediately crucial to the understanding of the text. The student can refer to the mini dictionary for words that have a general meaning.

Comprehension Questions : Three levels of questions are framed after the text of the unit. They are primarily teaching questions and not testing questions. These questions enable learners to imbibe analytical skills and help them to infer the text. The MCQs (Multiple Choice Questions) are meant to raise the reader's awareness of the different possible meanings that a word\expression\line could have. These questions cannot be treated as testing questions because testing questions elicit only one answer.

The questions at Level II are more global in nature and require an overall understanding of the text. Level III questions are for critical appreciations and are text based.

Extended Activity is meant to provide opportunities for the learner to learn and grow beyond the text and make use of the insights gained and language learnt during the discussion of the unit.

Suggested Reading is meant for the learner go through the books, poems and other material provided therein to enhance and have wider perspectives. Kannada translation has been included to familiarise the learner to the poem in their regional language.

Mini dictionary is meant for the reference of the students while going through the text.

Chairperson and Members

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1. Romeo and Juliet

William Shakespeare

Pre-reading Activity:

- Have you heard of any legendary classical love stories? Discuss.
- In what manner do these stories usually end? Why?



Background:

The two noble families of Verona, the Capulets and the Montagues were sworn enemies. Romeo and Juliet belonged to rival families. Old Lord Capulet hosted a grand supper. Though Romeo belonged to the family of Montagues, he attended the supper in disguise to see

Roseline. There he sees Juliet on the dance floor and is fascinated by her beauty. After the dance he learns that she is the daughter of Lord Capulet. She feels attracted to the man from the enemy family. The following verses express their implicit feelings for one another.

ROMEO :

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear -
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

(Act - I, Scene – V)

* * *

JULIET :

Come night, come Romeo; come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

(Act - III, Scene - II)



William Shakespeare (1564 –1616) is an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the “Bard of Avon”. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

Glossary:

| | | |
|-------------------|---|---------------------------|
| Doth (archaic) | : | does |
| Ethiope (ಇಥಿಯೋಪ್) | : | an African |
| Yonder | : | over there |
| Measure done | : | dance ended |
| Thou (archaic) | : | you |
| Rude | : | roughly formed |
| Garish | : | lurid, obtrusively bright |

Comprehension I

- The phrase, ‘teach the torches to burn bright’ suggests :
 - Juliet's glow is brighter than the light of the torch.
 - her beauty is capable of enabling the torches to burn bright.
 - her beauty surpasses the brightness of light.
- ‘for earth too dear’ suggests that the lady's beauty is _____.
 - divine.
 - rare.
 - expensive.

3. 'the measure done', connotes the completion of
 - a. Romeo's admiration of Juliet's beauty.
 - b. dance organised by Lord Capulet.
 - c. glorification of Juliet's charm.
4. The line, 'did my heart love till now?' suggests
 - a. Romeo feels he has fallen in love.
 - b. Romeo has been attracted before.
 - c. Romeo feels this is true love.
5. The phrase 'new snow', suggests
 - a. love as pure as snow.
 - b. description of Romeo's charm.
 - c. Juliet's discreet love for Romeo.
6. What do you think the phrase 'face of heaven' signifies?

Comprehension II

1. What similes does Romeo use to convey Juliet's beauty?
2. How, according to Juliet, would Romeo be immortalised to the world?

Comprehension III

1. Comment on the contrasting imagery in the poem. What purpose does it serve in highlighting the intensity of love?
2. Between Romeo and Juliet, whose love, do you think, is more passionate and intense?

Suggested Reading:

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| • Love poems | - John Donne |
| • Devdas (novel) | - Saratchandra Chattopadhyaya |
| • Twenty Love Poems | - Pablo Neruda |
| • ಮನಕೆ ಕಾರಂಜಿಯ ಸ್ವರ್ಗ | - ಪಿ.ಲಂಕೇಶ್ |
| • ಗಾಳಿ ಬೆಳಕು | - ಡಾ. ನಟರಾಜ್ ಹಳಿಯಾರ್ |

Notes

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2. Too Dear!

Leo Tolstoy

Pre-reading Activity:

- What do you think would happen, if due to procedural lapses/delay the court were to convert the verdict of death sentence into life imprisonment?



Near the borders of France and Italy, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, lies a tiny little kingdom called Monaco. Many a small country town can boast more inhabitants than this kingdom, for there are only about seven thousand of them all told, and if all the

land in kingdom were divided there would not be an acre for each inhabitant. But in this toy kingdom there is a real kinglet; and he has a palace, and courtiers, and ministers, and a bishop, and generals, and an army.

It is not a large army, only sixty men in all, but still it is an army. There are also taxes in this kingdom, as elsewhere : a tax on tobacco, and on wine and spirits, and a poll-tax. But though the people there drink and smoke as people do in other countries, there are so few of them that the Prince would have been hard put to it to feed his courtiers and officials and to keep himself, if he had not found a new and special source of revenue. This special revenue comes from a gaming house, where people play roulette. People play, and whether they win or lose the keeper always gets a percentage on the turnover, and out of his profits he pays a large sum to the Prince. The reason he pays so much is that it is the only such gambling establishment left in Europe. Some of the little German Sovereigns used to keep gaming houses of the same kind, but some years ago they were forbidden to do so. The reason they were stopped was because these gaming houses did so much harm. A man would come and try his luck, then he would risk all he had and lose it, then he would even risk money that did not belong to him and lose that too, and then, in despair, he would drown or shoot himself. So the Germans forbade their rulers to make money in this way; but there was no one to stop the Prince of Monaco, and he remained with a monopoly of the business.

So now everyone who wants to gamble goes to Monaco. Whether they win or lose, the Prince gains by it. 'You can't earn stone palaces by honest labour', as the proverb says; and the Kinglet of Monaco knows it is a dirty business, but what is he to do? He has to live; and to draw a revenue from drink and from tobacco is also not a nice thing. So he lives and reigns, and rakes in the money, and holds his court with all the ceremony of a real King.

He has his coronation, his levees; he rewards, sentences, and pardons, and he also has his reviews, councils, laws, and courts of justice : just like other kings, only all on a smaller scale.

Now it happened a few years ago that a murder was committed in this toy Prince's domains. The people of that kingdom are peaceable, and such a thing had not happened before. The judges assembled with much ceremony and tried the case in the most judicial manner. There were judges, and prosecutors, and jurymen, and barristers. They argued and judged, and at last they condemned the criminal to have his head cut off as the law directs. So far so good. Next they submitted the sentence to the Prince. The Prince read the sentence and confirmed it. 'If the fellow must be executed, execute him.'

There was only one hitch in the matter; and that was that they had neither a guillotine for cutting heads off, nor an executioner. The Ministers considered the matter, and decided to address an inquiry to the French Government, asking whether the French could not lend them a machine and an expert to cut off the criminal's head; and if so, would the French kindly inform them what it would cost. The letter was sent. A week later the reply came : a machine and an expert could be supplied, and the cost would be 16,000 francs. This was laid before the King. He thought it over. Sixteen thousand francs! 'The wretch is not worth the money,' said he. 'Can't it be done, somehow cheaper? Why 16,000 francs is more than two francs a head on the whole population. The people won't stand it, and it may cause a riot!'

So a Council was called to consider what could be done; and it was decided to send a similar inquiry to the King of Italy. The French Government is republican, and has no proper respect for king; but the King of Italy was a brother monarch, and might be induced to do the thing cheaper. So the letter was written, and a prompt reply was received.

The Italian Government wrote that they would have pleasure in supplying both a machine and an expert; and the whole cost would be 12,000 francs, including travelling expenses. This was cheaper, but still it seemed too much. The rascal was really not worth the money. It would still mean nearly two francs more per head on the taxes. Another Council was called. They discussed and considered how it could be done with less expense. Could not one of the soldiers,

perhaps, be got to do it in a rough and homely fashion? The General was called and was asked : 'Can't you find us a soldier who would cut the man's head off?' In war they don't mind killing people. In fact, that is what they are trained for. So the General talked it over with the soldiers to see whether one of them would not undertake the job. But none of the soldiers would do it. 'No,' they said, 'we don't know how to do it; it is not a thing we have been taught.'

What was to be done? Again the Ministers considered and reconsidered. They assembled a Commission, and a Committee, and a Sub-Committee, and at last they decided that the best thing would be to alter the death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. This would enable the Prince to show his mercy, and it would come cheaper.

The Prince agreed to this, and so the matter was arranged. The only hitch now was that there was no suitable prison for a man sentenced for life. There was a small lock-up where people were sometimes kept temporarily, but there was no strong prison fit for permanent use. However, they managed to find a place that would do, and they put the young fellow there and placed a guard over him. The guard had to watch the criminal, and had also to fetch his food from the palace kitchen.

The prisoner remained there month after month till a year had passed. But when a year had passed, the Kinglet, looking over the account of his income and expenditure one day, noticed a new item of expenditure. This was for the keep of the criminal; nor was it a small item either. There was a special guard, and there was also the man's food. It came to more than 600 francs a year. And the worst of it was that the fellow was still young and healthy, and might live for fifty years. When one came to reckon it up, the matter was serious. It would never do. So the Prince summoned his Ministers and said to them:

'You must find some cheaper way of dealing with this rascal. The present plan is too expensive.' And the Ministers met and considered and reconsidered, till one of them said : 'Gentlemen, in my opinion we must dismiss the guard.' 'But then', rejoined another

Minister, 'the fellow will run away.' 'Well,' said the first speaker, 'let him run away, and be hanged to him!' So they reported the result of their deliberations to the kinglet, and he agreed with them. The guard was dismissed, and they waited to see what would happen. All that happened was that at dinner-time the criminal came out, and, not finding his guard, he went to the Prince's kitchen to fetch his own dinner. He took what was given him, returned to the prison, shut the door on himself, and stayed inside. Next day the same thing occurred. He went for his food at the proper time; but as for running away, he did not show the least sign of it! What was to be done? They considered the matter again.

'We shall have to tell him straight out,' said they, 'that we do not want to keep him.' So the Minister of Justice had him brought before him.

'Why do you not run away?' said the Minister. 'There is no guard to keep you. You can go where you like, and the Prince will not mind.'

