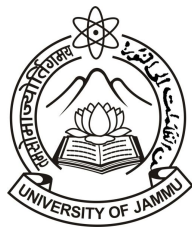


Directorate of Distance Education

UNIVERSITY OF JAMMU

JAMMU



SELF LEARNING MATERIAL

B.A./B.COM. SEMESTER-VI

Subject : General English
Course No. : 601

Unit I - IV
Lesson 1 to 14

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GENERAL ENGLISH

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SYLLABUS

GENERAL ENGLISH

SEMESTER-VI

Syllabus for the Examination to be held in May 2020 and 2021

Coure No. AA 601 (Theory)

Title : General English

Duration of Exam. : 3 Hrs.

Total Marks ; 100

Semester End Examination : 80

Internal Assessment : 20

Objective : The objective of the course is to train the learners as efficient language users. They will be studying and analyzing complex works like drama and novel along with a study of grammar.

Unit-I : Novel : R.K. Narayan : *The Vendor of Sweets* (Nondetailed Study)

Unit-II : Drama : G.B. Shaw : *Arms and the Man* (Detailed Study)

Unit : III Essay writing

Unit : IV : Grammar

- (a) Clauses
- (b) Type of Sentences
- (c) Transformation of Sentences
- (d) Parts of Speech

Mode of Examination :

Q. No. 1 Shall be a reference to the context type question from Unit 2. The candidates will attempt any three out of six passages

(5×3 = 15 marks)

Q. No. 2 Will have two long answer questions with internal choice from Unit -I.

(7×2 = 14 marks)

Q. No. 3 Will be a long answer question with internal choice from Unit -2.
(Word Limit = 300 words)

(10×1 = 10 marks)

Q. No. 4 Will be from Unit 3. The candidates will be required to write an essay on any one of the four given topics of current interest.

(10×1 = 10 marks)

Q. No. 5 Shall have six parts

a) Five questions to be set on the clauses. The candidates will be required to attempt all. **(5×1 = 5 marks)**

b) Five problems will be set on sentences and their sequence. The sentence might be in jumbled form. The students will identify and correct the sequence.

(5×1 = 5 marks)

c) Transformation of sentences: This will be “do as directed” type question where students will be required to transform simple, complex, negative and interrogative etc. sentences into the form mentioned within the bracket. Five sentences out of seven to be attempted.

(5×1 = 5 marks)

d) One word substitution: The students will substitute the words in Italics in the sentences given with one word from the given cluster of words and rewrite the reformed sentences in the answer sheet.

Six sentences will be given. All to be attempted. **(6×1 = 6 marks)**

e) Parts of Speech: Five words out of eight to be used as different parts of speech as directed by the examiner. **(5×1 = 5 marks)**

f) The correction of preposition: Five incorrect sentences to be corrected with correct preposition. Five sentences to be set. All to be attempted.

(5×1 = 5 marks)

Internal Assessment

(Total Marks :20)

Two written Assignments :

10 Marks each

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Course No : AA 601 (Theory)	Semester-VI
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LESSON No. 1	THE VENDOR OF SWEETS	Unit-I
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R.K. NARAYAN

STRUCTURE

- 1.1 Introduction
- 1.2 Objectives
- 1.3 Introduction to the Novelist
- 1.4 Let Us Sum Up
- 1.5 Self-Check Exercise
- 1.6 Answer Key
- 1.7 Glossary
- 1.8 Suggested Readings

1.1 INTRODUCTION

R.K. Narayan was the most artistic of all the writers, who was born in Chennai in 1906. As a novelist, R.K. Narayan gained immediate success and popularity. He published three of his novels *Swami and his Friends* (1935), *The Bachelor of Arts* (1937) and *The Dark Room* in quick succession. His beloved wife Rajam passed away only after five years of their marriage. During this period he published volumes of short-stories- '*Malgudi Days*' (1941) and '*Cyclone and other Stories*' (1944). His next novel '*The English Teacher*' was published in 1945. Since then novels have followed from his pen at regular intervals. '*An Astrologer's Day and other Stories*' (1947), *Mr Sampath* (1949), *The Financial Expert* (1952), *Waiting for the Mahatma* (1955), *Lawley Road* (1956), *The Guide* (1958), *My Dateless Diary* (1960), *The Man Eater of Malgudi* (1962), *The Vendor of Sweets* (1967) are his prominent works.

R. K. Narayan was awarded *Sahitya Akademi Award* in 1960 for his novel 'The Guide'. He was awarded *Padma Bushan* in 1964. University of Leeds conferred on him the Honorary D. Lit in 1967. His works have been published both in England and the USA

1.2 OBJECTIVES

The objectives of this lesson are :-

- a) to know about the life and works of R.K. Narayan.
- b) to know about the social perspective of R.K. Narayan.

1.3 INTRODUCTION TO THE NOVELIST

Rashipuram Krishnaswami Narayan is highly acclaimed as a detached observer of life. The reader is easily led to accept him for his so-called objective and beguiling presentation. And doubtless he is a novelist par excellence. However, if one goes through his novels and personal life, the record of which we find authentically maintained in his Memoir *My Days*, there is hardly any difficulty in ascertaining, the fact, that Narayan lays bare his mind in all its true spirit. In fact, this is not the case with Narayan alone to be singled out for recording his mind's view. It is also with novelists like Defoe, Richardson and even James Joyce who appear to keep themselves out of the action they narrate. "In fact, they betray their opinion on the characters and situations and—in as much as every novel is an extended metaphor of the author's view of life — on the life itself. They do so by the very choice of the characters they write about, the thoughts and feelings they give them, and the behaviour and motives they attribute to them."

Every novelist then, gives us in his novel his own personal idiosyncratic vision of the world. The mind of man is a complex phenomenon. It is always in the process of change. It acts and reacts to the events and the situations around him. It all depends how one develops his mind right from his childhood. The vision of life is certainly enlarged and broadened in case of those who come out of their surroundings and develop rapport with eminent personalities of diverse faiths rooted to different soils. Here the faith and beliefs one inherits hardly matter, for they never stick to their age-old beliefs and myths and legends of the communities they belong to. The writings of Dr. Mulk Raj Anand and Dr. Bhabani Bhattacharya will sufficiently prove this beyond doubt. On the contrary, Narayan's

writings is a vision of a man who has never set his foot outside the province, or the intimate circle for that matter, till about forty years of his life. Narayan's vision of the society as we find in Malgudi is the outcome of his intimate familiarity and involvement only with the people of his community. He is brainwashed as it appears, to accept without questioning the things he learnt from his grandmother, the commanding figure of the family, to whom no one, not even Narayan could dare to ask questions. Narayan remains confined to the myth and legends of the Hindu religion which he inherits, however detached he may appear to be in his writings. At certain times, he appears reluctant to accept the things as it so happens when he loses his dear wife Rajam and he is suggested to go in for psychic communion with the spirit of his dead wife but then the ideas so engraved and stored in his subconscious level, suddenly come up to grip his mind and he falls back to his former position leaving everything to fate.

Born in 1907 in an upper middle class Brahmin family of Madras, Narayan sees South Indian as a fundamentally conservative Hindu society which he realistically presents in most of his novels and stories with the lower middle class common man as his base. The imaginary town that he creates and calls Malgudi has all the qualities of a society, Narayan dwells in, and he depicts it with a keenly observant eye. "Its members are neither too well off, nor do they know the rub of financial worry, nor too indigent to be brutalized by want and hunger."

R.K. Narayan is not a social critic and is not interested in propagating any ideas. But the stories of his Malgudi novels reveal that Narayan makes his common man hero aware of his talents and potentialities which help him rise above his so-called destined role in the society. That he falls back to his former position, has roots in Hindu culture which has so great an impact that neither Narayan nor his characters have been able to shake themselves off the irrational social customs and superstitions.

Narayan was not a brilliant student in his school days. He somehow managed to pass his B.A. from Maharaja College, Mysore. His further education being discontinued, Narayan had to become a newspaper reporter to support his family. His business was to gather Mysore city news and send it to a newspaper called, **The Justice** published in Madras. Its aim was to promote the cause of the non-Brahmins who suffered from the domination of the minority Brahmin class in public life, government service and education.

Narayan has published over a dozen of novels, two-hundred short stories and four books of non-fiction.

With Graham Greene's recommendation Narayan's first novel "**Swami and Friends**" saw the light of the day in **1935**. Then appeared in quick succession two more novels : **Bachelor of Arts** (1936) and **The Dark Room** (1938). The end of the IInd War meant the return of spring to Narayan, and we see **The English Teacher** (1945) **Mr. Sampath** (1919), **The Financial Expert** (1952), **Waiting for the Mahatma** (1955), **The Guide** (1938) and **My Dateless Diary** (1960). He has also collected two volumes of his short stories **An Astrologer's Day** and **Lawlay Road** and a volume of his weekly causeries, **Next Sunday** (1960). Then appeared **The Vendor of sweets** (1967), **The Painter of Signs** (1977) and **A Tiger for Malgudi** (1983). Narayan also published shorter prose versions of the ancient epics **The Ramayan** and **The Mahabharat, Gods, Demons and Others, A Horse and Two Goats** and **My Days : A Memoir** also add to the valuable contributions by R.K. Narayan. It is quite natural, therefore, that there are a number of literary awards and distinctions to his credit : **National Prize** of Indian Literary Academy (1958), Sahitya Academy Award for **The Guide** (1960), **Padma Bushan** (1964), **National Association of Independent School Award** (1965), D. Litt by University of Leeds (1967), followed by Delhi University (1973).

Narayan is no original thinker; he has no independent philosophy to propagate in his novels. He largely subscribes to the Hindu ideals enshrined in the ancient Hindu scriptures. What makes him original is his down to earth interpretation of Indian ideals : '**Varnashram Dharma**' or a man's roles and duties according to his place in a scheme of castes, and also according to his stage of life; Karma or the principle of deeds and their consequences which are worked out both in this life and in successive births until the ultimate release, moksha, a heirarchy of values generally classified as Dharma or right action, artha or worldly interest, and Karma or human love, and a cyclically ordered time and universe encompassing these values. Not all Hindus would hold these beliefs in their scriptural form to the same extent, nor would they apply them to all situations, yet they are constantly referred to and they are taken for granted in many Hindu institutions and rituals. A product of the Hindu high caste family, Narayan shares the beliefs, superstitions, traditions, customs and rituals in Indian life. He admitted to Ved Mehta "his inability to write novels without Krishna, Ganesh, Hanuman, astrologers, Pandits and devadasis or temple prostitutes, and

explained his point of view by adding in his characteristic humble way that in any case that has turned out to be his India.”

It is, therefore, little surprising that Hindu myths and ideals have gripped Narayan’s mind so much that he naturally takes them up for themes in most of his novels. Ours has been a traditional society admitting and absorbing all change. The huge mass of myths and legends that we have accumulated through centuries, has become the common repository of the people of the land. These myths and legends and our religious and cultural heritage have shaped our mind and imagination, behaviour pattern and general attitude to life. This influence is so deeply engraved that it finds unconscious expression in the very aspect of his novels. William Walsh is worth quoting when he says : “The religious sense of Indian myths is part of Narayan’s grip of reality, of his particular view of human life and his individual way of placing and ordering human feeling and experience.”

Malgudi is deeply traditional and caste-ridden. Here arranged marriage is a common phenomenon and horoscopes are often compared. This happened in Narayan’s own life. Narayan married Rajam inspite of the fact that their horoscope did not agree. The astrologer of the girl’s side had predicted that Narayan would prove a widower, but he was defeated by Narayan’s own pundit who at the sight of rupees was all praise for Narayan’s horoscope. Narayan lost his wife after five years, and this confirmed Narayan’s belief in horoscopes all the more. Chandran in **The Bachelor of Arts** does not marry the girl he loves because the horoscopes do not tally. This problem crops up in **The Financial Expert** as well. The astrologer who thinks that the horoscopes of Balu and Brinda do not match, is dismissed with a fee of Rupee one, whereas the one who testifies that the horoscopes match perfectly, is rewarded with a fee of Rs. Seventy five.

Varna Vyavastha that has come down to us from generations together has not freed Hindu mind and that is realistically portrayed by Narayan in many of his novels. Raju’s mother in **The Guide** is first, sympathetic towards Rosie, but she changed her attitude completely when she learns that Rosie belongs to the dancing girl’s class. Shrinivas’s wife in **Mr. Sampath** does not take food cooked by a non-Brahmin. So is the case with Savitri in **The Dark Room** who refuses to eat in the house of Mary and Ponni the low caste couple. It is difficult for Jagan (**The Vendor of Sweets**) to accept a non-Hindu girl as his daughter-in-law. Raman’s aunt in the **The Painter of Signs** decides to go on a pilgrimage when she learns that Raman is going to marry a christian girl. It is also equally true that

Chandran (The Bachelor of Arts), Mali (The Vendor of Sweets), Raman (The Painter of Signs) and Raju (The Guide) give a jolt to the established customs of the Hindu society.

Most of his characters are innocent and pitied against an unsympathetic environment. They are traditional and superstitious. They believe that everything on earth is preordained and that no amount of human efforts can ease the situation. The heroes of his novels do not control the events but events control them. They are helpless creatures torn by desires and tossed this way and that way by the caprice of fortune.

In Narayan's novels there is generally a flight, an uprooting, a disturbance of order followed by a return, a renewal, a restoration of normalcy. Swami, Chandran, Savitri, Margayya's son Balu all run away but later come (or are brought) back. Shrinivas returns to his paper, Margayya to his knobby trunk, Natraj to restored quiet of his office. Shriram and Bharathi are back in Malgudi, and Susila herself, defying death (if at all one believes) is with Krishna again.

Growing frustration sometimes makes his characters rebel against the social customs and traditions. The traditional religious values and the modern approach cannot go hand in hand. Hindus are deeply traditional, and the onslaught of science and scientific advancement have confused them considerably. Though the characters make certain attempts to go against the prevailing social customs and traditions, they simply cannot shake them off. They cannot stand the collective force of the society as a whole. The result is, they accept defeat, remorse comes, and they find happiness in submission. Narayan does not seem to approve of their attitude or any kind of rebellion on their part. There is a marked attack on sentimentality in almost all his novels.

R.K. Narayan is not a didactic novelist. However, he has an extraordinary power of evoking a sense of propriety in life. Though not a critic of society, he is certainly a critic of conduct. There emerges a definite view or vision of life from each of his works. To Narayan life is not normally either an elysium or a vale of tears. Toeing the same line of approach Shrinivas in **Mr. Sampath**, "perceived a balance of power in human relationships. He marvelled at the invisible forces of the universe which maintained this subtle balance in all matters; it was so perfect that it seemed to be unnecessary for anybody to do anything."

Woman's secondary position in the society has unnerved Narayan as well, and he

depicts it realistically in many of his novels. In his autobiographical book **My Days**, Narayan writes : “Man assigned her a secondary place and kept her there with such subtlety and cunning that she herself began to lose all notion of her independence, her individuality, stature and strength.” Bullying husbands like Ramani and meek wives like Savitri (**The Dark Room**) are a common feature of our traditional society. Woman is a helpless creature to be guarded by her father as a child, by her husband in her youth and by her son when she is old and a widow.

Narayan moves with the passage of time. He candidly confesses “I suppose, I have moved along with the times. This girl in my new novel, Daisy in **The Painter of Signs** is quite different; not only is she not dependent on man, she actually has no use for them as an integral part of her life.”

Narayan is opposed to the present system of education. He appears to be in favour of ‘Leave alone system’ of the ancient time which we find, expressed in **The English Teacher**. Narayan writes : “My outlook on education never fitted in with the accepted code at home since revolt was unpractical, I went through it all without conviction, enthusiasm, or any sort of distinction.” Narayan wanted to be free and read what he pleased and not be examined at all. As a result, he had to make several unsuccessful attempts to cross his intermediate and B.A. Exam before he graduated himself in 1930 from Maharaja’s College, Mysore.

Narayan is essentially ironic in his treatment of the characters in his novels. He is keenly aware of the fundamental, irremedial incongruities which life and world are constantly confronting us with. He is also active to the facts that there is no possibility at all of reconciling the opposites, which every facet of his experience brings to his knowledge. He, therefore, accepts the reality as it presents before him.

What Narayan aims at in his expression is grace and ease rather than artificial glow and picturesqueness. His style is lucid and words seem to flow from his pen without any effort like snow water upon the mountain sides. Today, when he is no more in this world, his works still keep on haunting our minds.

1.4 LET US SUM UP

1. R.K. Narayan is highly acclaimed as a detached observer of life.
2. He remains confined to the myth and legends of the Hindu religion.
3. He is not a social critic.
4. He is no original thinker, he has no independent philosophy to propagate in his novels.
5. Women's secondary position in society has unnerved Narayan.
6. He is essentially ironic in his treatment of the characters in his novels.

1.5 SELF-CHECK EXERCISE

- a) Write a short note on R.K.Narayan's style of writing.
- b) Name the major works of R.K. Narayan.
- c) Give the full name of R.K. Narayan.
- d) What was the name of R.K. Narayan's wife ?
- e) From where did R.K. Narayan pass his B.A. ?
- f) Name R.K. Narayan's first novel.
- g) What makes R.K. Narayan's characters rebel ?
- h) R.K. Narayan is not a didactic novelist. (T/F)
- i) _____ is an autobiographical book by Narayan.
- j) Daisy is a character in the novel_____.
- k) Narayan is in favour of 'Leave alone System' (T/F).

1.6 ANSWER-KEY

- a) Refer Introduction To The Novelist.
- b) Refer Introduction To The Novelist.
- c) Rashipuram Krishnaswami Narayan.

- d) Rajam
- e) Maharaja College, Mysore.
- f) Swami and Friends.
- g) Growing frustration, sometimes, makes his characters rebel.
- h) True
- i) My Days.
- j) The Painter of Signs
- k) True

1.6 GLOSSARY

1. Stimulate—to encourage somebody.
2. Incense—a substance that produces a pleasant smell when burnt.
3. Glance—look
4. Reverently—in an admiring way
5. Coarse—Rough
6. Receded—to move backward from a previous position
7. Tanning—Drying of the skin to become brown as a result of being exposed
8. Adequate—sufficient
9. Extricate—to free or release oneself, to disentangle.
10. Dumped—put something that is not wanted to a place and leave it as rubbish.
11. Giggled—laughed lightly in nervous or silly way.
12. Obscure—not clearly seen
13. Junk—things that are considered use less or of little value.
14. Unflinchingly—in an unflinching manner i.e. not showing reluctance.
15. Slackness—laziness

16. Hushed—stopped talking
17. Clinking—making a sharp ringing sound.
18. Unobtrusively—in an obtrusive manner
19. Rankled—caused bitter feelings
20. Babble—to talk quickly and in a way that is difficult to understand
21. Muffle—to wrap or cover something for warmth or protection
22. Immaculate—perfectly clean and tidy.
23. Tugged—pulled something violently.
24. Expatiated—wrote or spoke at great length or in detail about a subject.
25. Snoring—breathing roughly and noisely while sleeping.
26. Vagrant—a person without a settled home or regular work.
27. Benignly—gently.
28. Hovering—waiting in a shy and uncertain manner.
29. Firmament—the sky.
30. Warped—made something become bent or twisted from the usual or natural shape.
31. Fronds—large leaves or stems that are parts of a palm or fern.
32. Litigation—the process of bringing or defending a claim
33. Shovelled—lifted or moved something with a shovel.
34. Elated—excited or proud
35. Ghoulish—like a ghoul
36. Inexplicable—impossible to explain.
37. Aghast—filled with horror or shock.
38. Grimly—Seriously

- 39. Banalities—Qualities of being ordinary.
- 40. Apologetic—feeling or showing regret because one has done something wrong.

1.8 SUGGESTED READINGS

- 1. *The Vendor of Sweets* - R.K. Narayan.
- 2. *R.K. Narayan And His Social Perspective* - S.R. Ramteke.

R.K. NARAYAN

STRUCTURE

- 2.1 Introduction**
- 2.2 Objectives**
- 2.3 Introduction to the Novel**
- 2.4 Glossary**
- 2.5 Let Us Sum Up**
- 2.6 Self-Check Exercise**
- 2.7 Answer-Key**
- 2.8 Suggested Readings**

2.1 INTRODUCTION

R. K. Narayan is a great Indian writer where Indian sensibility finds a fine expression. The joint family system, the family ties, customs and rituals, traditions and beliefs all of which are Indian find a place in the novels of Narayan. The Indian atmosphere in the novel is quite discernible.

2.2 OBJECTIVES

The objectives of this lesson are :-

- a) to give an outline summary of the novel.
- b) to make the learner understand the novel from the examination point of view.

2.3 INTRODUCTION TO THE NOVEL

In **The Vendor of Sweets**, Narayan presents an eccentric widower of sixty with his high-minded Gandhian philosophy which he appears to have been following to suit his own purpose. He seems to be a fake disciple of Gandhi, totally distressed and disgusted with his son. Circumstances so conspire, that he has to leave the house. It shows Jagan's inability to achieve the possible compromise with the world. G.S. Ameer rightly says, **"His act is an act of despair, he runs away in tears."** The clash between Jagan and his son is a clash between the age-old traditions and the modern occidental civilization. And the solution Jagan arrives at in the end after much pain, humiliation, and self-searching is — running away from the realities of life.

Jagan is portrayed as a fanatic observer of all the externals of Gandhism. He spins and produces yarn for his own clothes, scrupulously observes dietary restrictions, (twenty drops of honey in hot water.... is the natural way of taking in all the sugar we need). Jagan himself says : "I don't drink more than four ounces of water a day, and that must be boiled at night and cooled in mud jug open to the sky." He uses only those sandals which are made of hide of a cow that has died a natural death. As Jagan sits in his sweet shop reading the Gita, he has one ear perpetually cocked to the frying noises in the kitchen, and one ear permanently glued to the front stall where customers and beggars crowd.

Jagan's hypocrisy is so deeply ingrained that it has become a second nature with him. He keeps double account books and treats parts of sale produce as 'free cash' a sort of immaculate conception, self-generated, arising out of itself and entitled to survive without reference to any tax, thus amassing huge wealth. And unashamedly he declares : "If Gandhi had said somewhere, 'Pay your sales tax uncomplainingly', he would have followed his advice, but Gandhi had made no reference to the sales tax anywhere to Jagan's knowledge". He rationalizes the recycling of stale stuff by saying philosophically, "after all, everything, consists of flour, sugar and flavour."

Jagan is a bundle of contradictions, a professed Gandhian whose high-minded Gandhian principles are soon found to be a smoke-screen. As a result, he is ever playing a hide and seek game with his conscience as freely as he hoodwinks almost everyone he meets producing plenty of fun. An inveterate enemy of sugar in personal life, one wonders how this Gandhian disciple could; without compunction, continue to live on the profits of

selling sugared sweets to all and sundry. His frequent protestations that his sweet vending is meant solely to serve the country, particularly the children and the poor, is as hollow as a drum. He could not pass his B.A. from sheer incapacity, he is never tired of declaring unashamedly that it was love for his country which made him give up college and throw himself headlong into struggle for political emancipation — under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. Penetrating beneath these boasts we discover that his noisy altruism is a mask worn to hide a selfish nature.

The dialogue between Jagan and the cousin will make the point very clear - “You have perfected the art of living on nothing”, said the cousin. Encouraged, Jagan added, “I have given up rice too. I cook a little stone-ground wheat and take it with honey and greens.” “And yet,” said the cousin, “I cannot understand why you go on working and earning, taking all this trouble.” He waved his hands in the direction of the sweets displayed on trays at the window, but stopped short of asking why Jagan should expect others to eat sweets and keep him flourishing.

Jagan came of an orthodox Brahmin family with all the pujas and the Gods; a menstruating woman had to isolate herself as the emanation from her person were supposed to create a sort of magnetic defilement, and for three days she was fed in a far off corner of the house, and was unable to move freely. She was being treated almost as untouchable. His brother was an orthodox man who managed the headquarters of a religious order, established ten centuries ago with a million followers. And yet Jagan plucked up enough courage to join the Gandhian movement. His brother did not approve of Jagan’s outlook. His sister wrote that Jagan had lost all sense of caste by dining and rubbing shoulders with untouchables, going to jail and getting up to all kinds of shameful things. His loyalty to Gandhi made him rebel against many of the caste laws. He found it difficult to enter into the spirit of most of the rites and religious celebrations. To him, sanctity of the age old usages and customs had made the reform in the family or in the society impossible. They stuck to their old ways and never allowed the young ones to develop their individuality. Looking at the bathroom, which remained very much what it had been in the days of his father, Jagan remarked, “everything in this home had the sanctity of usage, which was the reason why no improvement was possible.

Though a Gandhian disciple, Jagan failed to make a compromise with the world. His Gandhian planks alienated his brother and sister. Besides, there were no persons

whom he could address as friends. This had made Jagan confine himself to his sweetmeat shop, and the house shared by Mali and Grace, not married and yet living there as husband and wife; he was terribly shocked, the result being a complete dislocation of his relations with Mali. The only solace to him in his life was the cousin, a practical man of the town-helping Jagan in his difficulties.

Jagan's duplicity had upset Mali altogether. When he declared that he was a poor man and quoted Gandhi to have advocated poverty and not riches, Mali reacted with a vicious smile, "And yet you earn your thousand rupees a day." Jagan tried in vain to convince his son to adopt the traditional ways of his ancestors. Mali snapped it saying, "Oh, these are not the days of your ancestors. Today we have to compete with advanced countries not only in economics and industry, but also in culture." Jagan's staying in the house had become unbearable to him. Demand from his son for fifty thousand dollars seemed to him totally unreasonable. He was aware that pressure was being subtly exercised on him to make him part with his cash. And he declared that he was going to meet the situation by ignoring the whole business; a sort of non-violent non co-operation.

But Jagan found his domestic life irksome. The expectant stare of Grace when she opened the door and the significant side-glances of Mali got on his nerves. If he heard them open the front door, he retreated far into the backyard of the house or sometimes even locked himself in the bathing shack. But the state of being alone like a burglar in his very house, made Jagan decide once for all to leave the house. While leaving the house he did not fail to take the cheque book with him. Kirpal Singh points out: "within the context of the novel, the cheque book has played a central role, and since Jagan takes it along with him at the very end, we wonder how sincere his conversion to a 'new life' is." How at all could one take seriously the so-called renunciation of hypocrite and a charlatan, who was clearly incapable of a real change of heart for the simple reason that his heart had already been corrupted beyond redemption? If old Jagan's Gandhism was only skin deep (as it unmistakably appeared to be) his renunciation could not be authentic either. It was more or less running away from the realities of life.

Modern occidental civilization represented by Mali has been brought in sharp contrast with the traditional Hindu culture. And Jagan found himself choked up in the modern atmosphere.

In running away from the realities, Jagan accepted, “a kind of death actually, although he’d breathe, watch, and occasionally keep in touch, but the withdrawal would not be different from death.”

The social surrounding and the family in which Jagan was born and brought up, was deeply orthodox and steeped in superstition and blind belief. It was only after the offerings to the God on Badri Hills that Mali was born to Jagan. He had been married to Ambika for almost ten years; he had failed repeatedly in the Intermediate and was then failing in the B.A. class and still there was no sign of a child in the house. It was natural under such circumstances, that Jagan’s father, an old orthodox man as he was, took Jagan and his wife to the temple on Badri Hills, which was known as Santana Krishna (a visit to it, they believed, was the only remedy for barrenness in women), and made offering to God. And as if in fulfilment of the coconut seller’s prophecy, Mali was born; the very minute he was delivered, he was weighed on a scale pan, and an equivalent weight in gold, silver and corn was made up to be delivered to the God on Badri Hills, according to the solemn made during their visit.

The kind of blind belief which made Jagan and his wife go to Badri Hills is still in vogue amongst the gullible Indians. It is being fully exploited and taken full advantage of by the Brahmin Pandits and the trustees of the temple. Lakhs of rupees (black and unauthorised) are being poured in the form of presents and offering to the God. Where does all the money that come in the form of presents and offerings in cash, go? Surely not to God, but to the luxury of the Brahmin Pandit.

Narayan had a dig at the dowry system, another social evil prevalent in the society. Before Jagan’s marriage was celebrated, the bride’s parents had to give five thousand rupees in cash, and some presents — gold and silver vessels which Jagan was totally opposed to, the for fear of losing his would-be-wife, in case they refused. And when the bride’s father failed to present a gold belt, Jagan’s mother was heard taunting : “one doesn’t ask for extra-ordinary things; they are not for us, we are not destined to enjoy the spectacle of a gold waist band, like hundreds of others, but one wants at least a sensible”, to which Ambika snapped: “Why are you so obsessed with the gold belt? What has it to do with salt or sugar? Have you never seen a gold belt in all your life?”

The dowry system is still being practised in our society on a large scale. It has

now affected almost all the communities of the Indian society. And unless some concrete steps are taken to eradicate the social evil, the situation may slip out of hands. The worst sufferers are the illiterate poor persons. For, the situation is being fully exploited by the cunning foxes of the flesh business, who dupe them very cleverly first by marrying their daughters, and then selling them to the owners of brothels.

The cousin introduced in the novel is an excellent comic creation, the irony of whose parasitical existence is brought out quite admirably. He seems to be the cousin of the whole of Malgudi; and in that capacity he has entry into the houses of judges, businessmen, advocates etc. It seems that he does chores for a great number of families in the city of Malgudi. A great lover of sweets, he is a self-appointed sweet taster extraordinary to Jagan. Flattery is his accredited business in life. However, he is of immense help to Jagan in his difficulties. He serves as a mediator to Jagan whenever he wants to contact his son Mali, for, there is a complete dislocation of his relations. It is only through this cousin of the town that Jagan, somehow, is in touch with Mali.

Mali, on the other hand, has no interest in him. He is a college drop out lured away by the west. Stealing ten thousand rupees out of his father's hidden savings, Mali goes to the United States, and returns a few years later with new fangled ideas and contempt for Indian ways. He embarks on a grandiose scheme for marketing a story writing machine with the help of Grace, a half American-half Korean girl. Mali's westernism appears to be as skin deep as Jagan's Gandhism and takes very superficial forms like eating beef and tinned food, drinking and putting on a suit. This is set in complete contrast with the ways and manners of Hindu society of which Jagan is the product. Mali's girl friend, Grace is post-graduate in Domestic Economy from Michigan University. In the company of Mali, she makes every effort to become a good Hindu wife bending down and decorating the threshold with white flowers on Friday. Jagan has great liking for her, though he knows, to his utter shock, that Mali and Grace are not married.

As for Chinna Dorai's role in the life of Jagan, Narayan is in two minds. On the one hand he makes Jagan view him with suspicion when Chinna Dorai tells him, "My master supported me for years." Jagan retorted inwardly, "How could he not, as you were his only son by a passing concubine? ; and yet a little later his impact on Jagan is shown to be extraordinary.

Jagan suddenly realises “.....Am I on the verge of a new Janma?” Chinna Dorai can hardly be expected as a credible agent for Jagan’s conversion in his last days, which, we find is unconvincing for other reasons, too, in relation to Hindu ethics of renunciation.

In Jagan, the chief character in the novel, Narayan has created a person close to his own image. Like Narayan, Jagan has also lost his wife at an early stage. And more important, Jagan and Narayan were both sixty years old at the time the novel was written. Besides, Jagan was of the same caste to which Narayan himself belonged. One may recall here that almost all the chief characters, Narayan has drawn in his novels, like Swami, Chandran, Ramani, Krishnan, Shrinivas and now Jagan come from orthodox Brahmin families of which Narayan himself is a member. He simply does not venture to come out of his caste circle to portray the lower caste people. And how could he? The lower caste people never came within his purview. And if at all they did come into his view, he has never gone deep into their lives. He has never thought to give them any substantial role to play in his Malgudi circus. Whatever chief characters we come across in his Malgudi, they all belong to the upper caste. But they all have been grouped together to belong to the lower middle class, owing to their weaker financial position in which Narayan himself is placed. His is a narrow circle realistically portrayed in a satirical tone.

That the old social values have been fast changing is revealed by Narayan through the characterization of Mali. And Jagan, that Gandhian disciple has been made totally incapable to compromise with the world, the end being Jagan’s retreat from the realities, which is nothing but a kind of death to him. Jagan’s renunciation of the world is in keeping with the Indian tradition. But he is also pushed into it by his personal circumstances : “Jagan felt [...] that he wanted to explain why he needed an escape his wife’s death, his son’s growth and strange development, how his ancient home behind the Lawley status was beginning to resemble hell on earth [...] Owing to mutual understanding and inability to cope up with the changing values one finds amongst the members of the family, the existence of Hindu joint family at stake.”

2.4 GLOSSARY

1. Vestige—a small remaining part of what once existed.
2. Smacking—an act of hitting somebody with an open hand.
3. Gloating—feeling delight at one's own success

4. Reminiscential—something related to past events and experiences
5. Strolled—walked in a slow casual way.
6. Speculations—acts of forming opinions without having definite knowledge.
7. Contemptuously—in a manner showing contempt.
8. Flounder—to move or struggle in a helpless or desperate manner.
9. Wiping—removing dirt, liquid etc. from something by rubbing with a cloth.
10. Beckoned—made a gesture to somebody to move in a specific direction.
11. Rambling—spreading in various directions with no regular pattern.
12. Reverberating—repeating several times as an echo.
13. Irksome—irritating.
14. Affable—pleasant and friendly
15. Haughtily—disdainfully
16. Rigorously—strictly
17. Sullen—silent, gloomy
18. Malignant—that cannot be controlled and is likely to prove fatal
19. Petrified—made somebody very frightened
20. Unadulterated—pure
21. Theorizing—forming theories about something.
22. Scraggy—thin and showing a lot of bone.
23. Fastidious—hard to please.
24. Illusory—not real
25. Gratified—satisfied
26. Intoxicated—drunk or under the influence of drugs
27. Equipment—the things needed for a particular purpose.
28. Profound—deep.
29. Reigned —ruled
30. Impracticable—not practical

31. Detached—not influenced by other people or by one's own feeling.
32. Galling—humiliating.
33. Trooped—came or went together as a troop
34. Naive—showing lack of experience, wisdom or judgement
35. Harrowed—distressed
36. Constrained—forced or embarrassed.
37. Contentment—Satisfaction
38. Scared—frightened
39. Ruthlessly—cruelly
40. Inquisitiveness—the tendency of asking a lot of questions.

2.5 LET US SUM UP

1. In the novel, Narayan presents an eccentric widower of sixty — Jagan with his high-minded Gandhian philosophy.
2. Jagan is portrayed as a fanatic observer of all the externals of Gandhism.
3. Jagan's hypocrisy is so deeply ingrained that it has become a second nature with him.
4. Jagan came of an orthodox family.
5. Jagan's duplicity offends Mali, his son.
6. Mali and Grace stay together without being married.
7. In Jagan, the chief character, Narayan has created a person close to his own image.

2.6 SELF-CHECK EXERCISE

- a) Jagan is portrayed as a fanatic observer of all the externals of Gandhism. (T/F)
- b) Name the book which Jagan used to read ?
- c) Jagan came of an orthodox Brahmin family (T/F).

- d) Did Jagan's brother approve of Jagan's outlook ?
- e) What made Jagan rebel against many of the caste's laws ?
- f) Who was Mali ?
- g) Was he married to Grace ?
- h) What had upset Mali ?
- i) How is Jagan's domestic life ?
- j) When Jagan left the house, he did not fail to take the cheque-book. (T/F)
- k) Jagan found himself_____in the modern atmosphere.
- l) Jagan had been married to_____.
- m) Jagan's father was an orthodox man. (T/F)
- n) What was the name of the temple which was situated on Badri Hills ?
- o) How much money Ambika's father had to pay as dowry ?
- p) The cousin seems to be the cousin of the whole of Malgudi. (T/F)
- q) The cousin was_____of sweets.
- r) Grace is an American girl. (T/F)
- s) Jagan was_____years old.
- t) _____was a Gandhian disciple.

2.7 ANSWER-KEY

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| a) True | b) Bhagvad Gita |
| c) True | d) No |
| e) Refer Introduction to the Novel. | f) Mali was Jagan's son. |
| g) No | h) Jagan's duplicity |
| i) Irksome | j) True |

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| k) choked up | l) Ambika |
| m) True | n) Santana Krishna |
| o) Five thousand rupees. | p) True |
| q) a great lover | r) False |
| s) sixty | t) Jagan |

2.8 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. *The Vendor of Sweets*—R.K. Narayan
2. *R.K. Narayan and His Social Perspective*—S.R. Ramteke

R.K. NARAYAN

STRUCTURE

- 3.1 Introduction**
- 3.2 Objectives**
- 3.3 Detailed Summary of the Novel**
- 3.4 Let Us Sum Up**
- 3.5 Self-Check Exercise**
- 3.6 Answer Key**
- 3.7 Glossary**
- 3.8 Suggested Readings**

3.1 INTRODUCTION

The Vendor of Sweet is R.K. Narayan's latest novel. He was the most artistic of all the writers. R.K. Narayan gained immediate success and popularity following publication of three of his novels 'Swami and his Friends' (1935), *The Bachelor of Art* (1937) and *The Dark Room* in quick succession.

3.2 OBJECTIVES

The objectives of this lesson are :—

- (a) To understand the novel in detail
- (b) To familiarize about the chapters.

3.3 DETAILED SUMMARY OF THE NOVEL

A) CHAPTER-ONE

Summary

The novel begins with Jagan advising his cousin to '**conquer taste' as to conquer the self**'. Jagan is a vendor of sweets. He is a widower of about sixty. His wife died long ago, and he did not marry again. All his affection is centered on his son Mali who is the apple of his eye. The novelist describes his personal appearances thus : "At fifty-five his appearance was slight and selfish, his brown skin was translucent, his brow receded gently into a walnut shade of baldness, and beyond the fringe his hair fell in a couple of speckled waves on his nape. His chin was covered with whitening bristles as he shaved only at certain intervals, feeling that to view oneself daily in a mirror was an intolerable European habit."

He wore a loose jibba over his dhoti, both made of material spun with his own hand; everyday he spun for an hour, retained enough yarn for his satorial requirements (he never possessed more than two sets of clothes at a time), and delivered all the excess in neat bundles to the local hand-loom committee in exchange for cash. Although the cash he, thus, earned was less than five rupees a month, he felt a sentimental thrill in receiving it, as he had begun the habit when Gandhi visited the town over twenty years ago, and he had been commended for it. He wore a narrow almond- shaped pair of glasses set in a yellowish frame, and peeped at the world over their pale rims. He draped his shoulders in a khaddar shawl with gaudy yellow patterns on it and shod his feet with thick sandals made out of the leather of an animal which had died of old age.

Jagan had a staff of four. The kitchen was at the back of his gaddi (the place where he sits) from where he supervised the transactions. Some members of his staff worked there and prepared the sweets. In front of his gaddi was the shop where the sweets were sold. Jagan had a cousin who was a man 'about the town'. He had no work to do, daily he used to take a round of the town, and also used to visit Jagan and had philosophical discussions with him.

Jagan was not only a vendor of sweets, he was also a follower of Gandhi. He followed the Gandhian principles, though in his own eccentric manner. As he himself tells

us, “I do not like to think that a living creature should have its throat cut for the comfort of my feet”, and this occasionally involved him in excursions for remote villages where a cow or calf was reported to be dying. When he secured the hide he soaked it in some solution and then turned it over to an old cobbler he knew, who had his little repair-shop under a tree near the Albert Mission compound. In this way, he got his shoes made, also making sure at the same time that no animal would be killed for the purpose. Jagan's tanning activities filled the house with stench; and as they lasted several days, they were the cause of frequent discords. Then his wife died and her last wish was that Jagan should give up his tanning activities. Thereafter, Jagan trusted the cobbler at the Albert Mission to supply him with shoes, whenever he was in need of them.

From his seat Jagan supervised the work both in the kitchen and the shop counter in the front. As he sat in his seat he paused over a copy of **Bhagvad Gita** and gave instructions from time to time. Exactly at six, the boy at the counter would bring to him the cash received during the day from the sale of the sweets. It was brought in two instalments. The first instalment was brought in a smaller jar, it was counted, and was elaborately entered in his ledger which everyone was free to inspect. The second instalment was brought in a smaller jar, and it was entered, after counting, in a small note-book. It was not meant for inspection by the income-tax officers. The other advantage was that the boy at the counter could not know how much cash in all had been earned during the day and handed over to Jagan. The ‘black money’ was soon converted into crisp bank notes and hidden in the loft in which was also kept the portrait of Mr. Noble, a former District Magistrate.

The cooks arrived one after another and gave him an account of the left-overs. At seven the shop was closed and Jagan left for home (constructed by his father) with instructions to the chowkidar (humorously called Captain) to be careful and keep a strict watch.

Comments :— This chapter is expository in nature. We are introduced to Jagan, the hero of the novel and his ways. We are also told of his son Mali, who would play a crucial role in the novel and would be the cause of his undoing. We also

get instances of Narayan's inimitable irony in this chapter.

B) CHAPTER-TWO

Summary

It was about seven-thirty in the evening that Jagan locked his sweets mart and started for home. He walked along **Market Road**, passed **Krishna Dispensary** and reached the **Truth Printing Press**. He had a strong temptation to enter the press and find out if his book **Nature Cure** and **Natural Diet** had been printed but he overcame the temptation and walked on for he loved his son Mali. “**Must be home, the boy will be lonely. Not today.**” He wanted to reach home at the earliest.

He crossed **Kabir Lane** and reached **Lawley Extension**. At the junction of Kabir Lane and Lawley Extension, there was a culvert and a short parapet over it. Here a vagrant used to sit waiting for leaves thrown by people after they had eaten from them. He would collect these leaves and satisfy his hunger by eating the left-overs. This set Jagan thinking over national problems, “the remedy would be for our nation to change its habits, for people to eat off plates and not use leaves for the purpose, the plates could be washed and kept unlike the leaves which are thrown out after dinner for vagrants to pick.” He further reflected, “if everyone gave up dining off leaves, those engaged in the leaf trade would be thrown out of their profession and an alternative engagement would have to be found for them. But the first statistics should be taken of the percentage of the population eating off leaves (and those eating off plates, what kinds of plates? Silver, aluminium or what metal?) How many were engaged in gathering the dry leaves from the forests of Mempi and sewing them with little splinters and how many in cultivating special banana leaves used for dining? Till all this was done on a national scale the vagrant would continue to remain there.” Jagan is thus, seen to be a sort of philosopher who thought over national problems and tried to find solutions.

Jagan moved on and reached the statue of **Sir Frederick Lawley**. Beyond it were Lawley Extension, South Extension, New Extension and a number of other colonies. Round Lawley Statue college boys used to assemble with their cycles and chat in groups. Mali was also among them. He approved of his son's height, weight and growth. “There are others, but he stands out from among them [...] wonder what God has in store for

him,” he reflected, “must give him more time.” He reached home, his thoughts still hovering about his son.

The house he lived in had been built by his father, after a lot of litigation, details of which he had forgotten. It was a spacious house and quite comfortable. Jagan believed in Nature cure and a simple life on Gandhian principles. As such he shunned tooth-pastes and used twigs of neem tree, instead, as a tooth brush every morning. Jagan had immense faith in the properties of neem and in spite of its bitterness he called it ‘**Amrita**’, the ambrosia which kept the Gods alive and sometimes he called it, “**Sanjeevini**”, the rare herbs mentioned in the epic which, held at the nostrils, could bring the dead to life.

His wife refused to associate herself with any of his health-giving activities. She hated his theories and lived her own life. Their first clash occurred when he forbade her to swallow aspirin and suggested that she should fry some neem flowers in ghee and swallow it for relief from headache. She did not agree to this and only wanted to be left alone. She died, soon after, of a tumour of the brain. Mali was only six years old at the time. Jagan looked after him and took great care of him.

As Mali grew up, he was given a separate room to serve both as his bedroom and his study. It was a long hall, without a ventilator or window, known as the “cool room” in those days, which had a stone-topped round table at the centre and a stool and Mali seemed delighted to be assigned the room, as it was near the kitchen and the main hall and he could enjoy privacy, without losing sight of all the goings on in the house. It was some years earlier and now Mali had grown up into a fine youngman.

Comments :—The chapter throws further light on the character of Jagan. We know more about his Gandhian principles, about his wife and about the spacious house in which he lived.

C) CHAPTER-THREE

Summary

One morning, Mali flatly told Jagan that he would study no more. He would not go to the college or attend his classes. Jagan was much pained and perplexed by the boy’s

firmness and way of talking. He wanted to know what the boy wanted to do, but could elicit no information. He could not order him to go to his class for he was, “a cowardly father.” He was afraid to mention class or college. The boy might scream at the mention of the college or kick away his breakfast.

Jagan then consulted a cousin who was a daily visitor to his shop. He requested him to talk to his son and find out what the matter was. He told his cousin : “Mali is displaying strange notions.”

The cousin suddenly assumed a definite stand and said, “It'd be best to know what the boy is thinking, our educational methods being what they are today.”

“I was always hoping that he'd be a graduate and that's the basic qualification one should have, don't you think so?” Jagan added with a sigh, “If I had passed the B.A., I could have done so many other things.”

“But it was not to be, and yet what's lacking in your present state?”

“I had to leave the college when Gandhi ordered us to non-cooperate. I spent the best of my student years in prison,” said Jagan, feeling heroic, his reminiscent mood slurring over the fact that he had failed several times in the B.A., ceased to attend the college, and had begun to take his examinations as a private candidate, long before the call of Gandhi. “But what excuse can these boys have for refusing to study?” he asked.

The cousin, ever a man of caution, repeated, “It's worth finding out from the boy himself.” Why don't you have a talk with him?”

“Why don't you?” asked Jagan in a tone of pointless challenge and added sentimentally, “He has called you ‘uncle’ ever since he could lisp the syllables.”

“The only person to whom I'm not a cousin,” said the gentleman, and both of them laughed.

The serious burden of life returning to Jagan, presently, he said, “You must do something about it and tell me tonight.”

Accordingly, the cousin talked with Mali that very night. He found out that Mali wanted to be a scribe. He wanted to write novels. Soon after, he conveyed this information

to Jagan. He told Jagan, “college, college, and of course college. The very word drives him crazy, although you like it so much. He hates his lessons; he hates his syllabus and all his books. The very thought infuriates him. Do you know what he did? He had his class-books in his hand. I ordered dosais for him and we were waiting. He suddenly tore up the pages of his books savagely, beckoned an attendant, and said, “Put these in the fire in the kitchen.”

Then Jagan had a talk with Mali to find out things for himself. He proceeded cautiously, so that there might be no conflict and there might be no tension between them. He offered to purchase white paper, a pen, a desk, a new table, and such other things as a writer is likely to need. Then like a junior press reporter, he questioned him about the novel he planned to write, and Mali told him :

“I saw in Ananda Vikatan an advertisement for a competition for novels,” Mali explained, “They will pay twenty-five thousand rupees for the best.”

“On what conditions?”

“It must be sent before September 30th, that's all, and a coupon in the magazine must be filled in.”

Jagan leaned over to study the dates on a calender on the wall. “This is just May.”

“Have you begun to write?” Jagan asked timidly.

“I am not the sort to show my story to anyone before I finish it.”

“What's the story?” asked Jagan persisting. The boy shrank away from him and repeated, “Are you examining me?” in an ominous manner.

“Oh, no, it's not that.”

“You don't believe me, I know”, said the boy half despairingly.

Jagan was for a moment confused. He reaffirmed his faith in his son in the loudest terms possible. Secretly his mind was bothered as to why there was always an invisible barrier between them. He had never been harsh to the boy, so long as he could remember, he had always got him whatever he wanted these twenty-odd years, during the last ten

particularly, he had become excessively considerate, after the boy lost his mother.

Jagan was proud of his son. Next day he told everybody he knew that his son was going to be a great writer, and that he would get twenty-five thousand rupees for his first novel.

Comments :—In this chapter, we get an idea of the central theme of the novel. The ambition of Mali to become a novelist would create endless problems for Jagan. The serious father-son conflict is also hinted at. It is the beginning of disorder in Jagan's life.

D) CHAPTER-FOUR

Summary

Jagan was proud of his son, and he was thrilled at the idea that instead of his reading the books penned by others, “others will henceforth read the books written by him.” Instead of reading other people's books, “he is providing reading for others,” he often reflected with a lot of pride. “He is doing a service in his own way.”

The word “service” intoxicated him, sent thrill through his whole being and explained everything. The first time he heard the word was in 1937 when Mahatma Gandhi had visited Malgudi and addressed a vast gathering on the sands of the river. He spoke of “service” explaining how every human action acquired a meaning when it was performed as a service. Inspired by this definition, Jagan joined the movement for India (India's) freedom from foreign rule, gave up his studies, home and normal life and violated the British laws of the time. Neither the beatings from the police nor the successive periods of prison terms ever touched him when he remembered that he was performing a “service”. “Everyone should be free to serve humanity in his own way,” he told himself and “Mali is really helping mankind with his writing. What does he really write of he often wondered.”

He wanted to know which language he used, whether Tamil or English. If he wrote in Tamil he would be recognised at home, if in English, he would be known in other countries too. But did he know enough English, Tamil, or any language? He felt worried, his mind was racked with questions. The simplest solution of questioning Mali directly seemed impracticable. What could they discuss Mali seemed to have become detached,

more separate than ever. The only link between them was the five-rupee currency note that he left on the hall table every morning and checked later to find out if it had been accepted.

Jagan and Mali now seldom talked. Their timings were so well adjusted that they seldom came across each other, and seldom talked. The 30th of September came and was gone. Time passed, and yet there was no sign of the book which Mali was supposed to be writing. Jagan did not have the courage to knock at the door or peep through the key-hole lest it should annoy Mali. He had grown too sensitive and absented himself from home for long hours. Jagan became care—worn and looked miserable, so much so that his cousin noticed his misery and remarked one day, You are blessed with "every git of life, with what ninety out of a hundred crave for—money, and with what a hundred out of a hundred do not attain—contentment. Yet you have not mastered one thing, that's the art of looking happy. You are always looking care—worn."

Then Jagan took the cousin into confidence and asked him if he had talked with Mali, and if he knew what he was doing all the time. The cousin assured him to discuss the matter with Mali but Jagan forbade him because he didn't want to offend Mali. The cousin asked him when he had his last conversation with him. Jagan replied, "The trouble is our hours are so different. By the time I open my eyes from prayer, he's gone, it's been a time-honoured custom in our house not to disturb me when I am praying. But that's all beside the point. We are straying away from the subject. I want you to help me. Please find out, as if you were doing it on your own, where he goes everyday and what happened to the story. Did he finish it? Try to meet him and give me some information, please. I'll be grateful for your help."

"No, no; it's my duty to be of service to you. Don't thank me, I'll see what I can do in my humble way." He swelled with the importance of the undertaking. Jagan felt relieved.

The cousin came back a few days later and told Jagan all about the antics of his son. No book had been written, and so the prize had been lost. He spent most of the time in Town Hall Library and used the type-writer there to write letters. He proposed to go to America, where there was a college for teaching novel-writing. He had visited Madras without informing him or seeking his approval. There his clothes

were being tailored and his passport had already been arranged for. He would go to America by aeroplane. As regards money, he had no difficulty as there was, he said, enough cash in the house. The information increased the misery and anguish of Jagan, though he was still proud of his son for being so practical, so business—like and so independent.

On returning home, he went up to the loft where he kept money. He found that ten thousand rupees had been stolen, five for the air-ticket, and five to cover up other expenses. The novelist says ironically, “At dead of night, he put up the ladder and climbed the loft. About ten thousand rupees had been extracted from the bundled currency.” He calculated, “About four or five thousand rupees for passage, and the balance for clothes and other things. He should ask for more if he wants it, and, of course, a monthly remittance later. Why should he not?” He heard the front door open, he put out the torch and sat still until he felt sure that Mali had safely locked himself in, feeling like a burglar himself, instead of one whose cash had been extracted.”

Comments :—In Narayan's novels, spoiled sons spell out the ruin of their parents, and Mali is no exception in this respect. He is the cause of Jagan's suffering and anguish. He does not take his doting father into confidence, he does not seek his help, instead steals his money like a thief, and goes to America, against his wishes, thus causing him intense suffering.

(E) CHAPTER-FIVE

Mali left for America, and thereafter Jagan proudly told his acquaintances that his son was in America. He told this to the chemist, the printer, the adjournment lawyer, and even to the vagrant at the culvert. He was proud of his son and always talked of his being in America, even though this made him late for his work.

After days and days of hopeless waiting, when a colourful airmail letter arrived by post, he almost felt the same joy as if Mali had come back. The message simply was “Arrived. New York is big. The buildings are very tall, not like ours. Thousands of motor cars in the street. Food is difficult. I am in a hostel. Next week I go to school.” Jagan read it with pleasure, although he was somewhat disturbed at the boy's mention of “school” rather than “college”. It had arrived by the first post

and he sat in the hall bench and poured over it for nearly an hour reading every word and visualizing Mali in that enormous background. He could not keep the good news to himself. The first entrance open to him was the Truth Printing Works. Nataraj was at his desk, ever affable and welcoming visitors.

“Have you received a telegram?”

“Oh, no, he’s prudent. Won’t waste ten rupees when ten cents—any idea how much a cent is worth in our money?” The news was also told to the cousin and soon it was all over the town.

Mali wrote to him frequently and soon Jagan had a pile of letters which he treasured and which he read constantly instead of the **Bhagvad Gita**. From their study he formed a picture of America and was able to speak with authority on the subject of American landscape, culture, and civilization. He hardly cared or noticed whom he spoke to, anyone on the road seemed good enough. His acquaintances feared that he was afflicted with the talking disease.

Mali remained in America for three years and then he wrote to his father, “I’ve taken to eating beef, and I don’t think I’m any the worse for it. Steak is something quite tasty and juicy. Now I want to suggest why not you people start eating beef? It’ll solve the problem of useless cattle in our country and we won’t have to beg food from America. I sometimes feel ashamed when India asks for American aid. Instead of that, why not slaughter useless cows which wander in the streets and block the traffic?” Jagan felt outraged. The shastras defined the five deadly sins and the killing of a cow headed the list. He suppressed this letter and did not tell of it to anyone. All the same, he was much agitated.

And then after a few days, he received a cable from his son in which he told his father, “Arriving home, another person with me.” Jagan was puzzled. What sort of a person? He had terrible misgivings and the added trouble of not being able to talk about it to the cousin, as he might spread the news of “another person” all over the town.

His worst misgivings were confirmed on an afternoon when the train dumped Mali, “another person”, and an enormous variety of baggage onto the railway platform and puffed away. Jagan slipped into the background pushing his cousin to the fore to do all the talking and receiving. He was overwhelmed by the spectacle of his son, who seemed

to have grown taller, broader and fairer and carried himself in long strides. He wore a dark suit, with an overcoat, an air-bag, a camera, and an umbrella on his person. Jagan felt that he was following a stranger. When Mali approached him extending his hand, he tried to shrink away and shield himself behind the cousin. When he had to speak to his son, with great difficulty he restrained himself from calling him “sir” and employing the honorific plural. The readers enjoy the humour of it all. Jagan's discomfiture is highly comic. All the same he is proud of his son who has grown up into a fair youngman who knows how to manage things and take care of himself.

The “other person” referred to in the cable is “Grace”, whom he probably married in America. She is a Korean girl and when Mali addresses her as, “Honey”, Jagan is confused and thinks that it is her name. The house was suitably modified and furnished to suit the newly weds from America. Grace liked it. Both Jagan and Mali led their own lives without interfering with each other. They seldom talked to each other.

Mali never wore a dhoti at home but a pair of dark trousers over a white shirt, and always had his feet in slippers. He hardly ever left his room or visited any other part of the house. He seldom went out ; if he did, he waited for darkness to descend on the town and then dressed elaborately in socks, shoes, jacket and tie, stepped out in the company of Grace and strolled up a deserted part of New Extension Road, but never in the direction of the statue of Market Road. He carried himself like a celebrity avoiding the attention of the rabble.

One morning, Grace herself came to Jagan's part of the house and tidied it up. She even offered to cook for him. Then she made him bring Mali's letters to her and showed him that they were signed by both of them. Jagan had not noticed it before. Then she told him about her, that her mother was a Korean who married an American soldier and came to America. with him. She herself was educated in a school in America. She studied domestic science till one day she met Mali and enjoyed seeing a football match in his company, and then they were in love. She was afraid to come to India because of the caste system, but Jagan assured her that the caste system was breaking down because of the teachings of Gandhi. At this the girl felt much relieved.

A day later Mali suddenly came to Jagan and asked him why they could not

have a telephone in the house. Jagan simply replied that he had never thought of it. Moreover, Malgudi was a small place and a telephone was not needed there. But Mali complained that he felt embarrassed when he could not give even his phone number to his associates. Naturally, Jagan asked as to who were his associates. At this Mali called Grace and said that she should be with them as they were discussing business. They went to the hall where they could sit comfortably. Mali talked to him at length but Jagan, lost in thought, hardly listened to him. Then Mali went away asking him to think well over what he had said to him, Jagan sat still, quietly enjoying the thought that his son had spoken to him at such length. When he rose to go, Grace held the door open for him and asked, "Do you have any questions for Mali? Is everything clear?" Jagan replied, "I can always go back to the subject, can't I?" with a significant smile, Grace said, "of course."

Comments :—The chapter is a significant one. It tells us much about Mali and America. It also tells us about Grace whom he brings with him from America. Then Mali asks for a telephone and talks to him at length about 'business'. It is clear that Jagan's troubles are on the increase. The readers are left in suspense as regards the 'business' which Mali has talked to his father. It is also not clear if Mali is actually married to Grace or not.

F) CHAPTER-SIX

Summary

Jagan was much agitated by the doings of his son, and he avoided talking of him even to the cousin. This surprised the cousin and he decided to bring in the topic himself so that Jagan might open out and he might know more about him and Mali. First they exchanged small talk to pass the time and then Jagan said that he was late for the shop that morning because Mali wanted to discuss his plans with him. He said so to impress the cousin with his own importance but the cousin thus got the opportunity he was waiting for and remarked, "I had a glimpse of him this morning on a scooter. Has he bought one?" Jagan replied that it must be some friend's. Many of his friends had scooters: "Scooter-riding boys- one is that kerosene agent's son ; another is the man who has come from the Punjab to establish a button factory. Another scooter belongs to the District Judge's nephew- you know that youngman in the Public Works

Department incharge of the new roads in the hills. Boys have their own scooters these days, they are always in a hurry and they do not like to walk.” Jagan himself never liked walking. Mali has never fancied walking. He has always cycled. “I bought him his first bicycle when he was seven years old and he could go wherever he pleased. I sometimes found that he would cycle up to Ellaman Street, not in the least minding the crowd at Market Road.” The boy has grown up fearlessly and full of self-reliance.

The cousin felt that they were drifting away from the main topic, so he asked abruptly, “Are you in favour of his scheme?” “Which scheme?” Jagan asked, looking surprised. He hadn't suspected any scheme. The cousin now realized that the word ‘scheme’ was setting up an agitation in Jagan's mind. He watched Jagan's face with satisfaction. Jagan studied avoidance of the subject of his son had not been to the cousin's liking. It made him feel that he had been suddenly converted into an out-sider. He didn't like the status, and so here he found an opportunity to bring himself back into the fold.

Finally the cousin told Jagan that Mali wanted to manufacture story writing machines. Jagan felt so baffled by his statement that he couldn't phrase his surprise properly. He blurted out a couple of questions incoherently and lapsed into silence. The cousin watched his face, relishing bewilderment he saw in it, and said with an innocent look, “Haven't you heard of story-writing machines?” as if they were an article of daily use. This was a piece of minor victory for him in the matter of American knowledge.

“This is not just an ordinary machine,” said the cousin “Now listen carefully. This story-writing machine, as you might have guessed, is an electronic story writing machine.”

“How does it do that?” said Jagan, genuinely surprised.

“Don't ask me,” said the cousin,” I am not an engineer. Mali constantly used the word ‘eletronic’ or ‘electric’ or something like that, and explained it at length. It sounds very interesting, why don't you ask him? I am sure he will be able to explain it to you satisfactorily?”

Next morning Jagan sought an interview with his son, and he had to wait for it for full fifteen minutes. When at last he met him, he straightway asked him what a story-writing machine was and how it worked. Mali retorted that he had told him all that on their

previous meeting, and he could not repeat the same things day in and day out. But Jagan was bewildered and confused in that meeting and did not remember what had been told to him and what he had replied. He was much agitated at the way his son was talking to him.

Mali showed him that machine and explained its working to him. He said, “with this machine anyone can write a story. Come nearer and you will see how it works.”

“You see these four knobs One is for characters, one for plot situations, the other one is for climax, and the fourth is built on the basis that a story is made up of character, situations, emotion, and climax and by the right combination.”

He continued, “You can work on it like a typewriter. You make up your mind about the number of characters. It works on a transistor and ordinary valves. Absolutely foolproof. Ultimately we are going to add a little fixture by which any existing story could be split up into components and analysed; the next model will incorporate it.” Jagan asked, “Do you want to use this for writing stories?”

Mali said, “Yes, I am also going to manufacture and sell it in this country. An American company is offering to collaborate. In course of time, every home in the country will possess one and we will produce more stories than any other nation in the world. In America alone every publishing season ten thousand books are published.” “Yes, ten thousand titles. It is a must for every home ; all a writer will have to do is to own one and press the keys, and he will get the formula on a roll of paper, from which he can build up the rest.”

Jagan left his seat and went over to examine the machine as if it were something descended from another planet. He approached it so cautiously that Mali said, “Touch it and see for yourself.” Jagan peered at the apparatus closely and read the headings. “Characters : good, bad, neural. Emotions : love, hate, revenge, devotion, pity. Complexities : characters, incidents, accidents. Climax : placement and disposal, and conclusion.” It looked pretty, its mahogany veneer was ingrained, its keys were green, red, and yellow to indicate the different categories. One could write stories with it as easily as with a typewriter. At this Jagan inquired, “Do they write all their stories with this machine in America?”

“Mostly, mostly,” said Mali.

“Most magazines,” added Grace, “are now-a-days switching over to the machine in their fiction departments and out of the best sellers last year at least three were a product of it.”

“The suggestion is that we get American collaboration worth two hundred thousand dollars, provided we find fifty-one thousand to start the business,” said Mali.

“Fifty-one thousand dollars would be the equivalent of...” began Jagan, starting the age-old calculation.

“Work it out yourself”, said Mali with a touch of irritation in his voice “Let me first finish my sentence. They will be responsible for the know-how and technical personnel, help us set up the plant, run it for six months, and then quit ; they will also provide us with promotional material.” What a lot of new expressions the boy had learnt, Jagan reflected with admiration, while Mali added, “We shall have to collect forty-nine thousand dollars by public subscription, and the controlling stock will be in our hands.” It was clear that his son was asking him to make a huge investment in a project of which he understood nothing, and the success of which appeared to him to be impossible. In his view a machine could write novels was an impossibility.

However, he consulted the cousin when he came to him that afternoon. He told Jagan that fifty thousand dollars amounted to over two lakh rupees. It was a staggering amount and Jagan could not make such a huge contribution. It would mean ruin for him. He wanted his cousin to tell his son that he did not have that much of money. The cousin retorted that since he was on speaking terms with Mali, he should himself tell him so, since Mali knew that he had the amount in his bank and he would not be able to convince him to the contrary.

Mali's demands went on increasing. He put Grace on him and she constantly followed him with inquiring eyes. Jagan tried his best to avoid the two. One morning Mali came even to the Puja room and disturbed him in his prayer. Both of them pestered him in his own home and he had to sneak about to avoid them. He was amazed at the intensity of her interest in Mali's fortunes. As ever, he had two opposite feelings; appreciation of her interest in Mali and resentment at her effort to involve him in their business. Mali never thrust himself forward he seemed to have left the task to Grace; even his visit at the

threshold of the puja room in the mornings seemed to have been dictated by Grace. An occasional misgiving tainted Jagan's thoughts—"might not Grace's interest, friendliness and attentiveness be a calculated effort to win his dollars?"

On the way to his shop, he passed by the Truth Printing Press and entered in to inquire about his book. Nataraj told him that he was publishing at the time the prospectus regarding Mali's new enterprise and that his name was in it. The prospectus was out within three days and Jagan was surprised at the speed with which it had been printed. The city was soon flooded with the prospectus of Mali's company. The first one came by post to Jagan himself at his shop. It went into the cultural shortcomings of the country and the need for it to take its place in the comity of nations, and how this machine was going to cut time and distance and lift the country out of its rut, and then followed many facts and figures. One thing Jagan noted was that the jungles on Mempi Hills would provide the soft wood required for some part of the machine and it could be had for a song. Then it went into details of production and marketing and location. Jagan now realized that the son of the kerosene agent was actually the economic brain behind the whole show—a young fellow in jeans and striped shirt who rode a scooter and carried Mali on the pillion seat.

Very soon they abandoned the scooter and purchased an old car green in colour. Both Mali and Grace constantly hunted him and Jagan decided to follow the Gandhian principles in dealing with them: "Gandhi has taught me peaceful methods, and that's how I'm going to meet their demand. These two are bent upon involving me in all sorts of things," he reflected. He was bewildered by his son's scheme and distrusted it totally. He was aware that pressure was being subtly exercised on him to make him part with cash. He was going to meet the situation by ignoring the whole business, a sort of non-violent non-cooperation.

However, these principles could not be followed for ever. He was aware of silent tensions growing between them. His life became unbearable. It was clear that a firm decision would have to be taken at the earliest. So when Mali talked to him a day later, he firmly told them to do what they liked, but he did not have such a huge amount. If they thought that he was making a lot of money, they were free to run the sweets shop themselves. They were much amazed at his reply. He went to the shop

lost in thought, was rude even to the vagrant and when the cousin came to him in the afternoon he told him that he was going to reduce the price of sweets. The cousin was much amazed at this. His amazement knew no bounds when he ordered his staff to give some sweets free of cost to children who had gathered near the counter. At the time of parting, he told the cousin, "Tonight and tomorrow I will have to do a lot of reckoning with concentration. I have left things to drift too long." The cousin, worrying where these hints were leading, said like the peacemaker he was, "I will speak to Mali; I know I can talk to him. Even to that girl Grace, she is so trusting."

"By all means, speak to him on any matter you like," Jagan said and added with firmness, "But not on my behalf."

Comments :- This chapter is an important one. Further light is thrown on the characters of Grace and Mali. Jagan's troubles, cares and worries are increasing. The father-son conflict-the conflict of the generations-is further developed. Jagan's talk of Gandhian principles and his study of the Gita make him appear a hypocrite. Suspense is here skillfully created and the readers are eager to know what is going to happen next.

(F) CHAPTER – SEVEN

SUMMARY

Jagan was panicky or he had absurdly thought of a new plan to increase his sales and earn more profits, none could be sure. But certain it was that he dramatically reduced the price of his sweets-pure stuff-which he sold. A packet of sweets was priced at 25 paise. It had a roaring sale, and by early afternoon all the sweets in the shop were sold, the staff was allowed to go home as business was over, and the shop was then closed for the day. All were amazed at these strange goings-on. "He knew that his staff viewed him as an astute businessman; although his decision was baffling, doubtless, they thought he must have some sound reason for taking this step, they credited him with some canny purpose, and he could not bring himself to disillusion them. He felt curiously flattered and gratified, and, although a lover of truth generally, in this instance he enjoyed shining in a false light."

One day as the staff prepared to go home early, he gave them a doze of Bhagvad Gita. He recited to them a few verses from it. He said, "Sit down, all of you. I will read to you from the Bhagvad Gita everyday for an hour. You will benefit by it. Call in the captain also, if he likes to join us." He commanded them to be seated again, looked on them with

benign pity from his throne, took out his Bhagvad Gita, opened it on the first page, and began. On the field of Kurukshetra two armies arrayed and ready for battle faced each other.

At this moment the great warrior Arjuna had a misgiving as to how he could fight his own uncles and cousins; his knees shook at the thought. Then God himself, who had chosen to be his charioteer, explained to him the need to fight for a cause even if you had to face your brothers, cousins, uncles, or even sons. No good has ever been achieved without a fight at the proper time. Do you understand ?” All their heads nodded in assent although their minds were wandering a little. After further explanation Jagan said, “There is no such thing as reading this book finally; it is something to be read all one’s life. Mahatma Gandhi read it to us every day.”

Some sweet-vendors became restive, and came to see him one afternoon as he was reciting the Bhagvad Gita to his staff. They were three of them : one was the wait from Ananda Bhavan Restaurant, the second was the person who ran a canteen at the law courts, and the third one was a man with a white beard whom Jagan did not know. They had come to protest against his sudden reduction of prices which had resulted in considerable loss to them. But Jagan was a shrewd man and he did not allow them to come to the point and put them off in one tactful way or another. They went away with the impression that Jagan was a shrewd businessman and he had some new trick up his sleeves. They could not understand upto what he was and left him no wiser than what they were when they came.

They talked to him at length about their problems which had been made worse by his lowering of prices. The wait said, “The sales-tax inspectors who will not accept the accounts we render, the income-tax people who assess arbitrarily, the health inspectors, the food control which has practically driven everything underground - how are we to get the provisions for our recipes? And above all, the frying medium; we can’t always use pure ghee, and the government forces us to announce what we use; how can we do that when our customers like to be told, whatever they may actually consume, that they are being served pure butter-melted ghee?”

“The ideas about pure butter-melted ghee are antiquated,” said the canteen man. In fact scientists have proved that pure butter and ghee bring on heart disease;

and the artificial substitutes have more vitamins.” Jagan told him that these substitutes are not much cheaper either, so they should use pure ghee. This irritated his visitors. They all left hoping that Jagan understood the reason of their visit and he would take remedial measures.

But the bearded man returned soon after. He told Jagan that he lived in the near-by Kabir Lane and that his name was Chinna Dorai, meaning small master and the name of his guru was Peria Dorai, meaning big master and it was he (China Dorai) who carved idols which had been installed in all the temples of the South. It was from the Guru that he himself had learnt the art. Then he began to give a list of the idols his guru had carved. His description of the gods made Jagan regret that he had not gone near a temple for months, being wrapped up in this monotonous job of frying and cash-counting. He declared fervently, “Of course, I have visited every temple in this part of the universe, times out of count, and I know all the one hundred and eight gods and saints enshrined along both banks of the Kaveri. I know the songs that Sambhander composed in honour of those gods.” However, this was all a pose.

The bearded man paid compliments to Jagan which Jagan returned and so the two were on good terms very soon. Then Jagan asked him where his master lived. The bearded man replied that he lived across the river in a garden, trees of which were to be seen even from there. It was a quiet, lonely place and none could go near him except he, the bearded man. This put Jagan in a reminiscent mood and he thought of the past when he was a freer man and could visit such lonely places. He thought of Gandhi and his visit to Malgudi. Says the novelist, “He recollected with a sigh the blaze of colours at sunset, the chatter of birds in Nallappa’s Grove; how he had often wandered along the river, lounged on the sands or sat on the river-step with his class-fellows; how Mahatma Gandhi used to address huge assemblies on the sands of the river and how he himself, a minute speck in such a crowd had felt his whole life changed when he heard that voice. Where now were those friends whose faces and names he could not recollect—dead, flattened out by life, or existing in the same place under new masks like that toothless lawyer, or that man who was so bent that he hardly looked up at anyone, or a dozen other familiar faces, at one time bench companions at school and playmates round the statue every afternoon—passing each other daily but hardly uttering four syllables in twenty years?”

After a little more of small talk, the bearded man came to the point. He was not a maker of idols at all though he knew the art. He was a maker of hair-dyes and such was his art that he could make old men look young. The saint was one of his customers, he dyed his milk-white hair, and made him look young, Jagan, too, needed his services. He would dye his hair too and make him look much younger. But Jagan put him off for the time being by simply telling him, "Diet has a lot to do with the colour of one's hair. My book on this subject will be out one day and then you will see for yourself; if your diet is controlled according to Nature's specifications, you will never see a grey hair anywhere."

G) CHAPTER-EIGHT

Summary

Next day, the bearded man took Jagan across the river to the garden with a pond in it where his master lived and worked. It was a quiet lonely spot and Jagan was fascinated by it : "The pond was covered with blue lotus, the steps were mantled with moss and crumbling. On the bank stood a small shrine supported on stone pillars, with a low roof of granite slabs blackened by weather, time, and the oven smoke of wayfarers. Over this little building loomed banyan, peepul and mango trees and beyond them stretched away a grove of casuarina, the wind blowing through their leaves creating a continuous murmur as of sea waves. The surroundings were covered with vegetation of every type; brambles, thorn-bushes, lantana and oleander intertwined and choked each other. The sun glittered on the pond's surface."

The bearded man remained brooding, watching some birds into the water. Jagan had not enjoyed such peace and quiet for a long time. However, the bearded man had a complaint. The spot was not so quiet as it used to be, the motor-cars that went up the hills disturbed its seclusion and people of all kinds could be seen moving about. Even wild beasts invaded the garden sometimes but his master was not afraid of them. There he died suddenly one night, and the bearded man showed him the exact spot where he was cremated.

Then the bearded man looked at the mountains and pointed out to him the various places from where the different kinds of stones were extracted. The account

of the bearded man is punctuated with a description of the beauty of nature which Jagan enjoyed very much. He lived with his master in that lonely spot, and his master never bothered about such petty things as food. As regards wife and children he had none, and so he had nothing to worry on that account. Only he, the bearded man, lived with his guru and worked with him. His guru had lived all his life there: "All that he possessed could be contained within the palm of one's hand. I cooked a little rice for him in that corner where you see the walls blackened. All day he sat there working on the image or we went to the quarry to hew slabs. He never saw anyone except when some temple men came to order for an image. People were afraid to come here because of the snakes, but my master loved them and never approved of clearing the wild growth around. This tree was full of monkeys; you can see them now. 'I'll share the fruits of those trees with them,' he used to say. He enjoyed the company of snakes and monkeys and everything, once there was even a cheetah in the undergrowth. 'We must not monopolize this earth. They won't harm us', he used to say, and true to his word, nothing ever did."

When he died, he was working in the pedestal for an idol of the five-faced Gayatri. The bearded man searched for the pedestal and they went round and round the garden in search of it. At last, he remembered that he had immersed it in the pond for water-treatment. Then he entered the pond and also made Jagan enter it. At last the pedestal was found and it was taken out. The bearded man intended to work on it, till the idol was completed. He suddenly told Jagan, "It is only a man like you that can help me." He could purchase the garden and install the goddess there. Moreover, the place would be a suitable retreat for him from the cares and worries of the world. Jagan said, "Yes, yes, God knows I need a retreat. You know, my friend, at some stage in one's life one must uproot oneself from the accustomed surroundings and disappear so that others may continue in peace."

"It would be the most accredited procedure according to our scriptures—husband and wife must vanish into the forest at some stage in their lives, leaving the affairs of the world to younger people."

Jagan agreed with him, but did not tell him as to why he needed a retreat from the world. He did not utter even a single word about the queer ways of Mali and

Grace. He did not want to show his sores to him.

Comments :- In R.K. Narayan's novels, queer and knotty people often appear. In the present novel, the bearded man is such a character. The pond across the river with lotus in it also figures in **The Financial Expert** which preceded **The Vendor of Sweets**. The suggestion that it would be a suitable retreat for Jagan hints at his troubles and his desire to escape from them.

H) CHAPTER-NINE

Summary

Jagan had a separate key so that he could enter his part of the house without making noise and attracting the attention of Grace and Mali. He felt that he was undergoing a strange inner transformation. He seemed to be a changed man. While his dinner was cooking, he sat spinning his charka and his mind was as active as his hands. His mind was in a turmoil, "committed to various things until yesterday, to the shop and the family, he was a different man at this moment. An internal transformation had taken place, although he still cared for the shop and house, this latest contact had affected him profoundly. The gods must have taken pity on his isolated, floundering condition and sent this white-bearded saviour." He wondered if the bearded man might not be a visitation from another planet - otherwise why did he come to his shop exactly when he needed him? Who really needed help and from whom? The man had said he needed help for installing the image of the goddess, while he himself thought that he was being helped.

As he was lost in his thoughts he suddenly heard a knock at the door. It was Mali who had arrived. He knew of Jagan's doings, of his drastic reduction in the price of his sweets. The sait and others had talked to him about the matter and they hoped that Jagan would soon come back to his original prices. After some small talk he came to the point. His 'associates' had sent a cable to him and they wanted to know the exact 'status' of their enterprise. In other words, he wanted to know immediately if Jagan was going to give him the money or the enterprise should be closed. Jagan enquired for Grace but she was nowhere visible. Jagan at once told him that he was poor, he had no money to give him, and if he so liked he could take over the shop and run it. Mali refused to become a vendor of sweets like him, and if he was not willing to invest, the enterprise would be closed.

Grace would then have to go back to America, for she had nothing more to do in India. She had come there only for the enterprise. She was not in the house at the time. Jagan protested and said she should not go out at that time of night and there was a quarrel between the two :

“Where is she going? Why is she going? Is she unhappy here ?”

Mali rose to his feet and said, “Who are you to stop her from going where she pleases? She is a free person, not like the daughters-in-law in our miserable country.”

Jagan said, “I just want to know why she is thinking of going, that’s all. She is, of course, free. Who says she is not? Has anything made her unhappy?”

“What is there to keep her happy?” cried Mali, “This is a miserable place with no life in it. She was used to a good life. She came here to work and she is going back because she has no work to do. She came here for the project, to work with me; didn’t you see her name in the notice?”

Jagan had learnt the art of ignoring questions. Mali got up, saying, “If she has nothing to do here, she goes back, that’s all. Her air ticket must be bought immediately.”

“But a wife must be with her husband, whatever happens.”

“That was in your day,” said Mali, and left the room.

Comments :—Paternal authority has been weakened. Jagan has no hold over his son or his daughter-in-law. The father-son conflict is hotting up. Mali would ring about the ruin of his father.

D) CHAPTER-TEN

Summary

Grace seemed to avoid him. Full ten days passed and he could not talk to her, nor did she come to his part of the house to sweep and clean. It seemed that pressure was being exerted on him to extract money from him. He could hear the sound of Grace dusting in her part of the house and he waited to have a word with her alone. Now that Jagan had made his position clear, the barrier between him and the other two was growing more unbreakable than ever and there was absolutely no way of his approaching her and

asking for an explanation. He wondered if he could go in and talk to her, but what would be the use ? With Mali there, how could he ask her for verification? It would be at best a formal greeting and nothing more. Though he was ready to leave for his shop, he sat on his cot vaguely hoping either Grace would come his way, or Mali would go out on one of his errands and he could have a word with her. But there was no sign of either happening. Mali went on typing in his room; after a while the sound of sweeping ceased, and he could hear some exchange of words between the two; then even that ceased, and tremendous stillness reigned over the house. There seemed to be no hope.

He quietly left for his shop. On reaching there he found that a large crowd had collected clamouring for sweets. They now wanted sweets as a matter of right, without caring whether there was a stock or not. Jagan felt uneasy and thought that he had committed a mistake in reducing the price. He thought of raising the prices again. Just then, his cousin who had gone out for several days came to him. He had enjoyed his trip abroad. He had also heard of Jagan's reduction of the prices of his sweets, which however, had not affected the quality. However, he told him that the sait and others expected him to raise the prices as their business was being affected. He presented the problem in a new light. He said, "At least that is what they think. It will do them good to stand in the line and see how you do things. I wouldn't be at all surprised if their men are in the crowd and buy the sweets cheap here and sell them at their own price in their shops." It hadn't occurred to Jagan that this was a possibility. He looked desperate when he heard it and the cousin had to say, "I was only joking; don't let it worry you." But this made Jagan see things in a new light. It now seemed certain that he would soon resume the higher prices.

Jagan then came to the point and directly asked him why Grace was going back to America of which he, too, must have heard. The cousin replied, "She is going on business. That's what he told me. Something to do with his machine. You see how plucky these girls are! She goes thousands of miles to settle business matters, while we do not even understand what they are doing!"

Jagan did not correct him but kept his knowledge of facts to himself. "Well, of course, I had heard that, but I wanted to know if there was anything more," he said. "His business seems to be promising," said the cousin. "The Ananda Bhavan sait and a few

others have promised to buy shares in his company.” Jagan asked with genuine wonder, “How does he talk to them?” The cousin replied, “He is all over the town and very active. I meet him here, there and everywhere.”

Jagan then told the cousin that he wanted to talk to Grace alone and requested him to arrange for him a meeting with her at a time when Mali was away. The cousin could do so quite easily. He came to him after a day and told him, “If you are prepared to leave the shop, you can meet Grace at home. Mali is waiting for me at the Judge's house. I have promised to go with him to look for a plot of ground on the Hill Road.”

Jagan at once went home, prayed to the gods and then called out Grace. They sat comfortably in the hall and had a quiet talk. Jagan came straight to the point and asked, “I don't see you in my house nowadays. Why?” She went red in the face. Her lips twitched and she remained silent. Observing her discomfiture, he said, “Don't bother to answer my question.” He gave her a little time to recover her composure, then asked, “Do you wish to go back to your country?”

Once again her lips twitched, her face went red and she cast her longish eyes down and remained silent. When the clock struck four, he got up saying with extraordinary clarity, “I must be back at the shop.” She walked to the door with him silently. When he passed her she said in a matter-of-fact way, “Father, Mo wants me to go back?” “Why?” Jagan asked halting. She hesitated. Jagan feared she might cry, but she said very calmly, “It's all over, that's all?” “What's over?” She didn't answer. He asked, “Is it his idea or yours?” She repeated, “He wants me to go back. He says he can't afford to keep me here any more. I used to work. I had two thousand dollars when I came here. All that's gone.” “How?” asked Jagan. She merely said, “Mo has no more use for me.” “Use or no use, my wife-well, you know, I looked after her all her life.” Grace said rather shyly, “The only good part of it is, there is no child”, and added, “we are not married.”

Then Jagan returned to the shop a much tormented man. The cousin arrived soon after, and Jagan had a talk with him and sought his advice. Jagan told him that Mali was not married. They have lived in sin and his home was tainted. The cousin was a practical man. He advised him to remember that young people are different from them, and if he so desired he could get them married in the Hindu way and the marriage could be arranged in no time in a temple. If he thought that his house has been polluted, he should not turn out

the young people, but never visit them, have his house barricaded so that they might not come to him. That, in his opinion, was the only practical solution to his problems. He added, "What is all your study of the Gita worth if you cannot keep your mind untouched by all this? You yourself have explained to me that one should not identify oneself with objects or circumstances."

Jagan accepted this compliment with great pleasure, although if he had questioned it, he might not have been able to explain exactly what he had said or why or when. Obligated to admit his devotion to the Gita and the wisdom derived from it, he mumbled, "We are blinded by our attachments. Every attachment creates a delusion and we are carried away by it." "Too true, too true," said the cousin, "Equanimity is more important than anything else in life." "That is what I am seeking, but never attain!" Jagan wailed and quietened his thoughts for a moment. Suddenly he asked, "How do you expect me to go on living there?" "If you have the back-door entrance, use it and don't go near their portion. Where else could they go now?" said the cousin. Jagan said, "That is true, housing conditions being what they are. Moreover, people will talk. What shall I do now?" Jagan was worried about Mali and Grace. The cousin gave a clear-headed statement, "Get through their marriage very quickly in the hill temple. It can be arranged within a few hours." But Jagan said that he did not know about Grace's caste. Then cousin assured him that she could be converted. A burden was removed from his shoulders. Jagan said, "You are my saviour, I don't know where I should be without you."

J) CHAPTER-ELEVEN

Summary

Jagan separated his part of the house completely from the part in which Grace and Mali lived. He even closed the ventilator between the two parts, of the house. Thus he completely insulated himself from the sinful life which was being lived in the other part of the house. He even gave up the use of the front gate, and went out and came in through a back door.

This back door had not been used for years, and the path which went from it to the main door was all overgrown with weeds. As Jagan went by this path, he was

reminded of the past. His soul was full of anguish and he liked to think how happy he was when he used to play there with his elder brother and catch grasshoppers. He dwelt on those days as he walked in silence along the path : “Nearly fifty years had elapsed since he had traversed this lane. In those days, when his father's family had lived in a hut in the back yard and the front portion was growing up little by little, he and his brother used to hunt for grasshoppers amidst the weeds. All the blazing afternoons they would be active in this pursuit while the Malgudi summer scorched everything, and even the grasshoppers were reluctant to leave the paltry shade of the weed-plants. His elder brother carried a small tin box; he cupped his palm over the grasshopper and trapped it and, if it was a large one, transferred it to his tin as befitting an elder brother, if it was a little one, it was passed on to Jagan, but on no account would Jagan be permitted to catch one himself. He could only stand behind his brother and wait for his luck, with his own little tin in hand. This would go on all afternoon, until the grasshoppers learnt to anticipate their footfalls and hop off to safety.

Sometimes their sister would track them down here, and follow them doggedly, uttering sinister remarks: “You are killing the animals here. I'll tell father, they are found dead every day in the tins. You will both go to hell.” Jagan, afraid of this blackmailer, would plead with her to leave them alone, but his elder brother would say, “Let her talk. No one wants her here. If she speaks to father, I'll wring her neck,” and rear himself up menacingly and she would run away screaming in terror.

Coming nearer to the present, he would think how the coming of Mali with a Christian lady had made him an outcast in his own family. His relations had all cut him off : “the sister had married a wealthy village idiot, became a rustic, and brought forth an uglybrood of children and the brother had cut all contact after the division of their father's estate. Ah, how intrigued they would be if only they knew the full story of Mali! Since the advent of Grace, all his relations had ostracized him. The only reminder he had had from his sister was a postcard a year ago on the back of which she had written, “We are ashamed to refer to you as a brother. Even when you joined Gandhi and lost all sense of caste, dining and rubbing shoulders with the untouchables, going to jail and getting up to all kinds of shameful things, we didn't mind. But now is it a fact that you have a beef - eating

Christian girl for a daughter-in-law? I can hardly call you a brother in the presence of my in-laws. No one can blame Mali, with a father like you" And she had concluded with the gratifying thought that their parents were fortunately dead and spared the indignity of watching these unsavoury activities.

Jagan had also heard that his brother, who lived in Vinayak Street, often spoke of him in anger and shame, and he never invited him to join him in performing the anniversary ceremonies for their father. He was an orthodox man who managed the headquarters of a religious order established ten centuries ago, with a million followers and he had begun to disapprove of Jagan's outlook long ago. His remarks were brought to Jagan from time to time by common friends and relatives and occasionally by the cousin, whose standing was secure everywhere.

The elder brother had once remarked, "How can you expect a good type of son when you have a father like Jagan?" What would they say if they knew the latest development? They would doubtlessly remove themselves further. Jagan felt grateful for being an outcast for it absolved him from obligation as a member of the family. Otherwise they would be making constant demands on his time and ever compelling him to spend all his time in family conclaves, sitting on carpets with a lot of kinsmen exchanging banalities while awaiting the call for the ceremonial feast. Thus he had escaped the marriages of his nieces, the birthdays of his brother's successive children, and several funerals. It had all been a blessing in disguise.

Time passed. Jagan had so much isolated himself from the other part of the house, that he did not even notice that Grace had not been there for the last fortnight or so. There was no movement or sound. It was all very quiet. He lost all patience and at last one day, he peeped through the key-hole of Mali's room. He saw that Mali was there, and then he came to the front window. Now Mali saw him and came out to meet him. They went to a corner of the garden, so that the curious eyes of the neighbours might not see them and try to listen to what they were talking about. Then Jagan asked Mali :

"Is Grace inside or not? I'd like to talk to you both on a matter of importance."

"She is not here. She has gone to stay with some friends for a few days," replied Mali.

“When did she go? I was wondering, if it was not a very long time since I saw her,” again asked Jagan.

“You have sealed off the middle door and use the back door. What's your idea, father?” While Jagan was choosing words for a plausible answer, the boy went on, “Do you think my business is going to be dropped because you have shut the door? Our correspondence goes on and I must know where we stand. Do you imagine you have made me drop the project?” Jagan tried to give another turn to their talk. He said, “You must both be married soon.” “What are you trying to say?” screamed Mali. Jagan explained. Mali merely said, “You have been listening to nonsense. I never knew you could listen to such gossip.” He asked, “Does Grace gossip about herself? Anyway, I do not want to go into all that again. There is a very small temple, where you can go through a quick marriage. No one need be invited but just the three of us and a priest, and the whole business can be done in an hour.” “Grace has been getting funny notions, that's why I told you to pack her off, but you grudged the expenditure” said Mali, “She is not in her right mind, she must go to a psychiatrist.” “What's that?” said Jagan. “Don't you know what a psychiatrist is?” With that Mali turned and went in, leaving Jagan transfixed to the spot.