'I dare say the Prince would not mind,' replied the man, 'but I have nowhere to go. What can I do? You have ruined my character by your sentence and people will turn their backs on me. Besides, I have got out of the way of working. You have treated me badly. It is not fair. In the first place, when once you sentenced me to death you ought to have executed me; but you did not do it. That is one thing. I did not complain about that. Then you sentenced me to imprisonment for life and put a guard to bring me my food; but after a time you took him away again and I had to fetch my own food. Again I did not complain. But now you actually want me to go away! I can't agree to that. You may do as you like, but I won't go away!'

What was to be done? Once more the Council was summoned. What course could they adopt? The man would not go. They reflected and considered. The only way to get rid of him was to offer him a pension. And so they reported to the Prince. 'There is nothing else for it,' said they; 'we must get rid of him somehow.' The sum fixed was 600 francs, and this was announced to the prisoner.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I don't mind, so long as you undertake to pay it regularly. On that condition I am willing to go.’

So the matter was settled. He received one-third of his annuity in advance, and left the King's dominions. It was only a quarter of an hour by rail; and he emigrated, and settled just across the frontier, where he bought a bit of land, started market-gardening, and now lives comfortably. He always goes at the proper time to draw his pension. Having received it, he goes to the gaming tables, stakes two or three francs, sometimes wins and sometimes loses, and then returns home. He lives peaceably and well.

It is a good thing that he did not commit his crime in a country where they do not grudge expense to cut a man's head off, or to keep him in prison for life.

Adapted from an episode in Guy De Maupassant's work 'Sur L'eau' in French (Translated into English : Afloat) and Translated from Russian by Louise Maud and Aylmer Maud



Count Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910) is a Russian writer who primarily wrote novels and short stories. Tolstoy is a master of realistic fiction and is widely considered as one of the world's greatest novelists. He is best known for two long novels, *War and Peace* (1869) and *Anna Karenina* (1877).

Tolstoy first achieved literary acclaim in his 20s for his *Sevastopol Sketches* (1855), based on his experiences in the Crimean War and followed by the publication of a semi-autobiographical trilogy of novels, *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, and *Youth* (1855-1858). His works also include two additional novels, dozens of short stories, and several famous novellas, including *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, *Family Happiness* and *Hadji Murad*. Later in life, he wrote plays and essays. Tolstoy is equally known for his complicated and paradoxical persona and for his extreme moralistic and ascetic views, which he adopted after a moral crisis and spiritual awakening in the 1870s, after which he became noted as a moral thinker and social reformer.

Glossary:

| | | |
|-------------------|---|--|
| Roulette (ರೂಲೆಟ್) | : | a gambling game |
| Rakes | : | (colloquial) especially of money : to earn |
| Levees | : | an official reception of guests or visitors in the morning |
| A poll tax | : | a kind of tax levied on an individual |
| Franc (ಫ್ರಾಂಕ್) | : | unit of currency of France |

Comprehension I

1. Why was 'Monaco' called a 'toy kingdom'?
2. Name the commodities taxed in Monaco.
3. What was the source of the King's special revenue? Who were its beneficiaries?
4. Why did the Germans stop gaming houses in their country and how did it benefit Monaco?
5. What was the punishment given to the murderer?
6. The death sentence was converted into life imprisonment because
 - a. Monaco had abolished death penalty.
 - b. Carrying out death sentence was expensive.
 - c. Monaco wanted to show mercy on the criminal.
7. How much did the king spend annually on the criminal?
8. On what condition did the criminal agree to go away from the prison? How was his demand fulfilled?

Comprehension II

1. Though gambling is a dirty business, why does the king of Monaco resort to it?
2. Why did the king of Monaco keep changing his mind in dealing with the criminal?

3. Why was the criminal reluctant to go out of the prison?
4. How did the criminal lead his life after his release?

Comprehension III

1. 'You can't earn stone palaces by honest labour.' Justify with reference to the story.
2. Though the trial and imprisonment of the criminal is depicted in a comic mode in this story, it does give rise to serious questions. What are they?
3. Were there other ways of dealing with the criminal? Discuss in the light of the story.

Vocabulary:

When a word is spelt and pronounced the same, but has a different meaning, it is called a **homonym**. E.g. watch The difference in meaning becomes clear only when you understand the context in which the word is used.

For e.g.,

- a. The king of Monaco found it too dear to maintain the prisoner.
- b. When King Midas touched his dear daughter, she changed into a statue of gold.

In the first sentence, the word 'dear' means 'expensive' ; in the second sentence it means 'beloved' or 'precious'.

- A. Now look at the following sets of sentences. The possible meanings of the homonyms used are given in brackets. Match them.
 1. a. The valedictory **address** of the Chief guest impressed everyone.
 - b. She made a mistake in writing the **address**.
(location, speech)

2. a. The poor man's **mind** was full of worry.
b. Do you **mind** passing the jam ?
(to be upset or annoyed, thoughts)
3. a. The soldier gave a complete **account** of the prisoner's escape.
b. The officer checked the ledger **account**.
(financial record, description)
4. a. He went to the ATM to **draw** some money.
b. The teachers **draw** pictures on the blackboard.
c. Don't **draw** hasty conclusions without ample proof.
d. The offer of free balloons **draws** children to the park.
(attract, sketch, infer, take out.)
- B. Find the sentences in which the above homonyms have been used in the story and identify the appropriate meanings.

Extended activity:

- Have a group discussion on the plight of the under trials and of those undergoing life imprisonment.
- Many countries in the world today have abolished Capital punishment. Why have they done so? Is it the right thing to do?
- Watch the film *Minchina Ota* and write a review.

Suggested Reading:

- *The Bet* (short story) – Anton Chekov

Notes

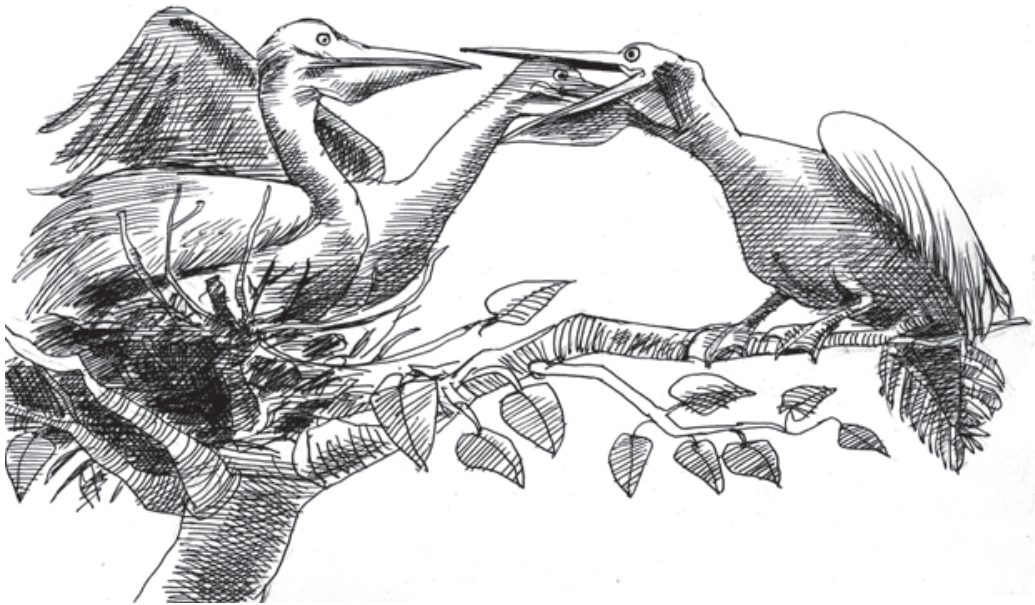
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3. On Children

Kahlil Gibran

Pre-reading Activity:

- What do your parents expect of you?
- What do you expect of your parents?
- Have you ever felt your parents are too possessive/demanding? Why?



And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, “Speak to us of Children.”

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts.
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot
visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent
forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He
bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow
that is stable.



Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931) is a Lebanese-American artist and poet. His poems are considered 'poetic essays', as they do not adhere to the usual versification. 'The Prophet' is his best known work and has been translated into more than 25 languages including Kannada. 'On Children' is a selection from 'The Prophet', which offers a critique of the usual expectations of parents regarding their children and urges them to introspect.

Glossary:

| | |
|-----------|--|
| House (v) | : shelter, protect |
| Tarry (v) | : linger, stay at one place |
| Archer | : One who uses bow and arrow, (here God) |

Comprehension I

1. And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, "Speak to us of Children." And he said : Here 'he' refers to
 - a. her child.
 - b. the Prophet.
 - c. the poet.
2. 'Your children are not your children' means
 - a. they do not belong to their parents only.
 - b. the children should have their own space.
 - c. parents should not be possessive of their children.
3. 'They come through you, but are not from you' means
 - a. though parents give birth to their children they do not own them.
 - b. children have independent personalities.
 - c. parents should be indifferent to their children.
4. According to the prophet, what may be given to the children?
5. 'their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow' means
 - a. children belong to the future.
 - b. parents cannot shape their children's future.
 - c. children have a different vision of life.
6. 'The bows' and 'living arrows' refer to _____ and _____.
7. 'For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable.' Discuss the contrast between the underlined phrases.

Comprehension II

1. Why does the prophet categorically state 'Your children are not your children'?
2. What does the metaphor, bows and arrows signify with regard to parent-children relationship?
3. According to the prophet, what attitude should parents have towards their children?

Comprehension III

1. In this poem, 'parents' could stand as a metaphor for
 - a. the older generation.
 - b. leaders.
 - c. religious heads.
 - d. teachers.

Having considered the above options, offer different readings of the poem.

2. In the light of the poem, think of different levels of freedom children must have in shaping their lives.
3. The poem does not focus merely on the lives of children, but also talks about the responsibility of parents. Discuss.