He thought it a very funny situation. He did not know whether Grace was really his daughter-in-law or not. Nor did he know as to which of the two was lying.

Critical Comments :—The chapter shows Jagan in a reminiscent mood. We know much about his past, even about his boyhood days. It is also hinted that there has been a quarrel between Mali and Grace.

K) CHAPTER-TWELVE

Summary

Jagan's mind was obsessed with the thought of Mali and his real relations with Grace, with the result that he worked mechanically all day. He talked in an off-hand manner even to the cousin so that he went away rather displeased. Each meeting with Mali displayed a new facet of Mali's personality so that he did not know what to think of him. Unconsciously, he compared him to Lord Krishna who had so many facets, and who could even assume the role of a charioteer to encourage Arjuna to fight his enemies, even though they happened

to be his relatives.

Jagan continued to be in a reminiscent mood. He constantly thought of the past. On his way back home from the shop he sat on the pedestal of the Lawley Statue till all others had left and the street was deserted. His house could be seen at a distance. It was dark now, but there was a time when it was brilliantly lighted at this time of the night. There was a time when it seethed with life, lamps burning in every room, and during the festivals hundreds of mud lamps would be lit and arrayed all along the parapet. Theirs had been the brightest home in those days. That was long before the birth of Mali, years even before his marriage.

He suddenly recollected the exact point in time when he had shed his bachelorhood. That day when he had travelled to the village of Kuppam in order to have a look at the bride proposed for him by the elders of his family. The future bride's younger brother, who had come to receive them as a piece of courtesy was also in the carriage. Jagan was in a happy mood and laughed uncontrollably at the way they were progressing in the cross-country run. He had been trained to show respect to a brother-in-law by being reserved. That boy had the grimmest face in the country. Ultimately, he grew a long moustache as a commissioned air-force officer, and was lost sight of in the Burma campaign of 1942.

Jagan's father had sent his elder son to accompany him and commanded Jagan, "Don't stare at the girl. I have seen her and I know she is good-looking. Don't imagine you are a big judge of persons." At the end of the journey, he was received with a lot of fuss and seated on a carpet spread on the pyol of an ancient house. His future father-in-law and a number of his relations had assembled to have a look at the proposed bridegroom and measure him up from different angles. They all engaged him in conversation and tried to form an idea of his intelligence and outlook. Jagan had already been warned by his elder brother not to be too communicative as a certain mysteriousness was invaluable in a son-in-law. Everyone kept asking as if in chorus, "How was your journey?" Jagan stroked his tuft with one hand, fumbled with his cap and threw furtive glances at his brother for a signal and when his brother nodded slightly, Jagan answered, "Oh, it was good."

Then the bride named Ambika was called in. Jagan had already seen four girls and none of them was found to be suitable. Jagan had a good look at her despite the advice of

his brother not to stare at the girl. But Jagan did not heed the advice. The girl fascinated him. She had a thick wad of wavy hair, plaited and decorated with flowers and many pieces of jewellery sparkled on her person. She wore a light green sari which suited her complexion. Was she fair or dusky? Who could say? His vision was clouded with a happy haze, and he might have kept peering at her a whole day with none to disturb his study, yet he could never clear his doubts about her personality. During these muddled moments, she shot one lightning glance at him, which somehow, through the fates, coincided with a look he was himself shooting at her and their eyes met, and Jagan's heart palpitated and raced, and before he could do anything about it, it was all over. The assembly was on its feet, people were leaving and the vision was gone.

All through the return journey, he thought of Ambika, his beloved and his wife to be. He wanted somehow to assure her that he would marry her and that he was not in the least prejudiced by her harmonic music. In his excited state of mind it seemed to him a matter of utmost urgency to convey to her this message and also if she really cared for him she should show some slight sign of it at the parting. He had never expected that such factors as train times and the poor sight of bullocks would tear him away from his beloved's aura so unceremoniously.

On the train journey, he remained brooding. He was troubled by the feeling that he had missed the chance somehow, to say farewell to his beloved, the thought of her was extremely comforting, soothing and also, in a quiet way, thrilling. His brother now having no policing to do, was asleep in his seat, leaving Jagan free to go back to the village in his thoughts and roam unfettered. Thinking it over, Jagan felt charmed by every bit of the expedition, their house was nice and cosy, their hall smelt beautifully of incense which somehow blended successfully with the cow-dung smell from their cattleshed, the harmonium was out of tune, but it would not be proper to judge her music from it. Her voice was gruff because she had to adjust to that horrid instrument. He was sure that she really had a sweet voice to suit her face.

Very soon it became known all over the town that Jagan was to be married soon. Finally, September was fixed for the marriage, and financial matters too were disposed of to the entire satisfaction of both the parties. They demanded a dowry of

rupees five thousand and the other party agreed to the terms. "There were hurried consultations," says the novelist. Jagan's father carried on several consultations with his wife in whispers in a far-off corner of the second courtyard. Jagan being a junior, was careful not to show much personal interest in his marriage, but he was anxious to know what was going on. He would have been snubbed if he had inquired. He had to depend upon his younger sister, who stood about casually while the elders talked, eavesdropped, and brought him news. She would seek him out as he sat at his desk apparently studying, and then whisper to him, "Grand uncle has approved." "Father is writing to the bride's people tomorrow, they are waiting for an auspicious time." "Father wants a dowry of five thousand rupees," which really worried Jagan. Suppose the others refused? Then what? They want to have the marriage celebrated in September." Only three months. Jagan felt scared at the thought of becoming a married man in three months. It was all right as long as one dreamed of a girl and theoretically speculated about marriage, but to become a positive and concrete husband it was a terrifying reality.

In due course, "one evening the bride's party arrived with huge brass trays covered with betel leaves, saffron, new clothes, a silver bowl of fragrant sandal paste, a huge heap of sugar crystals on a silver plate, and a pair of silver lamps. A dozen priests were assembled in the hall. The senior priest of the house, a gaunt-old man stood up and read the notice aloud, his voice quivering with nervousness. It announced that Jagannath, son of so and so was to marry Ambika daughter of so and so, on the tenth of September etc. etc." The father of the bride handed this important document ceremoniously to Jagan's father, together with an envelope in which he had put currency notes, half the dowry in advance and gently suggested, "Please ask your elder son to count the cash." Jagan's father made some deprecating sounds but passed the envelope on to his elder son for counting, who lost no time in performing the task and confirming, "Two thousand five hundred." "It was not necessary to count," said Jagan's father gracefully, "but since you insisted on it..."

"In money matters it is best to be assured. How could I be sure that my counting was perfect? I always like to get cash counted again and again," said Jagan's father-in-law, at which everyone laughed as if it were a brilliant piece of humour. This was followed by a grand feast as was customary on the occasion. The bride's

party left for home by the night train. Sarees for the bride and clothes for Jagan were duly purchased. Three thousand invitation cards were printed and sent out. Then a number of ceremonies were performed. Jagan was overwhelmed by the scent of flowers and jasmine garlands and holy smoke, the feel of expensive silks and lace on his person and the crackling new saris in which his wife appeared from time to time draped as in a vision. Thus Jagan is seen in a comic light.

Then came the wedding feast and it was grand. However, there was a little cause of irritation which worried Jagan for he feared they might break up the marriage. "Someone who held the highest precedence in the family hierarchy, was given a half-torn banana leaf to dine on and was seated in the company of children instead of in the top row. This threatened to develop into a first class crisis, but the girl's father openly apologized for the slip and all was forgotten. Something that upset all the womenfolk of the bridegroom's party was that the bride was not provided with the gold waist-belt that had been promised when the original list of jewellery was drawn up. When the piece was finally delivered, it was found to be made not of one gold sheet but of a number of little gold bars intertwined with silk cords. The women felt that this was downright cheating. "They are saving the gold," they commented angrily. They would have even gone to the extent of stopping the marriage but for the fact that Jagan did not approve of all this hullabaloo over a gold belt, explaining to his mother, "This is the latest fashion; nowadays the girls do not want to be weighed down with all that massive gold." At which they became very critical of him, saying that he had already become hen-pecked, and was already an unpaid advocate for his wife's family. Even his brother managed to take him aside during this crisis and said, "Don't make a fool of yourself so soon. Why don't you leave these problems for womenfolk to discuss in the way they want?" Jagan had the temerity to reply, "It is because they are criticizing my wife, poor girl." Thus Jagan is again presented in a comic light.

Then Jagan commenced his married life. Most of his time was passed in the bedroom, so that he became almost a stranger to other members of the family. His sister frequently teased him about it. He failed in his examination one year after another. If Ambika remained busy in the household work and did not come when he returned home, he was angry with her and there was a quarrel, of course a lovers' quarrel. Jagan's stock was pretty low at home, but he did not care, as he lived in a perfect intoxication of husbandhood.

Later, when his wife failed to have a baby and there were whispers and rumours, Jagan told his wife, "I wish people could see us now on this side of the door, and then they would stop talking." Despite all his bragging, there was no outside proof of his manhood. They had been married almost ten years now, he had failed repeatedly in the intermediate and was now failing in the B.A. and still there was no sight of a child in the house. Narayan's humour here carries a sexual flavour.

Jagan's brother had by now a large family, and he moved to a big house in Vinayak Street with his family. The house was empty. Then his sister got married, went to live with her husband and gave birth to a number of children. But Ambika had no child at all, despite the fact that theirs was a fertile family and there were at least one hundred and three sons and daughters and grandsons and grand-daughters. Fertility was not lacking in the family of Jagan, and so it was presumed that Ambika must be barren. But she also had a photo which established the fertility of her family, and she used this photo to silence those who taunted her.

They often quarrelled, and instead of sleeping in bed with her, Jagan had taken to sleeping in the verandah. He would give her passionate attention for some time only when she returned from her father's house. He never cared to know whether he was adequate and also he never cared to ask his wife about it. Commenting on his moods and attitudes at the time, the novelist writes "He felt fatigued by all the apparatus of sex, its promises and its futility, the sadness and the sweat at the end of it all and he assumed that his wife shared his outlook. Moreover, he had read in a book that nature had never meant sex to be anything more than a means of propagation of the species, that one drop of white blood was equal to forty drops of red blood and that seminal-waste and nervous exhaustion reduced one's longevity, the essence of all achievement being celibacy and conservation."

It had become imperative for him to produce a child and he didn't know what more he could do about it. Ambika herself was beginning to crave for one. He had to do something about it. She sulked and blamed him with her looks. When she saw him rolling up his carpet, she uttered bitterly, "Why don't you go and sleep at the foot of Lawley Statue? It must be much cooler there". When she taunted him thus, he felt extremely confused and attempted to joke it off with, "That statue was not built for us to sleep on," which even as he was uttering it sounded extremely silly in his own ears. When she taunted

him further he would put out the light, and pull her to the bed, and roll about, imagining himself to be the Sheik in the Hollywood film in which Rudolph Valentine demonstrated the art of ravishing women.

Jagan's mother often taunted Ambika as she was irritated by her lack of fertility. Ambika, too, was a proud girl who did not take things lying down. Often, she gave fitting replies. This is clear from a minor incident that took place one day. Ambika added more salt to the sauce and Jagan's mother said, "One doesn't ask for extraordinary things, they are not for us, we are not destined to enjoy the spectacle of a gold waist-band like hundreds of others, but one wants at least a sensible—." She did not finish her sentence. Ambika was heard to cry, "I don't care", and dropping the dish in her hand, she retired from the scene. She shut herself in her room and refused all food, throwing the whole house into a turmoil. She complained that she was not feeling like eating, that was all. Later in the week, when the situation had calmed down, she explained to Jagan, "Do you know what I said to your mother?" Why are you so obsessed with the gold belt? What has it to do with salt or sugar? Have you never seen a gold belt in all your life?" Since that day, his mother was very sparing in her remarks, particularly with reference to the gold belt. They had all along underestimated Ambika's temper. Otherwise, Ambika was a model of goodness, courtesy and cheerfulness generally; but she could lash with her tongue when her temper was roused.

One day she asked Jagan to show his intelligence and pass his examination so that she might not be taunted with dragging him down to her own level (Ambika was illiterate). The result was that Jagan began to study hard. He never arrived late for his class, never missed a lesson and drew up a general chart of subjects and a working time-table. He sat at his desk and studied late in night. Into this new readjusted life, his father came crashing with his plan to visit the temple. Jagan pleaded, "Can't we go after the examinations?" His father glared at him and said, "We have waited long enough," and then, feeling that he sounded too commanding added, "This is the only month when we can go up the hill, if the rains start we shan't be able to get there. Full of leeches and such things. Ten months in the year it is raining up there."

So they went to the temple on Badri Hill known as the temple of Santana

Krishna and the blessing of the God was supposed invariably to confer fertility. It was supposed that Ambika would certainly give birth to a male child as a result of the blessing of the God. The base of the hill was to be reached by bus. The party consisted of Jagan and his wife, his father and mother. He felt touched by his father's solicitude in offering to climb the hill at his age. His mother looked extraordinarily pleased at reaching a solution at last for the barrenness of her daughter-in-law. She went on saying, "All good things only come with time. Otherwise, why would I not have thought of all this earlier, last year for instance?"

They reached the temple and there was some higgling with a woman coconut-seller over the price of coconuts which were to be offered to the God. Jagan's father said, "Yes, yes, it was written in the Vedas ten thousand years ago that you must be exploited on this spot of earth by this particular coconut woman, True." Glaring at his son and daughter-in-law sitting on another boulder hinting that if only people displayed normal fecundity, one would not have to buy coconuts at an exorbitant price. Jagan squirmed at the look his father gave him and felt more important than ever, and Ambika at whom he glanced, looked more defiant than ever, ready to bring out the group photo to prove her fertility.

But for the fact that he was a coward, Jagan would have asked his parents. "Haven't you enough grand children? Why do you want more? Why don't you leave me alone?" Meanwhile the woman was saying, "Don't grudge a little extra expense, the grandson will bring you a lot of good fortune when he arrives?" At which the old gentlemen softened and asked, "How are you sure it'll be a son, not a daughter?" "No one who prays at that temple is ever disappointed with a daughter." The woman's prophecy was fulfilled and Mali was born. The birth was duly celebrated, a grand feast was given and Ambika's father came with a lot of presentations. Everything was done strictly in the traditional manner, with due rejoicing as was proper for the family.

Critical Comments :—Jagan is now an anguished soul, the conduct of his only son is unbearable to him, and so his thoughts turn naturally to the past. The entire chapter is in the form of retrospective narration and we get an account of Jagan's past through the sensations floating through his mind. The entire narration will do credit

to a “stream-of-consciousness” novelist. The only difference is that Narayan's narration is by and large chronological. We are told of the choice of a bride for Jagan, his marriage and married life, the various irritations from time to time which seemed so important to the boyish and inexperienced Jagan, of Ambika's supposed infertility and her high temper, of Jagan's attempts at passing his examinations, his cowardly nature, of their visit to the temple of Santana Krishna and of the birth of Mali as a result of the blessing of the God. We thus get a peep into Jagan's past and early life and the narration is frequently enlivened by the inimitable humour of Narayan. And all this retrospective narration has been done in a chronological manner so that there is no incoherence or confusion. It might be Jagan's stream-of-consciousness but it is remarkable for its clarity and straight-forward progression.

It is only in this chapter that we get a pen-portrait of Jagan's wife, of her relatives and of Jagan's love for her. The character of his parents also has been developed in this chapter.

L) CHAPTER-THIRTEEN

SUMMARY

Brooding on the past, Jagan fell asleep at the foot of the state of Lawley. When he woke up it was already morning. He hurried to his house, tied his charkha and a few other things he was likely to need in a bundle and came out of the house. He had decided to renounce the world. He was already sixty and he decided to pass the remaining part of his days in the retreat shown to him by the white-bearded man. Mali had a long time to live and he could live comfortably in the house. The entire house would henceforth belong to him. But he still carried the key of the back-door with him. He thought of leaving it with his elder brother in Vinayak Street. But then he thought that perhaps he would not like him to enter the house lest it should get polluted. So he decided to carry the key with him.

As he went towards the bus-stand, he met the cousin on the way. He was riding wildly on his bicycle. He was searching for him and seeing him at once came to him. He was in a hurry. Mali had been arrested and had passed the night in a jail, for half a bottle of alcohol had been found in his car. Jagan must come to the lawyer

at once so that a bail could be arranged for Mali that very day. But Jagan refused to do so. He was of the view that some time in jail would be good for him. But he was still worried about the comforts of Mali till the cousin assured him, "They'll treat him specially. I know the District Collector and so we can get things done. I got the news at six o'clock. I was returning from the house of the Superintending Engineer, where I had gone to fix up a home tutor for their son. At the turning near the General Post office, an orderly from the Superintendent's house gave me the news. The green car was halted at the Mempi Outpost where they generally check for prohibition offences, as they find a lot of illicit distilling and traffic in the jungles high up. A policeman seems to have stopped Mali's car and found hidden in it half a bottle of some alcoholic drink and you know how it is. The police immediately seized the car, sealed the bottle before witnesses and have charged the inmates of the car under the Prohibition Act."

His cousin further informed Jagan that there were Mali's two friends also sitting in the car and that the police had driven the car to the police station where it would be kept till the case was finished. Jagan sat up, shut his eyes and remained silent, his lips moving in a prayer. "I I didn't know the boy drank," he said, coming on a fresh discovery about his son. "One doesn't have to drink to be caught by the Prohibition. It is enough if one's breath smells of alcohol. There are some fever mixtures which have an alcoholic flavour. A doctor has to certify that he had administered two doses of a fever mixture earlier in the day, that's all," said the cousin. Jagan said, "Who would that doctor be?" Then the cousin cried impatiently and asked Jagan not to waste time and suggested that they should consult a lawyer who would manage all that.

Jagan still stuck to his decision of renouncing the world and going to the retreat. He said, "I am going to watch a Goddess come out of a stone. If I don't like the place, I will go away somewhere else. I am a free man. I've never felt more determined in my life. I'm happy to have met you now, but I'd have gone away in any case. Everything can go on with or without me. The world doesn't collapse even when a great figure is assassinated or dies of heart failure. Think that my heart has failed, that's all."

He gave the cousin a bunch of keys and said, “Open the shop at the usual hour and run it. Mali will take charge of it eventually. Keep Sivaraman and the rest happy, don't throw them out. You can always come over to the retreat if there is anything urgent, or to render an account. I'll tell you what to do. At the market gate buses leave for Mempi every four hours starting from eight-thirty in the morning. You are a busy man, but please help me now.”

He gave the cousin, a cheque for two thousand rupees and promised to give more if it was needed. He then asked for Grace and was told that she had got a job in a women's hostel. His last words to the cousin were, “If you meet her tell her that if she ever wants to go back to her country, I will buy her a ticket. It's a duty we owe her. She was a good girl.

Critical Comments :—Thus ends the story of Jagan, the vendor of sweets. At the end he is a tortured soul, because his son is leading a sinful life and his house is polluted. All his money is of no good to him. He can find some comfort only through a withdrawal from the world. He went to pass the rest of his days in the retreat which had been shown to him by the white-bearded man. While the cousin considers him to be a sorcerer, he has been Jagan's messiah, for spiritual calm is possible only in a ‘retreat’ and not in worldly materialistic life. Gandhian philosophy holds true even in this respect. It is as if Jagan is going to a Gandhi Ashram. Both the teaching of the Hindu scriptures and Gandhi are one in this respect.

However, it will have to be admitted, as a number of critics have pointed out, the end is ambiguous. We do not know what happened to Jagan, whether he cultivated greater detachment or the pull of the world was too much for him. And how did Mali and Grace fare now that he was not there to guide their destiny ?

3.4 LET US SUM UP

1. One morning, Mali flatly told Jagan that he would study no more.
2. Jagan then consulted a cousin who was a daily visitor to his shop.
3. Mali wanted to write novels.
4. He decided to give up his studies.

5. Jagan decided to support his son.

3.5 SELF CHECK EXERCISE

1. What did Jagan request his cousin ?
2. Jagan said that he had spent the best of his student years in prison.(T/F)
3. What did the cousin find out ?
4. Jagan told everybody that Mali would get_____for his first novel.

3.6 ANSWER KEY

1. Jagan requested his cousin to talk to Mali, his son.
2. True
3. The cousin found out that Mali wanted to write novels.
4. twenty-five thousand rupees.

3.7 GLOSSARY

1. Slamming—shutting something forcefully and loudly
2. Relieved—feeling or showing relief
3. Panic—a sudden feeling of great fear
4. Surging—increasing suddenly and intensely
5. Bemusedly—confusingly
6. Retreated—moved back or withdraw when faced with danger.
7. Appalled—feeling or showing horror or disgust.
8. Vaguely—in a way one cannot specify
9. Adverse—not favourable
10. Crushed—made something full of small folds or creases
11. Restrained—calm, not showing a motion
12. Beef—the flesh of a cow
13. Pork—the flesh of a pig eaten as food.

R.K. NARAYAN

STRUCTURE

- 4.1 Introduction**
- 4.2 Objectives**
- 4.3 Brief Story of the Novel**
- 4.4 Characters**
- 4.5 Let Us Sum Up**
- 4.6 Self-Check Exercise**
- 4.7 Answer Key**
- 4.8 Glossary**
- 4.9 Suggested Readings**

4.1 INTRODUCTION

R.K. Narayan is a comic story writer. His novels have a lot to entertain the readers. He points out the little ironies of life in his writings. R.K. Narayan is a great story teller. His novel follows the Indian tradition of story telling where plots are simple and presented in a straight forward narrative having the beginning and the middle followed by the ending.

4.2 OBJECTIVES

The objectives of this lesson are :

- (a) to understand the characters in the novel.
- (b) to know more about the major and minor characters in the novel.

4.3 BRIEF STORY OF THE NOVEL

R.K Narayan depicted a class of affections. Jaggar was a vender of sweets. His cousin used to visit his shop regularly. He would test his sweets and suggests improvements. His wife Ambika died long back. He lived with his son, Mali. When Jagan was young, he was married to Ambika. Ambika was girl with whom he had fallen in love at first sight. He would run away from college and spend most of his time with Ambika. After his marriage with Ambika, his mother would always harass his wife. She often taunted Ambika for not wearing gold waist band in dowry. Ambika did not bear any child even though ten years had passed after their marriage. Jagan's father once took Jagan and Ambika to the temple of Santana Krishna for blessings. God listened to their prayer and Mali was born. Jagan was an advocate of nature cure. He had given his book on nature cure+. Natraj for publication. He wanted to cure his wife 'Ambika's survive headache by nature cure. Later on, a tumour in her brain was detected Ambika could not survive long. Jagan's son Mali thought that his mother died on account of his father's nature cure. This was the beginning of conflict between father and son. This resulted in a wide gap between the two. Jagan loved his son madly. Mali would sometime take undue advantage of his over indulgence. Jagan's mother and sister thought that Jagan's mad love was spoiling Mali. Jagan had specialized some new items of sweets. His daily income increased. He saved money from income tax also. Jagan was a staunch follower of Gandhiji. He also read the Bhagwad Gita only. He took part in the freedom movement of the country. He being a Gandhian used to spin. He wore the shoes made of the skin of animal who had died of natural death. He brushed his teeth with twigs of Neem. He cooked his food himself.

One day Mali declared that he would study no longer. He would take part in story writing competition one day Mali declared that he would not study any longer and was planning to go to America. He took ten thousand rupees from Jagan's savings. Jagan was not angry in fact he was proud of his son's courage. Finally Mali went to America and Jagan's reading of Bhagwad Gita was replaced by reading airmail letter sent by Mali things became confused and even more complicated when Mali returned home with a half Korean-half-American girl named Grace. He introduced Grace as his wife and his concocted tale was set to get two lakhs of rupees

for the purpose of manufacturing a story writing machine in collaboration with an American company, Jagan was very upset at this scenario. He planned to get Mali and Grace married in a temple. People in the village started having complaints regarding reduction in the prices affecting the earning of other shopkeepers.

In the delegation, there was Chinna Dorai, He was a sculptor turned hair-dyer. He guided Jagan to the retreat where he could find shelter and peace. One day the cousin told Jagan Mali was arrested for keeping illegal wine. He requested Jagan to accompany him but he refused. He decided to renounce the world and had nothing with the worldly things. He authorized the cousin to do what ever he liked. He ultimately felt that he could not bear any more and was going to a secluded place, where he could get peace. He gave the cousin a bunch of keys and told him to open the shop as usual till Mali took over its charge. Jagan, now has schematically changed. The cousin replied that her friend had found a job for her in women's hotel. Jagan was even kind enough to send Grace back in case she decided to. He was very kind and dutiful towards her.

4.4 CHARACTERS

MAJOR CHARACTERS

1. Character-sketch of Jagan :-

Jagan or Jagannath is the vendor or seller of sweets. He has his sweets shop in Market Road, a crowded locality of Malgudi and does brisk business. He is the central figure in the novel and the entire action and the other characters are looked at through his eyes, and his point of view is always stressed, but he is an “**unheroic hero**” a passive character, one who suffers and endures, rather than a man who causes suffering to others. He does not act, but is acted upon.

Jagan is a sweets-seller, a Gandhi believer, and a devout Hindu who reads Bhagavad Gita everyday and is also well-versed in other Hindu scriptures. Thus, he is a multi-faceted man, a combination of three in one. He is a widower about fifty-five years of age. He has an impressive physical personality. At fifty-five his appearance was slight and selfish, his brown skin was translucent, his brow receded gently into a walnut shade of baldness, and beyond the fringe his hair fell in a

couple of speckled waves on his nape. His chin was covered with whitening bristles as he shaved only at certain intervals feeling that to view oneself daily in a mirror was an intolerable European habit. He wore a loose jibba over his dhoti, both made of material spun with his own hands.

Everyday he spun for an hour, retained enough yarn for his sartorial requirements and delivered all the excess in neat bundles to the local handloom committee in exchange for cash. Although the cash he thus earned was less than five rupees a month, he felt a sentimental thrill in receiving it, as he had begun the habit when Gandhi visited the town over twenty years ago, and he had been commended for it. He wore a narrow almond-shaped pair of glasses set in a yellowish frame and peeped at the world over their pale rims. He draped his shoulders in a khaddar shawl with gaudy yellow patterns on it and shod his feet with thick sandals made out of the leather of an animal which had died of old age.

He has imbibed fully the teachings of Gandhi and follows them in his daily life. Thus he considers it a sin to kill cattle to make a footwear out of the skin and so goes out of his way to get hides of cattle who have died a natural death. He used to say, "I do not like to think that a living creature should have its throat cut for the comfort of my feet," and this occasionally involved him in excursions to remote villages where a cow or calf was reported to be dying. When he secured the hide he soaked it in some solution and then turned it over to an old cobbler he knew, who had his little repair shop under a tree at the Albert Mission Compound. When his son was six years old he was a happy supporter of Jagan's tanning activities in the back verandah of the house, but as he grew older he began to complain of the stench whenever his father brought home leather. Jagan's wife proved even less tolerant, shutting herself in a room and refusing to come out until the tanning had ended. Since it was a prolonged process, carried on over several days, one can understand the dislocation into which the household was thrown whenever Jagan attempted to renew his footwear.

It was a difficult and hazardous operation. The presence of the leather at home threatened to blast his domestic life, he had to preserve it, in the early stages of tanning, out of his wife's reach in the fuel shed, where there was danger of rats nibbling it. When she lay dying, she summoned Jagan to come close to her and mumbled something. He could not make out her words, but was harrowed by the thought that probably she was

saying, “Throw away the leather.” In deference to what was possibly her last wish, he did give to the Christian mission the last bit of leather at home and felt happy that he was enabling someone else to take to non-violent footwear. Afterwards, he just trusted the cobbler at the Albert Mission to supply him his rather complicated footwear.

It is from Gandhi - and also from the Gita - that Jagan has learned the value and significance of a simple life. He has acquired bits-and-bobs of Gandhian philosophy, which are ever at the tips of his fingers. A cousin - who is a cousin to all the town - comes to his shop every afternoon, and the novel opens dramatically with his words to his cousin, “Conquer taste, and you will have conquered the self.” His listener asked, “Why conquer the self?” Jagan said, “I do not know, but all our sages advise us so.” This is followed by another dialogue which throws light on Jagan’s Gandhian principles.

Jagan had his seat or gaddi in the centre of the shop and sitting there all the day, he could supervise the work going on in the kitchen where four cooks worked and at the counter where a boy sold sweets and a chowkidar called ‘Captain’ kept watch and maintained law and order. Sitting on his Gaddi, on one side he could hear, see and smell whatever was happening in the kitchen, whence a constant traffic of trays laden with colourful sweetmeats passed on to the front counter. As long as the frying and sizzling noise in the kitchen continued and the trays passed, Jagan noticed nothing, his gaze unflinchingly fixed on the Sanskrit lines in a red-bound copy of the Bhagvad Gita, but if there was the slightest pause in the sizzling, he cried out, without lifting his eyes from the sacred text. “What is happening?” The head cook would give a routine reply “Nothing” and that would quieten Jagan’s mind and enable it to return to the Lord’s sayings until again some slackness was noticed at the front stall and he would shout, “Captain, that little girl in the yellow skirt, ask her what she wants. She has been standing there so long”. His shout would alert the counter attendant as well as the watchman at the door, an ex-army man in khakhi who had a tendency to doze off on his deal-wood seat. Sometimes, Jagan would cry, “Captain, that beggar should not be seen here except on Fridays. This is not a charity home.”

This went on all day. At six in the evening it was time for counting the cash, giving orders for the next day and then closing the shop and going home. The surroundings were hushed when the master counted his earnings for the day. Although the boy at the

front stall received all the cash, he was not supposed to know the total. He just dropped every paisa he received into a long-necked bronze jug and brought it in at six o'clock, returned to his seat and brought in another installment in a smaller container at seven, when the shutters were drawn. Jagan would not count the cash yet but continued to read the Lord's sayings (Gita) without looking up; he was aware that the frying had stopped. When his staff left he put away his Gita and pulled out his table drawer, which was padded with a folded towel in order to muffle the sound of coins being emptied from the bronze jug. His fingers quickly sorted out the denominations, the fives, tens and quarters, with a flourish, his eyes swept the collection at a glance and arrived at the final count within fifteen minutes. He made entry in a small note-book and more elaborate entries in a ledger which could be inspected by anyone. In his small notebook he entered only the cash that came in after six o'clock, out of the smaller jug. "This cash was an independent category, he viewed it as free cash, whatever that might mean, a sort of immaculate conception, self-generated, arising out of itself and entitled to survive without reference to any tax. It was converted into crisp currency at the earliest moment, tied into a bundle and put away in the loft at home."

Thus, Jagan did not hesitate to cheat the Income Tax Department. A large part of his daily income was never shown in the accounts meant for the tax people. However, Jagan sold "pure stuff" and he was proud of the fact that he did so. He would use not only pure desi ghee, but pure butter-ghee from cow's milk. This was his speciality and his sweets were popular for this very reason. He never used flavoured colour as others did and which could easily be obtained from Germany and other countries. This shows that he was a little honest but otherwise he was a money-minded and dishonest fellow.

Not only did Jagan sell sweets, he also pondered over national problems and matters of national importance. There was a parapet over a culvert at the junction of Market Road and Lawley Extension. This was the habitual haunt of a vagrant. At night, he would collect dining leaves and lick vegetables from them and eat the left-overs. This would set Jagan thinking on the problem of beggary. He considered such beggars to be a national disgrace.

Jagan was a loving and caring husband. Unfortunately, Ambika, his wife did not keep good health. She suffered from severe headaches. Jagan believed in Gandhian “Nature Cure” and used a twig of neem made into a brush each morning and it was most unwillingly that he gave an aspirin tablet to his wife to relieve her of headache. But her life could not be saved. It was a rare kind of brain-tumour, and it ultimately caused her death. Mali was too young at the time to understand the real cause of her death, and uncsciously felt that his father’s principles (Nature Cure) had killed her.

Jagan was a loving and caring father too. He loved Mali, cooked for him and was proud of the fine figure he cut among his friends as he would stand gossiping with his friends round the statue of Sir Lawley. He always talked to his father in short clipped sentences and they exchanged only a few short words each day. Their routine and timings were so different. Then Mali told him one day that he need not cook for him any longer. He would have his lunch at Ananda Bhavan Restaurant. Since that day Jagan placed his breakfast on the table and a five-rupee note beneath it for his lunch and other expenses. He was always worried if the ‘poor boy’ would eat well or not.

Jagan was a coward person. When he refused to give Mali the money he demanded, Mali told him frankly that Grace was not married to him at all and that she would be returning to America as there was no use of her staying in India. Jagan was horrified at the thought that his house had been polluted by those two people living in sin. Since the arrival of Grace, a Christian, he had been an outcast in his own family. His relatives had entirely cast him off. Now he was degraded in his own eyes. Any other father in his place would have reacted sharply and would have kicked off both Mali and Grace out of the house. But he did not have courage to do so. So, he decided to follow the path of non-violence, non-cooperation as taught by Gandhi, and the path of self-sacrifice or negation of self as taught by the Gita.

Jagan is not a hypocrite. He vanishes into retreat after enjoining the cousin to look after his business and periodically render accounts. He also gives him a cheque to

meet the expenses of arranging a bail for Mali. He is also ready to pay for the fare of Grace so that she can go back to America for, “she is a good girl.” Then he disappears into the retreat. Thus ends the story of Jagan, the vendor of sweets. He has entered Vanaprastha Ashram but not yet the fourth Ashram called Sanyas. Perhaps, this followed in due course.

2. Character-sketch of Mali :-

In the novels of R.K. Narayan, sons always cause intense pain and suffering to their loving fathers, and sometimes even ruin them. In the novel “**The Vendor of Sweets**,” Mali is also one such character. He is Jagan’s son who later ruins him. He is tall, well-built and handsome. He towers head and shoulders above his friends and companions as he stands gossiping with them near the statue of Sir Lawley. Jagan is an affectionate father, and he loves Mali and is proud of his imposing figure, Mali is intelligent, can talk fluently and he impresses others with his talk. He is convincing and persuasive, and Jagan is all praise for him for these qualities. He is the apple of his father’s eye. His mother died long ago, when he was just a child. Since then Jagan has been both mother and father to him. He has cooked for him, always done his best for him and tried to give him all that he wanted. Such love and affection, such pampering has spoiled him. He has grown to be willful and headstrong. He takes the love of his father and the services which he renders to him for granted, without giving him due respect and love in return.

Mali acts throughout without giving any heed to the sensibilities of his father. He disobeys him in every matter, and does whatever he thinks proper. The fact is that he suffered from a psychological trauma when his mother died in great pain of a rare type of brain tumour, for which no cure was possible. But somehow or the other, Mali felt that it were his father’s theories of “Nature Cure” which killed her. We know that Jagan loved his wife, he did not marry again but remained true to her memory. Mali was too young when his mother died and he could not understand the real reason of her death. Henceforth, he spoke to his father in short clipped sentences, never opened out his heart to him and thus caused him much pain and suffering. Jagan continued to serve him and love him despite all this.

Mali has a flickering mind. He intends to write but does not know exactly what he wanted to write. He was not sure whether he wanted to write poetry, short story or novel. Although later he proved to be a failure. Then he decided to go to America as he thought it was the only country in the world where they taught the art of novel writing. Jagan was shocked to know that he had already got the money he needed for the purpose, for he knew where to find the money in the house for the purpose. This shows that he was a carefree person. He goes to the extent of stealing money from the loft in the house where his father, Jagan used to conceal his unaccounted money.

He is not at all an emotional person. He lives with Grace for sometime without getting married and when he doesn't feel like staying with her anymore, he tells her that she can go back if she wants. He is a totally insensitive person. He doesn't care at all for Grace and ultimately she takes up a job to support herself.

Ultimately, in order to teach Mali a lesson, Jagan decides to enter **Vanaprastha Ashram**. There is a 'retreat' on the other side of the river in a garden with a pond. He decides to go and live there carrying with him his charkha and cheque book. On the way, the cousin meets him and tells him that Mali is in jail for carrying half-a-bottle of wine, and bail for him has to be arranged. Jagan gives him a cheque to meet the necessary expenses, though he thinks that a doze of prison life would do Mali good. He had been most ungrateful and stone-hearted to his fond father and now his sins are coming home to roost. Wickedness and crooked practices do not thrive for any length of time, good is ultimately victorious and normality is ever restored after a temporary disequilibrium. The end of the novel is ambiguous and we can only hope that Mali, must have learnt a lesson or at least he should have realized his mistakes.

MINOR CHARACTERS

1. Character-sketch of Grace :-

Grace is the half-Korean and half-American person whom Mali brings with him from America. She is charming but we do not know much about her personality. Soon after her arrival, she herself tells Jagan about her past. She is an innocent girl who is very much in love with Mali and comes all the way from America to live with him. She has great respect and regard for Jagan, Mali's father.

Grace is a good girl, better than many daughters-in-law. She takes to domestic ways, and does domestic work with great pleasure. She does not complain or feel any difficulty. One day she comes silently into Jagan's part of the house and began putting it in order. He is not used to being helped and felt uneasy while his roll of mat was shaken and put away, and his pillow of hard cotton patted. She washed the vessels in his kitchen and arranged them neatly on a shelf. His protests went unheeded. She clutched the broom and raked every corner of the floor saying, "Father, you think I mind it? I don't ; I must not forget that I'm an Indian daughter-in-law." Moreover, she also learns to wear saree.

Grace certainly seems to be a good girl, but was she so in reality or was she merely in league with Mali, coaxing and flattering Jagan as they wanted to extort a huge sum of money from him? In Narayan's novels, usually the hero falls from grace and is driven to a near tragic end by the arrival of some foreigner in Malgudi. Grace is such a foreigner. Though she is not the cause of Jagan's troubles, she certainly magnifies them through being in league with Mali. Both Grace and Mali want Jagan to give them over two lakh rupees to establish a factory for the manufacture of a novel-writing machine with their American collaborators. Jagan refuses to do so and then Mali begins to talk of her going back to America as there is nothing else for her to do in India. They expect Jagan to pay for her ticket back to America.

The dreams of both Jagan and Mali are shattered and Grace acts as a catalytic agent. She was the ruin of both; neither could enjoy the fruits of a flourishing business established after such shrewd hard work over a long period of time. One has to run away and the other lands in jail.

2. Character-sketch of Ambika :

Ambika or Amba, Jagan's wife, is a weak and shadowy figure who does never make a personal appearance in the novel. From the very beginning of the novel, we are told again and again that when alive she always suffered from acute headache and constantly had to take aspirin to relieve her suffering. But we are never introduced to her. She dies of a strange unusual kind of brain tumour, when Mali is just a child. Mali was too young at that time to understand the true nature of the disease which killed her. So her death creates a barrier between the father and the son, and henceforth Mali

always spoke to his father in short clipped sentences and on the whole avoided him.

Whatever little we know of her has been told to us in a flashback in chapter twelve of the novel. We know from this chapter of the fanfare and the traditional customs and ceremonies with which their wedding was solemnised. When Jagan first saw her, “She had a thick wad of wary hair, plaited and decorated with flowers, and many pieces of jewellery sparkled on her person. She wore a light green sari which suited her complexion”.

She used to play harmonium. She had an enchanting smile, voice and laugh, and she spoke to him (Jagan) with shy reserve whenever he was able to corner her and snatch a little privacy in the house, which was crowded every inch with guests and visitors. Jagan now passed most of his time with her in the bedroom, failed again and again in his examination, and became a standing joke in the family.

Ambika had no issue for ten years. After a long wait of ten years they went on pilgrimage to the temple of Santana Krishna and it was with the blessing of the God that Mali was born. Ambika was a proud sensitive girl and when hurt she could hold her own. She was certainly not a coward. She could always refute the charge of barrenness by showing them a family photograph which hung on the walls of both the houses and which showed that in her family there were over 100 members. How could she be barren then? She would do the household chores, but enough was enough, and she would reply back when the taunts of her mother-in-law were beyond her endurance. She was a perfect wife to Jagan. Despite being illiterate, she used to encourage her husband to study more and more.

3. Character-sketch of the cousin :-

‘The Cousin’ has been given no name. He is everyman, the representative of common humanity. He is of here, there and of everywhere. Everyone calls him ‘cousin’ except Mali who calls him ‘**uncle**’. He has no profession, nothing to do to earn his livelihood. He is welcome in every home and everywhere he goes. He is welcome in the house of the District Magistrate, the S.S.P. the Seth of the Ananda Bhavan Restaurant among others. He is welcome at Jagan’s sweets mart which he visits every afternoon.

He is a man about town, who is a kind of advisor and liaison man and who by being a patient listener, provides an appropriate outlet for Jagan's outpowering. In return, he gets a free access to Jagan's parlour where he can taste the various sweets to his heart's content, functioning in the process as a sort of quality-control man suggesting what sort of improvements might be made to make the sweets still more delicious and mouth-watering. Like the Greek chorus, he comments on character and action and provides information so as to what has happened off the stage.

He sometimes passes ironic comments to Jagan revealing his hypocrisy and double-standards. Service is the motto of the cousin, he serves all who need his help, but he is of particular help to Jagan. Jagan seeks his services whenever he is in trouble and needs help. Jagan is shocked when one fine morning his twenty year old son Mali declares that he can't study any more. Through his cousin Jagan learns that Mali has set his heart on becoming a writer. The cousin is very close to Mali and used to tell him everything.

The cousin is also the carrier of news which could not have reached Jagan otherwise. Thus when Jagan reduces the price of his sweets to teach Mali a lesson, it is the 'cousin' who tells him about the other vendors of sweets. Thus he sees things in a new light and it is the cousin who enables him to do so. The cousin also tells him of the strange doings of his son, of the company he keeps, why he goes to such a distant place as Vinayak Street, that he has purchased an old model of a green car in which he drives about in the company of his friends. He also informs him of what the people say about Mali and Grace about a Christian having polluted his house.

Jagan has full faith in his cousin and he serves him upto the last. He is Jagan's saviour who takes each and every responsibility on himself when Jagan decides to enter the retreat. He also agrees to look after Jagan's business in his absence.

4.5 LET US SUM UP

1. Brooding over the past, Jagan fell asleep.

2. He packed his things in a bundle and left his house.
3. He met the cousin on the way.
4. He told Jagan that Mali had been arrested.
5. He gave a cheque of two thousand rupees to the cousin to engage a lawyer for Mali.

4.6 SELF-CHECK EXERCISE

1. What was Jagan's age?
2. The cousin was riding on his _____.
3. Why was Mali arrested?
4. Jagan stuck to his decision of renouncing the world. (T/F)
5. Give the meaning of word : 'Immaculate'

4.7 ANSWER-KEY

1. Sixty years.
2. bicycle.
3. Because the police had found a half bottle of some alcoholic drink hidden in Mali's car.
4. True.
5. Clean and tidy

4.8 GLOSSARY

1. Culvert—a drain that passes under a road
2. Sinister—suggesting evil
3. Entangled—caught in something
4. Lore—the knowledge and traditions relating to something or possessed by a particular group of people.

5. Choked—upset, angry
6. Grabbed—took roughly or rudely
7. Steak—a thick flat piece of meat especially beef.
8. Slaughter—to kill
9. Corded—wired
10. Muttering—words spoken in a low voice
11. Awful—terrible
12. Overwhelmed—had a very strong emotional effect on somebody.
13. Shield—to protect something by forming a barrier.
14. Honorific—indicating respect for the person being addressed.
15. Indiscreet—too open in what one says or does.
16. Peeped—looked quickly and secretly at something.
17. Gazed—looked long and steadily at somebody or something
18. Cooed—made the soft cry that a dove or pigeon makes
19. Rigging—the arrangement of ropes etc. that support a ship's masts, sails, sails etc.
20. Scrubbed—cleaned something thoroughly by rubbing it hard.
21. Bewilderment—the state of being bewildered or confused.
22. Dietary—relating to diet
23. Weary—tired
24. Casket—a small usually decorated box for holding valuable things
25. Polaroid—a thin transparent film put on sun-glasses, car-windows etc. to reduce brightness.
26. Hamper—to restrict
27. Strolled—walked in a slow casual way.

28. Rabble—a disorderly group of people.
29. Clutched—seized something eagerly.
30. Mumbled—spoke or said something in a low voice
31. Hued—coloured
32. Drudgery—hard boring work
33. Imparted—gave a quality to something
34. Fumbled—failed to hold or catch something properly.
35. Clumsy—awkward
36. Dread—great fear of something that may happen in the future.
37. Hugged—to put one's arms round somebody rightly to show love.
38. Emanated—came or flowed from something.
39. Hermetically—closed tightly so that no air can escape or enter.
40. Shudder—to shake with fear, cold etc.

4.9 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. The Vendor of Sweets — R. K. Narayan.
2. R. K. Narayan and His Social Perspective — S. R. Ramteke.

R.K. NARAYAN

STRUCTURE

- 5.1 Introduction**
- 5.2 Objectives**
- 5.3 Examination Oriented Questions**
- 5.4 Let Us Sum Up**
- 5.5 Self Check Exercise**
- 5.6 Answer Key**
- 5.7 Glossary**
- 5.8 Suggested Readings**

5.1 INTRODUCTION

R.K. Narayan's *The Vendor of Sweets* is a novel of generation gap. Writings were inspired and coloured with Hindu ideals. A number of his novels are based on the stories of the Puranas and Hindu scriptures. R.K. Narayan believes that there should be a self-respecting compromise between the two, The Indian Culture and The Western Culture.

5.2 OBJECTIVES

The objectives of this lesson are :—

- (a) to help the students in preparing important questions – answers for their examination.
- (b) to analyze critically the novel 'The Vendor of Sweets'.

5.3 EXAMINATION ORIENTED QUESTIONS

Q.1. Justify that the title of the novel ‘The Vendor of Sweets’ is suitable and appropriate ?

Ans. The title of a literary piece of composition should be apt and suggestive. The title should indicate the theme of the novel and it applies to this novel. The title of the present novel consists of two main words - ‘Vendor’ meaning ‘seller’ and ‘sweets’ meaning ‘sweetmeats’. It is Jagan who is the seller of sweets. He has his sweets mart or sweets shop in the Market Road, a crowded locality of Malgudi. The novel opens in a dramatic manner with his words to the ‘cousin’ : “Conquer taste and you conquer the self” and it ends with his going to the ‘retreat’ across the river in a garden with a pond in it. Thus the entire novel from the beginning to the end is concerned with Jagan, the seller or vendor of sweets.

Jagan is a shrewd man and he knows how to make the maximum profit out of the sweets he sells. His organization and management of his sweets business is perfect. He goes to his shop at right time early in the morning and remains there till 7.30 p.m. when it is dark and day’s business in Malgudi comes to an end.

He has his seat or gaddi at a central place in the shop, from where he can keep a watch on the four cooks working in the kitchen and the boy at the front who sells the sweets. If the sound of sizzling or cooking in the kitchen, ceases even for a moment he would loudly ask as to what the matter was. At once the sound would re-commence and Jagan would be at ease once again. Whenever there is noise in the front he would shout to the captain or the watchman to scare away the school boys who frequently collect in front of the shop. This shouting keeps the ‘captain’ and the boy at the counter alert and duty conscious.

“On one side he could hear, see, and smell whatever was happening in the kitchen whence a constant traffic of trays laden with colourful sweetmeats passed on to the front counter. As long as the frying and sizzling noise in the kitchen continued and the trays passed, Jagan noticed nothing, his gaze unflinchingly fixed on the Sanskrit lines in a red bound copy of the Bhagvad Gita, but if there was the slightest pause in the sizzling he cried out, without lifting his eyes from the sacred text, “What is happening?” This has been his life-long routine and he has made a lot of money by selling his sweets,

pure stuff as he calls them, for he uses not only pure desi ghee but butter made of cow's milk. None has ever been able to compete with him. At sixty, he is still in full control of his business and his faculties and sensibilities are still acute as ever. He has the reputation of being a shrewd man and even when he drastically reduces the prices of his sweets others think that he has something up his sleeves.

He is careful to count the money obtained from the sales of the sweets each day in the evening, and he does so with great secrecy so that none may get wind of the cash that he has with him each evening. The surroundings were hushed when the master counted his earnings for the day. Although the boy at the front stall received all the cash, he was supposed to know the total. He just dropped every paisa he received into a long-necked bronze jug and brought it in at six o'clock, returned to his seat and brought in another instalment in a smaller container at seven when the shutters were drawn. Jagan would not count the cash yet but continued to read the Lord's sayings (Gita).

When his staff left he put away his scripture book and pulled out his table drawer, which was padded with a folded towel in order to muffle the sound of coins being emptied from the bronze jug. His fingers quickly sorted out the denominations, the fives, tens, and quarters, with a flourish over a keyboard, his eyes swept the collection at a glance and arrived at the final total within fifteen minutes. He made an entry in a small notebook, and then more elaborate entries in a ledger which could be inspected by anyone. In his small notebook he entered only the cash that came in after six o'clock out of the smaller jug. This cash was in an independent category; he viewed it as free cash, whatever that might mean, a sort of immaculate conception, self-generated, arising out of itself and entitled to survive without reference to any tax. It was converted into crisp currency at the earliest moment, tied into a bundle and put away in the loft at home.

Before leaving for home he would take stock of the left-overs. **Mysore Pak** (the name of a sweet) could be sold the next day and so it did not matter if a part of it was left over. If jalabies were left unsold, Jagan knew that they could not be sold the next day and it was a sheer waste. But he also knew that it could not be helped. He would then see that all the windows were properly closed, and ask the head cook what it was possible to do with the left overs. He would feel much pleased when he was told

that the left overs would be turned into pulp and a new sweet would be made out of it. This he thought was possible for after all, “everything consists of flour, sugar and flavour.” Then he would leave for home after warning the captain to be watchful.

Such is Jagan, the vendor of sweets, and such are his business methods. His business continues to flourish till his conflict with his son Mali forces him to drastically reduce the price of his sweets. The novel ends with his leaving his sweets mart to be managed by his cousin. We get a last glimpse of the vendor of sweets as he goes to his chosen ‘retreat’ on the other side of the river.

Q.2. Discuss ‘The Vendor of Sweets’ as an allegory of Good and Evil.

Ans. An allegory is a technique of vision. It serves to convey abstract and mystic truths in an easy and popular way. For the common reader, the writer merely narrates an entertaining story, but for the more discerning reader the story carries a profound moral lesson. Thus the allegory is a literary composition with a hidden moral lesson. Medieval English literature is largely allegorical. Morality plays are all allegorical, depicting the conflict between the Good and the Evil for the possession of the human soul. **The Vendor of Sweets** is also an allegory, for not only does it narrate an interesting story, but it also represents conflict of the Good and the Evil, of the normal and the uncommon, for the possession of the human soul. These allegorical implications of the story become clear, if we compare and contrast the characters of Jagan, the unheroic-hero, and Mali, with the seed of Evil within him.

While Jagan is the unheroic hero, passive and tolerant, motivated by the teachings of Gandhi and the Hindu scriptures, Mali is possessed by the demon of Evil and this Evil within him compels Jagan to run away from his house and escape from worldly evils in retreat in a secluded garden on the other side of the river. First, Mali steals ten thousand rupees from the hardearned money of his father and then goes to America without his permission. He wastes the money there and then returns with Grace and demands over two lakh rupees for setting up a story-writing machine. He lives in sin with Grace, for he is not married to her and thus spoils the sanctity of a Hindu home.

Evil takes possession of Mali and uses him as a vehicle for fouling the sanctities of home and marriage, and even the sovereignty of the creative imagination. The machine that is offered as a substitute for the imagination is the last abomination of all, and

terribly attractive. It could be like the Toy Nightingale in Anderson's fairy tale. In the theatre of Jagan's mind, Mali's machine is pitted against the stone-mason's chisel that can release a Goddess from her imprisonment in stone. Just when Jagan needs a cure for the oppressive feeling induced in him by his son, there comes the bearded man, as if "from another planet", as though he needs Jagan's help. "Who really needed help and from whom?" There is almost an inner revolution in the sweet-vendor, something akin to a religious conversion.

Jagan begins a new life. The end of Mali's dreams to become the manufacturer and vendor of story-writing machines might well be the beginning of his career, after his return from prison, as vendor of sweets, carrying on his father's vocation; the termination of the series of repetitions performed for sixty years might prove for Jagan the start of a new life of study and contemplation in the quietude of the forest, and the death of the heavy amorphous stone might betoken the birth of the Goddess of Radiance and a new lease of life for the now abandoned temple. But not until Jagan sees the Goddess in the stone or at least sees her come out of the stone, will he acquire the ultimate courage to give up even his present discreet reliance on his cheque-book. Faith is asserted at the brink and like Narayan's heroes we too are left in ambiguities and uncertainties. And like Jagan who is expectantly watching the stone-breaker and image-maker at work, we too will have to hold ourselves in patience for Narayan's next novel in which, perhaps, he will at least be able to make his way through the ambiguities and uncertainties of his vision and craft and let the image of faith recognizably emerge.

No doubt Narayan seems to see the world as a mere balance of forces — wrong doers and policemen keeping one another properly engaged, light and shadow endlessly chasing each other, hope and failure forever playing a duel never to be concluded ; but the 'soul' of Narayan's fiction is not this delicately self-adjusted mechanism of ironic comedy, but rather the miracle of transcendence and the renewal of life, love, beauty and peace. Will faith descend into the darkened soul of Jagan and thus there would be a renewal of life and he would be free from the sickness of modern life? Would Mali mend his ways and the good that is latent in all of us would ultimately awake and drive out of the Demon of Evil? Would he begin to lead a normal life, take over the business of his father and get the benefit of his life-long experience? No clue to the answer of these questions has been provided by the novelist. We can only hope that

they would be worked out in the novels that he may still write and publish. However, the novelist has succeeded in driving home the moral truth that evil is self-destructive. It drives Mali to jail, and he may fall further. The novelist has told an interesting story but he has also conveyed deep moral and religious truths of perennial significance. However, Narayan's morality is not obtrusive, it can be acquired only by the discerning reader who can read between the lines. The novel is to be read on two levels.

Q.3. How does 'The Vendor of Sweets' reflect East-West tensions and conflicts?

Ans. The East-West theme figures prominently in Indian novels in English, particularly those written after independence. The English ruled over India and there were conflicts and tensions, for Indian patriotism and her pride in her own spiritual culture could not tolerate British domination. But R.K. Narayan does not believe with Kipling that the **"Twain can never meet"**; at least the message of his novels is the message of compromise. India must assimilate the best that is in the Western way of life, in Western science and technology. It is in this way that India will be transformed and modernised and the two will come together.

The most absorbing character of the novel is Jagan. He is no doubt the vendor of sweets of the title, but he is also a devout Hindu, a thorough-going nationalist and a staunch Gandhian philosopher. He is an Indian through and through and as such he is suspicious of western ways and habits. He spins his charkha everyday, believes in nature cure through natural diet, and had his skull cracked during the Satyagraha movement of Gandhi. Since then he has believed in non-violent, non-cooperation or passive resistance of Gandhi. Also he believes in Nature cure, he did not allow his wife to take aspirin and Mali, too young at the time, always thought that his father had killed his mother, though actually she died of a rare kind of tumour for which there was no cure. Since then there was a barrier between the father and the son and Mali always spoke to his father in short clipped sentences and generally avoided him.

Then he refused to go to his college, went instead to America to learn novel-writing which could be learned only in America and returned home from there with his American-Korean wife, Grace, who, it later came to light, was not married to him. The story had its origin in a law suit in actual life brought by a wasteful son against his indulgent father, a sweetmeat vendor to get more money from him. Narayan dilated at

some length to his friend, Mr. Sharda Prasad, on the possibilities of the story. But the novel, as it turned out, is concerned more with character than with plot. It thereby gives the lie factually to Narayan's statement regarding how his novels arose, but emphasises the truth of its basis - viz, that to Narayan the important thing in a novel is not the story but a character who comes alive and holds the interest of the author and the reader by oddity and eccentricity.

Between Jagan and Mali, there are further complications. One is a devout and staunch nationalist, the other is thoroughly westernized. He eats beef and demands over two lakh rupees from his father to set up a factory for the manufacture of a novel-writing machine. A Westerner would ask, "why does not the old man simply kick his westernized and disobedient son out and lock the door, when he is so sinful and wicked?" But Jagan is a Hindu father and a Gandhi an follower and so he adopts the way not of confrontation but of passive - resistance in dealing with him. Jagan's reading of the Gita, his preaching of non-attachment, his abhorrence of violence are not mere pretence and empty words. Vanaprasth Ashrama, going into the forest at the appropriate time never to return, and sanyas, cutting all connection with his wife also, are not merely phrases in old books but concepts which a few people in India act on even today.

When Jagan finds that it is his wealth which is the root of all evil and has led Mali into his wicked ways he decides at once to go to the root and give it up with a ruthlessness worthy of his master Gandhi. He orders that the price of the sweets shall be reduced to a fourth so that there will be no further making of money in his shop. This leads to a rush on the shop, the sweets are sold out in no time at all, there is panic among his competitors, and they wait on him in a deputation to see if this quixotic action cannot be checked. Only when Jagan is told that some of the sweets might have been bought by the other sweet-vendors at the new absurd price to be sold by them in their own shops at the usual rates does it occur to him that his action may have other and less desirable consequences than the ones he had intended.

The discovery that his son and his American-Korean companion, Grace are not really married came to Jagan as a shock. His house had become contaminated, a moral plague spot; and since it is not in his nature to burn it down, he must do the next best thing - run away from it Chinna Dorai, the sculptor turned hair - dyer helps him to do this. There is peace waiting for him, on the other side of the river among brambles

and bushes, snakes and monkeys. All he has to do is to shake the city dust off his feet, take his charkha and go there.

Grace, of course, is a foreigner but she tries to learn the ways of a Hindu family and perform the duties expected from a Hindu daughter-in-law. So daily, she sweeps, dusts and cleans the part of the house in which Jagan lives. She does live in sin with Mali. It also appears that she had come to India with the purpose of setting up a factory for making story writing and so the two were in league. They proposed to rob the old man of his hard-earned money. This was the lure which had brought Mali to India. So it is difficult to agree with Jagan that Grace was a good girl. When Jagan refuses to cough out the money, she is left with no other option but to return to America, or take up petty jobs in India and continue to live in sin either with Mali or with someone else.

The charkha, the swdeshi, and Jagan's retreat are symbolic of India and the East. The telephone, the novel - writing machine and the type-writer and the beef - eating Mali, symbolise the West. In between stands Grace. Grace has her faults but we also feel that with a little love and affection, with a little solicitude and considerate behaviour she would have become a 'good girl' Jagan imagines her to be. This is the only way in which the East and the West can come together. An understanding heart is needed to overcome current tensions and conflicts.

Q.4. "The structure of the novel is circular, we end where we begin?" Justify the statement with reference to the novel 'The Vendor of Sweets'.

OR

Discuss the theme of the novel.

Ans. In Narayan's novels, the usual order of life i.e. the normalcy is disturbed by the arrival of an outsider into the sheltered world of Malgudi or by some flight or uprooting, but in the end there is always a return, a renewal and a restoration of normalcy. The normal order is disturbed only temporarily and by the end, we see the usual order established once again and life going on as usual for all practical purposes. Narayan perceives an elaborate system of checks and balances operating in the universe, but in the end it is not the Absurd or the Eccentric that is enthroned but it is the Moral order

which is restored and established. This theme can be easily studied through a brief consideration of his novels.

In the present novel, normalcy is disturbed by Mali's return from America with Grace and with his head full of novel-writing machines which he claims are used in America to manufacture novels. He lives in sin in Jagan's house which is intolerable to him. Jagan refuses to give two lakh rupees to him for setting up a factory for the manufacture of the novel-writing machine. It is a shock to Jagan and he can no longer carry on the usual routine of his life. He cannot endure the idea of first his house having been polluted and secondly that he is to be robbed of the balance of his hard-earned money.

Jagan has his faults, but he is a typical Malgudian living in a static society where even a little disturbance of the even and placid tenor of everyday life is intolerable. Mali is the very opposite of his father and so the conflict between the two is inevitable. The Vendor of Sweets highlights the ironies of the life of those leaders of free India who swear in the name of Mahatma Gandhi but actually lead a degraded life. Interested in personal gains they twist the preachings of Gandhi and the Gita to suit their corrupt practices. Clad in Khadi-clothes and with the Gita in his hands while selling sweets, Jagan himself looked a typical travesty of Mahatma Gandhi.

His son, Mali, equally mediocre and degenerate, represents that class of young men who, fascinated by American affluence and culture, make airy plans for the improvement of their own prospects. Mali wanted to manufacture novels and short stories on machine according to certain formulas. He lived an immoral life with Grace, the American-Korean girl. Both father and son were rigid in their approach and did not see each other's point of view. Discord is the result, the novel ends with Jagan leaving for the retreat and Mali landing in jail.

The conflict of ideal and reality is made manifest in both the cases of father and son. Their attitudes are contrasted through symbols like charkha and typewriter, renunciation and business correspondence, continence and free sex-life etc. Under the veneer of idealism, Jagan was all too earthly - money minded, selfish and shortsighted and with seeming efficiency and dynamism, Mali was actually tactless,

superficial and conceited. Jagan saw his wife dead but did not allow her to touch any medicine since it went against his theories of Nature Cure. In the same way Mali also offended his father by ignoring him completely in matters of personal and business decisions.

The ambiguity end at the of The Vendor of Sweets can be explained if the novel is interpreted philosophically. Jagan's renunciation after "a set of repetitions performed by sixty years" is quite in the religious tradition of India, but this spiritual ambition is a little tainted in that he was a pragmatic businessman too. He did not understand why the scriptures prohibited or prescribed the use of certain things ; but he did not bother to question them: conquer taste and you will have conquered the self," said Jagan to his listener who asked, "why conquer the self?" Jagan said, "I do not know, but all our sages advise us to do so."

Jagan is a queer combination of strength and weakness, tradition and contemporaneity, the spiritual and the mundane, an average man on the whole. This makes the structure of a Narayan novel circular. From average to extraordinary success to average is the journey of his characters. Thus the success and popularity his heroes enjoy constitutes a short phrase, unreal like dreams. The fall of the hero is always a consequence of a very small incident. Jagan's accidental meeting with the crazy old sculptor changed the whole pattern of his life, order is once again restored in the life of the Malgudians and his going away with his cheque book leaving the cousin to look after his business and render account periodically. It is hoped that Grace would soon leave for America as Jagan is ready to pay for her return ticket. It is also hoped that a dose of prison life did good to Mali and he came out of it purified and chastened and took over the business of his father.

In short, in the novel the normal social order is disturbed, there is conflict between the forces of order and disorder and in the end there is restoration of normalcy. It is not the absurd or the eccentric or the evil that is re-established, but the good and the normal. There is always a renewal of life, love, beauty and peace.

5.4 LET US SUM UP

In the Vendor of Sweets, Narayan presents an eccentric widower of sixty with his high minded Gandhian Philosophy. He seems to be a fake disciple of Gandhi, totally

distressed and disgusted with his son. Jagan's renunciation of the world is in keeping with the Indian Tradition. Owing to mutual understanding and inability to cope up with the changing values one finds amongst the members of family, the existence of Hindu joint family at stake.

5.5 SELF CHECK EXERCISE

1. The Bearded man in the novel The Vendor of Sweets is _____
2. Jagan's father takes Ambika to Badri Hills for blessing of god of _____
3. R.K. Narayan uses the technique of _____
4. Jagan is an _____ Hindu.
5. The inhabitants of Malgudi are _____ and _____ and _____

5.5 ANSWER KEY

1. Chinna Dorai
2. Santana Krishna
3. Stream of Consciousness
4. Orthodox
5. Simple and Custom conscious, God fearing.

5.5 GLOSSARY

1. Accredited—officially appointed or recognized
2. Disparaged—suggested that somebody is of little importance
3. Unscrupulous—without moral principles
4. Jeered—mocked
5. Abruptly—suddenly
6. Blurted—said something suddenly and without careful consideration

7. Baffle—to be too difficult or strange for somebody to understand.
8. Petitioner—a person who petitions especially in a court of law.
9. Retorting—making a quick reply to an accusation or challenge.
10. Hemmed—hesitated while speaking.
11. Trepidation—great worry or fear about something unpleasant that may happen
12. Moron—a very stupid person.
13. Amassed—collected something in large quantities.
14. Mollified—reduced somebody's anger.
15. Snuff—to stop the flame of a candle burning.
16. Grimness—seriousness.
17. Antiquated—old-fashioned and no longer appropriate.
18. Vanquished—Defeated
19. Elocution—the art or style of speaking clearly and effectively
20. Fervently—enthusiastically
21. Ballast—stones etc. used to make a foundation for a railway, road etc.
22. Besieged—surrounded somebody or something closely.
23. Mantled—the role and responsibilities of an important person or job
24. Quarry—a person or an animal that is being hunted or chased
25. Agape—wide open
26. Jargon—technical words or suppressions used by a particular group of persons and difficult for others to understand.
27. Rheumatic—causing or affected by rheumatism.
28. Precariously—dangerously.
29. Cajoling—making somebody to do something by cleverly persuading.
30. Bullying—to force somebody to do something by frightening him

31. Wispy—not thick or full
32. Repugnance—strong dislike or disgust
33. Impregnable—impossible to enter or capture because of being strongly built.
34. Wailed—cried or complained about something in a loud usually high-pitched voice.
35. Barricaded—defended or blocked something with a barricade.
36. Blazing—burning brightly and fiercely.
37. Unsavoury—offensive or unpleasant
38. Conclaves—private and secret meetings
39. Gruffly—in a non-friendly way
40. Scorching—very hot.

5.8 SUGGESTED READINGS

The Vendor of Sweets - R.K. Narayan

R. K. Narayan and His Social perspective - S.K. Ramteke

Course No : AA 601 (Theory)	Semester-VI
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LESSON No. 6	ARMS AND THE MAN	Unit-II
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G.B. SHAW

STRUCTURE

6.1 Introduction to the Dramatist : G B Shaw.

(a) **His Life**

(b) **His Works**

6.2 Objectives

6.3 Main Themes in the Plays of G.B.Shaw

6.4 Shaw's Theory of Life Force.

6.5 Let Us Sum Up.

6.6 Self-Assessment Questions.

6.7 Answer Key.

6.8 Suggested Readings.

6.1 INTRODUCTION TO THE DRAMATIST : G B SHAW

(a) HIS LIFE

George Bernard Shaw was born in Ireland in 1865. After having worked for some time in a local estate-agent's office in Dublin, he came to London in 1876 as the "upstart son of a down start father". He brought with him a haphazard education, some training in music acquired from his musical family and an inordinate appetite for knowledge. His mother, who had found her life with an alcoholic husband impossible, proceeded with her son to London, taught music there and was able to assist the young Shaw with her earnings.

Supplementing his allowance with hack literary work, he proceeded to round off his education, concentrating on the social sciences, and falling first under the spell of Henry George's single-tax programme and then under the influence of Marxist Economics. After some time he became a pillar of the Socialist Fabian Society, a formidable soap-box orator, and a successful Labour Party candidate for municipal offices. By these means, he laid the ground work of his realistic appraisal of man as an economic and political animal, and of society as a broken down organism that required modification and improvement. Meanwhile, he continued his literary efforts, churning out a number of novels between 1879 to 1883. Although they were failures, they served to develop his satiric and conversational talents. In addition, he soon acquitted himself ably as a music and drama critic, calling for a living relationship between the arts and society. Progressive artists like Wagner and Ibsen found an effective champion both in his reviews as well as in his books. Finally he sallied into the theatre with plays of his own.

Nearly all modern art, especially in painting, poetry and music, is little more than the very clever and technically expert effort of artists to work for or to speak to themselves. Their desire for knowledge is partly sensual, partly metaphysical, and the symbols of colour, shape, sound, or word are valid only for themselves. They have in mind no user of their art, no public and whoever picks up anything from it may count himself to be lucky, but it does not concern the artist.

With such artists who consider the subjects of their work to concern nobody but themselves Bernard Shaw had nothing in common. He aimed at understanding, and his plays were written to convey what he understood. His technique as a playwright was devoted to enable the public to share his vision. He wrote plays to delight audiences and to change their minds. He was not a private but a public man. This was a necessary element in his vocation, for drama exists only as a public art. Participation is the soul of drama, for an audience it is essential, and Shaw was never disrespectful to the audience and seldom criticized it. He found fault with the actors and with the critics, sometimes with himself, never with the public. He did everything to make his plays please.

(b) HIS WORKS

Shaw's political, economic and linguistic theories were fundamental to his art. As a dramatist, he was interested in people, in the theatre, and in language, and while the theories he held had no control over his art, they had an intrinsic place in his mind and therefore, in his art. His plays are living drama because of the kind of man he was, and because he was in immediate and present contact with his time. He was as familiar with the everyday speech at street corners as with the elegance of drawing rooms, and as much at home in the political controversies of the moment as with discussions upon Shakespeare or Wagner.

His first contribution was the naturalistic comedy, **Widowers' Houses**, which exposed slum conditions and mercenary landlords. This was followed in 1898, by **Mrs Warren's Profession**, a merciless exposure of the economic basis of prostitution and of the hypocrisy of upper-class society. His **Major Barbara**, in 1905, proved a blunt indictment of philanthropy as a mere façade for a profit-minded social order which is responsible for the very miseries it subsequently tries to alleviate. **Heartbreak House (1916)**, **The Apple Cart (1929)** and **Too Good to be true (1931)** represented, respectively, the futility of the old war-ridden order, the failure of parliamentary socialism, and the hopeless economic chaos in Europe.

For a long time English critics strove to dismiss Shaw as a fraud but he was gradually accepted as the most manly force in English drama, with a talent no inferior to that of the great French dramatist, Molière. Even his lighter efforts—those in which he did not directly address himself—economic, political and social problems—were serious in aim. Both **Arms and the Man** and **The Man of Destiny** deflated military glory, while **The Devil's Disciple** subjected heroism to ruthless examination; domestic relationships came under his field of observation in such works as **Candida**, **You Never Can Tell** and **Getting Married**, while in **Pygmalion** social differences are dismissed as mere matters of economics and superficial accomplishments.

In his two historical works **Caesar and Cleopatra** and **Saint Joan**, he practically changed dramatic horizons. The first is a wholly modern historical comedy, while **Saint Joan** combines spiritual exaltation with the apparatus of historical materialism to a degree that has not yet been even remotely approached by other playwrights.

6.2 OBJECTIVES

After studying this lesson, you should be able to:

- a) Know about the author's life.
- b) Know about the period in which he wrote.
- c) Assess the literary contributions made by him in literature.
- d) Acquaint yourself with the author's ideas towards society.

6.3 MAIN THEMES IN THE PLAYS OF G.B. SHAW

Why Bernard Shaw wrote plays he explained himself in words that deserve to be recalled.

"I am an ordinary playwright in general practice. I am a specialist in immoral and heretical plays. My reputation has been gained by my persistent struggle to force the public to reconsider its morals. In particular, I regard much current morality as to economic and sexual relations as disastrously wrong, and I regard certain doctrines of the Christian relation as understood in England today with abhorrence. I write plays with the deliberate object of converting the nation to my opinions in these matters".

He was not merely provocative, but anxiety in his plays should be understood. He wrote plays because he must do. He said, *"I had to write or I should have burst. I couldn't help"*.

It was his themes that made Shaw a dramatist; an immoralist in the sense of opposing current morals and manners, and a heretic in challenging belief he wished to transform. IN that sense only, he was a propagandist. It would not be possible to tell from his plays that Shaw was a socialist, or an atheist, or vegetarian or teetotaler, because he wrote as an artist and a free man. Shaw's socialism was the outcome of his passion for order. His constant charge against the existing social order was that it was inefficient, wasteful, cruel, stupid and shameful. He was opposed to any form of anarchy, which he considered the existing order to be. His opposition to the censorship of plays was largely due to his 'abhorrence of anarchism', as he explained at length. He argued that the censorship

was anarchical because it applied not law but opinion.

Shaw challenged social ideas and sage conventions in his plays. His themes were the relations between men and women, husbands and wives, and parents and children; the problems of conscience, character and disposition; the problems of the individual and society; and the conception of life as creative energy. Hence, he presents the classical themes of drama, the clash within and between the individual and the customs, manners, religion, and policies of his time.

A clash belongs to the nature of drama, which is action. The action is contained in the clash of the protagonist with those who are opposing him in the situations in which he is placed. But for Shaw, the drama was in the discussion, which is a flash of minds. He adopted the method of discussion. Indeed, drama is neither in the clash, nor in discussion any more, than in the exposition, it is in the resolution of the problem in or over which the clash arises. Unless there is a resolution, a solution, there is no drama, for the action is not complete; in drama action is always completed comically or tragically.

In all the plays of Shaw, the problem, the clash and the resolution are worked out. *Arms And The Man*, there is roman exposed to the onslaught of common sense, and comically defeated; in *Candida*, the poet is in a conflict with the world, but is undefeated; in *You Never Can Tell*, the irrational lover overcomes the reasonable objections to him; in *Man and Superman*, the life force is triumphant; in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, the doctor defeats himself; and in *Saint Joan*, the martyred country girl is recognized as a saint.

Following are the predominant themes of his plays, though these are secondary themes sometimes strongly developed.

- 1) Conscience: *Widowers' House*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Major Barbara*.
- 2) Love: *The Philander*, *You can Never Tell*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Pygmalion*, *Heartbreak House*, *Buoyant Billions*.
- 3) Marriage: *Getting Married*.
- 4) Parents and Children: *Fanny;s First Play*, *Misalliance*.

- 5) Romance: *Arms And The Man, The Devil's Disciple, John Bull's Other Island.*
- 6) High Politics: *The Apple Cart, Too True to be Good, On the Rocks, The Millionairess, Geneva, In Good King Charle's Golden Days.*
- 7) Religion: *The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet, Androcle's and the Lion, Saint Joan.*
- 8) Creative Evolution: *Man and Superman, Back to Methuselah, The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles.*

Because the themes are of eternal interest, Shaw's plays go beyond being merely comic. They do not end in a joke but in a vision of life, so that we do more than smile when we see them "*Though my trade is that of a playwright, my vocation is that of a prophet*", said Shaw. Because he is a prophet, he is the dramatist of the future.

What we see in his plays is a mind at work, a mind that grasped what it set out to do, and had the lucidity and discipline, the generative power and technical skill to accomplish it. What T.S Eliot put forward as characteristic of Shakespeare, that his work was "one poem", is also true of Shaw, his plays as a whole are one play.

6.4 SHAW'S THEORY OF LIFE FORCE.

Shaw as a creative evolutionist:

Shaw is a philosopher in the sense that he has tried to present coherent and comprehensive view of nature and of human life and also to show the way in which human life should best be lived. He has come to the conclusion that the life force is the essence, the ultimate reality behind the world of the senses.

The originality of life : Its Aim.

Shaw is of the view that even in the very beginning universe contained both 'life' and 'matter'. Matter was there to begin with as also there was life. Matter is often spoken as life's 'enemy'. Regarding matter in the light of an enemy, life seeks to dominate and subdue it. It is for this reason that life enters into matter and animates it. The result of this animation is a living organism; it is life expressed in matter. Shaw suggests that life uses

matter as an instrument, because life cannot evolve or develop unless it enters into matter and creates living organism.

From the study of Shaw's plays, we learn——

- 1) That life was originally a whirlpool of pure force.
- 2) That it entered into matter, and used it for its own purposes.
- 3) That by doing so it became matter's slave.
- 4) The object of Life Force is to put an end to this slavery by winning free from or conquering matter. But it is not clear whether matter will still persist or it will be eliminated by life.
- 5) That redemption from flesh having been achieved, life will become pure thought.

The Nature of life force: the way in which it operates.

Shaw defines Life Force as, 'vitality with a direction', expressing itself in the will to create matter or to mould matter which it finds, but which it has not created. Will to do anything, can do that thing, and the will to create, if sufficiently intense, can create. By intense willing evolution takes place, new organs are developed in the existing species and ultimately there is the development of new species. Thus, by the intense willing of the vital life Force, new and higher forms of life are evolved.

Man an Instrument of the Life Force.

Since man is the instrument of the Life Force for the evolution of higher forms, he must act in a way which is likely to further the evolutionary process. It is by the maximum expenditure of effort and energy in working and thinking that man will develop his existing faculties and thus contribute his might to the process of evolution.

The Sexual Trap:

Far back in the evolutionary process, woman invented man for her own impregnation, because in this way could be produced, "something better than the single-

sexed process can produce”. Art and literature and such other higher activities divert his attention from the purely biological purpose for which woman created him. But as woman is biologically primary and man biologically secondary, woman is able to subdue him in most cases by first turning him into an adorer of herself-hence the romance of love and marriage- and when he has been ensnared by the bait of sexual attraction, by turning him into a bread-winner for herself and her children. Hence, Shaw considers marriage a heavy chain. In order to wean man away from his artistic or idealistic activities, she shares man’s interests and ideas. But this is only a bait to convert man into a suitable bread-winner-an ideal father and a husband.

Woman and Genius:

Woman is able to win over ninety-nine men out of hundred, but the hundredth case is an exception. He is the genius, the man selected by Life Force to carry life to higher levels. In the genius, too, the Life Force is extra-ordinarily intense, he is ready to sacrifice woman to his higher purposes, just as woman sacrifices the ordinary man to her own. In a genius, woman meets a purpose as impersonal, as irresistible as her own; and the class is sometimes tragic.

6.5 LET US SUM UP

In view of these achievements and of his influence on the theatre as a social thinker, philosopher, realistic and imaginative writer, an master of modern comedy of ideas, it is difficult to pigeon hole this versatile dramatist. He was always inconsistent in his thinking; he had oscillated between socialist idealism and superman-worship, between social democracy and dictatorship. Nevertheless, he was consistent in his lack of solemnity. Perhaps the best description of his genius is to be found in Ludwig Lewiston’s following estimate of him, written in 1915:

“Mr. Shaw is a writer of comedy with a tragic cry in his soul. In the Middle Ages he would have been a great saint, appalled, at the gracelessness of men’s hearts, militant for the Kingdom of God. Today he is a playwright, appalled at the muddle-headedness of the race, a fighter for the conquest of reason over unreason, of order over disorder, of economy over waste”.

Shaw was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925. He died in 1950.

6.6 SELF – ASSESSMENT QUESTIONS

- a) What was Shaw's interest as a dramatist?

- b) Name Shaw's first contribution to drama.

- c) Name any three predominant themes of Shaw's plays.

- d) Which prize is awarded to Shaw in literature?

6.7 ANSWER KEY

- a) As a dramatist, Shaw was interested in people, in theatre and in language.
- b) His first contribution was the naturalistic comedy *Widowers' Houses*.
- c) Creative evolution, romance and love are the three predominant themes of Shaw's plays.
- d) Shaw was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1925.

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- c) Compton & Rickett. A Short History of English Literature.

G.B. SHAW**STRUCTURE**

- 7.1 Introduction to the works of G.B. Shaw**
- 7.2 Objectives**
- 7.3 Self Check Exercise**
- 7.4 A word for the students**
- 7.5 Answer Key**
- 7.6 References**
- 7.7 Suggested Readings**

7.1 INTRODUCTION TO THE WORKS OF BERNARD SHAW

George Bernard Shaw, the greatest of the many Irishmen who have written fine plays in the English language, was born in Dublin on 26th July, 1856. His father, George Carr Shaw, the youngest son in a family of thirteen children, became a minor official in the Dublin law courts, but after a few years he retired on a small pension and went into business unsuccessfully as a corn merchant. He married the daughter of an Irish landowner, who soon found that her husband was a drunkard and incapable of earning enough money to provide for her and the three children who were born to them, George Bernard Shaw and his two sisters.

Mrs Shaw had a remarkably good singing voice, and from her and her friends young Bernard learned much good operatic music, and this was to be very useful to him afterwards. When he was sixteen his mother and sisters left Dublin and went to live permanently in London, where Mrs Shaw supported herself and her daughters by giving

music lessons and singing at concerts.

In the meantime Bernard Shaw had been to school in Dublin until he was fifteen. He then became a clerk and cashier in a land agent's office there until April 1876, when he followed his mother to London. When he understood that his father was unqualified to be the controlled head of the family, and that his mother was more devoted to music than to her children, he developed that extraordinary independence of mind and spirit which was to enable him, as a man, to look upon mankind and its affairs without being swayed either by custom or by other people's conventional ideas of right and wrong.

Though he received little mother-love from Mrs. Shaw, the love of music that he gained from her soon proved itself useful in London, where one of his first regular positions when he took up journalism was as music critic on the *Star*, a London evening newspaper. Both as a critic of music and, a few years later, as a critic of plays for the *Saturday Review*, a weekly periodical, he wrote essays of very high quality which are still read and praised, more than half a century after they were first printed.

When Shaw himself turned to the writing of plays, he heard with the inner ear of a musician the words that he set down to be spoken by the actors, and his sentences consequently run with a rhythmical ease that makes them easy and pleasant to speak and hear. It is for this reason that the many very long speeches in Shaw's plays are able to hold our attention, whereas speeches of a similar length by other modern playwrights are often tedious, even though the subjects they deal with may be as important as Shaw's. The finest example of the influence of opera on his dramatic work is Act III of *Man and Superman*, of which more will be said below.

After settling in London, Bernard Shaw found it very difficult to live by writing, and for the first ten years he had to rely mainly upon his mother for food and lodging. Yet during those years he was laying the foundations of his career, joining political societies and addressing public meetings, sometimes at street corners. One day in September, 1884 he went to a hall in the City of London to hear a lecturer by the American economist Henry George (author of a well-known book, *Progress and Poverty*), who advocated that national revenue should be raised by a single tax on land values, instead of by numerous taxes on a variety of things. Henry George's lecture converted Shaw to Socialism, and almost at once he joined the newly founded Fabian Society. The Fabians wanted to bring about a

gradual evolutionary change, not a sudden and violent revolutionary one, from capitalism to socialism, and they had a powerful influence on British political life during the next forty or fifty years.

Round about the time Shaw joined the Fabian Society he also met Mrs Annie Besant, whose ardent support of independence for India did much to make the British public aware that the Indian peoples' desire for political freedom could not be ignored. Mrs Besant was a great admirer of Shaw, and she soon joined him as a member of the Fabian Society, until her enthusiasm and energies were diverted to the support of Theosophy. She made herself the English leader of the theosophists and strengthened her ties with India through the theosophists there.

In this early years as a socialist Bernard Shaw believed that if the conditions of civilized societies was to be improved, it must be done by legislation aiming at equality, reducing in various ways the fortunes of the rich in order to help and uplift the poor. Though he continued to preach equality for the remainder of his long life, as he grew older he trusted less in the power of Acts of Parliament to increase human welfare and happiness. He came round to the opinion that the first thing required in the making of a good Society is not so much good laws as good men and women – men and women, that is, who are righteous in spirit and not merely well-intentioned and kind hearted. Good people will make good laws, but good laws passed by a few do not necessary make a good society.

While he was still a boy, Shaw had abandoned the Christian religion as it was practiced by the churches, which he believed had strayed far from the teachings of Christ. But though he would not call himself a Christian, many of his strongest convictions and most of his personal conduct were those of a religious man. His sense of the sacredness of life, animal as well as human; his purity of living – he ate no flesh, drank no alcohol, smoked no tobacco; his kindness and generosity to his fellows (though he opposed charity on the ground that it was usually only a cheap substitute for social justice; his insistence that it is the duty of all men to strive to leave the world a better place than they found it, to hand on to future generations the torch of life burning more brightly – all these beliefs, though Shaw would have claimed that they were based on reason not on faith, were so powerful in him as a guide to conduct that they had the force of religion.

He became a vegetarian when he was twenty five. His reading of the works of the English poet Shelley had some influence in leading him to refrain from eating meat, but the stronger motive was his deep feeling that 'animals are our fellow creatures', not to be slain for human food.

Politics and journalism occupied Bernard Shaw until 1898, when he reached the age of forty-two. His first attempts to creative literary work produced five unsuccessful novels between 1879 and 1883, and in 1885 he made his first attempt to write a play, but left it unfinished. Seven years later he completed it and on 9 Dec 1892 it was performed in London. Called *Widowers' Houses*, this play dealt with the evils of London slums, in which at that time many filthy and decaying houses were owned by landlords who lived at ease elsewhere on the rents squeezed from poor and wretched tenants.

A play on such a subject- on that is, a genuine social evil-was something entirely new in the English theatres. It had no success, and when in the following years Shaw went on to write other plays about real human problems, such as prostitution (*Mrs Warren's Profession*), war (*Arms and the man*), religious intolerance (*The Devil's Disciple*), revenge (*Captain Brass bound's Conversion*), and so on, he was extremely unpopular with many people, and years were to pass before his plays brought him enough money to live on. For a gradually increasing number of people, however, he became a leader in new ways of thought and a champion of intellectual freedom.

Until Bernard Shaw began to write for the theatre, there had been no modern British dramatist who took current social, political, and religious problems as subjects for plays. He started out with the conviction that eh emotional tangles of men and women had received far too much attention on the stage, and he made up his mind to do in English what Henrik Ibsen had been doing in Norwegian since about 1875; namely, to write plays discussing public affairs which touched the lives of very large numbers of people.

Not until a season of intellectual drama was started at the Court Theatre in London in 1894 were Bernard Shaw's plays brought to the notice of a large audience. The experiment was so successful that it continued until 1907, by which time there had been 711 performances of eleven of Shaw's plays there. *John Bull's Other Island*(A comedy about Irish politics) was the first play by Shaw that become popular.

It was at the same theatre that *Man and Superman* was produced on 23 May

1905. In the character of Henry Starker, the chauffeur, it introduced a new type of working man who understood and delighted in modern machinery, and was destined to be more important in the technological age then approaching than the landed aristocracy who had for centuries been the ruling class. *Man and Superman*, called by Shaw 'A Comedy and a Philosophy', is full of ideas which were then new and startling, but we can only glance here at Act III, which is a kind of dream happening to some of the characters who appear in the first two acts. Act III introduces three persons from the old Spanish legend of Don Juan – Juan himself; Donna Anna, one of the many women he loved and betrayed; and the ghost of Anna's father, whom don Juan had killed in a duel. They meet and converse with the Devil in Hell, Mozart, the great eighteenth-century Austrian composer, wrote an opera (*Don Giovanni*) based on the Don Juan legend, and the sounds of Mozart's music were in Bernard Shaw's ears while he was writing the many extremely long speeches for this scene in Hell, which begins where Mozart's opera ends. The opinions expressed by the four characters during their argument, which lasts for about ninety minutes in performance on the stage, were invented wholly by Shaw. It is often said that the characters in his plays are merely mouthpieces for Shaw's personal opinions, but this cannot be true, because in each of his plays the various characters put forward opinions which conflict with each other, and Shaw leaves the reader (or the spectator in the theatre) to decide which is right. In the 'Don Juan in Hell' scene the Devil tries to convince the others that human beings are so stupid and bad that nothing can save them from destruction. Don Juan claims that, on the contrary, there is in Man a spirit which inspires him to struggle upward towards the evolution of the Superman, who will be far wiser and better than Man is now. That spirit is named 'the Life Force' in Bernard Shaw's play.

The discussion between the Devil and Don Juan and the other is a serious philosophical argument such as no other dramatist would have dared to write for the stage, since no one but Shaw would have thought it possible to make an audience listen to pure argument for so long. He succeeded, partly because he could be witty and amusing and makes people laugh even while he was dealing with the most serious topics and partly because he built up his great sciences just as a composer builds up the music in an opera or a symphony. Shaw introduces a subject for discussion, then another subject a little later on – as a composer brings in one melody after another-and soon the various subjects are

woven together into a discussion which interests us intellectually and pleases us artistically.

Shaw was always deeply interested in the *sound* of words as well as in their sense and meaning. As a young man he learned shorthand and always wrote his plays in it for his secretary to type out in longhand. This choice of shorthand as a working language was due both to its time-saving advantages and to its being based on phonetics, which always uses the same symbol for the same spoken sound. Ordinary written English is extremely illogical in spelling, a confusing variety of different sounds being represented by the same letters e.g., cough=kog, but plough = plow, and dough= doh, etc. This makes English harder to learn and use than it might be if a separate letter or symbol were used for every sound. Shaw spent a good deal of time trying to persuade English people to adopt an enlarged alphabet. He also wrote one of his most popular plays, *Pygmalion*, on the subject of correct pronunciation, and he directed that after he died a considerable part of the large fortune he left should be used to finance any genuine scheme for bringing into common use his enlarged alphabet and reformed spelling. But the British have so far shown no inclination to adopt Bernard Shaw's system.

From 1905, when *Man and Superman*, his first great play was performed, Shaw was the world's most famous living playwright, though he long remained unpopular with those who disliked his advanced views and his wish to reform society. Nevertheless it was at length widely recognized that he stood second only to Shakespeare among all the British playwrights and his writing were known and valued in all countries long before he received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925.