Suggested Reading:

- 'If' (poem) – Rudyard Kipling.
- Abraham Lincoln's 'Letter to His Son's Teacher'.
- Prose Poems – Kahlil Gibran
- ಖಲೀಲ್ ಗಿಬ್ರಾನ್ – ಡಾ. ಪ್ರಭುಶಂಕರ

ಕನ್ನಡ ಅನುವಾದ:

‘ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳಲ್ಲ,
ಜೀವದ ಸ್ವಪ್ರೇಮದ ಪುತ್ರ ಪುತ್ರಿಯರು ಅವು,
ಅವು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮೂಲಕ ಬಂದಿವೆಯೇ ಹೊರತು ನಿಮ್ಮಿಂದಲ್ಲ,
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಜತೆ ಅವು ಇರುವುದಾದರೂ ನಿಮಗೆ ಸೇರಿದ್ದಲ್ಲ,
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯನ್ನು ನೀವು ಅವುಗಳಿಗೆ ನೀಡಬಹುದು,
ಆದರೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗಳನ್ನಲ್ಲ,
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಅವರದೇ ಸ್ವಂತ ಆಲೋಚನೆಗಳುಂಟು.
ಅವರ ದೇಹಗಳಿಗೆ ನೀವು ಮನೆಯಾಗಿರಬಹುದೇ ಹೊರತು ಆತ್ಮಗಳಿಗಲ್ಲ,
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರ ಆತ್ಮಗಳು ನಾಳೆಯ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲಸುತ್ತವೆ.
ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ನೀವು ಕನಸಿನಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಹೋಗಲಾರಿರೋ ಅಲ್ಲಿ,
ಅವರಂತಿರಲು ನೀವು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಬಹುದು, ಆದರೆ ಅವರನ್ನು
ನಿಮ್ಮಂತೆ ಮಾಡಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸದಿರಿ,
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಜೀವ ಹಿಮ್ಮುಖವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುವುದೂ ಇಲ್ಲ,
ನಿನ್ನೆಯ ಜೊತೆ ತಂಗುವುದೂ ಇಲ್ಲ.
ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಕ್ಕಳು, ಜೀವಂತ ಬಾಣಗಳಂತೆ ಚಿಮ್ಮಲು ಇರುವ
ಬಿಲ್ಲುಗಳು ನೀವು.
ಅನಂತದ ಪಥದ ಮೇಲೆ ತನ್ನ ಗುರಿಯನ್ನು ಬಿಲ್ಲುಗಾರ ಗಮನಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ.
ಅವನ ಶಕ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ನಿಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಬಾಗಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ, ಅವನ ಬಾಣಗಳು
ವೇಗವಾಗಿ ಬಹು ದೂರ ಹೋಗುವಂತೆ.
ಆ ಬಿಲ್ಲುಗಾರನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಬಾಗುವಿಕೆ ಸಂತಸಮಯವಾಗಿರಲಿ,
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಹಾರುವ ಅಂಬನ್ನು ಅವನು ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದಂತೆಯೇ
ದೃಢವಾದ ಬಿಲ್ಲನ್ನೂ ಆತ ಪ್ರೀತಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ’.

– ಡಾ. ಪ್ರಭುಶಂಕರ

Notes

[illegible]

4. Everything I Need To Know I Learned In The Forest

Vandana Shiva

Pre-reading Activity:

- Have you heard of 'Chipko' movement? What is its significance?
- What was the role played by women in this movement?



My ecological journey started in the forests of the Himalaya. My father was a forest conservator, and my mother became a farmer after fleeing the tragic partition of India and Pakistan. It is from the Himalayan forests and ecosystems that I learned most of what I know about ecology. The songs and poems our mother composed for us were about trees, forests, and India's forest civilizations.

My involvement in the contemporary ecology movement began with “Chipko,” a nonviolent response to the large-scale deforestation that was taking place in the Himalayan region.

In the 1970s, peasant women from my region in the Garhwal Himalaya had come out in defense of the forests.

Logging had led to landslides and floods, and scarcity of water, fodder, and fuel. Since women provide these basic needs, the scarcity meant longer walks for collecting water and firewood, and a heavier burden.

Women knew that the real value of forests was not the timber from a dead tree, but the springs and streams, food for their cattle, and fuel for their hearths. The women declared that they would hug the trees, and the loggers would have to kill them before killing the trees.

A folk song of that period said:

*These beautiful oaks and rhododendrons,
They give us cool water
Don't cut these trees
We have to keep them alive.*

In 1973, I had gone to visit my favorite forests and swim in my favorite stream before leaving for Canada to do my Ph.D. But the forests were gone, and the stream was reduced to a trickle.

I decided to become a volunteer for the Chipko movement, and I spent every vacation doing pad yatras (walking pilgrimages), documenting the deforestation and the work of the forest activists, and spreading the message of Chipko.

One of the dramatic Chipko actions took place in the Himalayan village of Adwani in 1977, when a village woman named Bachni Devi led resistance against her own husband, who had obtained a contract to cut trees. When officials arrived at the forest, the women held up lighted lanterns although it was broad daylight. The forester asked them to explain. The women replied, “We have come to teach you forestry.” He retorted, “You foolish women, how can you prevent tree

felling by those who know the value of the forest? Do you know what forests bear? They produce profit and resin and timber.”

The women sang back in chorus:

*What do the forests bear?
Soil, water, and pure air.
Soil, water, and pure air
Sustain the Earth and all she bears.*

BEYOND MONOCULTURES

From Chipko, I learned about biodiversity and biodiversity-based living economies; the protection of both has become my life's mission. As I described in my book *Monocultures of the Mind*, the failure to understand biodiversity and its many functions is at the root of the impoverishment of nature and culture.

The lessons I learned about diversity in the Himalayan forests I transferred to the protection of biodiversity on our farms. I started saving seeds from farmers' fields and then realized we needed a farm for demonstration and training. Thus *Navdanya Farm* was started in 1994 in the Doon Valley, located in the lower elevation Himalayan region of Uttarakhand Province. Today we conserve and grow 630 varieties of rice, 150 varieties of wheat, and hundreds of other species. We practise and promote a biodiversity-intensive form of farming that produces more food and nutrition per acre. The conservation of biodiversity is therefore also the answer to the food and nutrition crisis.

Navdanya, the movement for biodiversity conservation and organic farming that I started in 1987, is spreading. So far, we've worked with farmers to set up more than 100 community seed banks across India. We have saved more than 3,000 rice varieties. We also help farmers make a transition from fossil-fuel and chemical-based monocultures to bio-diverse ecological systems nourished by the sun and the soil.

Biodiversity has been my teacher of abundance and freedom, of co-operation and mutual giving.

RIGHTS OF NATURE ON THE GLOBAL STAGE

When nature is a teacher, we co-create with her – we recognize her agency and her rights. That is why it is significant that **Ecuador has recognized the “rights of nature” in its constitution**. In April 2011, the United Nations General Assembly – inspired by the constitution of Ecuador and the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth initiated by Bolivia – organized a conference on harmony with nature as part of Earth Day celebrations. Much of the discussion centered on ways to transform systems based on domination of people over nature, men over women, and rich over poor into new systems based on partnership.

The U.N. secretary general's report, “Harmony with Nature,” issued in conjunction with the conference, elaborates on the importance of reconnecting with nature : “Ultimately, environmentally destructive behaviour is the result of a failure to recognize that human beings are an inseparable part of nature and that we cannot damage it without severely damaging ourselves.”

Separatism is indeed at the root of disharmony with nature and violence against nature and people. As the prominent South African environmentalist **Cormac Cullinan** points out, apartheid means separateness. The world joined the anti-apartheid movement to end the violent separation of people on the basis of colour. Apartheid in South Africa was put behind us. Today, we need to overcome the wider and deeper apartheid—an eco-apartheid based on the illusion of separateness of humans from nature in our minds and lives.

THE DEAD-EARTH WORLD VIEW

The war against the Earth began with this idea of separateness. Its contemporary seeds were sown when the living Earth was transformed into dead matter to facilitate the industrial revolution. Monocultures replaced diversity. “Raw materials” and “dead matter” replaced a vibrant Earth. Terra Nullius (the empty land, ready for occupation regardless of the presence of indigenous peoples) replaced Terra Madre (Mother Earth).

This philosophy goes back to Francis Bacon, called the father of modern science, who said that science and the inventions that result do not “merely exert a gentle guidance over nature's course; they have the power to conquer and subdue her, to shake her to her foundations.”

As philosopher and historian Carolyn Merchant points out, this shift of perspective—from nature as a living, nurturing mother to inert, dead, and manipulable matter—was well suited to the activities that would lead to capitalism. The domination images created by Bacon and other leaders of the scientific revolution replaced those of the nurturing Earth, removing a cultural constraint on the exploitation of nature. “One does not readily slay a mother, dig into her entrails for gold, or mutilate her body,” Merchant wrote.

WHAT NATURE TEACHES

Today, at a time of multiple crises intensified by globalization, we need to move away from the paradigm of nature as dead matter. We need to move to an ecological paradigm, and for this, the best teacher is nature herself.

The Earth University teaches Earth Democracy, which is the freedom for all species to evolve within the web of life, and the freedom and responsibility of humans, as members of the Earth family, to recognize, protect, and respect the rights of other species. Earth Democracy is a shift from anthropocentrism to ecocentrism. And since we all depend on the Earth, Earth Democracy translates into human rights to food and water, to freedom from hunger and thirst.

Because the Earth University is located at Navdanya, a biodiversity farm, participants learn to work with living seeds, living soil, and the web of life. Participants include farmers, school children, and people from across the world. Two of our most popular courses are “The A-Z of Organic Farming and Agro-ecology,” and “Gandhi and Globalization.”

THE POETRY OF THE FOREST

The Earth University is inspired by Rabindranath Tagore, India's national poet and a Nobel Prize laureate.

Tagore started a learning center in Shantiniketan in West Bengal, India, as a forest school, both to take inspiration from nature and to create an Indian cultural renaissance. The school became a university in 1921, growing into one of India's most famous centers of learning.

Today, just as in Tagore's time, we need to turn to nature and the forest for lessons in freedom.

In his essay “Tapovan” (Forest of Purity), Tagore writes : “Indian civilization has been distinctive in locating its source of regeneration, material and intellectual, in the forest, not the city. India's best ideas have come where man was in communion with trees and rivers and lakes, away from the crowds. The peace of the forest has helped the intellectual evolution of man. The culture of the forest has fueled the culture of Indian society. The culture that has arisen from the forest has been influenced by the diverse processes of renewal of life, which are always at play in the forest, varying from species to species, from season to season, in sight and sound and smell. The unifying principle of life in diversity, of democratic pluralism, thus became the principle of Indian civilization.”