Glimpses of the religious side of Shaw's nature appear in the majority of his plays, and very clearly in *Saint Joan*, where he took Joan of Arc both as a heroine of history and as a heroine of faith. She helped to free the land of France from the English armies in the fifteenth century, and she would obey only the voice of God which, she declared, spoke to her privately. She therefore refused to submit to the authority of priests and princes when they wanted her to behave contrary to what she believed God had told her, and she was burned as a heretic, as Shaw himself probably would have been if he had lived in Joan of Arc's century, for he had the same stubborn belief in the right of individual judgement based on the voice of conscience.

Though he did not enjoy foreign travel and went aboard very little – until his friends especially his wife, persuaded him to visit Soviet Russia in 1931 and to go in 1932-33 on a voyage round the world, during which he visited Bombay-Shaw was in the widest sense an internationalist. In exile from his own land and living in England, for whose people he had curiously mixed feelings of affection, respect, and derision, he was without racial prejudices and looked on all nations with a cool and impartial eye, He did not care particularly for any one nation as a political unit, but he was benevolent to all humanity as a matter of principle. In his eyes most political leaders were blunderers, insufficiently educated in the art of ruling, which he regarded as the highest art of all.

In spite of his intense interest in political affairs, however Shaw will almost certainly be remembered in the future much more by his plays than by his ideas on government and public affairs. He wrote fifty plays, long and short, but his other writings (which include *The Intelligent Women's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism* and *Everybody's Political What's What*) are of much greater total length. The prefaces which he added to most of the plays when they came to be printed are among the best prose essays that can be found anywhere in English literature, but their connection with the plays to which they are attached is often slight.

Shaw died in 1950, in his ninety fifth year, having produced his last important play, *The Apple Cart*, some twenty years before, in 1929. The height of his fame was reached with *Saint Joan* in 1923, and it is most probable that this and several other of his plays will always be more highly thought of than *Back to Methuselah* (1922), which he himself regarded as his masterpiece.

Back to Methuselah, an enormously long work in five parts, fails as a play for more reasons than can be discussed within the limits of this introduction. Its importance among Shaw's works comes from the clear statement of his 'gospel' in the Preface, and its working out (much less clearly) in the dialogue of the five parts of the play. His gospel of Creative Evolution and his belief in the Life Force were opposed to Charles Darwin's theory of evolution by Natural Selection. In Darwin's theory the Survival of the Fittest comes about through the displacing of the weak by the strong, but the idea of Shaw's creative Evolution is that the fittest are those who survive by superior intelligence and by the exercise of will power. Shaw held that if we desire with passionate strength of will to be better and finer people and to live longer, in fact to be changed into Supermen, and if that

strength of will is passed on to our descendants, what we desire will ultimately be brought about. The nations would then be ruled in wisdom and virtue, and war and all other evils would vanish from the earth.

7.2 OBJECTIVES

After studying this lesson you will be able to :

- (a) Know about the works of Shaw
- (b) Acquaint yourself with the ideas of the author towards society.

7.3 SELF CHECK EXERCISE

Fill in the blanks.

- 1. G.B Shaw was born in _____ on _____
- 2. The influence of Opera on his dramatic work is shown in _____
- 3. _____ is a great admirer of Shaw.
- 4. Shaw was a _____ when he was 25.
- 5. The play _____ dealt with the evils of London slums.
- 6. Shaw received Nobel prize for literature in _____

7.4 A WORD FOR THE STUDENTS.

For scoring well in the examination, the students are advised to have thorough familiarity with the text of the play with concept of important characters and identification of the speaker, specific circumstances in which the words are spoken.

7.5 ANSWER KEY TO SELF CHECK EXERCISE

- 1. Dublin, 26th July, 1856.
- 2. Man and Superman
- 3. Annie Besant
- 4. Vegetarian

5. Widower's Houses

6. 1925

7.6 REFERENCES

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G.B. SHAW**STRUCTURE**

- 8.1 Introduction**
- 8.2 Objectives**
- 8.3 About the Play**
- 8.4 Story in Brief**
- 8.5 Act-wise summary**
 - 8.5.1 Act I**
 - 8.5.2 Act II**
 - 8.5.3 Act III**
- 8.6 Glossary**
- 8.7 Examination Oriented Questions**
- 8.8 Suggested Readings**

8.1 INTRODUCTION

In the history of the English Drama, George Bernard Shaw occupies a position second only to that of Shakespeare. He dominated the English theatre for over sixty years. His is the longest Career in the British Theatre. Born on 26 July 1856 he was the only son and the third and youngest child of George Carr Shaw and Lucinda Elizabeth Gurley Shaw. He grew up in poverty and since he rejected schools he went to, he was tutored by a clerical uncle and by the age of 16 he was working in a land agents office.

Under his mother's influence and his visits to National Gallery of Ireland he

developed a wide knowledge of music, art and literature. In 1876 he resolved to become a writer and moved to London. He spent his time in the British Museum reading what he had missed at School and started to write novels. He utilized his evenings for self education and attending lectures and debates.

His fiction failed and the semi-autobiographical and aptly titled *Immaturity* (1879; published 1930) was rejected by publishers in London. Similarly his next four novels and articles were rejected for almost a decade. He, however, in spite of his failure continued to discover himself during this period and became a socialist, opponent of First World War and support belief in Eugenics. Known for his wit he was Playwright, journalist, polemicist, public speaker, an arts reviewer and a campaigning socialist and was also the co-founder of the London School of economics. Despite his failure as a novelist in 1880s, he became the force behind the newly founded Fabian Society in 1884.

Between 1888 and 1894 Shaw worked diligently as a music critic, proving himself a very competent man in this line. At the end of 1894 Shaw became the dramatic critic of a weekly magazine called **Saturday Review**. Shaw's dramatic criticism is among the most brilliant ever produced; and there can be no doubt that this experience of writing dramatic criticism elapsed him greatly in the writing of his dramas. By this time Shaw had already written several plays some of which, including **Arms and the Man** had been performed. His **Arms and the Man** and **Candida** were recognized as great successes. By and by, his fame and contribution to literature name to be recognized in all literary circles. In 1925 he was awarded Nobel Prize for Literature. He produced more than fifty plays during his career as a dramatist.

In Oct 1950, he fell in his garden. One of his hips was fractured. He was operated upon but he could not improve because of the septic condition of his thigh bone which ultimately led to his death on the 2nd Nov 1950. He left by will a fortune of \$ 36700 which was donated to various institutions such as the British Museum, The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and The National Gallery of Ireland.

8.2 OBJECTIVES

After going through this lesson, we will be able to:

- a) Gauge the importance of *Arms and the Man* as a work of art

- b) Know the detailed summary of the play
- c) Critically analyze the play
- d) Appreciate the range and sweep of the Play.

8.3 ABOUT THE PLAY

“Arms and the man” is a comedy of George Bernard Shaw. Its title comes from the opening words of Virgil’s *Adenoid*, in Latin: *Arms Virumque Cano* (‘of arms and the man I sing’).

The play was first produced on 21 April 1894 at the Avenue Theatre and published in 1898 as part of Shaw’s plays *Pleasant Volume*, which also included *Candida*, *You Never Can Tell*, and *The Man of Destiny*. They are called pleasant plays because they are less critical and less satirical and provide happy endings.

“Arms and the Man” was one of Shaw’s first commercial success. He was called onto stage after the curtain, where he received enthusiastic applause.

It is a humorous play that shows the futility of war and deals comedically with the hypocrisies of human nature. Shaw wrote this play in order to attack what he regarded as false notions of heroism in war and also a false notion about love. The play is anti – romantic in its treatment of heroism in war and also in the treatment of the passion of love. A prosaic (=unimaginative; unromantic) professional soldier, by the name of Bluntschli, is introduced into the relationship existing between a typical romantic hero (Sergius) and a typical romantic heroine (Raina) with disastrous consequences to both. On a lower level there is a romantic maid servant in conflict with an ordinary, matter- of-fact man-servant. Shaw’s aim was to destroy illusions and to compel his audiences to face realities.

The story of the play is based on an incident in a war between Bulgaria and Russia in 1885. The Pet Koffs present an aristocratic Bulgarian family consisting of Major Pet Koff, his wife Catherine and his daughter Raina who is in love with Sergius, considered to be a hero. Into this circle enters a common soldier. Bluntschli, a Swiss who has joined the Russian Army as mercenary (=Soldier hired to fight in a foreign army). He has no illusions about war, tells the naked truth about it when he happens to seek shelter and protection in Raina’s bed –Chamber one night from the ruthless (=cruel; showing no pity or compassion) shooting of the Bulgarians. The plot is cleverly developed to show that Sergius, the hero of

Raina's dreams is really a humbug (=a deceitful person), and his so-called military exploits are a mere folly. He is a false hero in love. Although he is engaged to Raina, he flirts with Louka, the maid servant. In course of time, it is found that Raina cares more for her chocolate cream soldier than for her betrothed Sergius.

Shaw has torn off the mask of sentimentality surrounding love and war. He is opposed to the so-called glorification of war. He urges that people should not weave a romantic halo round it, but know its grim and ugly truth.

It is a very amusing and entertaining play. It contains plenty of comedy. We here have the comedy of situation, the comedy of character, and a display of wit. It keeps us laughing from beginning to end.

The play is amusing because most of the Characters here are comic figures. Both Major Petkoff and Sergius belong to this category. Bluntschli's account of Sergius's performance on the battle field turns Sergius from a hero into a buffoon (=Clown) in our eyes. Raina becomes a comic figure when she says that her family is the only one to own a liberty in Bulgaria. Catherine becomes a comic figure when she speaks about the electric bells which she had got installed in her house during her husband's absence. All three members of Petkoff family amuse us by their vanity and snobbery.

There is an abundance of wit in the play. Bluntschli is the wittiest character in the play. He gives Raina a witty account of Sergius's Cavalry attack upon the Serbians. He makes a witty remark when he says that the Bulgarian officers take their wives with them when they have to give orders to their subordinates. Raina shows her wit in giving a title of Chocolate cream soldier to Bluntschli. Shaw shows his genius in dealing with serious ideas in a most entertaining manner.

The play is a hilarious comedy. It is remarkable for Shaw's grip on character. Here the satirist and moralist, on the one hand, and the artist, on the other hand, seems to struggle for supremacy. Bluntschli is a well drawn character and seems to carry the play on his shoulder. Shaw has presented in this play an anti hero as the central figure, the hero being secondary. The play was revolutionary for this reason.

8.4 THE STORY IN BRIEF

A Swiss, Bluntschli, was a mercenary who fought on the side of Serbs in the war

against Bulgarians. Bulgarians emerged victorious. The victorious Bulgarian Cavalry men chased the fleeing Serbian soldiers who had suffered a defeat in the battle. The Serbian soldiers ran helter skelter in all directions in an effort to save their lives. Bluntschli, fleeing to save himself, climbs up a water pipe and bursts into a lady's bedroom in a small Bulgarian town in an effort to save himself from the pursuing Bulgarian soldiers. This lady is Raina Petkoff, the fiancée of Major Sergius. Raina's father and Sergius were yet on the battle-front. Raina and her mother, Catherine, were in the house when Bluntschli sneaked into Raina's bed chamber.

Louka, the young and beautiful maid-servant of the Petkoffs, had seen him climbing up the water pipe and entering Raina's bedroom. She came in to inform Raina that the Bulgarian army men aided by a Russian officer were shooting at the fleeing Serbs in the streets and they were likely to come there in search of a fugitive enjoying the protection and shelter of the Petkoffs. Raina sensed the danger and decided to save him. She hid him behind a curtain out of a feeling of pity and not out of fear sought to be created by Bluntschli through his threat against raising her voice about his presence in her chamber. But before a Russian officer came to their house to search it, Raina maintained her presence of mind and cleverly hid him. The officer did not do his work seriously and, hence failed to find out the man. All heaved a sigh of relief after the officer left their house and went his way.

After the danger was over, Raina made a fun of the fugitive, calling him a coward and a chocolate cream soldier. She had been told by him that life was worth living and not worth wasting on the battle field. He had also told her that he preferred carrying chocolate cream in his pouch to carrying ammunition. Raina prevailed upon him not to leave the house till the danger was completely over. He agreed and they sat to talk over various matters. In the course of conversation, she spoke highly of Sergius Saranoff. According to her, Sergius was an ideal hero however, ridiculed his claim to greatness. According to him the officer ordered Cavalry attack upon the Serbian positions which led to a victory for the Bulgarian could have proved suicidal for the Bulgarians themselves. The officer was likely to be court-martialled and by no means he regarded as a hero. Bluntschli struck blow after blow at her romantic conception of the heroism of war through his down-to-earth realistic observations on war and soldiership. He was apologetic when he was told by Raina that he was ridiculing none else than her would-be-husband. She asked him not to talk about her fiancée in a disparaging manner.

Raina then went to inform her mother about the presence of an enemy soldier in her bedroom, and about her action in having protected him from the Bulgarian Cavalrymen who were chasing him. Catherine did not approve of Raina's action but agreed to let the intruder remain in the house for the night.

On the next morning, he was given the overcoat of the Major Petkoff to put on so that he could leave the room in a disguised manner. Raina had slipped into the pocket of the coat her photograph meant for the 'Chocolate Cream Soldier'. This she had done without his knowledge.

The war ceased, Petkoff and Sergius, officers in the victorious Bulgarian Army, returned from the battle-front in a triumphant and happy mood. Raina was enamoured (delighted by) of the heroic deeds of Sergius. She had heard of the chivalry displayed by him. She had his photo in her bedroom and she worshipped him as her ideal hero. Both Major Petkoff and Sergius Saranoff were discussing the return of the regiments. Bluntschli came to the room of Catherine to return the coat. She grew panicky on finding him in her house at a time when Sergius was there. She feared that the disclosure of his mid-night adventure might adversely affect the prospect of her daughter's marriage with Sergius. She took the coat and asked him to leave forthwith. At the time Major Petkoff and Sergius entered the room where Catherine and Bluntschli were. Raina too came into the room. She was surprised to see Bluntschli there. Seeing him she exclaimed, "Oh the chocolate cream soldier". But she at once realized that she had committed a mistake by doing so. Petkoff grew suspicious and wondered if there existed relations between Raina and the Swiss officer, Bluntschli. Raina invented a story to remove his doubts. She was helped in this case by her mother.

Mr Petkoff soon came to recollect that the Swiss person was none else than one who had befooled him and Sergius while exchanging the prisoners of war. They praised his commonsense very much.

Prior to Major Petkoff's and Sergius's meeting with Bluntschli in the house of the Petkoffs both were troubled over some official matter in a separate room. Catherine bullied her husband into allowing Sergius and Raina together for sometimes. When Raina was alone with her fiancé, she gave vent to her pent-up sentiments regarding the heroism of Sergius. She felt happy in being betrothed to Sergius. Both pretended before each

other to be madly in love. They view with each other in their efforts to show that each worshipped the other. The emergence of Louka, the family maid-servant obviously a fine looking, attractive girl, brought their talk to a halt. Raina suggested that they would go for a walk and Sergius readily accepted the suggestion. Raina went in to get ready for the walk. When Raina had gone, Louka caught Sergius's attention and aroused his sexual instinct. He felt almost fascinated by her and started a conversation with her. He took hold of her hand and tried to kiss her. Louka too is not averse to his making amorous advances to her. She suggested to him to move into a corner from where they would not be visible to anybody from outside. However, she did not allow him to kiss her, and said that he was trying to make love to her behind Miss Raina's back just as Miss Raina had made love to a man behind his back. Sergius is amazed. Raina had been spying all this time. Louka told Sergius that all gentle folk were pretentious because Raina made love to another man behind Sergius's back and he made love to Louka at Raina's back, while in front of each other, they showed and vowed higher love to each other.

Sergius's jealousy was aroused. He asked Louka to tell him what she knew about his rival. She told him that she had not seen his face but had heard his voice in Raina's bed room. She added that the lover spent a full night in the bed chamber of Raina. Sergius's doubts about the fidelity of Raina were strengthened through the clever moves of Louka. She was successful in driving a wedge between Sergius and Raina. She exploited cleverly the episode of Bluntschli's night stay in Raina's bed-chamber to her advantage. What prompted her to do all this was her ambition to rise socially. She was not contented with her present status of a maid-servant. She liked Sergius and succeeded in entrapping and having him as her husband.

When after returning coat Bluntschli was about to leave, he was asked to say on by Major Petkoff. Since Petkoff and Sergius could not find out a solution to the problem of demobilization of forces, they sought the help of Bluntschli. Bluntschli's military acumen was obvious from the fact that what Petkoff and Sergius could not do together, he was able to do all alone. Both Petkoff and Sergius became happy.

Major Petkoff felt uncomfortable without his coat. Anyway his anxiety came to an end when Nicola brought it. Raina was told earlier by Bluntschli that he had not seen any photograph for he had not put his hands into the pockets of the coat. This had made Raina

sad. The idea that the discovery of the photograph by her father would create suspicion in his mind, was gripping her mind.

Bluntschli got telegrams and letters, conveying him the news of the death of his father. His business like habits seemed to have dried up in him the tender human emotions. He took his father's death coolly. Not a word of sorrow escaped his lips and even Louka noticed this lack of affection in him. Louka was indifferent while Raina was said to hear the sad news of the death of the father of Bluntschli. Louka took the opportunity to poison Sergius against Raina. She told Sergius that it was Bluntschli, an anti-Bulgarian, who was saved by Raina and allowed to stay for the night in her bed-chamber out of sheer love. This infuriated Sergius who challenged Bluntschli to a duel. Raina took new well that the rupture in the relations between her and Sergius was the doing of Louka because she loved Sergius. Inscription on the photograph had made Petkoff to have second thoughts on the questions of Raina's marriage. He left the question of choosing husband to his daughter who finally opted for Bluntschli. Bluntschli was no longer inferior in social status and the parents consented to the marriage at long last. Bluntschli left for home to settle matters pertaining to the management of hotels, promising to be back soon for his wedding with Raina.

8.5 ACT WISE SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

8.5.1. ACT –I

Act-I of the play 'Arms and the Man' opens in a lady's bed chamber in a small town of Bulgaria. The year is 1885; the month is November; the time is night. The town is situated quite near the Dragoman Pass. A young lady by the name of Raina stands on the balcony. She is gazing at the distant snow-covered mountains known as the Balkans. She is in night-gown, and she has been lost in her thoughts.

Her meditation is interrupted by her mother, Catherine Petkoff. She tells Raina that she has brought some very good news. She informs her daughter that a great battle has been fought at Slivnitsa, and that a great victory has been won by Sergius. Raina feels greatly delighted. She embraces her mother in a mood of ecstasy. She wants to know whether her father, an officer in the Bulgarian army was safe and how Sergius won the battle. Catherine replies that her father is safe, and that it was he who had sent the news of victory to her. She further informs Raina that Sergius led a cavalry charge against

the Serbs. Defying the Russian commanders, Sergius led the charge on his own responsibility and won a victory. He and his fellow Bulgarian soldiers were able to scatter the wretched Serbs and their dandified (=who cared too much for the smartness of their clothes and appearance) officers like chaff. She points out to her that it had been wrong on her part to have waited for one whole year before agreeing to Sergius's proposal of marriage with her. She further says that Raina should now begin to worship that man when he comes back. Raina replies that Sergius would hardly care for her workshop when he is being worshipped by the whole Bulgarian army. But she goes on to say, she is really happy, and is very proud of Sergius's achievement. She is glad that Sergius has turned out to be brave and noble.

At this stage, Louka, the maid servant appears on the stage. She is wearing a pretty Bulgarian dress. She informs the two ladies (Raina and Catherine) that the windows of the house must be closed and the shutters made fast because there is possibility of some shooting in the streets. Raina does not see any glory in killing wretched fugitives (i.e. Serbs) Louka is ordered by Catherine to close the shutters fast. She carries out the orders though Raina does not like it. Catherine and Louka then withdraw from the scene, leaving Raina alone in her room.

Raina removes her fur cloak and throws it on the ottoman. She goes to the chest of drawers, and adores the portrait of Sergius. She then picks up the picture and addressing it she says that he (Sergius) is her soul's hero.

Raina is startled to hear the sudden sound of the firing of a gun. She blows out the candle quickly and get back to her bed quickly. The sound of firing is heard again. At the same time, she hears the sound of quick breathing in her room. Obviously someone had intruded into her room. Crouching on the bed she asks who there was. The man in the room asks her to keep silent, threatening to shoot her in case she calls out to anybody. He orders her to light a candle. In the light of the candle, she sees a man of about 35. He is in deplorable condition. He is covered with mud, blood and snow. He appears to be an artillery officer from the uniform he is wearing. He says that he will be killed if he is caught where upon Raina says in a sarcastic tone that some soldiers are certainly afraid of death. To this, his reply is: It is our duty to live as long as we can. He then threatens to shoot her in case she raises an alarm. Besides he says she would feel ashamed of herself on being seen by soldiers in her present state of undress. Raina becomes conscious of the fact that

she is only wearing her night gown and that she should put on her cloak. Bluntschli, the intruder, raises his pistol to stop her from moving. He says that he would keep her cloak in his possession. His idea is that the lady would not like the intruder's pursuers or anybody else to enter the room and see her in present state of undress. That is why Bluntschli says, "this (the cloak) is a better weapon than the revolver to prevent her shouting for help. Another volley of shots is fired in the street. The man says to Raina: Do you hear? If you are going to bring those blackguards in on me, you shall receive them as you are (in her semi-dressed form).

Louka knocks at the door. She shouts to Catherine to let the soldiers enter because otherwise they would break open the door. They are looking for a fugitive (Bluntschli). Bluntschli feels that all is over. He throws the cloak towards Raina. She puts on the cloak. Meanwhile, the man with a sword in his hand gets ready to fight with pursuers and die a hero's death. This arouses Raina's sense of pity for him. She quickly wraps herself up, and then hides him behind the curtains. Then she opens the door. Louka and Catherine enter the room. Louka happens to see a revolver lying on the Ottoman. She becomes certain that there is a fugitive inside the room. Catherine asks Raina if she was safe. She calls the Russian officers (in Bulgarian uniform) so that he finds out if any Serb was hiding in the room. Raina puts up a brave show. She says to the officer that she was awake all the time and, therefore was certain that there was no one in the room. The officer goes away satisfied, and then Catherine and Louka also depart.

Bluntschli makes a surprising relations to Raina. He steps out of his hiding place and tells Raina that he is a mercenary Swiss soldier and accidentally joined the Serbs, merely as a professional fighter. Unmindful of the revolver, Raina sits on it. She then jumps and shrieks. The man however tells her that the pistol was not a loaded one. She gives him the revolver and tells him that it was fortunate that the Russian officer did not notice it. She asks him to load it. He replies that he has no ammunition. He remarks humorously that Cartridges are of no use in battle and therefore he always carries chocolates instead. He adds that he is extremely hungry and wishes to have some chocolates. The lady gives him a box of chocolates. He ravenously devours the sweets and finishes the entire stock of chocolate creams in no time.

Bluntschli now talks about the war. He talks about his harrowing experience of war. He says that the Bulgarians did not show any professional skill when they launched an

attack on the Serbs. He enumerates certain reasons to substantiate his charge against the Bulgarians. The cavalry charge was the result of sheer ignorance of the art of war on the part of its leader. To throw a cavalry regiment on a battery of machine guns was really a mad act. The Serbs were without Cartridges and could not open fire upon them but had to flee for their lives from the battlefield. Sergius, the Bulgarian officer charged foolishly like Don Quixote at the Windmills. He deserves to be court martialled for making a foolish attack on the Serbs.

Raina now shows the photo of Sergius to Bluntschli telling him that it is the gentleman to whom she is betrothed. Bluntschli recognizes him to be the same Bulgarian officer and expresses his regrets for having spoken against him. IN a moment of annoyance, Raina wants to man to leave her room. She says that he cannot stay in her room after what he had just said about her fiancé. She wants him to climb down into the street by clinging to the water pipe. She addressed him as a ‘chocolate cream soldier’. Bluntschli summons up his strength and prepare to go down the pipe. Just then a terrible firing is heard in the street. Raina brings him back from the window and offers him shelter and asks him to rely upon her. She tells him that she belongs to the well known family of the Petkoffs, who are famous for their hospitality towards their guests. She also says that her father holds the highest command in the Bulgarian army and he is a Major. After this she goes to inform her mother of all this lets her conduct should appear unmaidenly. Along with her mother she returns, and finds him fast asleep. When Catherine tries to wake him up, Raina catches hold of her arm and begs her to let the ‘poor darling’ sleep. At these words Catherine looks sternly at her daughter, while the man continues to sleep soundly. In the morning he is sent away disguised in an old coat of Major Petkoff.

8.5.2. ACT II

It is a fine spring morning of the Sixth of March, 1986. The scene takes place in the garden of Major Petkoff’s house. It opens with a conversation between Louka, the maid servant, and Nicola, the man servant. Nicola advised her not to be disrespectful to the mistress of the house. Louka is in a rebellious mood and tells him that she is not afraid of her masters. Nicola tells her categorically that he will not be able to marry her if she quarreled with the mistress of the house. Louka is in a rebellious mood and tells him that she is not afraid of her masters. Nicola tells her categorically that he will not be able to marry her if she quarreled with the mistress or any other member of the

family. After leaving the service in the Petkoff family, he proposes to start a shop in Sofia, and then the help and goodwill of his masters would be of much use to him. Louka, however, is adamant for she knows certain family secrets, and can cause them much harm. She can break up the engagement of Raina and Sergius. Nicola, who is more realistic, advises her that once she is dismissed from the service, nobody will believe her stories. He himself knows some secrets of the family, the disclosure of which may bring about a disunion among the members but he thinks it will not be good for him to disclose them. The young girl (Louka), who is a lady of great physical charms does not care for his advice and remarks proudly that Nicola has the should of a servant.

Major Petkoff returns from the war –front. The fighting between the two countries (*Bulgaria and Serbia) has ended and a peace treaty between the two countries has been signed. Major Petkoff is a man of about fifty, and he is obviously very happy to be back home from the war. He is also very happy that he has come back with the military rank of a Major which he has earned during the war and would now increase his importance in the town where he lives. He feels hungry and orders breakfast. He sends for Catherine and Raina. While Nicola goes to inform his mistress and Raina about Major Petkoff's return, Louka brings coffee and a bottle of brandy. Just then Catherine emerges from the house and comes to meet her husband in the garden. She looks extremely handsome and majestic. She is wearing a Bulgarian apron. Petkoff tells her that war is over and the peace treaty has been signed. Catherine pooh-poohs the idea of peace. She says that the Bulgarians should have demanded the merge of Serbia with Bulgaria and could have enabled Prince Alexander Emperor to become the emperor of Balkans.

Major Petkoff and his wife talk about a few irrelevant matters. Major asks her how she has been during the period of his absence. She complains as usual of sore throat and the Major assigns this ailment to her habit of taking bath daily. His conviction is that 'all this washing can't be good for the health. It is not natural; all this comes from the English their climate makes them so dirty that they have to be perpetually washing themselves'. Referring to his father he says that 'he never had a bath in his life and he lived not be ninety-eight, the healthiest man in Bulgaria'. Then Catherine tells him about an electric bell and its importance in a civilized society. After this they discuss about Sergius' promotion. In the meantime, Nicola announces the arrival of Major Sergius Saranoff, a tall

and very handsome man, having the appearance of an unstudied chieftain of some mountain tribe. He is warmly welcomed by both Petkoff and Catherine. Then Catherine praises him for the wonderful cavalry charge that he led. But he says that his military campaign ended his military reputation. He then goes on to explain. He won the battle by following wrong principles of fighting whereas the Russians were losing it by following the right rules. This hurt the self-esteem of the Russian commanders. Whereas two Russian colonels have been elevated to the rank of major-generals through he is still a simple major. In spite of the encouragement given by Catherine, he says that he has to decide to send his resignation from military service. He is no longer a soldier and to him, "Soldiering is the coward's art of attacking turns away from her, remarking that she is an abominable little clod of common clay with the soul of a servant". Louka crying with pain and anger, exclaims indignantly that whatever clay she is made of, he is also made of the same clay. Sergius asks her pardon for his ungentlemanly conduct. He then wants to give her some money as compensation for the hurt, but she refuses to accept the money. She uncovers her bruised arm and wants him to kiss it. He refuses to do so and goes away. Raina now returns and jokingly asks Sergius if he had been flirting with Louka. He gives a negative reply. Catherine comes near them and asks Sergius to go into the library and help her husband there in making in plan for sending those three regiments to Philippopolis. Sergius goes into the library leaving the two ladies alone. Catherine tells Raina that the first thing which her father had asked for was his old coat which they had given to the Serb so that he could escape in disguise. Catherine feels that Raina has got her in a kind of mess. Raina now betrays her liking for the Serb. On being questioned, she tells her mother that he was all the time in her room while the Russian officer searched the room. Catherine expresses the opinion that if Sergius comes to know of the incident, he will at once break off his engagement with her but Raina firmly replies that she is not afraid of the disclosure at all and does not care all, if Sergius comes to know of her 'Chocolate-soldier'. With these remarks, she goes away majestically.

Louka comes in to inform her mistress that a Swiss soldier with a big carpet bag has arrived and wants to see her. Catherine guesses at once that it is the Swiss soldier who had got into Raina's bed-chamber and that he has come to return the coat. She is extremely upset by his untimely arrival. She orders Louka to bring the man at once into the garden and instructs her to shut the door of the library where Sergius and Major Petkoff are working. The Swiss soldier (Bluntschli) comes up quite well dressed and smart Catherine

greet him formally but asks him to leave at once. She says that her husband and her future son-in-law are in the house. They know nothing about his hiding in Raina's room. If they come to do so, Catherine asks him to leave the bag containing the coat and tells him that it will be returned to him at his address which she requests him to leave with her.

At this point, Petkoff and Sergius approach Bluntschli. Petkoff welcomes him and explains that he had seen him from the window and had come out to greet him there. Sergius also welcomes him. Catherine who is awfully afraid of Bluntschli's untimely arrival fears that the men folk (Sergius and Petkoff) will come to know about the whole episode and much trouble will follow. At this moment Nicola arrives and Catherine orders him to bring his master's old coat from the closet. Nicola returns with the coat in no time. Petkoff can hardly believe his eyes. He loses the bet. As soon as the important business is finished, Sergius, Petkoff and Catherine go out to give the papers to the messengers with necessary instructions. Raina and Bluntschli are left alone.

Raina asks Bluntschli how it is that he is looking much smarter than when she first saw him. Bluntschli replies that it was the result of good sleeps, washing, brushing and eating. Raina now expresses anger at his circulating the story of his stay for the night in her bed-chamber. Bluntschli tells her that he told the story only to one intimate friend. Raina reveals the fact that his friend had given wide publicity to the story and it has reached the ears of her father and Sergius. She warns him that if Sergius ever came to know of it, he will be sure to kill Bluntschli in duel. Bluntschli forbids her to tell Sergius about his link with the story. She says that she cannot deceive Sergius nor tell lies to him for her relations with him. Bluntschli hints that she lied in the presence of Sergius in regard to the "chocolate Cream Soldier." The captain then frankly tells her that he could not believe that she had, in all her life, told lies only twice. At this Raina gets offended, feels insulted and chides him for his ingratitude for she had, as she says, lied only to save his life and he, instead of being thankful to her for this, did not even believe her. Then Raina refers to her photo which she had placed in pocket of her father's coat. (given to Bluntschli) Bluntschli pleads ignorance about the photo. Raina now calls him a stupid person for not taking it out of the pocket. She fears a lot of trouble now if her father finds it in the pocket. She is furious and rebukes him saying that he has a low shop-keeping mind, for he thinks of things that would never come into a gentleman's mind.

Louka now comes in with a heap of letters and telegrams and puts them on the table before Bluntschli. Bluntschli opens one of the telegrams and comes to know of his father's sudden death. Another letter from the family solicitor contains some details of the fortune which Bluntschli is to inherit. He prepares to leave for home at once. As he goes out of the room Louka remarks that Bluntschli has no heart, for he took his father's death coolly and did not say even a single word of grief for him. Raina, however, explains that as a soldier Bluntschli has been doing nothing but killing others, and so death is an ordinary matter for him. But in her mind, she doesn't like this tendency of hard attitude in life. She then goes out. Louka wishes to follow her, but just then Nicola comes in and detains her. He tells Louka that he has received thirty levas during the days. Sergius gave him twenty levas out of pure swagger, while the Swiss gave him 10 levas for backing up the lies of the Mistress and Miss Raina about him. Louka taunts him by saying that he is a born servant. She says to him, "I believe you would rather be my servant than a husband."

At the same time Sergius enters the room. Nicola goes away after instructing Louka to clear the table and get it ready for Major Petkoff. Louka and Sergius are alone in the room. Louka tells him that Raina would not marry him because the man she had talked about had come back. She now discloses his identity. He is the Swiss Bluntschli. He says that he will kill the Swiss. Louka doubts it. She says to him, "The Swiss will kill you perhaps. He has beaten you in love. He may beat you in war..." She is now in his arms. These words cut him to the quick. He realizes the force of her words and tells her that she belongs to him; and that he disclosure of the secret, recovers her presence of mind and says that she was just asking captain Bluntschli to lunch with them but he was in a hurry to go back. The situation is complicated by the arrival of Raina. As soon as she sees him (Bluntschli) she addresses him as the 'Chocolate cream soldier'. Thus she flings surprises to everyone present. She, however realizes her mistake. Just to side track the issue, she concocts a story. She says that she had made a cream cake in the form of a beautiful soldier and that Nicola put down a pile of plates on it and spoiled it. Then she apologizes to Bluntschli. She says she hoped that he did not think that she called him the 'Chocolate cream soldier'. Nicola receives an outburst of petulance from his master. He asks him why he has brought Bluntschli's luggage over there and taunts him for spoiling Raina's pudding. Nicola replies that he brought the bag at his lady's orders but like a clever and thoughtful servant, he understands the situation and takes the blame upon himself.

H is ordered by Petkoff to go away. Catherine and Raina try to soothe Petkoff's anger. Petkoff tells him to stay with them as a guest until he goes back to Switzerland. The captain at last yields and accepts their hospitality.

8.5.3. ACT III

The scene shifts to Major Petkoff's Library. Bluntschli is hard at work with a couple of maps before him. He is working out the details about the dispatch of three regiments to which Petkoff had referred towards the close of the last act of the play. Petkoff asks him if he needs his help. Bluntschli says that he and Sergius will manage it. Bluntschli passes the papers to Sergius who simply puts in his signature on them.

Major Petkoff is reminded of his coat. H is feeling uncomfortable in his new coat asks Catherine for his old coat. He tells Catherine that his old coat is not in the closet but she says it is surely there. They have a bet on the question. Catherine accepts the challenge. Nicola comes with the coat and thus Petkoff loses the bet. Louka goes away as Bluntschli enters.

Bluntschli and Sergius face each other. Sergius is angry. He says to Bluntschli: 'You are my rival. I brook no rivals'.. He challenges him to a duel at six o'clock on horseback, with their swords. Bluntschli says that as he is in the artillery, he will like to use a machine-gun and this time he will make sure of cartridges. Sergius thinking that he is joking asks him to take the matter seriously, and offers to lend him his best horse. Bluntschli accepts the offer, but he says that he will like to fight his rival on foot, for he will not like to kill him, if he can help it.

Raina hears the last words of Bluntschli as she enters and asks them why they are going to fight a duel. Bluntschli tells Raina that no harm will be done to either of them. He has often acted as a sword instructor. He will not allow Sergius to harm him. ON this part, he will not hurt him. Next morning he will leave for home again. At this, Raina wants to show loyalty to Sergius. Sergius charges Raina with making love to Bluntschli behind his back. Then he accuses Bluntschli of making love to Raina even when he know that she was engaged to Sergius and was about to marry him. Bluntschli calls it all sheer non sense because the young lady (Raina) does not even know whether he is married or

not. Raina just collapses on the ground and Sergius remarks that her concern is an evident proof of her secret love for him, and that another proof of her love for him is that he had enjoyed the privilege of staying in her bedroom one night. Now Bluntschli explained the whole incident by pointing out that he, being pursued by the enemies had entered her room forcibly with a pistol in his hand and had threatened to blow off her head, if she raised an alarm. He wants Sergius to beg pardon of Raina for unnecessarily suspecting her. Raina now says that it was all due to his friend who had told Sergius the story of his stay in her chamber. Bluntschli says that the person is now dead. But Sergius says that it was not Bluntschli's friend who was his informer. Raina guesses the truth suddenly. She had seen Louka and Sergius together. She must be his informer. Being thus exposed. Sergius withdraws his challenge to fight with Bluntschli.

Bluntschli is now happy to get out of the duel and advises Sergius to make up the quarrel with Raina. But Raina Sarcastically remarks that his difficulties are not yet over, for his true love is not Raina but Louka, and he must now fight a duel with her servant Nicola to whom Louka is engaged. Sergius is beyond himself with rage. He calls Raina a 'viper' and then a 'tiger cat'. Raina excitedly appeals to captain Bluntschli to defend her from the abusive language of Sergius. Bluntschli remains cool and desires that Raina and Sergius should make up their differences and live happily. He asks just by the way where Louka is. Raina sarcastically replies that she might be listening to their talk secretly at the door. Sergius goes to the door and finds Louka there. In his anger, he drags her in. Louka says that she is not ashamed of what she has done. She tries to provoke and expose Raina once again by referring to her 'Chocolate Cream Soldier'. At this Raina and Louka begin to quarrel with each other when Major Petkoff enters.

Major Petkoff finds that something is wrong and asks them if anything has happened. All the three (Raina, Sergius and Bluntschli) say that everything is alright. Nicola brings Petkoff's coat. Raina, pretending to help her father in putting it on, cleverly takes the photograph from the pocket and throws it on the table before Bluntschli who covers it with a sheet of paper, but his action is noticed by Sergius. After putting on the coat, Major Petkoff searches the photograph in the pocket but not finding it there thinks that Catherine must have taken it away. He tells them that Raina's photograph which he found in his pocket had the inscription, "Raina to her chocolate cream soldier: a Souvenir". Petkoff thinks that Sergius must be the chocolate cream soldier of Raina. Sergius

emphatically denies this. At his denial, Petkoff says, ‘do you mean to tell me that Raina sends things like that to other men?’ Sergius emphatically retorts, ‘the word is not much an innocent place as we used to think, Petkoff’.

With a view to clearing all doubts, Bluntschli rises and discloses the fact that he is the ‘Chocolate cream soldier’. He explains how he once sought refuge in Raina’s bed chamber and was given chocolate creams to satisfy his hunger. All the complications are resolved now. On Petkoff’s asking Raina to which of the two men she is engaged, Raina replies that Sergius, atleast, is engaged to Louka and not to her. When Major Petkoff points out that Sergius cannot marry Louka, for she is engaged o Nicola, Nicola tells them that she is not engaged to him. Both of them had given out false news in this respect. Nicola goes out after explaining the circumstances under which it was done.

Louka is engaged to Sergius. Louka now asks Sergius to apologize, for she has been insulted by everybody on his account. Sergius apologizes and she gives him her hand to kiss which he kisses. At once Louka reminds him of the vow and tells him that kiss has made her his affianced bride. Petkoff congratulates Sergius and Louka. Catherine comes in. She rebukes Louka for telling stories but Louka says that she had told Sergius that Raina would never marry him if the Swiss came back and that in saying this she had merely told the truth.

Hearing this, Bluntschli expresses his love for Raina. On knowing the fact that Raina is not a girl of seventeen, but she is a lady of twenty three, he proposes for marriage. Petkoff and Catherine say that their daughter is accustomed to a rich mode of living and he (Bluntschli) may not be in a position to manage that. In fact, they do not know that Bluntschli is a very rich man. The moment Bluntschli tells Catherine of his property and possessions, She takes no time to change her mind in his favour. Raina is happy. Bluntschli says to Sergius, ‘Saranoff: don’t get married until I come back; I shall be here punctually at five in the evening on Tuesday fortnight.’ Wishing good evening to all, he goes away. Thus the play ends with Sergius’ exclamation, ‘what a man! Is he a man!’

8.6 GLOSSARY

Act I

The Dragoman pass—a mountain pass in the Balkan mountains.

Starlit snow—bright looking snow in the light of the stars.
Ivory image—a figure made of the tusks of elephant.
Ottoman—a cushioned seat without back or arms.
Counterpane—A covering; bed cover
Gorgeous —Attractive to look at; splendid
Occidental—Western
Paltry—Ordinary; cheap; insignificant.
Variegated—of many colours.
Lofty bearing—majestic personality
Reverie—condition of being lost in dreamy thoughts.
Dilating—opening wide; expanding
Rapturously—Joyously
Ecstatically—Joyfully; wit excessive joy
Frantically—madly
Surging enthusiasm—thrills of excitement
Avalanche- huge piece or block of ice.
Dandified—fashionable; well dressed; a fop
Chaff-husk grains
Acclamations-praises
Indignantly—angrily
Buckled—fastened; adjusted; fixed on
Treason—a act of treachery
Disillusion—falsification of truth
Opera –a musical drama.
Remorsefully—regretfully
Snuggling against—drawing closer

A prosaic little coward—an unromantic, timid believer in heroism and other such noble ideas,

Defiant –challenging

Servility—obedience; act of obeying very humbly.

Insolent –impertinence

Aroused—Awakened

Fugitive—One who runs away

Swaggering—proudly or insolently.

Reverently—respectfully; with a feeling of reverence.

Abandoning – giving up.

Fusillade-Continuous firing of bullets.

Silhouetted-appeared in dark outlines against light.

Deplorable plight- a miserable condition.

Crouching – bending low on the knees.

Retreats-goes back

Bespattered-covered all over.

Unkempt-untidily, dirty

Discern-Judge or find out

Strong-minded-obstinate

Predicament-difficult situation

Menacingly-threateningly

Disdainfully-Scornfully; hatefully

Cynically-Whimsically

Clamour-noise

Intimidate –frighten; make afraid.

Sabre-Sword

Petrified-made completely motionless

Annoyed-Angry
Feline-cat-like
Petulantly-with annoyance or impatience; angrily
Sheathing-putting in the cover
Affably-with ease
Vexed-annoyed at heart
Superciliously – with a contemptuous air of superiority
Ravenously-most hungrily
Gobbles-Swallows hurriedly
Holsters –leather case for pistols or revolvers
Prosaically- in a cool headed manner
Betrothed –engaged for marriage
Recklessly-rashly
Patronizingly—in an elderly or advisory tone.
Castilian-belonging to castile, a province of Spain
Inarticulately—indistinctly
Intently—earnestly
Scandalized—feeling offended

ACT II

Paling-fences or enclosures
Complacency—feeling of self satisfaction
Imperturbability—calm feeling.
Sedately—seriously and gravely
Compassionate—sympathetic'
Levas—a Bulgarian coin
Perfunctory—something done hastily
Annexed—took possession of 9(territory etc)

Barbarian—uncivilized
Apprehensive—suspicious
Pugnacious—quarrelsome; fighting
Jeune credulity—childish readiness to believe
Mockeries—Contemptible things
Winging—show bodily pain by movement.
Etiquette—rule for formal relation
Ecre—some unbleached stuff of fabric
Abominable—hateful
Precisely—quite correctly
Bagman—commercial traveler
Humbled—deceived
Stateliness—dignity
Reserved by—Hateful and pessimistic
Flinching—moving away in fear or pain.
Forage—food for horses
Solemnly – seriously
Akimbo—with hand on hip and elbow extended
Swagger—Walk or behave in a self-important way
Inexorable—unyielding
Demurely—quietly and seriously
Buffoon—a stupid and ridiculous creature
Furtively—stealthily; secretly
Sardonically-scornfully
Whimpering-making some painful sound
Bruised—wounded or injured
Slightly –contemptuously

Flirting –making love secretly
Eaves dropping –listening secretly to a private conversation
Writhing—twisting
Averted—turned away.
Gloomily—sadly
Shako—military hat
Sobered—made serious
Distracted-draw away attention
In a brown study—day-dreaming
Impertinence—not showing proper respect
Capriciously-whimsically
Perversely—unnaturally.
Flippantly—disrespectfully
Timidly—nervously
Decisively—in a tone of determination
Peremptorily—authoritatively; in a commanding way
Vehemently—excitedly, forcefully
Impetuous-s-strong
Coaxing—persuasive
Whimsical—fleeting; passing
Amazement—surprise
Bewilderment—confusion
Blustering—violently
ACT III
Panorma—viuew
Mellow—Softening
Gnawing—hewing

Contemplating—thinking of
Grimly—very seriously
Protruded—stuck out; extended
Hallucinations—delusions; dreams; false visions
Valet—a personal attendant; servant officiously—in an anxious manner
Threshold—the doorsteps
Splutter—speak hastily
Incredulous—finding it difficult to believe
Skeptically—doubtfully
Tragically—gloomily
Dubiously—doubtfully
Haughtily- -proudly
Superbly—majestically
Unflinchingly—without the least hesitation or fear
Startled—extremely surprised
Infatuated—filled with love
Phlegmatically—without any sign of agitation; in a cool manner
Flounces—moves away in a fit of anger or with impatience. Brooch—
Ornamental pin
Whacking—large, heavy or big
Crescendo of dismay—rising tone of helplessness.
Moody—thoughtfully
Impudent—unwise
Implacable—which cannot be overcome or appeased
Sedately—in a calm, composed way; quietly
Flinching –drawing back
Slashed- made long cuts with the sword

Yelled – shouted
Fervently—warmly
Sprawling—spreading the limbs
Magnificently—proudly
Terrier—a small and active dog
Affianced—to whom a promise of marriage is given
Pepperily—bitterly
Block head—stupid fellow
Solicitous—anxious
Confronting –meeting face to face
Writhing—coiling or twisting in pain
Genially—Cheerfully
Dexterously—cleverly or skillfully
A Souvenir – a token of memory
Enigmatically—in a mysterious manner; in a puzzling way
Gasps –breathes hard
Exasperated—greatly annoyed
Uction—politeness, smoothness in speech
Stupefied—not in a position to think clearly
Dragoman pass—A mountain pass supposed to be situated in the Balkan mountains.
Occidental—western
Snowy Balkans—Tops of Bakan mountain covered with snow.
Tea gown—Gown worn at the time of taking tea.
Pushkin—a Russian poet
Holsters—leather cases for pistols
Cavalry charge—Attack by mounted soldiers

Cannoning—coming into violent contact with one another
Operatic tenor –a tenor is a male character in an opera.
Bayonet—a Sharp blade mounted at the end of a rifle.
A chocolate cream soldier—A soldier who is interested only in eating and has no soldierly traits.
Bucharest—capital of Bulgaria
Vienna—A centre of culture
Castilian noble—A noble man hailing from castile, a province in Spain.
Ernani—The her of opera ‘Ernani’ written by Verdi.
Silvnitza—A place to the North-West of Sofia
Haughtily—proudly
Genteel—civilized; polite or refined.
Shies-turns aside
Superciliously—showing hatred.
Grinning—smiling profusely.
Sarcasm—bitter remarks intended to hurt feelings.
Ravenously—greedily
Gobbes—eat quickly
Holsters—leathers cases
Shewing –without showing effects.
Don Quixote –hero of a Cervantes’s romance
Stifles—Checks
Tickled—having itching or tingling sensation.
Countenance—face.
Desperation—filled with despair or hopelessness
Patronizing –helpful

Affectedly—pretending.

Contemptuously—hatefully.

Reluctantly—hesitating.

Scandalized—shocked

Vehemently—strongly

Profoundly—deeply

Sash—a scarf worn round the shoulder as a part of uniform

Cognac—Brandy made in Cognac, a place in France.

The Balkans—South-East European countries.

(Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece)

Philippopolis—A town situated in central Bulgaria.

Byronism—A liking for the ideas of the poet, Byron

Childe Harold—The hero of a longer poem of Byron

Cassock—Member of a Turkish tribe of that name. The cassocks came under Russian rule.

Ecrue Canvas—unbleached cloth and used for embroidery.

8.7 EXAMINATION ORIENTED QUESTIONS

Q.1 Describe how Raina saved Bluntschli from the ‘Jaws of death’.

or

What is the importance of the bed-Chamber episode in the action of ‘Arms and the man?’.

Ans. Raina is the daughter of Major Petkoff, an officer in Bulgarian army. He is on the battle front fighting against the Serbian Army. Captain Bluntschli, a Swiss professional soldier, is fighting on the side of the Serbs. In the War Bulgarian army emerges victorious. The vanquished Serbs and Bluntschli flee for life and Bulgarians supported by Russians give them a hot chase. There takes place shooting in the streets of the town. Bluntschli comes running near the house of Petkoffs. He climbs up the water pipe and manages to

enter the bed-chamber of Raina who is lying in her bed in a state of undress. Raina sees the stranger in her room but she is not allowed to call for help, for she has threatened with death in case she opens her mouth. He tell her that he is determined to save his life from the Bulgarian soldiers by hook or by crook. He throws the pistol he is carrying with him on the ottoman and picks up her gown, leaving her in a state of undress. He does so with the hope that she would not cry or call for help because she would not like to expose to view of the soldiers her naked body. However, the pursuing soldiers have seen him going up to the Raina's room by climbing up the drain pipe. The Bulgarian soldiers known at the door of the house of the Petkoffs to make a search of the fugitive. They are, however, civil and polite to the members of the family which commands respect in the Bulgarian society. One officer seeks entry to the room of Raina. Anticipating his capture, Bluntschli prepares to fight to death. He throws the gown towards Raina. Raina pities him and offers to save him. She hides him behind the curtain of one of the windows in the room and prepared to meet the soldiers.

The officer enters and shows due courtest to the aristocratic daughter of the officer of the Bulgarian army. He is disposed to believe Raina who tells him that she has not seen anyone entering the room. The officer searches the balcony without caring to look behind the curtain. Moreover his eyes do not fall on the pistol lying on the Ottoman. He leaves the room after being satisfied that there is none in Raina's room except Raina. IN this way she behaves very cleverly and bravely and saves the life of Bluntschli.

The scene is of vital dramatic importance in the action of 'Arms and the Man'. It lays the foundation for the later incidents in the play. If Bluntschli had not taken refuge in Raina's room, the later developed of action in the play would not have been possible. It is because of this incident that Raina, who had very recently formed a resolution to be worthy of Sergius' love, is fascinated by the plain, blunt matter of fact, Bluntschli. She even goes to the extent of putting her photograph in the pocket of Petkoff's coat so that he may make good his escape. This photograph is later on the source of much complication and humour in the play. In the end, it is because of this photograph that the mystery about Bluntschli is cleared. He confesses that the photograph was intended for him and the tables are turned in the Petkoff

family relationship.

Lastly, in the play GB Shaw ridicules the romantic conception of war and heroism by disillusioning Raina about her bookish and airy notions of heroism. In this process of disillusionment the episode is a very important milestone. During his conversation with Raina, Bluntschli describes the action of Sergius in leading the cavalry charge against the Serbian artillery. In the manner of a realist and professional soldier, he tells her that Sergius deserves to be Court martialled and not to be praised for the latter's crazy action. He opens her eyes on the absurdity of war. According to him, food is more important in war than bullets and heroism. All this goes a long way in purging Raina of her view of the glory of warfare and heroism of the soldier.

Thus we find that the episode of Bluntschli being saved by Raina is very important in the play. It acts as the foundation for the super structure of the play and also marks a major development in the achievement of the ideological purpose of the play.

Q.2 Consider 'Arms and the Man' an anti –romantic comedy.

OR

Describing Shaw's working out/treatment of themes of war and Marriage in Arms and the Man.

Ans. George Bernard Shaw is called an iconoclast.(a person who attacks popular beliefs or established customs).He has broken the images, the images of love and war. He has exposed the hollowness of the romantic notions about these two images. He is the best exponent of anti-romanticism or realism. He lashes out at all the ideas that are based on prejudice and ignorance and have no spark of rationality. He subtitles the play as 'Anti-romantic' Comedy. The word romantic here is used in the sense in which it is applied to the work of those writers who wrote during the nineteenth century. They followed the cult of finding out beauty in strangeness and enveloped everything in an idealistic veil. They looked back ward to the medieval age for finding out the effect and spirit of their work. The approach of such writers to the fundamental aspects of life was irrational and un-intellectual. Shaw reviewed everything about life with scientific objectivity and dispassionate outlook.

In '*Arms and the Man*' Shaw is highly realistic and makes fun of the romantic illusions about war and love. He does not merely criticize them but also shows what they really are. He puts the case for both the sides. First, he puts the romantic view about love and war and thereafter, the realistic view. Thus, he shows how silly the idealistic or romantic notions are and how true and real ones. Thus the themes of the play are love and war. These two themes have been welded into a single whole with great skill.

In the play Shaw mainly concentrates his iconoclasm on the ideas of war, Love and marriage, as conceived by his contemporaries. War was considered to be an opportunity for soldiers to show their heroism. Soldiers were supposed to be self-effacing and dauntless, ready to lay down their lives for the sake of country or their honor. Shaw considers this notion the romantic view of war unsuited for the scientific age. The romantic view of war is based on the idealistic notion that men fight because they are heroes and that soldier who takes the biggest risk wins the greatest glory, and is the greatest hero. According to Shaw mere personal courage, valour and undaunted spirit do not count for ensuring victory in a modern war. The old thinking is fallacious because it is unrealistic. In modern scientific age, soldiers are too human to be indifferent to their lives. They are as much reluctant to die as the civilians are. The soldiers need better food supply to the battle front than ammunition. The realistic views are echoed by Bluntschli who is the mouth piece of the playwright. Raina, Catherine and Sergius hold the romantic view of war. Bluntschli purges Raina of her romanticism regarding war slowly but steadily. Sergius who is first termed and adored as hero by both Raina and Catherine slowly falls in their estimation when his foolish action of leading cavalry charge in defiance of his superiors against Serbian artillery is revealed to them by the professional soldier, Bluntschli. Sergius himself is disillusioned when he fails to find due recognition and appreciation for his heroic deed of defeating the Serbs. Because of this disillusionment, he becomes desperate and in desperation he sends in his letter of resignation from Bulgarian Army. Thus George Bernard Shaw sees no justification for the glorification of war.

The second idea exposed by Shaw is the romantic view of love and marriage, based on medieval chivalry and gallantry. It tends on one hand, to hero-worship, and on the other, to affectation and the display of unfelt emotions and sentiments. Shaw reduces love into nothing more than a sensual itch. He ridicules the idea of marriage as a union

either of two distinguished families or of two souls. This idea has also been woven artistically into the texture of the play. Raina and Sergius hold the romantic view of love and marriage. Both belong to distinguished noble families of Bulgaria and pretend to love each other. Actually Raina's love is nothing but hero-worship. The way she holds the portrait of her-fiancé shows that she adores rather than loves him. Both are pretentious in their manifestation of love. They make show and vow of higher love. It is all affectation, otherwise how can a true lover like Sergius, talk to, hold the hands and embrace a maid-servant of the Petkoffs in Raina's back. The insincerity of their love again comes to light when the readers come to know that Raina has been spying on them all this time when amorous advances are being made by Sergius to Louka, the attractive and young maid-servant. Both Raina and Sergius view with each other to show how deeply and sincerely each loves the other. It is nothing but an attempt at self-deception. Had Raina been sincere in love-making she would not have slipped her photograph in the pocket of the coat of her father which she gave to Bluntschli to enable him to make good his escape. Moreover she had intended the photograph for the 'Chocolate Cream soldier' who was none else than Bluntschli. It clearly shows that Raina was attached to Bluntschli. Otherwise there was no need of keeping this episode a secret. Sergius himself says towards the end that it is difficult to keep higher love up for any length of time. They give up the romantic view of love and marriage and come to the plane of reality. Raina gets married to Bluntschli and Louka to Sergius, ignoring romantic notions and class-consciousness.

Thus Shaw exposes the folly of romantic views about art, love, marriage and class-consciousness through the medium of light hearted comedy. He laughs but his laughter has a serious intention. He is both wit and thought provoking. It is a didactic play, the purpose of the dramatist being to make us see the truth about love and war.

Q.3 Write a note on elements of Humour, wit and satire as contained in the play 'Arms and the Man'.

Ans: G.B. Shaw's play 'Arms and the Man' contains elements of wit, humour and satire. Shaw was essentially a writer of comedies and not of farces. Whereas a farce simply makes us laugh and has nothing serious to tell, a comedy provided all types of humour and has a serious purpose underlying it. The main aim of the writer in the play is

not just to satirize love, marriage or war. His aim is to shatter the so called false and artificial concepts of the romantic views about marriage and war.

Humour and wit.

Wit and humour are two distinct traits. Wit is a pure intellectual exercise. It generally originates from combination of words and fancy. Humour is allied to the sensitiveness of the human heart. Like wit, it causes laughter; laughter is something deep and dignified.

There are several comic scenes in the play. First we find in the bed-chamber of Raina when the Swiss soldier, Bluntschli, seeks refuge and tries to prove that chocolates are more important than ammunition. Such a thing is bound to create a feeling of humour and laughter. The purpose is to laugh at those who glorify war. The other funny situations are created in the scenes when Petkoff and Catherine discuss about polished tastes and when Nicola and Louka discuss about the duties of servants. In these two scenes Shaw has tried to laugh at the existing conventions and traditions. Here the motive of Shaw is to hold the concept of polished tastes, of respectability and dignity, up to ridicule. Holding of the portrait of Sergius and worshipping as if Sergius were a god, make us laugh heartily.

There is the incident of Sergius's flirtation with Louka. This is a frivolous incident. Then Sergius' confession that he has played the role of six men at a time also causes laughter. Nobody knows which the real man is. Nicola's confession when he is charged with having soiled the toy soldier of Raina is purely comic. In doing so, Shaw has tried to serve the purpose of showing to the world that existing morals and conventions are laughable and worthless. Unlike in farce, there is an element of seriousness underlying the laughter. Shaw keeps us laughing throughout the play. He makes us laugh at the prevalent conceptions of war, love, marriage and class-consciousness. The weapons of irony and Satire serve his purpose. By the use of dramatic irony in the play knowledge is distributed unequally and we are made to laugh at the ignorance of some characters. The conception of character is by itself humorous. Shaw's characters are in the tradition of those of the Johnsonian 'Comedy of humours'. Every character is given one dominant trait which is elaborately presented e.g. Major Petkoff's class-consciousness, Nicola's cynical submissiveness, Louka's ambition, Raina's romanticism, Sergius's many facedness and Bluntschli's commonsense. Though there is a good sprinkling of humorous patches, yet the play is not wanting in wit or intellectual humour. The most important source of humour, in fact, is the

dialogue which is quite witty and laughter-provoking. The creation of ice-pudding story, the mystery of the carpet bag and the coat, display Shaw's love of the Comic. But he did not create comic scenes only to entertain us but he had always something uppermost in his mind to convey.

Satiric element in 'Arms and the Man'.

The aim of satire is to correct an individual or society by holding weaknesses up to ridicule. A satirist exposes individuals or social follies, wickedness and vices and his aim is not to inflict torture or to cause pain to anybody. His aim is to bring sanity to prevail and to purge the individual or society of undesirable qualities or conceptions. Satire was a natural weapon to Shaw for exposing the wrong notions, conventions and traditions plaguing the society. He had the reformation of society at heart. Those who allege that Shaw sacrificed art on the altar of propaganda little realize this. In short, for Shaw, reformation of the society was the end and the satire the mean. In 'Arms and the man' Shaw has chosen to satirize the romantic ideals of life, especially the romantic view of war, soldiering and love and marriage and social snobbery.

Satiric treatment of War and Soldiering.

Shaw has a dig at the supposed heroism of soldiers. News of victory on account of heroic cavalry charge by Sergius against Serbian artillery sends waves of joy and excitement to people of romantic bent of mind like Raina and Catherine. Raina is in raptures and worships the portrait of Sergius as if he were a god, As per romantic view about soldiering, a soldier is expected to be self-effacing, daring and dauntless, ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of the country his honour. A soldier registering victory in battle-field through greatest risk or adventure is considered the greatest hero. But the emergence of Bluntschli in the bed-chamber of Raina opens the eyes of romantic girls, Raina to harsh realities. Bluntschli makes her realize that Sergius's cavalry charge was in reality a rash and foolish act. He says that nine of every ten soldiers are born fools. The subsequent happenings establish the truth of his statement. The Bulgarian officer while searching for Bluntschli in Raina's bedroom fails to notice the pistol lying on the Ottoman. He has a cursory look on the balcony and does not look behind the curtain where the fugitive was hiding himself. The attitude of the officer lends credence to Bluntschli's statement. Bluntschli goes on to say that a soldier fights not because he likes fighting but because compulsions of earning

livelihood force him to fight. From this one can infer that it is foolish to think that men fight for the sake of heroism. War is not to be glorified but to be derided at. Soldiers want food and not battles. Raina is disillusioned and shuns her romantic view of war. Sergius, too, is disillusioned. He risked his life by leading a decisive cavalry charge and won victory over the Serbs. He was expecting recognition for his chivalrous action. He is disappointed when he fails to get any praise. IN desperation he sends in his resignation from army service. Bluntschli's realistic views leave Raina disillusioned in her view on war. Here Bluntschli acts as the mouthpiece of Shaw.

Satiric Treatment of Romantic Love and Marriage.

Shaw wants to clarify that marriage is not an adventurous union of romantic hero and heroine. He feels that people marry because marriage is a physical necessity. He is of the opinion that marriage should not be the result of the blooming p of the flowers of roman but it should be contracted with a view to procreating. Raina and Sergius make a vow of 'higher love' for each other. Both of them say one cannot live without other even for a minute. But their profession of 'higher live' is merely a pose, a show, a mockery. As soon as Raina's back is turned, Sergius starts flirtation with Louka, just as Raina loves Bluntschli behind Sergius back. The state of her heart is revealed when she, out of irritation, asks her mother to marry Sergius whom Catherine likes so much, instead of forcing her marriage with Sergius. Nothing can illustrate the hollowness of romantic love in a better way. Sergius is not the chivalrous Knight which Raina takes him to be. He is proud, boastful, and incompetent or foolish. He is easily fooled and entrapped into marriage by a petty maid-servant. Raina, too, is made of the same clay as Sergius. She resorts to telling lies to cover her relations with Bluntschli. She strikes poses and at times behaves in a childish manner. Through these characters Shaw has shown that the so-called noble and the heroic are no better than their servants.

Satire on social snobbery.

Social snobbery also comes under heavy attack of the pen of Shaw. Petkoffs are boastful of their aristocratic tastes. They view their library, two stair cases and electric bell as proof of their roots in nobility. We may no longer be proud of such things or regard them as our distinct possession. But the mentality still persists. This very mentality tends to

make us proud of our T.V sets, Cars, Air conditioners etc. Shaw has taken to task our craze for such things. He has satirized such false notions of social superiority and has attempted at curbing them by holding them up to ridicule. Raina and Sergius, inspite of their social pride, are as much creatures of a clay as Louka and Nicola are. To conclude, Shaw has vehemently lashed at the vanities and follies of the individuals as well as society.

Q.4 Describe how Louka entrapped Sergius into marriage.

OR

What is Louka's ambition? How does she realize it? What help is rendered by Nicola to Louka in the realization of her ambition?

Ans. Louka is young and beautiful Bulgarian girl working as a maid servant in the employ of the Petkoffs. She pretends to be engaged to Nicola, a male servant of the same masters. She is self-willed and highly ambitions. She wants to exploit her physical charms, cleverness and intelligence to full in order to get married to a member of the Bulgarian nobility. She is a servant with the soul of a master. Her ambition is not dormant in her. She is ever active in her efforts to achieve her aim.

She casts her loving eyes on Sergius Saranoff who is engaged to the romantic daughter of Petkoffs. She is very shrewd and farsighted. She comes to know the secret of Raina's heart and she is determined to exploit it to the utmost. Very systematically she starts laying the snare for the gull of a Sergius. Every step of her is well planned and calculated. The moment Raina decides to enjoy a stroll with Sergius and goes to fetch her hat, Louka attracts Sergius's attention toward her beauty. He starts flirting with her and tries to kiss her. She cleverly suggest that they should go into the stable so that they may not be seen from the house, for says she, Miss Raina is sure to be spying up on them. She leads him on but keeps tantalizing him and does not allow him a close access to her. She encourages Sergius in making amorous advances to her, but at the same time pretends to be indifferent. He takes her hands and then embraces her. This is what she actually wants. She exploits his weakness to her advantage. Slowly and steadily she tries to make him feel that Raina is not worthy of his love. She employs tricks and her cleverness to create Doubts in the mind of Sergius about the fidelity of Raina towards him. She wants to remove Raina from his mind and then to occupy that place herself.

Louka then gives shock to Sergius by the revelation that she has eavesdropped on Raina and found that she was in love with another man, who had spent one full night in Raina's bed chamber.

Mischievously she hints that another man has enjoyed the amorous caresses of Raina and that Raina is determined to marry that man whether he likes it or not. Sergius's anger is aroused and in his anger he holds Louka so violently that her arm is bruised. She says that bruise can be cured if he kisses it, but he declines to do so as he is totally disillusioned about Raina. Louka misses no opportunity that comes in her way. She uses every opportunity to brain wash Sergius. Her method is to tantalize him and injure his feelings, especially towards Raina whenever they two are alone. He offers to kiss the bruise and thereby cure it. He wants to satisfy his physical lust but Louka controls herself and forbids it. Very cleverly she drifts the conversation to the virtue of courage. She refuses to consider him courageous. According to her, a truly courageous person is he or she who has guts to challenge public opinion and marry below his or her rank.

When Bluntschli comes to return coat to the Petkoffs, she seizes the opportunity to poison Sergius's ears that the man present in the house is none else than a person whom Raina loves passionately. She asserts that Raina will marry the Swiss man and not Sergius. This enrages Sergius very much and rashly he vows that if he touches Louka again, he will touch his affianced wife'. She makes him understand that if would be ungentlemanly on his part to break his vow. The fool of a Sergius is taken in and he falls a prey to his false sense of honour and his Swagger.

When the Petkoffs, Sergius and Bluntschli are engaged in conversation in the library room, Louka stands at the door, eaves-dropping all that transpires between them inside the room. Bluntschli **tells in the course of talk that he had stayed in Raina's bed chamber but nothing improper ever passed between them. Raina senses foul play by Louka. She thinks Louka to be his informer. She tells Sergius and others that Louka is in the habit of eaves-dropping and, hence must be at the door. Sergius finds Louka actually there and drags her in. Louka says that she has been listening at the door, for her love was at stake.** Bluntschli supports her saying that everything is fair I love and war. Louka feels insulted and asks Sergius to apologize to her because it is owing to him that she has been insulted by all. Sergius kisses the wound he had caused on

her arm. Louka is quick in reminding him of his vow to marry her, if ever again he touched her. Sergius now takes her in his arms and declares that he would marry her.

Thus we see that Louka very cleverly, cautiously and intelligently entraps Sergius into marrying her. She acts like a hypnotizer and makes him think, feel and act according to her own desires. Her physical beauty also contributes to her success. Nicola also contributes to her success.

Nicola's role in the realization of Louka's ambition.

Louka desires to rise above her status by marrying in nobility and Nicola's ambition is to be an independent shopkeeper. In the play we see that Nicola helps Louka to realize her ambition in the hope that she will patronize his business when he sets up his shop. Nicola helps his female counterpart in more than one way. It is he who helps her to behave like a well-bred lady. When she enters the service, she looks an ordinary peasant girl of Bulgaria. Nicola teaches her to present herself to her advantage. He has made a woman of Louka so that she may be able to use her Physical charms to her best advantage. He pretends to be engaged to Louka with the sole aim of offering her protection against the indecent attack, otherwise he has no intention of marrying her. He is her well-wisher. Why Nicola and Louka are busy in talking to each other in the library use. Sergius comes in. ON a pretext, Nicola goes out of the library, leaving Louka and Sergius together so that Louka may get an opportunity for enticing and entrapping Sergius. Without his exit the later developments leading to Louka's engagement would not have been possible. When there comes the time for clarification he declares that their engagement was a farce, deliberately played to protect her. Nicola helps Louka in all ways to get married to Sergius.

Q. 5 Comment on Shaw's use of dramatic irony in 'Arms and the Man'.

Ans. Dramatic irony is a plot device. According to it spectators know more than the characters themselves. The audiences understand the meaning and implication of a situation on the stage or what is being said, but the characters do not. In other words dramatic irony is a situation in which knowledge is unevenly distributed among the characters and the audience. Some characters act in their ignorance of full details and provide a source of humour in the play. In the bed chamber scene the audience know that eh fugitive is hiding behind the curtains. Louka comes in to inform Raina that a fugitive has been seen climbing the water pipe. We laugh at her ignorance. Again an ironical situation presents

itself when the Russian officer is fooled by Raina.

Leaving aside the introductory part of the play there is no moment, except in the end, when knowledge is evenly distributed among the characters. Sometimes the reader is taken into confidence when he laughs at the ignorant characters. At other times the dramatics laughs at the reader also.

Initially Raina had doubts about Sergius' heroism. When she comes to know that Sergius has performed a heroic deed on the battle front by leading the cavalry charge, she changes her opinion about him and turns into an admirer and worshipper of Sergius. The dramatist knows well that she (Raina) has to reverse her opinion later on. He must, therefore be laughing at her ignorance.

The situation in which Major Petkoff's coat is involved is the richest in dramatic irony. Petkoff feels uncomfortable without his coat on one occasion. He finds it missing. He bets with Catherine who is very sure that it is there. We know that Petkoff is ignorant about its return to the closet. Bluntschli, Raina, Catherine and we know the secret of its replacement and, hence cannot help laughing at Petkoff's poor knowledge. Raina, Catherine and we appreciate Bluntschli's superior knowledge when he remarks that 'Madam is sure to be right'. Sergius misinterprets it as a Chivalrous remark.

Another situation rich in dramatic irony involves the photograph of Raina which she had slipped into a pocket of Petkoff's coat which she had given to Bluntschli to make good his escape. She thinks that he must have received the autographed portrait while the fact is quite the contrary when she removes the photograph from her father's coat, she feels relieved, and we share the feeling with her but the dramatist knows that Petkoff has already seen the photograph. The whole situation is steeped in dramatic irony. Equally humorous is the situation in which Catherine says to Bluntschli that he knows her wishes regarding his stay in the house. Petkoff, Raina and Sergius thinks that she wants him to stay on, while we know that her wish is that he should go at once from her house.

These few examples show that 'Arms and the Man' is steeped in dramatic irony. Through his abundant use of dramatic irony, Shaw provides humour. He pitches ignorance against knowledge and makes us laugh at one character or the other.

8.8 SUGGESTED READINGS

Karan, K.K. *George Bernard Shaw and the Concept of Superman*, 1989.

Course No : AA 601 (Theory)	Semester-VI
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LESSON No. 9	ARMS AND THE MAN	Unit-II
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G.B. SHAW

Structure

- 9.1 Introduction**
- 9.2 Objectives**
- 9.3 Preface to the Play**
 - 9.3.1 Act I**
 - 9.3.2 Act II**
 - 9.3.3 Act III**
- 9.4 Glossary**
- 9.5 Examination Oriented Questions**
- 9.6 Self Check Exercise**
- 9.7 Answer Key to Self Check Exercise**
- 9.8 Suggested Readings.**

9.1 INTRODUCTION

Arms and the man had its first production at the Avenue Theatre, Northumberland avenue, London on 21 April, 1894 and served as Shaw's introduction as a dramatist to the London theatre-going public. Florence Farr, a leading actress in the New Drama Movement, played Louka. Besides her, the cast included York Stephens as Bluntschli, Alma Murray as Raina, Mrs Charles Calvert as Catherine. A.E W. Mason as the Russian Officer, James Welch as Petkoff, Orlando Barnett as Nicola and Bernard Partridge as Sergius. In America too, among Shaw's plays, it was the

first to be produced in New York on 17 September, 1894 by the Richard Mansfield. The German version of the play by Trehitsch was first performed by the Freie Volksuhne in Berlin in 1903 and in Vienna and Cracow next year.

Altogether Arms and The Man has proved to be one of the most popular of Shaw's play all over the world. One would however agree with G.B. Purdom that the tendency to treat it as self-conscious burlesque, evident in late revivals, instead of full toned romantic comedy, does it no justice.

9.2 OBJECTIVES

After going through the lesson :

- a) you will be able to critically analysis and understand, gain an insight into the play thus aiming at better understanding of the play.
- b) Understand the basic key words thus enhancing your vocabulary.

9.3 PREFACE TO THE PLAY

Shaw's plays are a living drama because of the kind of man he was, and because he was in immediate and present contact with his time. In all the plays of Shaw, the problem, the clash and the resolution are worked out. In Arms and the Man, there is romance exposed to the onslaught of common sense and comically defeated.

9.3.1. ACT I

Night: A lady's bedchamber in Bulgaria, I a small town near the Dragoman Pass. It is late in November in the year 1885, and through an open window with a little balcony on the left can be see a peak of the Balkans, wonderfully white and beautiful in the starlit snow. The interior of the room is not like anything to be seen in the West of Europe. It is half rich Bulgarian, half cheap Viennese. Above the head of the bed, which stands against a little wall cutting off the right hand corner of the room diagonally, is a painted wooden shrine, blue and gold, with an ivory image of Christ and a light hanging before it in a pierced metal ball suspended by three chains. On the left, further forward, is an ottoman. The counterpane and hangings of the bed, the window curtains, the little carpet, and all the ornamental textile fabrics in the room are oriental and gorgeous: the paper on the walls is occidental and paltry. The washstand, against the wall on the side nearest the ottoman and

window consists of an enameled iron basin with a pail beneath it in a painted metal frame, and a single towel on the rail at the side. The dressing table, between the bed and the window, is a common pine table, covered with a cloth of many colors, but with an expensive toilet mirror on it. The door is on the right; and there is a chest of drawers between the door and the bed. This chest of drawers is also covered by a variegated native cloth, and on it there is a pile of paper backed novels, a box of chocolate creams, and a miniature easel, with a large photograph of an extremely handsome officer, whose lofty bearing and magnetic glance can be felt even from the portrait. The room is lighted by a candle on the chest of drawers and another on the dressing table, with a box of matches besides it.

The window is hinged door wise and stands wide open, folding back to the left. Outside a pair of wooden shutters, opening outwards, also stand open. ON the balcony, a young lady, intensely conscious of the romantic beauty of the night, and of the fact that her own youth and beauty is a part of it, is on the balcony, gazing at the snowy Balkans. She is in her nightgown, well covered by a long mantle of furs, worth, on a moderate estimate, about three times the furniture of her room.

Her reverie is interrupted by her mother, Catherine Petkoff, a woman over forty, imperiously energetic, with magnificent black hair and eyes, who might be a very splendid specimen of the wife of a mountain farmer, but is determined to be a Viennese lady, and to that end wears a fashionable tea gown on all occasions.

CATHERINE (entering hastily, full of good news): Raina! (she pronounces it Rah-eena, with the stress on the eel) Raina- (she goes to the bed, expecting to find Raina there). Why, where? (Raina looks into the room.) Heavens! Child, are you out in the night air instead of in your bed? You'll catch your death. Louka told me you were asleep.

RAIN (dreamily). I sent her away. I wanted to be alone. The stars are so beautiful! What is the matter?

CATHERINE. Such news. There has been a battle.

RAINA (her eyes dilating); Ah! (She throws the cloak on the ottoman, and comes eagerly to Catherine in her nightgown, a pretty garment, but evidently the only one she has on).

CATHERINE. A great battle at Slivnitsa! A victory! And it was won by Sergius.

RAINA (with a cry of delight). Ah! (Rapturously). Oh, mother! (Then, with sudden anxiety) is father safe?

CATHERINE. Of course: he sent me the news. Sergius is the hero of the hour, the idol of the regiment.

RAINA. Tell me, tell me. How was it! (Ecstatically) Oh, mother! Mother! Mother! (Raina pulls her mother down on the ottoman; and they kiss one another frantically).

CATHERINE (with surging enthusiasm). You can't guess how splendid it is. A cavalry charge – think of that ! He defied our Russian commanders-acted without orders-led a charge on his own responsibility-headed it himself-was the first man to sweep through their guns. Can't you see it, Raina; our gallant splendid Bulgarians with their words and eyes flashing, thundering down like an avalanche and scattering the wretched Serbs and their dandified Austrian officers like chaff. And you! You kept Sergius waiting a year before you would be betrothed to him. Oh, if you have a drop of Bulgarian blood in your veins, you will worship him when he comes back.

RAINA. What will he care for my poor little worship after the acclamations of a whole army of heroes? But no matter: I am so happy- so proud! (She rises and walks about excitedly). It proves that all our ideas were real after all.

CATHERINE (indignantly). Our ideas well! What do you mean?

RAINA. Our ideas of what Sergius would do. Our patriotism. Our heroic ideals. I sometimes used to doubt whether they were anything but dreams. Oh, what faithless little creatures girls are! When I buckled on Sergius's sword he looked no noble: It was treason to think of disillusion or humiliation or failure. And yet-and yet- (Quickly). Promise me you'll never tell him.

CATHERINE. Don't ask me for promises until I know what I am promising.

RAINA. Well, it came into my head just as he was holding me in his arms and looking into my eyes, that perhaps we only had our heroic ideas because we are so fond of reading Byron and Pushkin, and because we were so delighted with the opera that season at Bucharest. Real life is so seldom like that – indeed never, as far as I knew it then. (Remorsefully). Only think, mother, I doubted him: I wondered whether all his heroic qualities and his soldiership light not prove mere imagination when he went into a real

battle. I had an uneasy fear that he might cut a poor figure there besides all those clever Russian officers from the Tsar's Court.

CATHERINE. A poor figure! Shame on you! The Serbs have Austrian officers who are just as clever as our Russians; but we have beaten them in every battle for all that.

RAINA (laughing and sitting down again). Yes, I was only a prosaic little coward. Oh, to think that it was all true—that Sergius is just as splendid and noble as he looks! That the world is really a glorious world for women who can see its glory and men who can act its romance! What happiness! What unspeakable fulfillment!

They are interrupted by the entry of Louka, a handsome, proud girl in a pretty Bulgarian peasant's dress with double apron, so defiant that her servility to Raina is almost insolent. She is afraid of Catherine, but even with her goes as far as she dares.

LOUKA. If you please, madam, all the windows are to be closed and the shutters made fast. They say there may be shooting in the streets (Raina and Catherine rise together, alarmed). The Servians are being chased right back through the pass; and they say they may run into the town. Our cavalry will be after them; and our people will be ready for them you may be sure, now that they are running away. (She goes out on the balcony and pulls the outside shutters to; then steps back into the room).

CATHERINE (Business-like, her housekeeping instincts aroused). I must see that everything is made safe downstairs.

RAINA. I wish our people were not so cruel. What glory is there in killing wretched fugitives?

RAINA (to Louka). Leave the shutters so that I can just close them if I hear any noise.

Catherine (Authoritatively, turning on her way to the door). Oh, no, dear, you must keep them fastened. You would be sure to drop off to sleep and leave them open. Make them fast, Louka.

Louka. Yes Madam, (She fastens them).

RAINA. Don't be anxious about me. The moment I hear a shot, I shall blow out the candles and roll myself up in bed with my ears well covered.

CATHERINE. Quit the wisest thing you can do, my love. Good-night.

RAINA. Good-night(They kiss one another, and Raina's emotion comes back for a moment). Wish me joy of the happiest night of my life – if only there are no fugitives.

Catherine. Go to bed, dear; and don't think of them (She goes out).

Louka (Secretly, to Raina). If you would like the shutters open, just give them a push like this. (She pushes them: they open: She pulls them to again) One of them ought to be bolted at the bottom; but the bolt's gone.

RAINA (with dignity, reproving her). Thanks, Louka; but we must do what we are told (Louka makes a grimace). Good-night.

LOUKA (carelessly). Good-night. (She goes out, swaggering).

(Raina, left alone, takes off her fur cloak and throws it on the ottoman. When she goes to the chest of drawers, and adores the portrait there with feelings that are beyond all expression. She does not kiss it or press it to her breast, or show it any mark of bodily affection; but she takes it in her hands and elevates it like a priestess).

RAINA (Looking up at the picture with worship). Oh, I shall never be unworthy of you any more, my hero-never, never never.

(She replaces it reverently, and selects a novel from the title pile of books. She turns over the leaves dreamily; finds her page; turns the book inside out at it; and then, with a happy sigh, gets into bed and prepares to braid herself to sleep. But before abandoning herself to fiction, she raises her eyes once more, thinking of the blessed reality and murmurs)

My hero! My hero!

(A distant shot breaks the quiet of the night outside. She starts, listening; and two more shots, much nearer, follow, startling her so that she scrambles out of bed, and hastily blows out the candle on the chest of drawers. Then, putting her fingers in her ears, she runs to the dress-table and blows out the light there, and hurries back to bed. The room is now in darkness: nothing is visible but the glimmer of the light in the pierced ball before the image, and the starlight seen through the slits at the top of the shutters. The firing breaks out again; there is a startling fusillade quite close at hand. Whilst it is still echoing, the

shutters disappear, pulled open from without, and for an instant the rectangle of snowy starlight flashes out with the figure of a man in black up it. The shutters close immediately and the room is dark again. But the silence is now broken by the sound of panting. Then there is a scrape; and the flame of a match is seen in the middle of the room).

RAINA (crouching on the bed). Who's there? (The match is out instantly). Who's there? Who is that?

A MAN'S VOICE (In the darkness, subduedly, but threateningly). Sh—Sh! Don't call out or you'll be shot. Be good; and no harm will happen to you. (she is heard leaving her bed, and making for the door). Take care, there's no use in trying to run away. Remember, if you raise your voice my pistol will go off. (Commandingly). Strike a light and let me see you. Do you hear? (Another moment of silence and darkness. Then she is heard retreating to the dressing-table. She lights a candle, and the mystery is at an end. A man of about 35, in a deplorable plight, bespattered with mud and blood and snow, his belt and the strap of his revolver case keeping together the torn ruins of the blue coat of a Servian Artillery officer. As far as the candlelight and his unwashed, unkempt condition make it possible to judge, he is a man of middling stature and undistinguished appearance, with strong neck and shoulders, a roundish, obstinate looking head covered with short crisp bronze curls, clear quick blue eyes and good brows and mouth, a hopeless prosaic nose like that of a strong minded baby, trim soldier like carriage and energetic manner, and with all his wits about him in spite of his desperate predicament—even with a sense of humor of it, without, however, the least intention of trifling with it or throwing away a chance. He reckons up what he can guess about Raina—her, her social position, her character, the extent to which she is frightened—at a glance, and continues, more politely but still most determinedly) Excuse my disturbing you, but you recognize my uniform—Servian. If I'm caught I shall be killed (Determinedly). Do you understand that?

RAINA. Yes

MAN. Well, I don't intend to get killed if I can help it (Still more determinedly). Do you understand that? (He locks the door with a snap).

RAINA (disdainfully). I suppose not (She draw herself up superbly, and looks him straight in the face, saying with emphasis) Some soldiers, I know, are afraid of death.

MAN (with grim good humor). All of them, dear lady, all of them, believe me. It is our duty to live as long as we can, and kill as many of the enemy as we can. Now if you raise an alarm-

RAINA (cutting him short). You will shoot me. How do you know that I am afraid to die?

MAN (cunningly). Ah: but suppose I don't shoot you, what will happen then? Why, a lot of your cavalry-the greatest blackguards in your army-will burst into this pretty room of yours and slaughter me here like a pig; for I'll fight like a demon: they shan't get me into the street to amuse themselves with: I know what they are. Are you prepared to receive that sort of company in your present undress? (Raina, suddenly conscious of her nightgown, instinctively shrinks and gathers it more closely about her. He watches her, and adds, pitilessly). It's rather scanty, eh? (she turns to the ottoman. E raises his pistol instantly, and cries) Stop! (She stops). Where are you going?

RAINA (with dignified patience). Only to get my cloak.

MAN (darting to the ottoman and snatching the cloak). A good idea. No: I'll keep the cloak: and you will take care that nobody comes in and sees you without it. This is a better weapon than the pistol (He throws the pistol down on the ottoman).

RAINA (revolted). It is not the weapon of a gentleman!.

MAN. It's good enough for a man with only you to stand between him and death(As they look at one another for a moment, Raina hardly able to believe that even a Serbian officer can be so cynically and selfishly unchivalrous, they are startled by a sharp fusillade in the street. The chill of imminent death hushes the man's voice as he adds). Do you hear? If you are going to bring those blackguards in on me you shall receive them as you are.

Clamor and disturbance. The pursuers in the street batter at the house door, shouting Open the door! Open the door! Wake up, will you! A man servant's voice calls to them angrily from within. This is Major Petkoff's house: you can't come in here; but a renewal of the clamor and a torrent of blows on the door and with his letting a chain down with a clank, following by a rush footsteps and a din of triumphant yells, dominant at last by the

voice of Catherine, indignantly addressing an officer with. What does it mean, sir? Do you know where you are? The noise subsides suddenly.

LOUKA (outside, knocking at bedroom door). My lady! My lady! Get up quick and open the door. If you don't they will break it down.

The fugitive throws up his head with the gesture of a man who sees that it is all over with him and drops the manner he has been assuming to intimidate Raina.

MAN (sincerely and kindly). No use, dear, I'm done for. (Flinging the cloak to her) Quick! Wrap yourself up: they're coming.

RAINA. Oh, thank you. (She wraps herself up with intense relief).

KLAN (between his teeth). Don't mention it.

RAINA (Anxiously). What will you do?

MAN (grimly). The first man in will find out. Keep out of the way; and don't look. It won't last long; but it will not be nice. (He draws his sabre and faces the door, waiting)

RAINA (impulsively). I'll save you.

MAN. You can't.

RAINA. I can, I'll hide you. (She drags him towards the window). Here! Behind the curtains.

MAN (yielding to her). There is just half a chance, if you keep your head.

RAINA (drawing the curtain before him). S-sh! (She makes for the ottoman).

MAN (putting out his head). Remember...

RAINA (running back to him): Ye?

MAN: Nine soldiers out often are born fools.

RAINA: Oh! (She draws the curtain angrily before him).

MAN (looking out at the other side): If they find me, I promise you a fight: a devil of a fight.

She stamps at him. He disappears hastily. She takes off her cloak and throws it across the foot of the bed-Then, with a sleepy, disturbed air, she opens the door. Louka enters excitedly.

LOUKA: One of the those beasts of Serbs has been seen climbing up the water pipe to your balcony. Our men want to search for him and they are so wild and drunk and furious (She makes for the other side of the room to get as far from the door as possible) . My lady says y9u are to dress at once and to.... (She sees the revolver lying on the ottoman and stops, petrified).

RAINA (as if annoyed at being disturbed). They shall not search here. Why have they been let in?

CATHERINE (coming in hastily). Raina, darling, are you safe? Have you seen anyone or heard anything?

RAINA. I heard the shooting. Surely the soldiers will not dare come in here?

CATHERINE. I have found a Russian officer, thank Heaven: he knows Sergius. (Speaking through the door to someone outside). Sir, will you come in now! My daughter is ready(A young Russian officer, in Bulgarian uniform, enters, sword in hand).

The OFFICER. (with soft, feline politeness and stiff military carriage). Good evening, gracious lady; I am sorry to intrude, but there is a fugitive hiding on the balcony. Will you and the gracious lady your mother please to withdraw whilst we search?

RAINA(Petulantly). Nonsense, sir, you can see that there is no one on the balcony. (She throws the shutters wide open and stands with her back to the curtain where the man is hidden, pointing to the moonlit balcony. A coup of shots are fired right under the window, and a bullet shatters the glass opposite Raina, who winks and gasps, but stands for ground, whilst Catherine screams, and the officer rushes to the balcony0.

THE OFFICER, (on the balcony, shouting savagely down to the street). Cease firing there, you fools: do you hear? Cease firing, damn you (He glares down for a moment; then turns to Raina, trying to resume his polite manner). Could anyone have got in without your knowledge ? where you asleep?

RAINA. No, I have not been to bed.

YOU OFFICER, (impatiently, coming back into the room). Your neighbours have their heads so full of runaway Servians that they see them everywhere (Politely). Gracious lady, a thousand pardons. Good-night (Military bow, which Raina returns coldly. Another to Catherine, who follows him out. Raina closes the shutters. She turns and sees Louka, who has been watching the scene curiously).

RAINA. Don't leave my mother, Louka, whilst the soldiers are here. (Louka glances at Raina, at the ottoman, at the curtain; then purses her lips secretively, laughs to herself, and goes out. Raina follows her to the door, shuts it behind her with a slam, and locks it violently. The man immediately steps out from behind the curtain, sheathing his sabre, and dismissing the danger from his mind in a businesslike way).