It is this unity in diversity that is the basis of both ecological sustainability and democracy. Diversity without unity becomes the source of conflict and contest. Unity without diversity becomes the ground for external control. This is true of both nature and culture. The forest is a unity in its diversity, and we are united with nature through our relationship with the forest.

In Tagore's writings, the forest was not just the source of knowledge and freedom; it was the source of beauty and joy, of art and aesthetics, of harmony and perfection. It symbolized the universe. The forest teaches us union and compassion.

The forest also teaches us enoughness : as a principle of equity, how to enjoy the gifts of nature without exploitation and accumulation. Tagore quotes from the ancient texts written in the forest : “Know all that moves in this moving world as enveloped by God; and find

enjoyment through renunciation, not through greed of possession.” No species in a forest appropriates the share of another species. Every species sustains itself in co-operation with others.

The end of consumerism and accumulation is the beginning of the joy of living.

The conflict between greed and compassion, conquest and co-operation, violence and harmony that Tagore wrote about continues today. And it is the forest that can show us the way beyond this conflict.

Vandana Shiva (b.1952) wrote this article for the issue titled



What Would Nature Do? (Winter 2012 of Yes! Magazine). She is an internationally renowned activist for biodiversity and against corporate globalization, and author of ***Stolen Harvest : The Hijacking of the Global Food Supply, Earth Democracy : Justice, Sustainability and***

Peace, Soil Not Oil and ***Staying Alive***. The last section of this essay was adapted from Vandana Shiva's '*Forest and Freedom*' which was published in the May/June 2011 edition of Resurgence magazine. Vandana Shiva is a YES! contributing editor.

In this essay Vandana Shiva first tells us how she learnt about environmentalism from the uneducated women of Garhwal, Himalaya. While the government officials and men were cutting down trees for logs, the women showed them that the trees and forests were living things and we need to live with them. Later Vandana learnt all the major ideals of a good life from the forests. They are

- a. Diversity of life forms and the need to accept diversity as the principle of life.
- b. Earth is our mother and not just raw material to be exploited; we need to live in harmony with nature.
- c. Earth democracy – respecting the freedom of all species of life to evolve and live together.
- d. The Indian tradition to ecology as recognised by Tagore – the culture of the forest is the true Indian culture.

Thus Vandana Shiva says that the forests teach us the values of diversity, freedom and co-existence.

Glossary:

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Ecology | : the study of relationships of organisms with each other and their surroundings |
| Bio-diversity | : the variety of life in the world or in a particular habitat or ecosystem |
| Monoculture | : the cultivation of a single crop, (on a farm, area or country) |
| Earth Democracy | : the freedom for all species to evolve within the web of life |
| Anthropocentrism | : regarding humans as the central element of the universe (ಮಾನವ ಕೇಂದ್ರ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ) |
| Organic farming | : Farming practised without using artificial chemicals, ಸಾವಯವ ಕೃಷಿ |
| Pluralism | : a condition or a system in which two or more states, groups, principles, sources of authority, etc., coexist (ಬಹುತ್ವ ಸಿದ್ಧಾಂತ) |
| Equity | : the quality of being fair and impartial |
| Renunciation | : the formal rejection of a belief, claim or a course of action |
| Consumerism | : the protection or promotion of the interests of consumers (ಕೊಳ್ಳುಬಾಕ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ) |

Comprehension I

1. Trace the childhood experiences that shaped the author's interest in ecology.
2. How does the scarcity of water, fodder and fuel affect women?
3. What features of the 'Chipko' movement does the author highlight?
4. The real value of forest for women was
 - a. timber from dead trees.
 - b. source of basic needs.
 - c. springs and streams.

5. List the activities that Vandana Shiva undertook after her involvement with 'Chipko' movement.
6. The conservation of biodiversity in agriculture leads to
 - a. increase in quantity of food production.
 - b. developing variety of food grains.
 - c. more quality food and higher nutrition.
7. Why is it important to change the fossil fuel and chemical based monoculture?
8. What prompted the UN to initiate a discussion on the rights of Mother Earth?
9. The conference organized by UN General Assembly aimed at transforming domination of
 - a. people over nature.
 - b. men over women.
 - c. rich over poor.
 - d. all the above.
10. What, according to the author, is eco-apartheid? Why is it necessary to end this?
11. Which event in human history marked the beginning of separation of humans from nature?
12. How do Carolyn Merchant and Francis Bacon differ in their views?
13. What ideas of Tagore inspired the author to start the Earth University?
14. How are unity and diversity related to each other?

Comprehension II

1. How did the women, led by Bachni Devi, put up resistance to felling of trees? Do you think it was effective?

2. Why is it important to promote biodiversity intensive farming? How did the author achieve it?
3. “Rights of Nature” means
 - a. the right of people to use nature.
 - b. the duty of human beings to conserve nature.
 - c. preserving nature for self protection.
4. What does the concept of the Earth University convey? How is this different from that of the other universities?

Comprehension III

1. 'Tagore sees unity with nature as the highest stage of human evolution.' Do you think consumerism and accumulation of wealth come in the way of realizing Tagore's vision of human evolution?
2. “The conservation of bio-diversity is the answer to the food and nutrition crisis.” Discuss.
3. “Conservation of diversity is crucial for the sustenance of both nature and human society.” Discuss.
4. In the light of this essay how can one synthesize the wisdom of the past with the modern knowledge systems?

Vocabulary: Affix

A prefix is a word or a syllable added to the beginning of a root word to qualify or change the meaning of that word.

- A. When some prefixes like **dis-**, **im-**, **non-**, **in-**, **de-**, **anti-**, are added, the words get a negative connotation.

E.g.: **dis**harmony, **im**possible, **non**violent, **in**separable, **de**forestation, **anti**apartheid

Look up a dictionary and find suitable prefixes for the following words :

responsible, human, practical, natural, active, material, civilized, perfect

Try to use each of these words meaningfully in your own sentences.

- B. A suffix is a syllable or a word added to the end of a root word to qualify its meaning or form a new word. By adding suffixes like **-al, -ism, -ion, -ment, -ship**, etc. we can form different words. Some are given below:

*arrival, consumer**ism**, move**ment**, relation**ship***

Pick out more such words from the essay and use them in your sentences.

- C. In Vandana Shiva's essay you have come across many unfamiliar words such as:

eco-systems, eco-centricism, eco-apartheid, bio-diversity, biodiversity-intensive, mono-culture, fossil-fuel.

With the help of a dictionary find out what they mean. Use them in suitable situations.

Extended Activity:

- Collect information about activities related to Organic Farming and Seed Conservation.
- Have you heard of food security? How do you think it can be achieved?

Suggested Reading:

- *One Straw Revolution* (Book of Essays) - Masanobu Fukuoka
- *Hind Swaraj* (A Treatise on Self-Rule) – Mahatma Gandhi
- *Remembering Gandhi's Simplicity in this Era of Obsessive Needs* (Essay) - Sundar Sarukkai
- *The Death of Nature* (Essay) - Carolyn Merchant

Notes

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

5. A Sunny Morning

Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quínter

Pre-reading Activity:

- How does it feel to meet a friend after a long time?
- Why do some relationships come to an end?



CHARACTERS:

Dona Laura

Petra –her maid

Don Gonzalo

Juanito- his servant

SCENE:

A sunny morning in a retired corner of a park in Madrid.

Autumn. A bench at right. Dona Laura, a handsome, white-haired old lady of about seventy, refined in appearance, her bright eyes and entire

manner giving evidence that despite her age her mental faculties are unimpaired, enters leaning upon the arm of her maid, Petra. In her free hand she carries a parasol, which serves also as a cane.

Dona Laura : I am so glad to be here. I feared my seat would be occupied. What a beautiful morning!

Petra : The sun is hot.

Dona Laura : Yes, you are only twenty. (*She sits down on the bench*). Oh, I feel more tired today than usual. (*Noticing Petra, who seems impatient*) Go, if you wish to chat with your guard.

Petra : He is not mine, senora; he belongs to the park.

Dona Laura : He belongs more to you than he does to the park. Go find him, but remain within calling distance.

Petra : I see him over there waiting for me.

Dona Laura : Do not remain more than ten minutes.

Petra : Very well, senora (*Walks toward right*)

Dona Laura : Wait a moment.

Petra : What does the senora wish?

Dona Laura : Give me the breadcrumbs.

Petra : I don't know what is the matter with me.

Dona Laura : (*Smiling*) I do. Your head is where your heart is-with the guard.

Petra : Here, senora. (*She hands Dona Laura a small bag. Exit Petra by right*)

Dona Laura : Adios. (*Glances toward trees at right*) Here they come. They know just when to expect me. (*She rises, walks toward right, and throws three handfuls of bread*

crumbs) These are for the spryest. These for the gluttons and these for little ones which are the most persistent. (*Laughs. She returns to her seat and watches, with a pleased expression, the pigeons feeding*) There, that big one is always first! I know him by his big head. Now one, now another, now two, now three-That little fellow is the least timid. I believe he would eat from my hand. That one takes his piece and flies up to that branch alone. He is a philosopher. But where do they all come from? It seems as if the news had spread. Ha, ha! Don't quarrel. There is enough for all. I'll bring more tomorrow.

(*Enter Don Gonzalo and Juanito from left. Don Gonzalo is an old gentleman of seventy, gouty and impatient. He leans upon Juanito's arm and drags his feet somewhat as he walks*).

Don Gonzalo : Idling their time away! They should be saying mass.

Juanito : You can sit here, senor. There is only a lady. (*Dona Laura turns her head and listens*).

Don Gonzalo : I won't, Juanito. I want a bench to myself.

Juanito : But there is none.

Don Gonzalo : That one over there is mine.

Juanito : There are three priests sitting there.

Don Gonzalo : Rout them out. Have they gone?

Juanito : No, indeed. They are talking.

Don Gonzalo : Just as if they were glued to the seat. No hope of their leaving. Come this way, Juanito. (*They walk toward the birds, right*).

Dona Laura : (*Indignantly*) Look out !

Don Gonzalo : Are you speaking to me, senora?

Dona Laura : Yes, to you.

Don Gonzalo : What do you wish?

Dona Laura : You have scared away the birds who were feeding on my crumbs.

Don Gonzalo : What do I care about the birds?