MAN. A narrow shave; but a miss is as good as a mile. Dear young lady, your servant until death. I wish for your sake I had joined the Bulgarian army instead of the Servian. I am not a native Servian.

RAINA (haughtily). No, you are one of the Austrians who set the Servians on to rob us of our national liberty, and who officer their army for them. We hate them!

MAN. Austrian! Not I. Don't hate me, dear young lady. I am only a Swiss, fighting merely as a professional soldier. I joined Servian because it was nearest to me. Be generous: you've beaten us hollow.

RAINA. Have I not been generous?

MAN. Noble! –heroic! But I'm not saved yet. This particular rush will soon pass through; but the pursuit will go on all night by fits and starts. I must take my chance to get off during a quiet interval. You don't mind my waiting just a minute or two, do you?

RAINA (putting on her most gentle society manner). Oh, not at all. Won't you sit down?

MAN. Thanks (He sits on the roof of the bed).

RAINA walks with studied elegance to the ottoman and sits down. Unfortunately she sits on the pistol and jumps up with a shriek. The man, all nerves, shies like a frightened horse to the other side of the room.

MAN (irritably). Don't frighten me like that. What is it?

RAINA. You pistol! It was staring that officer in the face all the time. What an escape!.

MAN (vexed at being unnecessarily terrified). Oh. Is that all?

RAINA (starting at him rather superciliously, conceiving a poorer and poorer opinion of him, and feeling proportionately more and more at her ease with him). I am sorry I frightened you. (She takes up the pistol and hands it to him). Pray take it to protect yourself against me.

MAN (grinning wearily at the sarcasm as he takes the pistol). No use, dear young lady: there's nothing in it it's not loaded. (He makes a grimace at it, and drops it disparagingly into his revolver case).

RAINA. Load it by all means.

MAN. I've no ammunition. What use are cartridges in battle? I always carry chocolate instead; and I finished the last cake of that yesterday.

RAINA (outraged in her most cherished ideals of manhood). Chocolate! Do you stuff your pockets with sweets-like a school boy – even in the field?

MAN. Yes. Isn't it contemptible?

(Raina stares at him, unable to utter her feelings. Then she sails away scornfully to the chest of drawers, and returns with the box of confectionery in her hand.

Raina. Allow me. I am sorry I have eaten them all except these (she offers him the box).

MAN (Ravenously). You're an angel! (He gobbles the comfits). Creams! Delicious! (He looks anxiously to see whether there are many more. There are none. There are none: he can only scrape the box with his fingers and suck them. When that nourishment is exhausted he accepts the inevitable with you, dear lady! You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridges: Boxes. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges; the old ones, grub. Thank you (He hands back the box. She snatches it contemptuously from him and throws it away. He shies again as if she had meant to strike

him). Ugh! Don't do things so suddenly, gracious lady. Don't revenge yourself because I frightened you just now.

RAINA (superbly) Frighten me! Do you know, sir, that though I am only a woman, I think I am at heart as brave as you.

MAN. I should think so. You haven't been under fire for three days as I have. I can stand two days without showing it much; but no man can stand three days: I'm as nervous as a mouse (He sits down on the ottoman, and takes his head in his hands). Would you like to see me cry/

RAINA (quickly). No.

MAN. If you would, all you have to do is to scold me just as if I were a little boy and you my nurse. If I were in camp now they'd play all sorts of tricks on me.

RAINA (a little moved). I'm sorry. I won't scold you. (Touched by the sympathy in her tone, he raises his head and looks gratefully at her: she immediately draws back and says stiffly) you must excuse me: our soldiers are not like that (She moves away from the ottoman).

MAN. Oh, yes, they are. There are only two sorts of soldiers: old ones and young ones. I've served fourteen years: half of your fellows never smelt powder before. Why, how is it that you've just beaten us? Sheer ignorance of the art of war, nothing else (Indignantly). I never saw anything so unprofessional.

RAINA (ironically). Oh, was it unprofessional to beat you?

MAN. Well, come, is it professional to throw a regiment of cavalry on a battery of machine guns, with the dead certainty that if the guns go off not a horse or man will ever get within fifty yards of the fire? I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it.

RAINA (eagerly turning to him, as all her enthusiasm and her dream of glory rush back on her). Did you see the great cavalry charge? Oh, tell me about it. Describe it to me.

MAN. You never saw a cavalry charge, did you?

RAINA. How could I?

MAN. Ah, perhaps not- of course. Well, it's a funny sight. It's like slinging a handful of peas against a window pane: first one comes; then two or three close behind him; and then all the rest in a lump.

RAINA (her eyes dilating as she raises her clasped hands ecstatically). Yes, first one! – the bravest of the brave!.

MAN (prosaically). Him! You should see the poor devil pulling at his horse. RAINA. Why should he pull at his horse?

MAN (impatient of so stupid a question). It's running away with him of course: do you suppose the following wants to get there before the others and be killed? Then they all come. You can tell the young ones by their wildness and their slashing. The old ones come bunched up under the number one guard: they know that they are mere projectiles, and that it's no use trying to fight. The wounds are mostly broken knees, from the horses cannoning together.

RAINA. Ugh! But I don't believe the first man is a coward. I believe he is a hero!

MAN (Good-humoredly). That's what you'd have said if you'd see the first man I the charge today.

RAINA (breathless). Ah, I knew it! Tell me- tell me about him.

MAN. He did it like an operatic tenor- a regular handsome fellow, with flashing eyes and lovely moustache, shouting a war-cry and charging like Don Quixote at the windmills. We nearly burst with laughter at him; but when the sergeant ran up as white as a sheet, and told us they'd sent us the wrong cartridges, and that we couldn't fire a shot for the next ten minutes we laughed at the other side of our mouths. I never felt so sick in my life, though I've been in one or two very tight places And I hadn't even a revolver cartridge –nothing but chocolate. We'd no bayonets-nothing. Of course, they just cut us to hits. And there was Don Quixote flourishing like a drum major, thinking he'd done the cleverest thing ever known, whereas she ought to be court martialled for it. Of all the fools ever let loose on a field of battle, that man must be the very maddest. He and his regiment simply committed suicide –only the pistol missed fire, that's all.

RAINA (deeply wounded, but steadfastly loyal to her ideals). Indeed! Would you

know him again if you saw him?

MAN. Shall I ever forget him. (She again goes to the chest of drawers. He watches her with a vague hope that she may have something else for him to eat. She takes the portrait from its stand and brings it to him).

RAINA. That is a photograph of the gentleman-te patriot and hero-to whom I am betrothed.

MAN (looking at it). I'm really very sorry. (Looking at her). Was it fair to lead me on? (He looks at the portrait again). Yes: that's him: not a doubt of it (He stifles a laugh).

RAINA (quickly). Why do you laugh?

MAN. (Shamefacedly, but still greatly tickled). I didn't laugh, I assure you at least I didn't mean to. But when I think of him charging the windmills and thinking he was doing the finest thing –(chokes with suppressed laughter).,

RAINA (sternly). Give me back the portrait, Sir.

MAN(with sincere remorse). Of course. Certainly. I'm really very sorry. (She deliberately kisses it, and looks him straight in the face, before returning to the chest of drawers to replace it. He follows her apologizing). Perhaps I'm quit wrong, you know: no doubt I am. Most likely he had got wind of the cartridge business somehow, and knew it was a safe job.

RAINA. That is to say, he was a pretender and a coward!. You did not dare say that before.

MAN (with a comic gesture of despair).It's no use, dear lady: I can't make you see it from the professional point of view(As he turns away to get back to the ottoman, the firing begins again in the distance).

RAINA (sternly, as she sees him listening to the shots). So much the better for you.

MAN (turning).How?

RAINA. You are my enemy; and you are at my mercy. What would I do if I were

a professional soldier?

MAN. Ah, true, dear young lady: you're always right. I know how good you have been to me: to my last hour I shall remember those three chocolate creams. It was unsoldierly; but it was angelic.

RAINA (coldly). Thank you. And now I will do a soldierly thing. You cannot stay here after what you have just said about my future husband; but I will go out on the balcony and see whether it is safe for you to climb down into the street. (She turns to the window).

MAN (changing countenance). Down that water pipe! Stop! Wait! Can't! I daren't!. The very thought of it makes me giddy. I came up it fast enough with death behind me. But to face it now in cold blood! –(He sinks on the ottoman). It's no use: I give up: I'm beaten. Give the alarm (He drops his head in his hands in the deepest dejection).

RAINA (disarmed by pity). Come don't be disheartened. (She stoops over him almost maternally: he shakes his head). Oh, you are a very poor soldier- a chocolate cream soldier. Come, cheer up: it takes less courage to climb down than to face capture – remember that.

MAN (dreamily, lulled by her voice). No, capture only means death; and death is sleep – Oh, sleep, sleep, sleep, undisturbed sleep! Climbing down the pipe means doing something – exerting myself-thinking! Death ten times over first.

RAINA (softly and wonderingly, catching the rhythm of his weariness). Are you so sleepy as that?

MAN . I've not had two hours' undisturbed sleep since I joined. I haven't closed my eyes for forty-eight hours.

RAINA (desperately). But when am I to do with you.

MAN (Staggering up). Of course I must do something (He shakes himself; pulls himself together; and speaks with rallied vigour and courage). You see, sleep or no sleep, hunger or no hunger, tired or not tired, you can always do a thing when you know it must be done. Well, that pipe must be got down –(He hits himself on the chest, and adds)-Do you hear that, you chocolate cream soldier? (He turns to the window).

RAINA (anxiously). But if you fall?

MAN. I shall sleep as if the stones were a feather bed. Good-bye. (He makes boldly for the window, and his hand is on the shutter when there is a terrible burst of firing in the street beneath).

RAINA (rushing to him). Stop! (She catches him by the shoulder, and turns him quite round). They'll kill you.

MAN (coolly, but attentively). Never mind: this sort of thing is all in my day's work. I'm bound to take my chance. (Decisively). Now do what I tell you.

Put out the candles, so that they shan't see the light when I open the shutters. And keep away from the window, whatever you do. If they see me, they're sure to have a shot at me.

RAINA (clinging to him). They're sure to see you: it's bright moonlight. I'll save you-oh, how can you be so indifferently? You want me to save you, don't you?

MAN. I really don't want to be troublesome. (She shakes him in her impatience). I am not indifferent, dear young lady, I assure you. But how is it to be done?

RAINA. Come away from the window (She takes him firmly back to the middle of the room. The moment she releases him he turns mechanically towards the window again. She seizes him and turns him back, exclaiming). Please? (He becomes motionless, like a hypnotized rabbit, his fatigue gaining fast on him. She releases him and addresses him patronizingly). Now listen. You must trust to our hospitality. You do not yet know in whose house you are. I am a Petkoff.

MAN. What's that?

RAINA (rather indignantly). I mean that I belong to the family of the Petkoffs, the richest and best known in our country.

MAN,. Oh, yes, of course. I beg your pardon. The Petkoffs, to be sure. How stupid of me!

RAINA. You know you never heard of them until this minute. How can you stoop to pretend?

MAN. Forgive me: I'm too tired to think; and the change of subject was too much for me. Don't scold me.

RAINA. I forgot. It might make you cry. (He nods, quite seriously. She pouts and then resumes her patronizing tone). I must tell you that my father holds the highest command of any Bulgarian in our army. He is (proudly) a Major.

MAN (pretending to be deeply impressed). A Major! Bless me! Think of that!.

RAINA. You showed great ignorance in thinking that it was necessary to climb up to the balcony, because ours is the only private house that has two rows of windows. There is a flight of stairs inside to get up and down by.

MAN. Stairs! How grand! You live in great luxury indeed, dear young lady.

RAINA. Do you know what a library is?

MAN. A library? A roomful of books.

RAIN. Yes, we have one, the only one in Bulgaria.

MAN. Actually a real library! I should like to see that.

RAINA (affectedly). I tell you these things to show you that you are not in the house of ignorant country folk who should kill you the moment they saw your Servian uniform, but among civilized people. We go to Bucharest every year for the opera season; and I have spent a whole month in Vienna.

MAN. I saw that, dear young lady. I saw at once that you knew the world.

RAINA. Have you ever seen the opera of Ernani?

MAN. Is that the one with the devil in it in red velvet, and a soldier's chorus?

RAINA (contemptuously). No!.

MAN (stifling a heavy sigh of weariness). Then I don't know it.

RAINA. I thought you might have remembered the great scene where Ernani, flying from his foes just as you are tonight, takes refuge in the castle of his bitterest enemy, an old Castilian noble. The noble refuses to give him up. His guest is sacred to him.

MAN (quickly waking up a little). Have your people got that notion?

RAINA (With dignity). My mother and I can understand that notion, as you call it. And if instead of threatening me with your pistol as you did, you had simply thrown yourself as a fugitive on our hospitality, you would have been as safe as in your father's house.

MAN. Quite sour?

RAINA (turning her back on him in disgust.) Oh, it is useless to try and make you understand.

MAN. Don't be angry: you see how awkward it would be for me if there was any mistake. My father is a very hospitable man: he keeps six hotels; but I couldn't trust him as far as that. What about YOUR father?

RAINA. He is away at Slivnitza fighting for his country. I answer for your safety. There is my hand in pledge of it. Will that reassure you? (She offers him her hand).

MAN (looking dubiously at his own hand). Better not touch my hand, dear young lady. I must have a wash first.

RAINA (TOUCHED). That is very nice of you. I see that you are a gentleman.

MAN (puzzled). Eh?

RAINA. You must not think I am surprised. Bulgarians of really good standing – people in our position- wash their hands nearly every day. But I appreciate your delicacy. You may take my hand (She offers it again).

MAN (Kissing it with his hands behind his back). Thanks, gracious young lady: I feel safe at last. And now would you mind breaking the news to your mother? I had better not stay here secretly longer than is necessary.

RAINA. If you will be so good as to keep perfectly still whilst I am away.

MAN. Certainly (He sits down on the ottoman).

(Raina goes to the bed and wraps herself in the fur cloak. His eyes close. She goes to the door, but on turning for a last look at him, sees that he is dropping off to sleep).

RAINA (at the door). You are not going asleep, you are? (He murmurs inarticulately: she runs to him and shakes him). Do you hear? Wake up: you are falling asleep.

MAN. Eh? Falling asleep—? Oh, no, not the least in the world: I was only thinking. It's all right: I'm wide awake.

RAINA (severely). Will you please stand up while I am away (He rises reluctantly). All the time, mind.

MAN (standing unsteadily). Certainly-certainly: you may depend on me.

(Raina looks doubtfully at him. He smiles foolishly. She goes reluctantly, turning again at the door, and almost catching him in the act of yawning. She goes out).

MAN (drowsily). Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep – (The words trail off into a murmur. He wakes again with a shock on the point of falling). Where am I? That's what I want to know: where am I? Must keep awake. Nothing keeps me awake except danger-remember that-(intently) danger, danger, danger, dan- Where's danger? Must find it (He starts of vaguely around the room in search of it). What am I looking for? Sleep – danger-don't know. (He stumbles against the bed.) Ah, yes: now I know. All right now.

I 'm to go to bed, but not to sleep – be sure not to sleep- because of danger. Not to ie down, either, only sit down (He sits on the bed. A blissful expression comes into his face). Ah? (with a happy sigh he sinks back at full length; lifts his boots into the bed with a final effort; and falls fast asleep instantly.).

(Catherine comes in, followed by Raina).

RAINA (looking at the ottoman). He's gone! I left him here.

CATHERINE, Here!, then he must have climbed down from the –

Raina (seeing him). Oh! (he points).

CATHERINE (SCANDALIZED). Well! (he stride to the left side of the bed, Raina following and standing opposite her on the right). He's fast asleep. The brute!

RAINA (anxiously). Sh!.

CATHERINE (Shaking him). Sir! (Shaking him again, harder). Sir!! (Vehemently shaking very hard). Sir !!

RAINA (catching her arm). Don't, amma: the poor dear is worn out. Let him sleep.

CATHERINE (letting him go and turning amazed to Raina). The poor dear! Raina !!! (She looks sternly at her daughter. The man sleeps profoundly).

9.3.2. ACT II

The sixth of March, 1886. In the garden of major Petkoff's house. It is a fine spring morning: and the garden looks fresh and pretty. Beyond the paling the tops of a couple of minarets can be seen, showing that there is a valley there, with the little town in it. A few miles further the Balkan mountains rise and shut in the view. Within the garden the side of the house is seen on the left, with a garden door reached by a little flight of steps. On the right the stable yard, with its gateway, encroaches on the garden. There are fruit bushes along the paling and house, covered with washing spread out to dry. A path runs by the house, and rises by two steps at the corner, where it turns out of the right along the front. In the middle a small table, with two bent wood chairs at it, is laid for breakfast with Turkish coffee pot, cups, rolls etc; but the cups have been used and the bread broken. There is a wooden garden seat against the wall on the right.

Louka, smoking a cigarette, is standing between the table and the house, turning her back with angry disdain on a man servant who is lecturing her. He is a middle aged man of cool temperament and low but clear and keen intelligence, with the complacency of the servant who values himself on his rank in servitude, and the imperturbability of the accurate calculator who has no illusions. He wears a white Bulgarian costume jacket with decorated border, sash, wide knickerbockers, and decorated gaiters. His head is shaved up to the crown, giving him a high Japanese for head. His name is Nicola.

NICOLA. Be warned in time, Louka; mend your manners. I know the mistress. She is so grand that she never dreams that any servant could dare to be disrespectfully to her; but if she once suspects that you are defying her, out you go.

LOUKA. I do defy her. I will defy her. What do I care for her?

NICOLA. If you quarrel with the family, I ever can marry you. It's the same as if you quarreled with me!.

LOUKA. You take her part against me, do you?

NICOLA (sedately). I shall always be dependent on the good will of the family. When I leave their service and start a ship in Sofia, their custom will be half my capital: their bad word would ruin me.

LOUKA You have no spirit. I should like to see them dare say a word against me!

NICOLA (Pityingly). I should have expected more sense from you, Louka. But you're young, you're young!.

LOUKA. Yes; and you like me the better for it, don't you? But I know some family secrets they wouldn't care to have told, young as I am. Let them quarrel with me if they dare!.

NICOLA (with compassionate superiority). Do you know what they would do if they heard you talk like that?

LOUKA. What could they do?

NICOLA. Discharge you for untruthfulness. Who would believe any stories you told after that? Who would give you another situation? Who in this house would dare be seen speaking to you ever again? How long would your father be left on his little farm? (She impatiently throws away the end of her cigarette, and stamps on it). Child, you don't know the power such high people have over the life of you and me when we try to rise out of our poverty against them. (He goes close to her and lowers his voice). Look at me, ten years in their service. Do you think I know no secrets? I know things about the mistress that she wouldn't have the master know for a thousand levas. I know things about him that she wouldn't let him hear the last of for six months, if I blabbed them to her. I know things about Raina that would break off her match with Sergius if –

LOUKA (turning on him quickly). How do you know? I never told you!

NICOLA (opening his eyes cunningly). So that's your little secret, is it? I thought it might be something like that. Well, you take my advice, and be respectful; and make the

mistress feel that no matter what you know or don't know, they can depend on you to hold your tongue and serve the family faithfully. That's what they like; and that's how you'll make most out of them.

LOUKA (with searching scorn). You have the soul of a servant, Nicola.

NICOLA (complacently). Yes: that's the secret of success in service. (A loud knocking with a whip handle on a wooden door, outside on the left, is heard).

MALE VOICE OUTSIDE. Hollo! Hollo there! Nicola!

LOUKA. Master! Back from the war!

NICOLA (quickly). My word for it, Louka, the war's over. Off with you and get some fresh coffee (He runs out into the stable yard).

LOUKA (as she puts the coffee pot and the cups upon the tray, and carried it into the house). You'll never put the soul of a servant into me.

(Major Petkoff comes from the stable yard, followed by Nicola. He is a cheerful, excitable, insignificant, unpolished man of about 50, naturally un-ambitious except as to his income and his importance in local society, but just now greatly pleased with the military rank which the war has thrust on him as a man of consequence in his town. The fever of plucky patriotism which the Servian attack roused in all the Bulgarians has pulled him through the war: but he is obviously glad to be home again).

PETKOFF (pointing to the table with his whip). Breakfast out here, eh?

NICOLA. Yes, sir. The mistress and Miss Raina have just gone in.

PETKOFF (sitting down and taking a roll). Go in and wait I've come; and get me some fresh coffee.

NICOLA. It's coming, sir (He goes to the house door. Louka, with fresh coffee, a clean cup, and a brandy bottle on her tray meets him). Have you told the mistress?

LOUKA. Yes: she's coming.

(Nicola goes into the house. Louka brings the coffee to the table).

PETKOFF. Well, the Servians haven't run away with you, have they?

LOUKA. No, Sir.

PETKOFF. That's right. Have you brought me some cognac?

LOUKA (putting the bottle on the table). Here, Sir.

PETKOFF. That's right (He pours some into his coffee).

(Catherine who has at this early hour made only a very perfunctory toilet and wears a Bulgarian apron over a once brilliant, but now half worn out red dressing gown, and a colored handkerchief tied over her thick black hair, with Turkish slippers on her bare feet, comes from the house, looking astonishingly handsome and stately under all the circumstances. Louka goes into the house)_.

CATHERINE. My dear Paul, what a surprise for us. (She stoops over the back of his chair to kiss him). Have they brought you fresh coffee?

PETKOFF. Yes, Louka's been looking after me. The war's over. The treaty was signed three days ago at Bucharest; and the decree for our army to demobilize was issued yesterday.

CATHERINE (springing erect, with flashing eyes). The war over! Paul: have you let the Austrians force you to make peace?

PETKOFF (submissively). My dear: they didn't consult me. What could I do? (She sits down and turns away from him). But of course we saw to it that the treaty was an honourable one. It declares peace—

CATHERINE (outraged). Peace!

PETKOFF (appeasing her).—but not friendly relations: remember that. They wanted to put that in: but I insisted on its being struck out. What more could I do?

CATHERINE. You could have annexed Servia and made Prince Alexander.

Emperor of the Balkans. That's what I could have done.

PETKOFF. I don't doubt it in the least, my dear. But I should have had to subdue the whole Austrian Empire first; and that would have kept me too long away from you. I missed you greatly.

CATHERINE (relenting). Ah! (Stretches her hand affectionately across the table to squeeze his.

PETKOFF. And how have you been, my dear?

CATHERINE. Oh, my usual soar throats, that's all.

PETKOFF (with conviction). That comes from washing your neck every day. I've often told you so.

CATHERINE. Nonsense, Paul!

PETKOFF (over his coffee and cigarette). I don't believe in going too far with these modern customs. All this washing can't be good for the health: it's not natural. There was an Englishman at Philippopolis who used to wet himself all over with cold water every morning when he got up. Disgusting! It all comes from the English: their climate makes them so dirty that they have to be perpetually washing themselves. Look at my father: he never had a bath in his life; and he lived to be ninety eight, the healthiest man in Bulgaria. I don't mind a good wash once a week to keep up my positron; but once a day is carrying the thing to a ridiculous extreme.

Catherine. You are a barbarian at heart still, Paul. I hope you behaved yourself before all those Russian Officers.

PETKOFF. I did my best. I took care to let them know that we have a library.

Catherine. Ah: but you didn't tell them that we have an electric bell in it? I have had one put up.

PETKOFF. What's an electric bell?

CATHERINE. You touch a button; something tinkles in the kitchen; and then Nicola comes up.

PETKOFF. Why not shout for him?

CATHERINE. Civilized people never shout for their servants. I've learnt that while you were away.

PETKOFF. Well, I'll tell you something I've learnt, too. Civilized people don't

hang out their washing to dry where visitors can see it; so you'd better have all that (indicating the clothes on the bushes) put somewhere else.

CATHERINE. Oh, that's absurd, Paul, I don't believe really refined people notice such things.

SERGIS (knocking at the stable gates). Gate, Nicola!

PETKOFF. There's Sergius (Shouting). Hollo, Nicola!

CATHERINE. Oh, don't shout, Paul: it really isn't nice.

PETKOFF. Bosh! (he shouts louder than before). Nicola!

NICOLA (appearing at the house door). Yes, Sir.

PETKOFF. Are you deaf? Don't you hear Major Saranoff knocking? Ring him round this way (He pronounces the name with the stress on the second syllable-Sarahhoff).

NICOLA. Yes, Sir (He goes into the stable yard).

PETKOFF. You must talk to him, my dear, until Raina takes him off our hands. He bores my life out about our not promoting him-over my head, mind you.

CATHERINE. He certainly ought to be promoted when he marries Raina. Besides, the country should insist on having at least one native general.

PETKOFF. Yes, so that he could throw away whole brigades instead of regiments. It's no use, my dear; he has not the slightest chance of promotion until we are quite sure that the peace will be a lasting one.

NICOLA (at the gate, announcing). Major Sergius Saranoff! (He goes into the house and returns presently with a third chair, which he places at the table. He then withdraws).

Major Sergius Saranoff, the original of the portrait in Raina's room, is a tall, romantically handsome man, with the physical hardihood, the high spirit, and the susceptible imagination of an untamed mountaineer chieftain. But his remarkable personal distinction is of a characteristically civilized type.

The ridges of his eyebrows, curving with an interrogative twist round the marked projections at the outer corners, his jealously observant eye, his nose, thin, keen and apprehensive in spite of the pugnacious high bridge and large nostril, his assertive chin, would not be out of place in a Parisian salon. In short, the clever, imaginative; barbarian has an acute critical faculty which has been thrown into intense activity by the arrival of western civilization in the Balkans. The result is precisely what the advent of nineteenth –century thought first produced in England: to-wit, Byronism. By his brooding on the perpetual failure, not only of others, but of himself, to live up to his imaginative ideals, his consequent cynical scorn for humanity, the jejune credulity as to the absolute validity of his ideals and the unworthiness of the world in disregarding them, by his wincing and mockeries disillusions which every hour spent among men brings to his infallibly quick observation, he has acquired the half tragic, half ironic air, the mysterious moodiness, the suggestion of a strange and terrible history that has left him nothing but undying remorse, by which Childe Harold fascinated the grandmothers of his English contemporaries.

Altogether it is clear that here or nowhere is Raina's ideal hero. Catherine is hardly less enthusiastic, about him than her daughter and much less reserved in showing her enthusiasm. As he enters from the stable gate, she rises effusively to greet him. Petkoff is distinctly less disposed to make a fuss about him).

PETKOFF Here already, Sergius, Glad to see you!

CATHERINE. My dear Sergius ! (She holds out both her hands).

SERGIUS (Kissing them with scrupulous gallantry) My dear mother, if I may call you so.

PETKOFF (drily). Mother-in-law, Sergius; mother-in-law! Sit down, and have some coffee.

SERGIUS. Thank you, none for me. (He gets away from the table with a certain distaste for Petkoff's enjoyment of it, and posts himself with conscious grace against the rail of the steps leading to the house).

CATHERINE. You look superb. The campaign has improved you. Everybody here is mad about you. We were all wild with enthusiasm about that magnificent cavalry

charge.

SERGIUS (with grave irony). Madam: it was the cradle and the grave of my military reputation.

CATHERINE. How so?

SERGIUS. I won the battle the wrong way when our worthy Russian generals were losing it the right way. That upset their plans and wounded their self-esteem. Two of their colonels had their regiments routed on the most correct principles of scientific warfare. Two major-generals got killed strictly according to military etiquette. Those two colonels are now major generals; and I am still a simple major.

CATHERINE. You shall not remain so, Sergius. The women are on your side; and they will see that justice is done you.

SERGIUS. It is too late. I have only waited for the peace to send in my resignation.

PETKOFF (dropping his cup in his amazement). Your resignation!

CATHERINE. Oh, you must withdraw it!

SERGIUS (with resolute, measured emphasis, folding his arms). I never withdraw!

PETKOFF (vexed). Now who could have supposed you were going to do such a thing?

SERGIUS (with fire). Everyone that knew me. But enough of myself and my affairs. How is Raina; and where is Raina?

RAINA (suddenly coming round the corner of the house and standing at the top of the steps in the path). Raina is here. (She makes a charming picture as they all turn to look at her. She wears an under-dress of pale green Silk, draped with an overdress of thin ecru canvas embroidered with gold. On her head she wears a pretty Phrygian cap of gold tinsel. Sergius, with an exclamation of pleasure, goes impulsively to meet her. She stretches out her hand: he drops chivalrously on one knee and kisses it).

PETKOFF (aside to Catherine, beaming with parental pride). Pretty, isn't it? She always appears at the right moment.

CATHERINE (Impatiently). Yes: she listens for it. It is an abominable habit.

(Sergius leads Raina forward with splendid gallantry, as if she were a queen. When they come to the table, she turns to him with a bend of the head; he bows; and thus they separate, he coming out his place and she going behind her father's chair).

RAINA (stooping and kissing her father). Dear father! Welcome home!

PETKOFF (patting her cheek). My little pet girl (He kisses her; she goes to the chair left by Nicola for Sergius and sits down).

CATHERINE. And so you're no longer a soldier, Sergius.

SERGIUS. I am no longer a soldier. Soldiering, my dear madam, is the coward's art of attacking mercilessly when you are strong, and keeping out of harm's way when you are weak. That is the whole secret of successful fighting. Get your enemy at a disadvantage; and never, on any account, fight him on equal terms. Eh, Major!

PETKOFF. They wouldn't let us make a fair stand up fight of it. However, I suppose soldiering has to be a trade like any other trade.

SERGIUS. Precisely. But I have no ambition to succeed as a tradesman; so I have taken the advice of that bagman of a captain that settled the exchange of prisoners with us at Perrot, and given it up.

PETKOFF. What, that Swiss fellow? Sergius: I've often thought of that exchange since. He over-reached us about those horses.

SERGIUS. Of course he over-reached us. His father was a hotel and livery stable keeper; and he owed his first step to his knowledge of horse-dealing. (with mock enthusiasm). Ah, he was a soldier-every inch a soldier!, If only I had bought the horses for my regiment instead of foolishly leading it into danger, I should have been a field-marshal now!

CATHERINE. A Swiss? What was he doing in the Servian army?

PETKOFF. A volunteer of course-keen on picking up his profession.

(Chuckling). We shouldn't have been able to being fighting if these foreigners

hadn't shown us how to do it: we knew nothing about it; and neither did the Servians. Egad, there'd have been no war without them.

RAINA. Are there many Swiss officers in the Servian Army?

PETKOFF. No- all Austrians, just as our officers were all Russians. This was the only Swiss I came across. I'll never trust a Swiss again. He cheated us – humbugged us into giving him fifty able bodied men for two hundred confounded worn out chargers. They weren't even eatable!

SERGIUS. We were two children in the hands of that consummate soldier, Major: simply two innocent little children.

RAINA. What was he like?

CATHERINE. Oh, Raina, what a silly question!

SERGIUS. He was like a commercial traveler in uniform. Bourgeois to his boots.

PETKOFF (grinning). Sergius: tell Catherine that queer story his friend told us about him-how he escaped after Slivnitza. You remember?- about his being hide by two women.

SERGIUS (with bitter irony). Oh, yes, quite a romance. He was serving in the very battery I so unprofessionally charged. Being a thorough soldier, he ran away like the rest of them, with our cavalry at his heels. To escape their sabres he climbed a water pipe and made his way into the bedroom of young Bulgarian lady. The young lady was enchanted by his persuasive commercial reveler's manners. She very modestly entertained him for an hour or so and then called in her mother lest her conduct should appear un-maidenly. The old lady was equally fascinated; and the fugitive was sent on his way in the morning, disguised in an old coat belonging to the master of the house, who was away at the war.

RAINA (rising with marked stateliness). Your life in the camp has made you coarse, Sergius. I did not think you would have repeated such a story before me (She turns away coldly).

Catherine (also rising).She is right, Sergius. If such women exist, we should be spared the knowledge of them.

PETKOFF. Pooh! Nonsense! What does it matter?

Sergius (ashamed). No, Petkoff: I was wrong. (To Raina, with earnest humility). I beg your pardon. I have behaved abominably. Forgive me, Raina (She bows reservedly). And you, too, madam. (Catherine bows graciously and sits down. He proceeds solemnly, again addressing Raina). The glimpses I have had to the seamy side of life during the last few months have made me cynical; but I should not have brought my cynicism here-least of all into your presence, Raina. I—(Here, turning to the others, he is evidently about to begin a long speech when the Major interrupts him).

PETKOFF. Stuff and nonsense, Sergius. That's quite enough fuss about noting: a soldier's daughter should be able to stand up without flinching to a little strong conversation. (He rises). Come: It's time for us to get to business. We have to make up our minds how those three regiments are to get back to Philippopolis : there's no forage for them on the Sofia route. (He goes towards the house. Come along. (Sergius is about to follow him when Catherine rises and intervenes).

CATHERINE. Oh, Paul, can't you spare Sergius for a few moments? Raina has hardly seen him yet. Perhaps I can help you to settle about the regiments.

SERGIUS (protesting). My dear madam, impossible: you ____

CATHERINE (stopping him playfully). You stay here, my dear Sergius: there's no hurry. I have a word or two to say to Paul. (Sergius instantly bows and steps back.) Now, dear (taking Petkoff's arm), come and see the electric bell.

PETKOFF. Oh, very well, very well. (They go into the house together affectionately. Sergius, left alone with Raina, looks anxiously at her, fearing that she may be still offended. She smiles, and stretches out her arms to him).

SERGIUS (hastening to her). Am I forgiven?

RAINA (placing her hands on his shoulder as she looks up at him with admiration and worship). My hero! My king.

SERGIUS. My queen! (He kisses her on the forehead with holy awe).

RAINA. How I have envied you, Sergius! You have been out in the world, on the

field of battle, able to prove yourself thereby worthy of any woman in the world; whilst I have had to sit at home inactive, —dreaming—useless—doing nothing that could give me the right to call myself worthy of any man.

SERGIUS. Dearest, all my deeds have been yours. You inspired me. I have gone through the war like a knight in a tournament with his lady looking on at him!.

RAINA. And you have never been absent from my thoughts for a moment (Very solemnly). Sergius: I think we two have found the higher love. When I think of you, I feel that I could never do a base deed, or think an ignoble thought.

SERGIS. My lady, and my saint! (Clasping her reverently).

RAINA (returning his embrace). My lord and my g—

SERGIUS. Sh—sh! Let me be the worshipper, dear. You little known how unworthy even the best man is of a girl's pure passion!

RAINA. I trust you. I love you. You will never disappoint me, Sergius. (Louka is heard singing within the house. They quickly release each other). Hush! I can't pretend to talk indifferently before her: my heart is too full. (Louka comes from the house with her tray. She goes to the table, and begins to clear it, with her back turned to them). I will go and get my hat; and then we can go out until lunch time. Wouldn't you like that?

SERGIUS. Be quick. If you are away five minutes, it will seem five hours (Raina runs to the top of the steps and turns there to exchange a look with him and wave him a kiss with both hands. He looks after her with emotion for a moment, then turns slowly away, his face radiant with the exultation of the scene which has just passed. The movement shifts his field of vision, into the corner of which there now comes the tail of Louka's double apron. His eye gleams at once. He takes a stealthy look at her, and begins to twirl his moustache nervously, with his left hand akimbo on his hip. Finally, striking the ground with his heels in something of a cavalry swagger, he strolls over to the left of the table, opposite her, and says). Louka: do you know what the higher love is?

LOUKA (astonished) No, Sir

SERGIUS Very fatiguing thing to keep up for any length of time, Louka. One feels

the need of some relieve after it.

LOUKA (innocently). Perhaps you would like some coffee, sir<(She stretches her hand across the table for the coffee pot).

Sergius (taking her hand). Thank you, Louka.

LOUKA (pretending to pull). Oh, Sir, you know I didn't mean that. I'm surprised at you!

SERGIUS (coming clear of the table and drawing her with him). I am surprised at myself, Louka. What would Sergius, the hero of Slivnitza, say if he saw me now? What would Sergius, the apostle of the higher love, say, if he saw me now? What would the half dozen Sergiuses who keep popping I and out of this handsome figure of mine say if they caught us here? (Letting go her hand and slipping his arm dexterously round her wait). Do you consider my figure handsome, Louka?

LOUKA. Let me go, sir, I shall be disgraced.(She struggles: he holds her inexorably). Oh, will you let go?

SERGIUS (looking straight into her eyes).No.

LOUKA. Then stand back where we can't be seen. Have you no common sense?

SERGIUS. Ah, that's reasonable (He makes her into the stable yard gateway, where they are hidden from the house).

LOUKA (complaining). I may have been seen from the windows: Miss Raina is sure to be spying about after you.

SERGIUS (stung-letting her go). Take care, Louka. I may be worthless enough to betray the higher love; but do not you insult it.

LOUKA (demurely). Not for the word, Sir, I'm sure. May I go on with my work please, now?

SERGIUS (AGAIN PUTTING HIS ARM ROUND HER). You are a provoking little witch, Louka. If you were in love with me, would you spy out of windows on me?

LOUKA. Well, you see, sir, since you say you are half a dozen different gentlemen all at once, I should have a great deal to look after.

SERGIUS (charmed). Witty as well as pretty (He tries to kiss her).

LOUKA (avoiding him). No, I don't want your kisses. Gentlefolk are all alike – you making love to me behind Miss Raina's back, and she doing the same behind yours.

SERGIUS (reconciling a step). Louka!

LOUKA. It shows how little you really care!

SERGIUS (dropping his familiarity and speaking with freezing politeness). If our conversation is to continue, Louka, you will please remember that a gentleman does not discuss the conduct of the lady he is engaged to with her maid.

LOUKA. It's so hard to know what a gentleman considers right. I thought from your trying to kiss me that you had given up being so particular.

SERGIUS (turning from her and striking his forehead as he comes back into the garden from the gateway). Devil! Devil!

LOUKA. Ha! Ha! Expect one of the six of you is very like me, Sir, though I am only Miss Raina's maid. (she goes back to her work at the table, taking no further notice of him).

SERGIUS (speaking to himself). Which of the six is the real man? – that's the question that torments me. One of them is a hero, another a buffoon, another a humbug, another perhaps a bit of blackguard. (He pauses and looks furtively at Louka, as he adds with deep bitterness) and one, at least, is a coward- jealous, like all cowards (He goes to the table). Louka.

LOUKA. Yes?

SERGIUS. Who is my rival?

LOUKA. You shall never get that out of me, for love or money.

SERGIUS. Why?

LOUKA. Never mind why. Besides, you would tell that I told you; and I should lose my place.

SERGIS (Holding out his right hand in affirmation). No; on the honour of a – (He

checks himself and his hand drops nerveless as he concludes, sardonically)- of a man capable of behaving as I have been behaving for the last five minutes. Who is he?

LOUKA. I don't know. I never saw him. I only heard his voice through the door of her room.

SERGIU. Damnation! How dare you?

LOUKA (retreating). Oh, I mean no harm: you've no right to take up my words like that. The mistress knows all about it. And I tell you that if that gentleman ever comes here again, Miss Raina will marry him, whether he likes it or not. I know the difference between the sort of manner you and she put on before one another and the real manner. (Sergius shivers as if she had stabbed him. Then, setting his face like iron, he strides grimly to her, and grips her above the elbows with both hands).

SERGIUS. Now listen you to me!

LOUKA (wincing). Not so tight: you're hurting me!

SERGIUS. That doesn't matter. You have stained my honour by making me a party to your eavesdropping. And you have betrayed your mistress—

LOUKA (writhing). Please—

SERGIUS. That shows that you are an abominable little clod of common clay, with the soul of a servant (He lets her go as if she were an unclean thing, and turns away, dusting his hands of her, to the bench by the wall, where he sits down with reverted head, mediating gloomily).

LOUKA (whimpering angrily with her hands up her sleeves, feeling her bruised arms). You know how to hurt with your tongue as well as with your hands. But I don't care, now I've found out that whatever clay 'm made of, you're made of the same. As for her, she's a liar; and her fine airs are a cheat; and I'm worth six of her (She shakes the pain off hardily; tosses her head; and sets to work to put the things on the tray. He looks doubtfully at her once or twice. She finishes packing the tray, and laps the cloth over the edges, so as to carry all out together. As she stoops to lift it, he rises).

SERGIUS Louka! (She stops and looks defiantly at him with the tray in her hands.) A gentleman has no right to hurt a woman under any circumstances. (with profound humility, uncovering his head). I beg your pardon.

LOUKA. That sort of apology may satisfy a lady. Of what use is it to a servant?

SERGIUS (thus rudely crossed in his chivalry, throws it off with a bitter laugh and says slightly). Oh, you wish to be paid for the hurt? (He puts on his Shako, and takes some money from his pocket).

LOUKA (her eyes filling with tears in spite of herself). No, I want my hurt made well.

SERGIUS (sobered by her tone). How?

(She rolls up her left sleeve; clasps her arm with the hump and fingers of her right hand; and looks down at the bruise. Then she raises her head and looks straight at him. Finally, with a superb gesture she presents her arm to be kissed. Amazed, he looks at her; at the arm; at her again; hesitates; and then, with shuddering intensity, exclaims).

SERGIUS. Never! (and gets away as far as possible from her).

(Her arm drops. Without a word, and with unaffected dignity, she takes her tray, and is approaching the house when Raina returns wearing a hat and jacket in the height of the Vienna fashion of the previous year, 1885. Louka makes way proudly for her, and then goes into the house).

RAINA. I'm ready! What's the matter? (Gaily). Have you been flirting with Louka?

SERGIUS (hastily). No, no. How can you think such a thing?

RAINA (ashamed of herself). Forgive me, dear: it was only a jest. I am so happy today.

(He goes quickly to her, and kisses her hand remorsefully. Catherine comes out and calls to them from the top of the steps).

CATHERINE (coming down to them). I am sorry to disturb you, children; but Paul is distracted over those three regiments. He does not know how to get them to Philippopolis; and he objects to every suggestion of mine. You must go and help him,

Sergius. He is in the library.

RAINA (disappointed). But we are just going out for a walk.

SERGIUS. I shall not be loving. Wait for me just five minutes. (He runs up the steps to the door).

RAINA (following him to the foot of the steps and looking up at him with timid coquetry). I shall go round and wait in full view of the library windows. Be sure you draw father's attention to me. If you are a moment longer than five minutes, I shall go in and fetch you, regiments or no regiments.

SERGIUS (Laughing). Very well (He goes in Raina watches him until he is out of her sight. Then, with a perceptible relaxation of manner, she begins to pace up and down about the garden in a brown study).

CATHERINE. Imagine their meeting that Swiss and hearing the whole story! The very first thing your father asked for was the old coat we sent him off in. A nice mess you have got us into!

RAINA (gazing thoughtfully at the gravel as she walks). The little beast!

CATHERINE. Little beast! What little beast?

RAINA. To go and tell! Oh, if I had him here, I'd stuff him with chocolate creams till he couldn't ever speak again!

CATHERINE. Don't talk nonsense. Tell me the truth, Raina. How loving was he in your room before you came to me?

RAINA (whisking round and recommencing her march in the opposite direction). Oh, I forget.

CATHERINE. You cannot forget! Did he really climb up after the soldiers were gone, or was he there when that officer searched the room?

RAINA. No, Yes, I think he must have been there then.

CATHERINE. You think! Oh, Raina, Raina! Will anything ever make you straightforward? If Sergius finds out, it is all over between you.

RAINA (with cool impertinence). Oh, I know Sergius is your pet, I sometimes wish you could marry him instead of me. You would just suit him. You would pet him, and spoil him, and mother him to perfection.

CATHERINE (Opening her eyes very widely indeed). Well, upon my word!

RAINA (capriciously-half to herself). I always feel a longing to do or say something dreadful to him-to shock his proprietary-to scandalize the five senses out of him! (to Catherine perversely). I don't care whether he finds out about the chocolate cream soldier or not. I half hope he may (She again turns flippantly away and strolls up the path to the corner of the house).

CATHERINE. And what should I be able to say to your father, pray?

RAINA (Over her shoulder, from the top of the two steps). Oh, poor father! As if he could help himself! (She turns the corner and passes out of sight).

CATHERINE (looking after her, her fingers itching). Oh, if you were only ten years younger ! (Louka comes from the house with a salver, which she carries hanging down by her side). Well?

LOUKA. There's a gentleman just called, madam-a Servian officer—

CATHERINE (Flaming). A Servian! How dare he —(checking herself bitterly) Oh, I forgot. We are at pace now. I suppose we shall have them calling every day to pay their compliments. Well, if he is an officer why don't you tell your master? He is in the library with Major Saranoff. Why do you come to me?