Don Laura : But I do.

Don Gonzalo : This is a public park.

Dona Laura : Then why do you complain that the priests have taken your bench?

Don Gonzalo : Senora, we have not met. I cannot imagine why you take the liberty of addressing me. Come, Juanito.
(Both go out right)

Dona Laura : What an ill-natured old man! Why must people get so fussy and cross when they reach a certain age?
(Looking toward right) I am glad. He lost that bench, too. Serves him right for scaring the birds. He is furious. Yes, yes; find a seat if you can. Poor man! He is wiping the perspiration from his face. Here he comes. A carriage would not raise more dust than his feet. *(Enter Don Gonzalo and Juanito by right and walk toward left).*

Don Gonzalo : Have the priests gone yet, Juanito?

Juanito : No, indeed, senor. They are still there.

Don Gonzalo : The authorities should place more benches here for these sunny mornings. Well, I suppose I must resign myself and sit on the bench with the old lady.
(Muttering to himself, he sits at the extreme end of Dona Laura's bench and looks at her indignantly. Touches his hat as he greets her) Good morning.

Dona Laura : What, you here again?

Don Gonzalo : I repeat that we have not met.

Dona Laura : I was responding to your salute.

Don Gonzalo : 'Good morning' should be answered by 'good morning', and that is all you should have said.

Dona Laura : You should have asked permission to sit on this bench, which is mine.

Don Gonzalo : The benches here are public property.

Dona Laura : Why, you said the one the priests have was yours.

Don Gonzalo : Very well, very well. I have nothing more to say.
(*Between his teeth*) Senile old lady! She ought to be at home knitting and counting her beads.

Dona Laura : Don't grumble any more, I'm not going to leave just to please you.

Don Gonzalo : (*Brushing the dust from his shoes with his handkerchief*) If the ground were sprinkled a little it would be an improvement.

Dona Laura : Do you use your handkerchief as a shoe brush?

Don Gonzalo : Why not?

Dona Laura : Do you use a shoe brush as a handkerchief?

Don Gonzalo : What right have you to criticize my actions?

Dona Laura : A neighbour's right.

Don Gonzalo : Juanito, my book. I do not care to listen to nonsense.

Dona Laura : You are very polite.

Don Gonzalo : Pardon me, senora, but never interfere with what does not concern you.

Dona Laura : I generally say what I think.

Don Gonzalo : And more to the same effect. Give me the book, Juanito.

Juanito : Here, señor. (*Juanito takes a book from his pocket, hands it to Don Gonzalo, then exits by Right. Don Gonzalo, casting indignant glances at Dona Laura, puts on an enormous pair of glasses, takes from his pocket a reading-glass, adjusts both to suit him, and opens his book*).

Dona Laura : I thought you were taking out a telescope.

Don Gonzalo : Was that you?

Dona Laura : Your sight must be keen.

Don Gonzalo : Keener than yours is.

Dona Laura : Yes, evidently.

Don Gonzalo : Ask the hares and partridges.

Dona Laura : Ah! Do you hunt?

Don Gonzalo : I did, and even now-

Dona Laura : Oh, yes, of course!

Don Gonzalo : Yes, senora. Every Sunday I take my gun and dog, you understand, and go to one of my estates near Aravaca and kill time.

Dona Laura : Yes, kill time. That is all you kill.

Don Gonzalo : Do you think so? I could show you a wild boar's head in my study-

Dona Laura : Yes, and I could show you a tiger's skin in my boudoir. What does that prove?

Don Gonzalo : Very well, senora, please allow me to read. Enough conversation.

Dona Laura : Well, you subside, then.

Don Gonzalo : But first I shall take a pinch of snuff. (Takes out snuff box) Will you have some?

(Offers box to Dona Laura)

Dona Laura : If it is good.

Don Gonzalo : It is of the finest. You will like it.

Dona Laura : *(Taking pinch of snuff)*. It clears my head.

Don Gonzalo : And mine.

Dona Laura : Do you sneeze?

Don Gonzalo : Yes, senora, three times.

Dona Laura : And so do I. What a coincidence!

(After taking the snuff, they await the sneezes, both anxiously, and sneeze alternately three times each).

Don Gonzalo : There, I feel better.

Dona Laura : So do I. *(Aside)*. The snuff has made peace between us.

Don Gonzalo : You will excuse me if I read aloud?

Dona Laura : Read as loud as you please; you will not disturb me.

Don Gonzalo : *(Reading)* 'All love is sad, but sad as it is, it is the best thing that we know.' That is from Campoamor.

Dona Laura : Ah!

Don Gonzalo : *(Reading)* 'The daughters of the mothers I once loved kiss me now as they would a graven image.' Those lines, I take it, are in a humorous vein.

Dona Laura : *(Laughing)* I take them so, too.

Don Gonzalo : There are some beautiful poems in this book. Here. 'Twenty years pass. He returns.'

Dona Laura : You cannot imagine how it affects me to see you reading with all those glasses.

Don Gonzalo : Can you read without any?

Dona Laura : Certainly.

Don Gonzalo : At your age? You're jesting.

Dona Laura : Pass me the book, then. (*Takes book; reads aloud*). 'Twenty years pass. He returns. And each, beholding the other, exclaims – Can it be that this is he? Heavens, is it she?'

(*Dona Laura returns the book to Don Gonzalo*).

Don Gonzalo : Indeed, I envy your wonderful eye sight.

Dona Laura : (*Aside*) I know every word by heart.

Don Gonzalo : I am very fond of good verses, very fond. I even composed some in my youth.

Dona Laura : Good ones?

Don Gonzalo : Of all kinds. I was a great friend of Espronceda, Zorrilla, Becquer, and others. I first met Zorrilla in America.

Dona Laura : Why, have you been in America?

Don Gonzalo : Several times. The first time I went I was only six years old.

Dona Laura : You must have gone with Columbus in one of his caravels!

Don Gonzalo : (*Laughing.*) Not quite as bad as that. I am old, I admit, but I did not know Ferdinand and Isabella. (*They both laugh.*) I was also a great friend of Campoamor. I met him in Valencia. I am a native of that city.

Dona Laura : You are?

Don Gonzalo : I was brought up there, and there I spent my early youth. Have you ever visited that city?

Dona Laura : Yes, señor. Not far from Valencia there was a villa that, if still there, should retain memories of me. I spent several seasons there. It was many years ago. It was near the sea, hidden away among lemon and orange trees. They called it – let me see, what did they call it? – Maricela.

Don Gonzalo : (*Startled*) Maricela?

Dona Laura : Maricela. Is the name familiar to you?

Don Gonzalo : Yes, very familiar. If my memory serves me right – for we forget as we grow old – there lived in that villa the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I assure you I have seen many. Let me see – what was her name? Laura-Laura-Laura Llorente.

Dona Laura : (*Startled*) Laura Llorente?

Don Gonzalo : Yes. (*They look at each other intently*).

Dona Laura : (*Recovering herself*) Nothing. You reminded me of my best friend.

Don Gonzalo : How strange!

Dona Laura : It is strange. She was called ‘The Silver Maiden.’

Don Gonzalo : Precisely, ‘The Silver Maiden.’ By that name she was known in that locality. I seem to see her as if she were before me now, at that window with the red roses. Do you remember that window?

Dona Laura : Yes, I remember. It was the window of her room.

Don Gonzalo : She spent many hours there. I mean in my day.

Dona Laura : (*Sighing*). And in mine, too.

Don Gonzalo : She was ideal. Fair as a lily, jet black hair and black eyes, with an uncommonly sweet expression. She seemed to cast radiance wherever she was. Her figure was beautiful, perfect. 'What forms of sovereign beauty God models in human clay!' She was a dream.

Dona Laura : (*Aside*) If you but knew that dream was now by your side, you would realize what dreams come to. (*Aloud*) She was very unfortunate and had a sad love affair.

Don Gonzalo : Very sad. (*They look at each other*).

Dona Laura : Did you hear of it?

Don Gonzalo : Yes.

Dona Laura : The ways of Providence are strange. (*Aside*) Gonzalo!

Don Gonzalo : The gallant lover, in the same affair.

Dona Laura : Ah, the duel?

Don Gonzalo : Precisely, the duel. The gallant lover was- my cousin, of whom I was very fond.

Dona Laura : Oh, yes, a cousin? My friend told me in one of her letters the story of that affair, which was truly romantic. He, your cousin, passed by on horseback every morning down the rose path under her window, and tossed up to her balcony a bouquet of flowers which she caught.

Don Gonzalo : And later in the afternoon the gallant horseman would return by the same path, and catch the bouquet of flowers she would toss him. Am I right?

Dona Laura : Yes. They wanted to marry her to a merchant whom she would not have.

Don Gonzalo : And one night, when my cousin waited under her window to hear her sing, this other person presented himself unexpectedly.

Dona Laura : And insulted your cousin.

Don Gonzalo : There was a quarrel.

Dona Laura : And later a duel.

Don Gonzalo : Yes, at sunrise, on the beach, and the merchant was badly wounded. My cousin had to conceal himself for a few days and later to fly.

Dona Laura : You seem to know the story well.

Don Gonzalo : And so do you.

Dona Laura : I have explained that a friend repeated it to me.

Don Gonzalo : As my cousin did to me. (*Aside*) This is Laura!

Dona Laura : (*Aside*). Why tell him? He does not suspect.

Don Gonzalo : (*Aside*). She is entirely innocent.

Dona Laura : And was it you, by any chance, who advised your cousin to forget Laura?

Don Gonzalo : Why, my cousin never forgot her!

Dona Laura : How do you account, then, for his conduct?

Don Gonzalo : I will tell you. The young man took refuge in my house, fearful of the consequences of a duel with a person highly regarded in that locality. From my home he went to Seville, and then came to Madrid. He wrote Laura many letters, some of them in verse. But undoubtedly they were intercepted by her parents, for she never answered at all. Gonzalo then, in despair, believing his love lost to him forever, joined the army, went to Africa, and there, in a trench, met a glorious death, grasping the flag of Spain and whispering the name of his beloved Laura-

Dona Laura : (*Aside*). What an atrocious lie!

Don Gonzalo : (*Aside*) I could not have killed myself more gloriously.

Dona Laura : You must have been prostrated by the calamity.

Don Gonzalo : Yes, indeed, senora. As if he were my brother. I presume, though, on the contrary, that Laura in a short time was chasing butterflies in garden, indifferent to regret.

Dona Laura : No, senor, no!

Don Gonzalo : It is a woman's way.

Dona Laura : Even if it were woman's way, 'The Silver Maiden' was not of that disposition. My friend awaited news for days, months, a year, and no letter came. One afternoon, just at sunset, as the first stars were appearing, she was seen to leave the house, and with quickening steps went her way toward the beach, the beach where her beloved had risked his life. She wrote his name on the sand, and then sat down upon a rock, her gaze fixed upon the horizon. The waves murmured their eternal threnody and slowly crept up to the rock where the maiden sat. The tide rose with a boom and swept her out to sea.

Don Gonzalo : Good heavens!

Dona Laura : The fishermen of that shore who often tell the story affirm that it was a long time before the waves washed away that name written on the sand. (*Aside*) You will not get ahead of me in decorating my own funeral.

Don Gonzalo : (*Aside*) She lies worse than I do.

Dona Laura : Poor Laura!

Don Gonzalo : Poor Gonzalo!

Dona Laura : (*Aside*) I will not tell him that I married two years later.

Don Gonzalo : (*Aside*) In three months I ran off to Paris with a ballet dancer.

Dona Laura : Fate is curious. Here are you and I, complete strangers, met by chance, discussing the romance of old friends of long ago! We have been conversing as if we were old friends.

Don Gonzalo : Yes, it is curious, considering the ill-natured prelude to our conversation.

Dona Laura : You scared away the birds.

Don Gonzalo : I was unreasonable, perhaps.

Dona Laura : Yes, that was evident. (*Sweetly*) Are you coming again tomorrow?

Don Gonzalo : Most certainly, if it is a sunny morning. And not only will I not scare away the birds, but I will bring a few crumbs.

Dona Laura : Thank you very much. Birds are grateful and repay attention. I wonder where my maid is. Petra! (*Signals for her maid*).

Don Gonzalo : (*Aside, looking at Laura, whose back is turned*) No, no, I will not reveal myself. I am grotesque now. Better that she recall the gallant horseman who passed daily beneath her window tossing flowers.

Dona Laura : Here she comes.

Don Gonzalo : That Juanito! He plays havoc with the nursemaids.

(*Looks toward right and signals with his hands*).

Dona Laura : (*Aside, looking at Gonzalo, whose back is turned*) No, I am too sadly changed. It is better he should remember me as the black-eyed girl tossing flowers as he passed among the roses in the garden. (*Juanito enters by right, Petra by left. She has a bunch of violets in her hand*).

Dona Laura : Well, Petra! At last!

Don Gonzalo : Juanito, you are late.

Petra : *(To Dona Laura)* The guard gave me these violets for you, senora.

Dona Laura : How very nice! Thank him for me. They are fragrant.
(As she takes the violets from her maid a few loose ones fall to the ground).

Don Gonzalo : My dear lady, this has been a great honour and a great pleasure.

Dona Laura : It has also been a pleasure to me.

Don Gonzalo : Good bye until tomorrow.

Dona Laura : Until tomorrow.

Don Gonzalo : If it is sunny.

Dona Laura : A sunny morning. Will you go to your bench?

Don Gonzalo : No, I will come to this - if you do not object?

Dona Laura : This bench is at your disposal.

Don Gonzalo : And I will surely bring the crumbs.

Dona Laura : Tomorrow, then?

Don Gonzalo : Tomorrow!

(Laura walks away toward right, supported by her maid. Gonzalo, before leaving with Juanito, trembling and with a great effort, stoops to pick up the violets Laura dropped. Just then Laura turns her head and surprises him picking up the flowers).

Juanito : What are you doing, senor?

Don Gonzalo : Juanito, wait –

Dona Laura : *(Aside)* Yes, it is he!

Don Gonzalo : (Aside) It is she, and no mistake.

(Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo wave farewell).

Dona Laura : 'Can it be that this is he?'

Don Gonzalo : 'Heavens, is it she?'

(They smile once more, as if she were again at the window and he below in the rose garden, and then disappear upon the arms of their servants.)

Curtain.



Serafin (1871-1938) and **Joaquin** (1873-1944) **Alvarez Quintero** were Spanish brothers, known as the 'Golden Boys of Madrid Theatre'. They were celebrated playwrights of the early twentieth century. Together they wrote about 200 plays which depict the life, manners and speech of the people of Andalusia in Southern Spain. Their popular comedies, many of which have been translated into other languages, contributed to the revival of Spanish theatre. 'The Flowers,' 'The Merry Heart,' 'One Hundred Years Ago,' 'The Galley Slave' and 'Apple of His Eye' are some of their popular plays.

Glossary:

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Don | : Sir |
| Dona | : Miss, Madam |
| Handsome | : (of man) good-looking, (of woman) striking and imposing in good looks rather than conventionally pretty |
| Madrid | : The capital city of Spain |
| Unimpaired | : not damaged |
| Parasol | : a colourful umbrella |
| Senora (ಸೆನ್ಯೋರಾ) | : the Spanish term for madam or Mrs. |
| Adios (ಅಡಿಯೋಸ್) | : adieu, farewell, goodbye |
| Spryest | : most active and energetic |
| Gluttons | : those who eat excessively |

| | |
|---|---|
| Threnody | : song of lamentation |
| Gouty | : suffering from inflammation of the joints |
| Aravaca (ಅರವಾಕ) | : a neighbourhood of the city of Madrid |
| Boudoir (ಬೂದ್ವಾರ) | : a woman's private room |
| Valencia (ವ್ಯಾಲೆನ್ಸಿಯ) | : the third largest city in Spain |
| Grotesque (ಗ್ರೋಟೆಸ್ಕ್) | : distorted |
| Duel | : a formal fight between two people in which they use guns or swords in order to settle a quarrel |
| Campoamor (ಕ್ಯಾಂಪೊಅಮೋರ್), Espronceda (ಎಸ್ಪ್ರಾನ್ಸೆಡಾ), Zorilla (ಝೊರಿಲ್ಲ) and Becquer (ಬೆಕರ್) | : famous Spanish writers of the 19 th century |

Comprehension I

1. Do you think Laura was a regular visitor to the park? What makes you think so?
2. Why are Don Gonzalo and Laura annoyed with each other?
3. Dona Laura reads without her glasses as
 - a. she has keen eyesight.
 - b. she wants to impress Gonzalo.
 - c. she knows every word by heart.
4. Gonzalo and Laura keep up humorous conversation because they :
 - a. have nothing else to do.
 - b. enjoy being with each other.
 - c. have the same temperament.
5. Laura and Gonzalo's friendly conversation begins with
 - a. Gonzalo reading the poems.
 - b. Laura's witty remarks.
 - c. a pinch of snuff.
6. Do you think Laura is an effective narrator?

7. Gonzalo does not reveal his identity because:
- he no longer loves Laura.
 - his appearance has changed.
 - he looks grotesque and old.

Comprehension II

- Precisely at what point of time, do you think, Laura and Gonzalo begin to recognise each other?
- What were the circumstances that led Gonzalo to flee Valencia?
- Did Laura and Gonzalo pine for each other after they were separated by circumstances? Who is more passionate? How do they react to each other now?
- What makes Dona Laura assume that Don Gonzalo is an ill-natured man?
- Laura and Gonzalo build up stories about themselves so that they can
 - fool each other.
 - forget the past.
 - conceal their emotions.

Comprehension III

- Trace how irony is built in the play. Did you guess the characters' past even before they did so?
- Why do Dona Laura and Don Gonzalo spin fictitious stories about themselves?
- Bring out the feelings of Laura and Gonzalo as they leave the park. Is it different from what they felt about each other in the beginning of the play?
- What do you think would have happened if they had revealed their identity? Do you think they know who they are towards the end of the play?
- How is the title 'A Sunny Morning' justifiable? Discuss.

Vocabulary:

Collocations

A collocation is a combination of words that are commonly used together; the simplest way of describing collocations is to say that they ‘just sound right’ to native English speakers.

| <i>Natural Collocation</i> | <i>Deviant/Unnatural Collocation</i> |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| A quick shower | a fast shower |
| A quick meal | a fast meal |
| Fast food | quick food |
| Completely satisfied | Totally satisfied |
| Take charge | hold charge |
| Highly desirable | highly wanted |
| Pay a fine | give a fine |
| Close a deal | end a deal |
| Make a mess | do a mess |
| Miss an opportunity | lose an opportunity |
| Bright idea | smart idea |
| Talk freely | speak freely |
| Broad daylight | bright daylight |

Extended Activity:

- Enact the play in your class room.
- Write a dialogue between two friends who meet after a long time.

Suggested Reading:

- Candle Indoors (poem) – W.B.Yeats.
- The Silver Maiden (Dave's award winning student film)

Notes

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

6. When You Are Old

W.B. Yeats

Pre-reading Activity:

- Is there difference between love and infatuation?
- Do you think perception of love changes as one gets older?



When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.



William Butler Yeats (1865 – 1939) is an Irish poet and one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature. His early poetry is part of the Celtic twilight or the Irish Literary Revival and it uses the history, myths and heroic figures of Ireland. Yeats wrote plays, was one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and was witness to the revolutionary politics of Ireland. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1923. Later, under the influence of Ezra Pound, he began to write modernist poetry. He is one among the great love poets of the world.

In this love poem, the speaker (who is the lover) imagines his beloved in the future when she is old and reading the book of poems he is now writing. Reading the book she will remember the past, her youthful beauty and the many who admired her. While the others loved her physical beauty and grace, only he loved her soul and her soul's search for something meaningful. However, she will also feel sad that love also vanished.

Note how love is personified in the last lines.

Glossary:

- The pilgrim soul : questing soul
- The glowing bars : the bars of the fire place full of glowing coal
- Nod : move one's head up and down repeatedly
- Murmur : a softly spoken or almost inaudible utterance

Comprehension I

1. The speaker is addressing
 - a. a young woman he has loved.
 - b. an old woman that he has met now.
 - c. the woman that he has admired in his life.
2. In line two, the word 'book' refers to
 - a. memories.
 - b. book of poems.
 - c. an album.
 - d. diary.
3. The phrase 'glad grace' suggests
 - a. her physical beauty.
 - b. her inner beauty.
 - c. her goodness.
4. 'Pilgrim soul' means the soul
 - a. which is immortal.
 - b. that has gone on a pilgrimage.
 - c. which is in quest of true love.
5. What does the phrase 'your changing face' suggest?
6. 'Love fled' connotes
 - a. the death of the man who loved her.
 - b. the fleeing of her lover to the mountains.
 - c. the loss endured by her.

Comprehension II

1. How is the 'one man' different from the many others who loved the lady?
2. Does the poem bring out the transient nature of beauty as against permanence of love?

Comprehension III

1. Comment on the usage of time frame by the poet.
2. 'When You Are Old' is a poem of contrasts. What purpose do they serve?

Suggested Reading:

- 'Sonnet 116' by William Shakespeare
- 'My love is like a red red rose' by Robert Burns
- 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways' by Elizabeth B. Browning
- ಶತಮಾನದ ಕವಿ ಯೇಟ್ಸ್ - ಡಾ. ಯು.ಆರ್. ಅನಂತಮೂರ್ತಿ
- ಜಿನ್ನದ ಹಕ್ಕಿ (ಯೇಟ್ಸ್ ಕವಿಯ 50 ಕವನಗಳ ಅನುವಾದ) - ಡಾ. ಎನ್.ಎಸ್. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿನಾರಾಯಣ ಭಟ್ಟ
- ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದ ಕವಿತೆ - ಓ.ಎಲ್. ನಾಗಭೂಷಣಸ್ವಾಮಿ

ಕನ್ನಡ ಅನುವಾದ:

ನೀ ಮುದುಕಿಯಾದಾಗ

ನೀ ಮುದುಕಿಯಾಗಿ ಕೂದಲು ನರೆತು ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ನಿದ್ದೆ ತುಂಬಿರಲು,
ಬೆಂಕಿಗೂಡಿನ ಬದಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತು ಈ ಪುಸ್ತಕವ ಕೈಗೆತ್ತಿಕೊ,
ಓದು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ, ಪ್ರಾಯದ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಿನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ
ಹೊಮ್ಮುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಮಧುರ ನೋಟ, ದಟ್ಟನೆ ನೆರಳ ಸ್ಮರಿಸು ಮನದಲ್ಲಿ.

ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದೆಷ್ಟು ಜನ ನಿನ್ನ ಹರ್ಷೋಲ್ಲಾಸಭರಿತ ಗಳಿಗೆಗಳನ್ನ?
 ನಿಜದ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯೊ ಸುಳ್ಳೊ, ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದರು ಅವರು ನಿನ್ನ ಚೆಲುವನ್ನ,
 ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ್ದೊಬ್ಬನೇ ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಹುದುಗಿದ್ದ ಯಾತ್ರಿಕ ಪವಿತ್ರಾತ್ಮವನ್ನ,
 ಪ್ರೀತಿಸಿದ ಹಾಗೆಯೇ, ಬದಲುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ನಿನ್ನ ಮುಖದ ದುಗುಡಗಳನ್ನ.

ಜಗಜಗಿಸಿ ಹೊಳೆವ ಉರಿ ಸರಳುಗಳ ಬಳಿ ಕೂತು ಮುಖ ಬಾಗಿಸಿ,
 ಉಸುರಿಕೋ ನಿನ್ನೊಳಗೆ ನೀನೆ ವೃಥೆ ದನಿಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಹೇಗೆ ಪ್ರೀತಿ
 ಓಡಿ ಹೋಯಿತು ಎಂದು ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಗಿರಿಶಿಖರ ಏರಿ,
 ಮರೆಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು ತನ್ನ ಮುಖವ ನಕ್ಷತ್ರಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ತೂರಿ.

— ಡಾ. ಎನ್.ಎಸ್. ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀನಾರಾಯಣ ಭಟ್ಟ

Notes

[illegible]

7. The Gardener

P. Lankesh

Pre-reading Activity:

- Is there difference between competition and rivalry?
- Can you think of different factors that motivate human beings to lead their life?



Elaboration can only impoverish this account and make it less authentic. I conceived this story in a flash. It has its genesis in my chance encounter with an old man. He was standing in a coconut

grove near Chennarayapatna. His eyes were suffused with strange memories and native intelligence. He stood there, a tall figure: hair gone grey, a long beak-like nose and strong muscular arms. In one hand, a spade used to tend coconut trees. A newspaper tucked under his arm. He was a labourer, overseer and philosopher, all rolled into one.

He came to this garden one day, after walking hundreds of miles. The owner of this plantation needed a person exactly like him. A few words were exchanged. The old man stayed on. He was really useful. He was well-versed in agriculture, and could understand the problems of workers. The petty thefts in the garden came to an end. The income from the garden improved dramatically. There was a perceptible change in the lifestyle of the owner. The plantation expanded. But the owner became lethargic and shied away from hard work. His wife found all this very strange. She found it hard to decide whether the old man's arrival was for the better or for the worse. Her husband's wealth and social prestige had risen higher. He acquired a number of friends in the next town and an equal number in his own village. Even though he had precious little to do, his life became crowded with colourful events. She became apprehensive about his adultery and umpteen other vices, cultivated lately, thanks to his newly acquired clout. Their farm which was merely ten acres had grown beyond their imagination. That was fine, but their life also was gradually getting out of hand.

When she was in a fix like this, one day, the old man met her and behaved as though he knew all about her plight. He smiled at her and brought down an offering of tender coconuts from a nearby tree. He sat on the embankment of the well. She had no alternative and she sat next to him. The sun was slipping away into the western horizon. His rays were reaching the walls of the well through the foliage of coconut, mango and jack fruit trees.

The old man began his narrative.

In a far-off place, once there was a man called Tammanna. He had everything. Ten acres of wet land. A comfortable house. People

too ready to do his bidding. The most important among all his possessions was his rival Sangoji.

After proceeding this far, the old man started fumbling for words as though he had committed a mistake. She was listening. She felt like going away, saying “All this is none of my concern.” However, unwilling to hurt the old man, she continued to sit there quietly. The old man went on. “No, his name was not Sangoji, it was Basavaiah.” He expressed his amazement at how facts take on such varied guises when they are narrated as fiction.

Let that be. Let us assume his name was Basavaiah. He was Tammanna’s rival. If Tammanna bought four more acres adjacent to his land, Basavaiah also followed suit. If one had ten friends, the other acquired fifteen admirers. To begin with, all this looked like healthy competition. However, gradually it rose to such a pitch that there was no land left in the village for them to buy. All land belonged to either Tammanna or Basavaiah. Tammanna had one thousand acres and Basavaiah owned eight hundred. Basavaiah could not tolerate this. He sent word to Tammanna asking him to sell two hundred acres. Tammanna did not agree. He was prepared to buy all the land that belonged to Basavaiah. Basavaiah was mad with rage. He went along with his people and acquired two hundred acres of Tammanna’s land forcibly. A fence was built around that land. Tammanna could not tolerate this invasion.

By now, the quarrel between these two had sucked in all their supporters. Tammanna was advised by his supporters about the various means available for getting back his land. There was the court of law. One could also take recourse to the police. If you did not want that, there were many number of persons ready to attack Basavaiah. Such a war had become virtually inevitable. But Tammanna was in search of a method that could annihilate Basavaiah completely. He hit upon the idea of composing all his experiences in the form of ballads and singing them. Now the rivalry between Tammanna and Basavaiah started moving away from things that were visible, towards an invisible, abstract domain.

Basavaiah had no answer to this. He also tried to sing, but could not. He performed his agricultural tasks more diligently. This too was no answer to Tammanna. Tammanna's reputation started spreading all around. His songs started making a mention of Basavaiah's cruelty and his meanness. Scholars of folklore were after him. Critics started analysing and translating his songs and thus earned their share of fame. Basavaiah helplessly watched all this, consumed by anger. He encroached more and more into Tammanna's land. Tammanna did not notice any of these activities. Art had become the *raison-d'être* of his life. He was felicitated as the best poet of his times.

Basavaiah shrunk in humiliation. Nevertheless he started filling his life with all kinds of material wealth. He got a palatial mansion built for himself. He appointed a number of persons just to praise him. He bedecked himself with gold, diamonds and other precious stones. But his house looked dull and empty because Tammanna's books were not there. That is what the visitors told him. Therefore he started inviting scholars, poets and musicians to his place. This was his way of investing his home with meaning.

One day, he came to know that Tammanna was ill. At that point, Basavaiah found the means of surpassing Tammanna. Health is wealth. You may sing, you may write ballads, but if Tammanna started suffering from disease, surely his own spirits would be revived. Tammanna's disease was Basavaiah's health.

However, by this time Tammanna had thought of yet another method of punishing Basavaiah. That was death. If he continued at the level of the body, Basavaiah would go on offering a stiff competition. But if his song was separated from his body, if there was no relation between the songs and his own flesh and blood... this is how his thoughts went.

"That's when I realized how strange human nature can be." The old man began his explanation to the owner's wife.

“Man needs wealth, education, art and many more things. And yet he lives for some kind of unbearable vengefulness. Without it, there would be no reason for his existence. This is not a real story, only what I have heard somewhere. You may know that I subscribe to a daily. To you, I am just an old man. After a particular age, man loses his name. His age becomes important and his name vanishes into thin air. Now, I am an old man in this garden. Your servant. I am also the person who reads the newspaper and looks after the garden properly. I conceived the story of Tammanna and Basavaiah, when all of a sudden, Russia told America. “I am not your enemy. I shall not wage a war against you.” What must have been the reaction of America, the sworn enemy of Russia, to this declaration? Probably, you will not understand the agony and boredom of America, once it knew Russia was no more an enemy. A nation is capable of withstanding strains like this. But a human being cannot. I suffered a similar fate. I thought my death alone could destroy Basavaiah. I gave up everything and started off. A few days after I left, Basavaiah passed away. He had no more reason to live.

My name is Tammanna. After his death, I forgot all my songs and ballads. I, who was once famous, became a non-entity. Thus I avenged myself.

Your husband is flourishing today as a rich man. He is not amenable to any advice. Man is so complicated that till the day of his death, he goes on living for some revenge or the other, confronting one challenge or the other.

Amma, do not think otherwise; just assume I did not tell you any of this. Or, think all this happened in a dream. The labourers have started going home. That young child of Lokya paints well. He is bedridden with fever. I shall pay him a visit.

****~~~~****

Forgive me. Unable to elaborate, I have told you whatever I felt, as it is. I had seen all this in a dream.

Translated by H.S. Raghavendra Rao



P.Lankesh (1935-2000) is an Indian writer and journalist who wrote in Kannada. After graduating with an honours degree in English from Central College at Bengaluru, he completed his Master of Arts degree in English from Maharaja College, Mysore.

P. Lankesh's first work was '*Kereya Neeranu Kerege Chelli*', a collection of short stories published in 1963. This was followed by several collections of short stories and poetry, three novels, critical essays, translations (including Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Oedipus Rex*, and Sophocles' *Antigone*), as well as several plays and films. His 1976 film '*Pallavi*' – a cinematic narration, told from the female protagonist's point of view and based on his novel '*Biruku*' – won India's national award for best direction.

H.S. Raghavendra Rao: (1948) Retired Professor of Kannada. He has worked at National College, Jayanagar, Bangalore, Kannada University, Hampi and Central Institute of Indian Languages, Mysore. He is a well known Literary Critic and Translator. He has published more than ten works of literary criticism. Translated Works: '*Art of Loving*', (Erich Fromm), '*This Matter of Culture*' (Jiddu Krishnamurthy), '*Iruvegalu*' (Oriya Short Stories), '*Baala Medhaavi*' (German Short Stories), '*Kappu Kavite*' (One Hundred Poems from Africa), '*Manju, Mannu, Mouna*' (Ted Kooser) and '*Hattu Dikkina Belaku*'. He is the recipient of many prestigious awards.



Glossary:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Perceptible | : visible, noticeable |
| Lethargic | : lazy, sluggish |
| Diligent | : hard-working |
| Raison-de-etre (n) | |
| (French) (ರೇಸಾನ್ ಡೆಟ್ರೆ) | : reason, cause of life |
| Annihilate | : destroy |

Comprehension I

1. What qualities of the old man impressed the narrator?
2. Is it a significant factor that the old man came to the garden after walking hundreds of miles?
3. The owner of the garden became lethargic because
 - a. the income of the garden improved dramatically.
 - b. he had become dependent upon the gardener.
 - c. there was nothing much left for the owner to do.
4. Why did the owner's wife start worrying about the strange ways of her husband?
5. When did the old man decide to narrate his story?
6. Tammanna considers his rival, Sangoji/Basavaiah, an important possession because
 - a. competition helps in the development of an individual.
 - b. Sangoji/Basavaiah leads a more colourful life.
 - c. rivalry offers new possibilities of life for him.
7. "No, his name was not Sangoji, but Basavaiah" told the old man because
 - a. he had really forgotten the name.
 - b. he wanted to keep the identity of his rival a secret.
 - c. he was fictionalizing his past.

8. What unique strategy did Tammanna conceive to annihilate Basaviah?
9. Why does Basavaiah start inviting scholars and musicians to his place?
10. What was Basavaiah's ray of hope in his attempts to outwit Tammanna?
11. Tammanna decides to give up everything and leave the place because
 - a. he sees no purpose in living there.
 - b. he wants to create an impression that he is dead.
 - c. he wants to put an end to the rivalry.
12. Tammanna forgets his songs and ballads because
 - a. he finds them futile.
 - b. he doesn't need them anymore.
 - c. he avenges himself.

Comprehension II

1. How did the owner's life style change after the arrival of the old man?
2. What advice did the supporters of Tammanna give for getting back his land?
3. How did Tammanna react to Basavaiah's encroachment of his land?
4. How did Basavaiah try to overcome his humiliation?

Comprehension III

1. The rivalry between Tammanna and Basavaiah keeps moving from the visible domain to the invisible. Comment.
2. How does Tammanna adopt a counter strategy to challenge the material wealth of Basavaiah?
3. Tammanna turns reflective in the course of his life. What does this tell us about human nature?
4. How does the reference to Russia and America provide another dimension to the story?
5. Observe how the story employs multiple narratives. How does this technique unveil the mystery of human relationships?

Vocabulary:

Antonym is a word opposite in meaning to a given word.

Note the use of antonyms for the following words used in 'The Gardener'.

- | | | |
|---------------|---|------------|
| 1. Impoverish | × | enrich |
| 2. Elaborate | × | concise |
| 3. Petty | × | grand |
| 4. Suffused | × | removed |
| 5. Lethargic | × | active |
| 6. Annihilate | × | preserve |
| 7. Vengeful | × | benevolent |
| 8. Agony | × | ecstasy |
| 9. Flourish | × | languish |

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 10. Wealth | × poverty |
| 11. Famous | × obscure |
| 12. Cruelty | × kindness |
| 13. Best | × worst |
| 14. Enemy | × friend |
| 15. Stiff | × flexible |

What do the following expressions from the lesson mean?

1. in a flash
2. flesh and blood
3. out of hand
4. vanish into thin air

Extended activity:

- Work in groups and discuss the advantages and disadvantages of competition.

Suggested reading:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| • Noon Wine(novella) | – Catherine Ann Porter |
| • <i>Poison Tree</i> (poem) | – William Blake |
| • <i>Henne Fire</i> (short story) | – Isaac Bashevis Singer |
| • ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದಲೋ ಬಂದವರು (ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ) | – ಪಿ. ಲಂಕೇಶ್ |
| • ಭೂತಯ್ಯನ ಮಗ ಅಯ್ಯ | – ಕನ್ನಡ ಚಲನಚಿತ್ರ |
| • ಮೌನಿ (ಸಣ್ಣ ಕಥೆ) | – ಡಾ. ಯು. ಆರ್. ಅನಂತಮೂರ್ತಿ |

Notes

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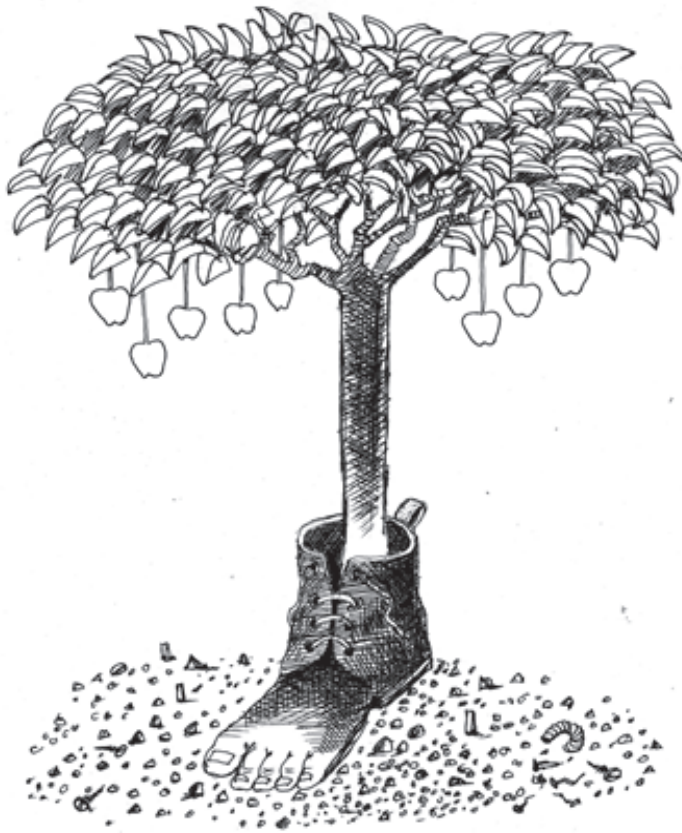
8. To the Foot from its Child

Pablo Neruda

Pre-reading Activity:

- Some parts of the body are normally attributed metaphorically; Heart-emotions, head-reason, similarly what do these refer to – foot, shoulders, hand, eye etc.
- What do the following expressions mean?

stand on one's own feet, to have a brave heart, in cold blood, take to one's heel



The child's foot is not yet aware it's a foot,
and would like to be a butterfly or an apple.

But in time, stones and bits of glass,
streets, ladders,
and the paths in the rough earth
go on teaching the foot that it cannot fly,
cannot be a fruit bulging on the branch.
Then, the child's foot
is defeated, falls
in the battle,
is a prisoner
condemned to live in a shoe.

Bit by bit, in that dark,
it grows to know the world in its own way,
out of touch with its fellow, enclosed,
feeling out life like a blind man.

These soft nails
of quartz, bunched together,
grow hard, and change themselves
into opaque substance, hard as horn,
and the tiny, petaled toes of the child
grow bunched and out of trim,
take on the form of eyeless reptiles
with triangular heads, like worms.

Later, they grow callused
and are covered
with the faint volcanoes of death,
a coarsening hard to accept.

But this blind thing walks
without respite, never stopping
for hour after hour,
the one foot, the other,
now the man's,
now the woman's,
up above,
down below,
through fields, mines,
markets, and ministries,
backwards,
far afield, inward,
forward,
this foot toils in its shoe,
scarcely taking time
to bare itself in love or sleep;
it walks, they walk,
until the whole man chooses to stop.
And then it descended
underground, unaware,
for there, everything, everything was dark.

It never knew it had ceased to be a foot
or if they were burying it so that it could fly
or so that it could become
an apple.

Translated by Alastair Reid



Pablo Neruda (1904 –1973) is the pen name and, later, legal name of the Chilean poet, diplomat and politician **Neftali Ricardo Reyes Basoalto**. He chose his pen name after the Czech poet Jan Neruda. In 1971 Neruda won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Neruda was recognized as a poet when he was a teenager. He wrote in a variety of styles including surrealist poems, historical epics, overtly political manifestos, a prose autobiography and erotically-charged love poems such as the ones in his 1924 collection *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*.



Alastair Reid (1926) is one of Scotland's foremost literary figures, admired as a craftsman in poetry, prose and translation. Since he left Scotland during World War II, he has lived variously in Spain, France, Switzerland, the United States and South America. Reid has published over 40 books

including essays, poetry, children's books and translations of many distinguished poets. His publications include 'Weathering' (1978), a book of his early selected poems & translations, and 'Oases' (1997), a collection of prose and poetry describing his friendship with writers such as Graves, Neruda and Borges.