LOUKA. But he asks for you, Madam, And I don't think he knows who you are: he said the lady of the house. He gave me this little ticket for you (she takes a card out of her bosom; puts it on the salver and offers it to Catherine).

CATHERINE (reading) 'Captain Bluntschli!' That's a German name.

LOUKA. Swiss, Madam, I think.

CATHERINE (with a bound that makes Louka jump back).

Swiss! What is he like?

LOUKA (timidly). He has a big carpet bag, madam.

CATHERINE. Oh, Heavens, he's come to return the coat! Send him away- say we're not at home- ask to leave his address and I'll write to him-h, stop: that will never do. Wait! (She throws herself into a chair to think it out. Louka waits). The master and Major Saranoff are busy in the library, aren't they?

LOUKA. Yes, Madam,

CATHERINE (decisively). Bring the gentleman out here at once (Imperatively). And he very polite to him. Don't delay. Here (imperatively snatching the salver from her); leave that here; and go straight back to him.

LOUKA. Yes, Madam (Going).

CATHERINE. Louka!

LOUKA (stopping). Yes Madam,

CATHERINE. Is the library door shut?

LOUKA. I think so, Madam,

CATHERINE. If not, shut it as you pass through.

LOUKA. Yes, Madam (Going).

CATHERINE. Stop! (Louka stops). He will have to go out that way (indicating the gate of the stable yard). Tell Nicola to bring his bag here after him. Don't forget.

LOUKA (surprised). His bag?

CATHERINE. Yes, here, as soon as possible. (Vehemently). Be quick! (Louka runs into the house. Catherine snatches her apron off and throws it behind a bush. She then takes up the salver and uses it as a mirror, with the result that the handkerchief tied round her head follows the apron. A touch to her hair and a shake to her dressing gown makes her presentable). Oh, how-how-how can a man be such a fool! Such a moment to select! (Louka appears at the door of the house, announcing "Captain Bluntschli", and standing aside at the top of the steps to let him pass before she goes in again. He is the man of the adventure in Raina's room. He is now clean, well brushed, smartly uniformed, and

out of trouble, but still unmistakably the same man. The moment Louka's back is turned, Catherine swoops on him with hurried, urgent, coaxing appeal). Captain Bluntschli, I am very glad to see you; but you must leave this house at once. (He raises his eyebrows). My husband has just returned, with my future son-in-law; and they know nothing. If they did, the consequences would be terrible. You are a foreigner: you do not feel our national animosities as we do. We still hate the Servians: the only effect of the peace on my husband is to make him feel like a lion baulked of his prey. If he discovered our secret, he would never forgive me; and my daughter's life would hardly be safe. Will you, like the chivalrous gentleman and soldier you are, leave at once before he finds you here?

BLUNTSCHLI (disappointed, but philosophical). At once, gracious lady. I only came to thank you and return the coat you lent me. If you will allow me to take it out of my bag and leave it with your servant as I pass out, I need detain you no further. (He turns to go into the house).

CATHERINE (Catching him by the sleeve). Oh, you must not think of going back that way (Coaxing him across to the stable gates). This is the shortest way out. Many thanks. So glad to have been of service to you. Good-bye.

BLUNTSCHLI. But my bag?

CATHERINE. It will be sent on. You will leave me your address.

BLUNTSCHLI. True. Allow me (He takes out his card case, and stops to write his address, keeping Catherine in an agony of impatience. As he hands her the card, Petkoff, hatless, rushes from the house in a flutter of hospitality, followed by Sergius).

PETKOFF (as he hurries the steps). My dear Captain Bluntschli-

Catherine. Oh Heavens! (She sinks on the seat against the wall).

PETKOFF (too preoccupied to notice her as he shakes Bluntschli's hand heartily). Those stupid people of mine thought I was out here, instead of in the-haw! – Library. (He cannot mention the library without betraying how proud he is of it). I saw you through the window. I was wondering why you didn't come in. Saranoff is with me: you remember him, don't you?

SERGIUS (Saluting humorously, and then offering his hand with great charm of manner). Welcome, our friend the enemy?

PETKOFF. No Longer the enemy, happily (Rather anxiously). I hope you've come as a friend, and not about horses or prisoners.

CATHERINE. Oh, quite as a friend, Paul. I was just asking Captain Bluntschli to stay not lunch: but he declares he must go at once.

SERGIUS (Sardonically). Impossible, Bluntschli. We want you here badly. We have to send on three cavalry regiments to Philippopolis; and we don't in the least know how to do it.

BLUNTSCHLI (Suddenly attentive and business-like). Philippopolis! The forage is the trouble, I suppose?

PETKOFF (eagerly). Yes, that's it (To Sergius). He seems the whole thing at once.

BLUNTSCHLI. I think I can show you how to manage that.

SERGIUS. Invaluable man! Come along ! (powering over Bluntschli, he puts his hand on his shoulder and takes him to the steps, Petkoff following. Raina comes from the house. As Bluntschli push his foot on the first step).

RAINA (completely losing her presence of mind). Oh, the chocolate cream soldier!.

(Bluntschli stands rigid. Sergius, amazed, looks at Raina, then at Petkoff, who looks back at him and then at his wife).

CATHERINE (with commanding presence of mind). My dear Raina, don't you see that we have a guest here—Captain Bluntschli, one of our new Servian friends? (Raina bows; Bluntschli bows).

RAINA. How silly of me! (She comes down into the centre of the group, between Bluntschli and Petkoff) I made a beautiful ornament this morning for the ice pudding; and that stupid Nicola has just put down a pile of plates on it and spoiled it. (To Bluntschli, winningly). I hope you didn't think that you were the chocolate cream soldier, Captain Bluntschli.

Bluntschli (Laughing). I assure you I did. (Stealing a whimsical glance at her). Your explanation was a relief.

PETKOFF (suspiciously, to Raina). And since when, pray, have you taken to cooking?

CATHERINE. Oh, whilst you were away. It is her latest fancy.

PETKOFF (testily). And has Nicola taken to drinking? He used to be careful enough. First he shows Captain Bluntschli out here when he knew quite well I was the – hum!—library and then he goes downstairs and breaks Raina's chocolate soldier. He must – (At this moment Nicola appears at the top of the steps with a carpet bag. He descends; places it respectfully before Bluntschli; and waits for further orders. General amazement. Nicola, unconscious of the effect he is producing, looks perfectly satisfied with himself. When Petkoff recovers his power of speech, he breaks out at him with) are you mad, Nicola?

NICOLA (taken aback). Sir?

PETKOFF. What have you brought that for?

NICOLA. My lady's orders, sir. Louka told me that –

CATHERINE (interrupting him). My orders! Why should I order you to bring Captain Bluntschli's luggage out here? What are you thinking of, Nicola?

NICOLA (after a moment's bewilderment, poking up the bag as he addressed Bluntschli with the very perfection of servile discretion). I beg your pardon, sir, I am sure. (To Catherine) My fault, madam! I hope you'll overlook it! (He bows, and is going to the steps with the bag, when Petkoff addressed him angrily).

PETKOFF. You better go and slam that bag, tool, down on Miss Raina's ice pudding! (This is too much for Nicola. The bag drops from his hand almost on his master's toe, eliciting a roar of Begone; you butter-fingered donkey).

NICOLA (snatching up the bag, and escaping into the house). Yes, major.

Catherine. Oh, never mind, Paul, don't be angry!

PETKOFF (Blustering). Scoundrel! He's got out of hand while I was away. I'll

teach him. Infernal backguard! The sack next Saturday~! I'll clear out the whole establishment...(He is stifled by the caresses of his wife and daughter, who hang round his neck, petting him).

RAINA. Oh, do, Captain Bluntschli.

PETKOFF (to Catherine). Now, Catherine, it's of you that he's afraid. Press him and he'll stay.

CATHERINE. Of course I shall be only too delighted if (appealingly) Captain Bluntschli really wishes to stay. He knows my wishes.

BLUNTSCHLI (in his driest military manner). I am at Madame's orders.

SERGIUS (cordially). That settles it !

PETKOFF (Heartily). Of course!

RAINA. You see, you must stay!

BLUNTSCHLI (smiling). Well, If I must, I must! (Gesture of despair from Catherine).

9.3.3. ACT III

In the library after lunch. It is not much of a library, its literary equipment consisting of a single fixed shelf stocked with old paper-covered novels, broken backed, coffee stained, torn and thumbbed, and a couple of little hanging shelves with a few gift books on them, the rest of the wall space being occupied by trophies of war and the chase. But it is a most comfortable sitting-room. A row of three large windows show a mountain panorama, just now seen in one of its friendliest aspects in the mellowing afternoon light. In the corner next the right hand window a square earthenware stove, a perfect tower of colored pottery, rises nearly to the ceiling and guarantees plenty of warmth. The ottoman is like that in Raina's room, and similarly placed and the window seats are luxurious with decorated cushions. There is one object, however, hopelessly out of keeping with its surroundings. This is a small kitchen table, much the worse for wear, fitted as a writing table with an old canister full of pens, an eggcup filled with ink, and a deplorable scrap of severely used pink blotting paper.

At the side of this table, which stands on the right, Bluntschli is hard at work, with a couple of maps before him, writing orders. At the head of it sits Sergius, who is also supposed to be at work, but who is actually gnawing the feather of a pen, and contemplating Bluntschli's quick, sure, business like progress with a mixture of envious irritation at his own incapacity, and awestruck wonder at an ability which seems to him almost miraculous, though its prosaic character forbids him to esteem it. The major is comfortably established on the ottoman, with a newspaper in his hand and the tube of the hookah within his reach. Catherine sits at the stove, with her back to them, embroidering. Raina, reclining on the divan under the left hand window, is grazing in a daydream out at the Balkan landscape, with a neglected novel in her lap. The door is on the left. The button of the electric bell is between the door and the fireplace.

PETKOFF (looking up from his paper to watch how they are getting on at the table). Are you sure I can't help you in any way, Bluntschli?

BLUNTSCHLI (without interrupting his writing or looking up). Quite sure, thank you. Saranoff and I will manage it.

SERGIUS (grimly). Yes: we'll manage it. He finds out what to do; draws up the orders; and I signed. (Bluntschli passes him a paper). Another one? Thank you. (He plants the papers squarely before him; sets his chair carefully parallel to them; and signs with his check on elbow and his protruded tongue following the movements of pen). This hand is more accustomed to the sword than to the pen.

PETKOFF. It's very good of you, Bluntschli, it is indeed, to let yourself be put upon in this way. Now are you quite sure I can do nothing?

CATHERINE (in a low, warning tone). You can stop interrupting, Paul.

PETKOFF (starting and looking round at her). Eh? Oh! Quite right, my love, quit right. (He takes his newspaper up, but lets it drop again). Ah, you haven't been campaigning, Catherine: you don't know how pleasant it is for us to sit here, after a good lunch, with nothing to do but enjoy ours eves There's only one thing I want to make me thoroughly comfortable.

CATHERINE. What is that?

PETKOFF. My old coat. I'm not at home in this one: feel as if I were on parade.

CATHERINE. My dear Paul, how absurd you are about that old coat! It must be hanging in the blue closet where you left it.

PETKOFF. My dear Catherine, I tell you I've looked there. Am I to believe my own eyes or not? (Catherine quietly rises and crosses the room to press the button of the electric bell). What are you showing off that bell for? (She looks at him majestically, and silently resumes her chair and her needlework). My dear: if you think the obstinacy of your sex can make a coat out of two old dressing gowns of Raina's, your waterproof, and my mackintosh, you're mistaken. That's exactly what the blue closet contains at present (Nicola presents himself).

CATHERINE (UNMOVED BY Petkoff's sally). Nicola: go to the blue closet and bring your master's old coat here-the braided one he usually wears in the house.

NICOLA, Yes, maam (Nicola goes out).

PETKOFF. Catherine.

CATHERINE. Yes, Paul?

PETKOFF. I bet you any piece of jewellery you like to order from Sofia against a week's housekeeping money, that the coat isn't there.

CATHERINE. Done, Paul.

PETKOFF (excited by the prospect of a gamble). Come: here's an opportunity for some sport. Who'll bet on it? Bluntschli: I'll give you six to one.

BLUNTSCHLI (imperturbably). It would be robbing, you, Major. Madame is sure to be right (Without looking up, he passes another batch of papers to Sergius).

SERGIUS (also excited). Bravo, Switzerland! Major: I bet my best charger against an Arab mare for Raina that Nicola finds the coat in the blue closet.

PETKOFF (eagerly). Your best char0

CATHERINE (Hastily interrupting him). Don't be foolish, Paul. An Arabian mare will cost you 50,000 levas.

RAINA (suddenly coming out of her picturesque revelry). Really, mother, if you are going to take the jewellery, I don't see why you should grudge me my Arab.

(Nicola comes back with the coat and brings it to Petkoff, who can hardly believe his eyes).

CATHERINE. Where was it, Nicola?

NICOLA. Hanging in the blue closet, madam.

PETKOFF. Well, I am d—

CATHERINE (stopping him). Paul!

PETKOFF. I could have sworn it wasn't there. Age is beginning to tell on me. I'm getting hallucinations. (To Nicola). Here: help me to change. Excuse me, Bluntschli. (He begins changing coats, Nicola acting as valet). Remember: I didn't take that bet of yours, Sergius. You'd better give Raina that Arab steed yourself, since you've roused her expectations. Eh, Raina? (He looks round at her; but she is again rapt in the landscape. With a little gush of paternal affection and pride, he points her out to them and says She's dreaming, as usual.

SERGIUS. Assuredly she shall not be the loser.

PETKOFF. So much the better for her. I shan't come off so cheap, I expect. (The change is now complete. Nicola goes out with the discarded coat). Ah, now I feel at home at last (He sits down and takes his newspaper with a grunt of relief).

BLUNTSCHLI (To Sergius, handing a paper). That's the last order.

PETKOFF (jumping up). What! Finished?

BLUNTSCHI. Finished

PETKOFF (with childlike envy). Haven't you anything for me to sign?

BLUNTSCHI. Not necessary. His signature will do.

PETKOFF. Ah, well, I think we've done a thundering good day's work. (He goes away from the table). Can I do anything more?

BLUNTSCHLI. You had better both see the fellows that are to take these (To

Sergius). Pack them off at once; and show them that I've marked on the orders the time they should hand them I by. Tell them that if they stop to drink or tell stories – if they're five minutes late, they'll have the skin taken off their backs.

SERGIUS (RISING INDIGNANTLY). I'll say so. And if one of them is man enough to spit in my face for insulting him, I'll buy his discharge and give him a pension. (He strides out, his humanity deeply outraged).

BLUNTSCHLI (confidentially). Just see that he talks t them properly, Major, will you?

PETKOFF (OFFICIOUSLY). Quite right, Bluntschli, quite right, I'll see to it. (He goes to the door importantly, but hesitates on the threshold). By the bye, Catherine, you may as well come, too They'll be far more frightened of you than of me.

CATHERINE (putting down her embroidery). I daresay I had better. You will only splutter at them. (She goes out, Petkoff holding the door for her and following her).

BLUNTSCHLI. What an army and cheery trees and the officers send for their wives to keep discipline! (He begins to fold and docket the papers. Raina, who has risen from the divan, strolls down the room with her hands clasped behind her, and looks mischievously at him).

RAINA. You look ever so much nicer than when we last met. (He looks up, surprised.) What have you done to yourself?

BLUNTSCHLI. Washed; brushed; good night's sleep and breakfast. That's all.

RAINA. Did you get back safely that morning?

BLUNTSCHLI. Quite, thanks.

RAINA. Were they angry with you for running away from Sergius's charge?

BLUNTSCHLI. No, they were glad; because they'd all just run away themselves.

RAINA (going to the table, and leaning over it towards him. It must have made a lovely story for them- all that about me and my room.

BLUNTSCHLI. Capital story. But I only told it to one of them – a particular friend.

RAINA. On whose discretion you could absolutely rely?

BLUNTSCHLI. Absolutely.

RAINA. Hm! He told it all to my father and Sergius the day you exchanged the prisoners. (She turns away and strolls carelessly across to the other side of the room).

BLUNTSCHLI (deeply concerned and half incredulous). No! you don't mean that, do you?

RAINA (turning, with sudden earnestness). I do indeed. But they don't know that it was in this house that you took refuge. If Sergius knew, he would challenge you and kill you I a duel.

BLUNTSCHLI. Bless me! Ten don't tell him.

RAINA (please be serious, captain Bluntschli). Can you not realize what it is to me to deceive him? I want to be quite perfect with Sergius—no meanness, no smallness, no deceit. My relation to him is the one really beautiful and noble part of my life. I hope you can understand that.

BLUNTSCHLI.(skeptically). You mean that you wouldn't like him to find out that the story about the ice pudding was a-a-a- you know.

RAINA (wincing). Ah, don't talk of it in that flippant way. I lied: I know it. But I did it to save your life. He would have killed you. That was the second time ever uttered a falsehood (Bluntschli rises quickly and looks doubtfully and somewhat severely at her). Do you remember that first time?

BLUNTSCHLI. I! No. Was I present?

RAINA. Yes; and I told the officer who was searching for you that you were not present.

BLUNTSCHLI. True. I should have remembered it.

RAINA (greatly encouraged). Ah, it is natural that you should forget it first. It cost you nothing: it cost me a lie! – a lie!! (She sits down on the ottoman, looking straight before her with her hands clasped round her knee. Bluntschli, quite touched, goes to the

ottoman with a particularly reassuring and considerate air, and sits down beside her).

BLUNTSCHLI. My dear young lady, don't let this worry you. Remember: I'm a soldier. Now what are the two things that happen to a soldier so often that he comes to think nothing of them? One is hearing people tell lies (Raina recoils): the other is getting his life saved in all sorts of ways by all sorts of people.

RAINA (rising in indignant protest). And so he becomes a creature incapable of faith and of gratitude.

BLUNTSCHLI. (making a wry face). Do you like gratitude? I don't. If pity is akin to love, gratitude is akin to the other thing.

RAINA. Gratitude ! (Turning on him). If you are incapable of gratitude you are incapable of any noble sentiment. Even animals are grateful. Oh, I see now exactly what you think of me!. You were not surprised to hear me lie. To you it was something I probably did every day-every hour. That is how men think of women (She walks up the room melodramatically).

BLUNTSCHLI. (dubiously). There's reason in everything. you said you'd told only two lies in your whole life. Dear Young lady: isn't that rather a short allowance? I'm quite a straightforward man myself but it wouldn't last me a whole morning.

RAINA(staring haughtily at him). Do you know, sir, that you are insulting me?

BLUNTSCHLI. I can't help it. When you get into that noble attitude and speak in that thrilling voice. I admire you; but I find it impossible to believe a single word you say.

RAINA(superbly). Captain Bluntschli!

BLUNTSCHLI. (unmoved). Yes?

RAINA (coming a little towards him, as if she could not believe her senses). Do you mean what you said just now? Do you know what you said just now?

BLUNTSCHLI. I do.

RAINA (gasping). I!!! (she points to herself incredulously, meaning 'I, Raina

Petkoff, tell lies!” He meets her gaze unflinchingly. She suddenly sits down beside him, and adds, with a complete change of manner from the heroic to the familiar). How did you find me out?

BLUNTSCHLI. (promptly). Instinct, dear young lady. Instinct, and experience of the world.

RAINA (wonderingly). Do you know, you are the first man I ever met who did not take me seriously?

BLUNTSCHLI. You mean, don’t you, that I am the first man that has ever take you quit seriously?

RAINA. Yes, I suppose to do mean that. (Closely, quite at her ease with him). How strange it is to be talked to in such a way! You know, I’ve always gone on like that.

RAINA. I mean, the noble attitude and the thrilling voice (They laugh together). I did it when I was a tiny child to my nurse. She believed in it. I do it before my parents. They believe in it. I do it before Sergius. He believes in it.

BLUNTSCHLI. Yes: he’s a little in that line himself. Isn’t he?

RAINA (startled). Oh! Do you think so.

BLUNTSCHLI. You know him better than I do.

RAINA. I wonder-I wonder is he? If I thought that—! (Discouraged). Ah, well, what does it matter? I suppose, now that you’ve found me out, you despise me.

BLUNTSCHLI (warmly, rising). No, my dear young lady, no, no, no a thousand times. It’s part of your youth—part of your charm. I’m like all the rest of them- the nurse—your parents-Sergius: I’m your infatuated admirer.

RAINA (pleased). Really?

BLUNTSCHLI (slapping his breast smartly with his hand, German fashion). Hand auks Hertz! Really and truly.

RAINA (very happy). But what did you think for me for giving you my portrait?

BLUNTSCHLI (astonished). Your portrait! You never gave me your portrait.

RAINA (quickly). Do you mean to say you never got it?

BLUNTSCHLI. No. (He sits down beside her, with renewed interest, and says, with some complacency). When did you send it to me?

RAINA (indignantly). I did not send it to you. (She turns her head away, and adds, reluctantly). It was in the pocket of that coat.

BLUNTSCHLI (pursuing his lips and rounding his eyes). Oh-o-oh! I never found it must be there still.

RAINA (springing up). There still! – for my father to find the first time he puts his hand in his pocket! Oh, how could you be so stupid?

BLUNTSCHLI (rising also). It doesn't matter: it's only a photograph: how can he tell who it was intended for? Tell him he put it there himself.

RAINA (impatiently). Yes, that is so clever-so clever! What shall I do?

BLUNTSCHLI. Ah, I see. You wrote something on it that was rash!

RAINA (annoyed almost to tears). Oh, to have done such a thing for you, who care no more-except to laugh at me-oh! Are you sure nobody has touched it?

BLUNTSCHLI. Well, I can't be quite sure. You see I couldn't carry it about with me all the time: one can't take much luggage on active service.

RAINA. What did you do with it?

BLUNTSCHLI. When I got through to Pirot I had to put it in safe keeping somehow. I thought of the railway cloak room; but that's the surest place to get looted in modern warfare So I pawned it.

RAINA. Pawned it!!!

BLUNTSCHLI I know it doesn't sound nice; but it was much the safest plan. I redeemed it the day before yesterday. Heaven only knows whether the pawnbroker cleared out the pockets or not.

RAINA (furious-throwing the words right into his face). You have a low, shop keeping mind. You think of things that would never come into a gentleman's head.

BLUNTSCHLI (phlegmatically). That's the Swiss national character, dear lady.

RAINA. Oh, I wish I and never met you. (She flounces away and sits at the window fuming).

(Louka comes in with a heap of letters and telegrams on her salver, and crosses, with her bold, free gait, to the table. Her left sleeve is looped up to the shoulder with a brooch, showing her naked arm, with a broad gilt bracelet covering the bruise).

LOUKA (to Bluntschli). For you. (She empties the slaver recklessly on the table). The messenger is waiting. (She is determined not to be civil to a Servian, even if she must bring him his letters).

BLUNTSCHLI (to Raina). Will you excuse me: the last postal delivery that reached me was three weeks ago These are the subsequent accumulations. Four telegrams- a week old. (He opens one). Oho! Bad news!

RAINA (rising and advancing a little remorsefully). Bad news?

BLUNTSCHLI. My father's dead. (He looks at the telegram with his lips pursed, musing on the unexpected change in his arrangements).

RAINA. Oh, how very sad!

BLUNTSCHLI. Yes: I shall have to start for home in an hour. He has a lot of big hotels behind him to be looked after (Takes up a heavy letter in a long blue envelope). Here's a whacking letter from the family solicitor. (He pulls out the enclosures and glances over them). Great Heavens! Seventy! Two hundred! (IN a crescendo of dismay). Four hundred! Four thousand !! Nine thousand six hundred!!! What on earth shall I do with them all?

RAINA (timidly). Nine thousand hotels?

BLUNTSCHLI. Hotels! Nonsense. If you only knew! – oh, it's too ridiculous! Excuse me: I must give my fellow orders about starting. (He leaves the room hastily, with the documents in his hand.).

LOUKA (Tauntingly). He has not much heart, that Swiss, though he is so fond of

the Servians. He has not a word of grief for his poor father.

RAINA (bitterly). Grief!—a man who has been doing nothing but killing people for years! What does he care~ What does any soldier care? (She goes to the door, evidently restraining her tears with difficulty).

LOUKA. Major Saranoff has been fighting, too; and he has plenty of heart left. (Raina, at the door, looks haughtily at her and goes out). Aha! I thought you wouldn't get much feeling out of your soldier. (She is following Raina when Nicola enters with an armful of logs for the fire).

NICOLA (grinning amorously at her). I've been trying all the afternoon to get a minute alone with you, my girl. (His countenance changes as he notices her arm). Why, what fashion is that of wearing your sleeve, child?

LOUKA (proudly). My own fashion.

NICOLA. Indeed! If the mistress catches you, she'll talk to you (He throws the logs down on the ottoman, and sits comfortably beside them).

LOUKA. Is that any reason why you should take it on yourself to talk to me?

NICOLA. Come: don't be so contrary with me. I've some good news for you. (He takes out some paper money. Louka, with an eager gleam in her eyes, comes close to look at it). See, a twenty leva bill! Sergius gave me that out of your swagger. A fool and his money are soon parted. There's ten levas more. The Swiss gave me that for backing up the mistress's and Raina's lies about him. He's no fool, he isn't. You should have heard old Catherine downstairs as polite as you please to me, telling me not to mind the Major being a little impatient; for they knew what a good servant I was- after making a fool and a liar of me before them all!. The twenty will go to our savings; and you shall have the ten to spend if you'll only talk to me so as to remind me I'm a human being. I get tired of being a servant occasionally.

LOUKA (scornfully). Yes: sell your manhood for thirty levas, and buy me for ten! Keep your money. You were born to be a servant. I was not. When you set up your shop you will only be everybody's servant instead of somebody's servant.

NICOLA (picking up his logs and going to the stove). Ah, wait till you see. We shall have our evenings to ourselves; and I shall be master in my own house, I promise you

(He throws the logs down and kneels at the stove).

LOUKA. You shall never be master in mine. (She sits down on Sergius's chair).

NICOLA (turning, still on his knees, and squatting down rather forlornly, his calves, daunted by her implacable disdain). You have a great ambition in you, Louka. Remember: if any luck comes to you, it was I that made a woman of you.

LOUKA. You!

NICOLA (with dogged self-assertion). Yes, me. Who was it made you give up wearing a couple of pounds of false black hair on your head and reddening your lips and cheeks like any other Bulgarian girl? I did. Who taught you to trim your nails, and keep your hands clean, and be dainty about yourself, like a fine Russian lady? Me! Do you hear that? Me! (She tosses her head defiantly; and he rises, ill-humoredly, adding more coolly) I've often thought that if Raina were out of the way, and you just a little less of a fool and Sergius just a little more of one, you might come to be one of my grandest customers, instead of only being my wife and costing me money.

LOUKA. I believe you would rather be my servant than my husband. You would make more out of me. Oh, I know that soul of yours.

NICOLA (going up close to her for greater emphasis). Never you mind my soul; but just listen to my advice. If you want to be a lady, your present behaviour to me won't do at all, unless when we're alone. It's too sharp and impudent; and impudence is a sort of familiarity: it shows affection for me. And don't you try being high and mighty with me either. You're like all country girls: you think it's genteel to treat a servant the way I treat a stable-boy. That's only your ignorance; and don't you forget it. And don't be so ready to defy everybody. Act as if you expected to have your own way, not as if you expected to be ordered about. The way to get on as a lady is the same as the way to get on as a servant: you've got to know your place; that's the secret of it. And you may depend on me to know my place if you get promoted. Think over it, my girl. I'll stand by you: one servant should always stand by another.

LOUKA (rising impatiently). Oh, I must behave in my own way. You take all the courage out of me with your cold-blooded wisdom. Go and put those logs on the fire; that's the sort of thing you understand. (Before Nicola can retort, Sergius comes in.

He checks himself a moment on seeing Louka; then goes to the stove).

SERGIUS (to Nicola). I am not in the way of your work, I hope.

NICOLA (in a smooth, elderly manner). Oh, no Sir, thank you kindly. I was only speaking to this foolish girl about her habit of running up here to the library whenever she gets a chance, to look at the books. That's the worst of her education Sir: it gives her habits above her station. (To Louka). Make that table tidy, Louka, for the Major (He goes out sedately).

(Louka, without looking at Sergius, begins to arrange the papers on the table. He crosses slowly to her, and studies the arrangement of her sleeve reflectively).

SERGIUS. Let me see: is there a mark there? (He turns up the bracelet and sees the bruise made by his grasp. She stands motionless, not looking at him: fascinated, but on her guard). Efff! Does it hurt?

LOUKA Yes.

SERGIUS. Shall I cure it?

LOUKA (instantly withdrawing herself proudly, but still not looking at him). No. You cannot cure it now.

SERGIUS (masterfully). Quite sure? (He makes a movement as if to take her in his arms).

LOUKA. Don't trifle with me, please. An officer should not trifle with a servant.

SERGIUS (touching the arm with a merciless stroke of his forefinger). That was no trifle, Louka.

LOUKA. No. (Looking at him for the first time). Are you sorry?

SERGIUS (with measured emphasis, folding his arms.) I am never sorry.

LOUKA (Wistfully). I wish I could believe a man could be so unlike a woman as that. I wonder are you really a brave man?

SERGIUS (unaffectedly, relaxing his attitude). Yes: I am a brave man. My heart jumped like a woman's at the first shot; but in the charge I could that I was brave.

Yes: that at least is real about me.

LOUKA. Did you find in the charge that the men whose fathers are poor like mine were any less brave than the men who are rich like you?

SERGIUS (with bitter levity). Not a bit. They all slashed and cursed and yelled like heroes. Pasha! The courage to rage and skill is cheap. I have an English bull terrier who has as much of that sort of courage as the whole Bulgarian nation, and the whole Russian nation at its back. But he lets my groom thrash him, all the same. That's your soldier all over! No, Louka, your poor men can cut throats; but they are afraid of their officers; they put up with insults and blows: they stand by and see one another punished like children: eye and help to do it when they are ordered.

And the officers !!! Well (with a short, bitter laugh) I am an Officer. Oh, (fervently) give me the man who will defy to the death any power on earth or in heaven that sets itself up against his own will and conscience; he alone is the brave man.

LOUKA. How easy it is to talk! Men never seem to men to grow up: they all have schoolboy's ideas., You don't know what true courage is.

SERGIUS (ironically). Indeed! I am willing to be instructed. (He sits on the ottoman, sprawling magnificently).

LOUKA. Look at me! How much am I allowed to have my own will? I have to get your room ready for you- to sweep and dust, to fetch and carry. How could that degrade me if it did not degrade you to have it done for you? But (with subdued passion) if I were empress of Russia, above everyone in the world, then-ah, then, though according to you I could show no courage at all; you should see, you should see.

SERGIUS. What would you do, moist noble Empress?

LOUKA. I would marry the man I loved, which no other queen in Europe has the courage to do. If I loved, you, though you would be as far beneath me as I am beneath you, I would dare to be the equal of my inferior. Would you dare as much if you loved me? No: if you felt the beginnings of love for me you would not let it grow. You dare not: you would marry a rich man's daughter because you would be afraid of what other people

would say of you.

SERGIUS (carried away). You lie: it is not so, by all the stars! If I loved you, and I were the Czar himself, I would set you on the throne by my side. You know that I love another woman, a woman as high above you as heaven is above earth. And you are jealous of her.

LOUKA. I have no reason to be. She will never marry you now. The man I told you of has come back. She will marry the Swiss.

SERGIUS (recoiling). The Swiss!

LOUKA. A man worth ten of you. Then you can come to me; and I will refuse you. You are not good enough for me. (She turns to the door.)

SERGIUS (springing after and catching her fiercely in his arms). I will kill the Swiss; and afterwards I will do as please with you.

LOUKA (in his arms, passive and steadfast). The Swiss will kill you, perhaps. He has beaten you in love. He may beat you in war.

SERGIUS (tormentedly). Do you think I believe that she-she! Whose worst thoughts are higher than your best ones, is capable of trifling with another man behind my back?

LOUKA. Do you think she would believe the Swiss if he told her now that I am in your arms?

SERGIUS (releasing her in despair). Damnation! Oh, damnation! Mockery, mockery everywhere: everything I think is mocked by everything I do. (He strikes himself frantically on the breast.) Coward. liar, fool! Shall I kill

Myself like a man, or live and pretend to laugh at myself? (She again turns to go.) Louka! (She stops near the door.) (Remember: you belong to me.

LOUKA (quietly). What does that mean__an insult?

SERGIUS (commandingly). It means that you love me, and that I have had you here in my arms, and will perhaps have you there again. Whether that is an insult I neither know nor care: take it as you please. But (vehemently) I will not be a coward and a trifle.

If I choose to love you, I dare marry you, in spite of all Bulgaria. If these hands ever touch you again, they shall touch my affianced bride.

LOUKA. We shall see whether you dare keep your word. But take care. I will not wait long.

SERGIUS (again folding his arms and standing motionless in the middle of the room). Yes, we shall see. And you shall wait my pleasure.

(Bluntschli, much preoccupied, with his papers still in his hand, enters, leaving the door open for Louka to go out. He goes across to the table, glancing at her as he passes. Sergius, without altering his resolute attitude, him steadily. Louka goes out, leaving the door open.)

BLUNTSCHLI (absently, sitting at the table as before, and putting down his papers). That's a remarkable looking young woman.

SERGIUS (gravely, without moving). Captain Bluntschli.

BLUNTSCHLI. Eh?

SERGIUS. You have deceived me. You are my rival. I brook no rivals. At six o'clock I shall be in the drilling-ground on the Klissoura road, alone, on horseback, with my sabre. Do you understand?

BLUNTSCHLI (staring, but sitting quite at his ease). Oh thank you: that's a cavalry man's proposal. I'm in the artillery; and I have the choice of weapons. If I go, I shall take a machine gun. And there shall be no mistake about the cartridges this time.

SERGIUS (flushing, but with deadly coldness). Take care, sir. It is not our custom in Bulgaria to allow invitations of that kind to be trifled with.

BLUNTSCHLI (warmly). Pooh! Don't talk to me about Bulgaria. You don't know what fighting is. But have it your own way. Bring your sabre along. I'll meet you.

SERGIUS (fiercely delighted to find his opponent a man of spirit). Well said, Switzer. Shall I lend you my best horse?

BLUNTSCHLI. No: damn your horse! thank you all the same, my dear fellow.

(Raina comes in, and hears the next sentence.) I shall fight you on foot. Horseback's too dangerous: I don't want to kill you if I can help it.

RAINA (hurrying forward anxiously) I have heard what Captain Bluntschli said, Sergius. You are going to fight. Why? (Sergius turns away in silence, and goes to the stove, where he stands watching her as she continues, Bluntschli) What about?

BLUNTSCHLI. I don't know: he hasn't told me. Better not interfere, dear young lady. No harm will be done: I've often acted as sword instructor. He won't be able to touch me: and I'll not hurt him. It will save explanations. In the morning I shall be off home; and you'll never see me or hear of me again. You and he will then make it up and live happily ever after.

RAINA (turning away deeply hurt, almost with a sob in her voice). I never said I wanted to see you again.

SERGIUS (striding forward). Ha! That is a confession.

RAINA (haughtily) What do you mean?

SERGIUS. You love that man!

RAINA (scandalized). Sergius!

SERGIUS. You allow him to make love to you behind my back, just as you accept me as your affianced husband behind his. Bluntschli: you know our relations; and you deceived me. It is for that I call you to account, not for having received favours that I never enjoyed.

BLUNTSCHLI (jumping up indignantly. Stuff! Rubbish! I have received no favours. Why, the young lady doesn't even know whether I'm married or not.

RAINA (forgetting herself). Oh! (Collapsing on the ottoman). Are you?

SERGIUS. You see the young lady's concern, Captain Bluntschli Denial is useless. You have enjoyed the privilege of being received in her own room, late at night-

BLUNTSCHLI (interrupting him pepperily). Yes; you blockhead! She received me with a pistol at her head. Your cavalry wre at my heels. I'd have blown out her brains if she'd uttered a cry.

SERGIUS (taken aback). Bluntschli! Raina: is this true?

RAINA (rising in wrathful majesty). Oh, how dare you, how dare you?

BLUNTSCHLI. Apologize, man, apologize! (He resumes his seat at the table).

RAINA (passionately). This is the doing of that friend of yours, Captain Bluntschli. It is he who is spreading this horrible story about me (She walks about excitedly).

BLUNTSCHLI. No: he's dead-burnt alive. RAINA (stopping, shocked).
Burnt alive!

BLUNTSCHLI. Shot in the hip in a wood yard. Couldn't drag himself out. Your fellows' shells set the timber on fire and burnt him, with half a dozen other poor devils in the same predicament.

RAINA. How horrible!

SERGIUS. And how ridiculous! Oh, War! War! The dream of patriots and heroes! A fraud, Bluntschli, a hollow sham, like love.

RAINA (outraged). Like love! You say that before me.

BLUNTSCHLI. Come, Saranoff: that matter is explained.

SERGIUS. A hollow sham, I say. Would you have come back here if nothing had passed between you, except at the muzzle of your pistol? Raina is mistaken about our friend who was burnt. He was not my informant.

RAINA. Who then? (Suddenly guessing the truth.) Ah, Louka! My maid, my servant! You were with her this morning all that time after-after-oh, what sort of god is this I have been worshipping! (He meets her gaze with sardonic enjoyment of her disenchantment. Angered all the more, she goes closer to him, and says, in a lower, in tenser tone) Do you know that I looked out of the window as I went upstairs, to have another sight of my hero; and I saw something that I did not understand then. I know now that you were making love to her.

SERGIUS (with grim humor). You saw that?

RAINA. Only too well. (she turns away, and throws herself on the divan under the centre window, quite overcome).

SERGIUS (cynically). Raina: our romance is shattered. Life's a farce.

BLUNTSCHLI (to Raina, good-humoredly). You see; he's found himself out now.

SERGIUS. Bluntschli: I have allowed you to call me a blockhead. You may now call me a coward as well. I refuse to fight you. Do you know why?

BLUNTSCHLI. No; but it doesn't matter. I didn't ask the reason when you cried on; and I don't ask the reason now that you cry off. I'm a professional soldier. I fight when I have to, and am very glad to get out of it when I haven't too. You're only an amateur: you think fighting's an amusement.

SERGIUS. You shall hear the reason all the same, my professional. The reason is that it takes two men-real men-men of heart, blood and honour – to make a genuine combat. I could no more fight with you than I could make love to an ugly woman. You've no magnetism: you're not a man, you're a machine.

BLUNTSCHLI (apologetically). Quite true, quite true. I always was that sort of chap. I'm very sorry.

SERGIUS. Psha!

BLUNTSCHLI. But now that you've found that life isn't a farce, but something quite sensible and serious, what further obstacle is there to your happiness?

RAINA (rising). You are very solicitous about my happiness and his. Do you forget his new love – Louka? It is not you that he must fight now, but his rival, Nicola.

SERGIUS. Rival! (Bounding half across the room).

RAINA. Did you not know that they are engaged?

SERGIUS. Nicola! Are fresh abysses opening ! Nicola!!

RAINA (sarcastically). A shocking sacrifice, isn't it? Such beauty, such intellect, such modesty, wasted on a middle-aged servant man! Really, Sergius, you cannot stand

by and allow such a thing. It would be unworthy of your chivalry.

SERGIUS(losing all self-control). Viper! Viper! (He rushes to and fro, raging).

BLUNTSCHLI. Look here, Saranoff; you're getting the worst of this.

RAINA (getting angrier). Do you realize what he has done, Captain Bluntschli? He has set this girl as a spy on us; and her reward is that he makes love to her.

SERGIUS. False! Monstrous!

RAINA. Monstrous! (confronting him). Do you deny that she told you about Captain Bluntschli being in my room?

SERGIUS. No; but—

RAINA. (interrupting). Do you deny that you were making love to her when she told you?

SERGIUS. No: but I tell you——

RAINA (cutting him short contemptuously). It is unnecessary to tell us anything more. That is quite enough for us. (she turns away from him and sweeps majestically back to the window).

BLUNTSCHLI (quietly, as Sergius, in an agony of mortification, sinks on the ottoman, clutching his averted head between his fists) I told were getting the worst of it, Saranoff.

SERGIUS. Tiger cat!

RAINA (running excitedly to Bluntschli). You hear this man calling me names, Captain Bluntschli?

BLUNTSCHLI. What else can he do, dear lady? He must defend himself somehow. Come (very persuasively), don't quarrel. What good does it do? (Raina, with a gasp, sits down on the ottoman, and after a vain effort to look vexedly at Bluntschli, she falls a victim to her sense of humor, and actually leans back babyishly against the writhing shoulder of Sergius.)

SERGIUS. Engaged to Nicola! (He rises.) Ha! Ha! Ah!, well, Bluntschli, you are

right to take this huge imposture of a world coolty.

RAINA (quaintly to Bluntschli with an intuitive guess at his state of mind). I daresay you think us a couple of grown up babies, don't you?

SERGIUS (grinning a little). He does, he does. Swiss civilization nurse tending Bulgarian barbarism, eh?

BLUNTSCHLI (blushing). Not at all, I assure you. I'm only very glad to get you two quieted. There now, let's be pleasant and talk it over in a friendly way. Where is this other young lady?

RAINA. Listening at the door, probably.

SERGIUS (Shivering as if a bullet had struck him, and speaking with quiet but deep indignation). I will prove that that, at least, is a calumny. (He goes with dignity to the door and opens it. A yell of fury bursts from him as he looks out. He darts into the passage, and returns dragging in Louka, whom he flings violently against the table, exclaiming) Judge her, Bluntschli you, the moderate, cautious man: judge the eavesdropper.

(Louka stands her ground, and silent.)

BLUNTSCHLI (shaking his head). I mustn't judge her. I once listened myself outside a tent when there was a mutiny brewing. It's all a question of the degree of provocation. My life was at stake.

LOUKA. My love was at stake. (Sergius flinches, ashamed of her in spite of himself). I am not ashamed.

RAINA (contemptuously). Your love! Your curiosity, you mean.

LOUKA (facing her and retorting her contempt with interest). My love, stronger than anything you can feel, even for your chocolate cream soldier.

SERGIUS (with quick suspicion- to Louka). What does that mean?

LOUKA (fiercely). It means –

SERGIUS (interrupting her slightly). Oh, I remember, the ice pudding. A paltry taunt, girl (Major Petkoff enters, in his shirtsleeves).

PETKOFF. Excuse my shirtsleeves, gentlemen. Rain: somebody has been wearing that coat of mine: I'll swear it-somebody with a differently shaped back. It's all burst open at the sleeve. Your mother is mending it. I wish she'd make haste. I shall catch cold (He looks more attentively at them). Is anything the matter?

RAINA. No. (She sits down at the stove with a tranquil air).

SERGIUS. Oh, no! (He sits down at the end of the table, as at first).

BLUNTSCHLI (who is already seated)., Nothing, nothing.

PETKOFF (sitting down on the ottoman in his old place). That's all right (He notices Louka) Anything the matter, Louka?

LOUKA. No, Sir.

PETKOFF (genially). That's all right (He sneezes). Go and ask your mistress for my coat, like a good girl, will you/ (she turns to obey; but Nicola enters with the coat; and she makes a pretence of having business in the room by taking the little table with the hookah way to the wall near the windows).

RAINA (rising quickly, as she sees the coat on Nicola's arm). Here it is, papa Give it to me, Nicola; and do you put some more wood on the fire. (She takes the coat, and brings it to the Major, who stands up to put it on Nicola attends to the fire).

PETKOFF (to Raina teasing her affectionately). Aha! Going to be very good to poor old papa just for one day after his return from the wars, eh?

RAINA (with solemn reproach). Ah, how can you say that to me, father?

PETKOFF, Well, well, only a joke, little one. Come, give me a kiss (She kisses him). Now give me the coat.

RAINA. Now, I am going to put it on for you. Turn your back (He turns his back and feels behind him with his arms for the sleeves. She dexterously takes the photograph from the pocket and throws it on the table before Bluntschli, who covers it with a sheet of paper under the very nose of Sergius, who looks on amazed, with his suspicions roused in the highest degree. She then helps Petkoff on with his coat). There, dear! Now are you comfortable?

PETKOFF. Quite, little love. Thanks. (He sits down; and Raina returns to her seat near the stove) Oh, by the bye, I've found something funny. What's the meaning of this? (He put his hand into the picked pocket.) Eh? Hallo! (He tries the other pocket.). Well, I could have sworn – (Much puzzled, he tries the breast pocket). I wonder—(tries the original pocket) where can it –(a light flashes on him; he rises, exclaiming) your mother's taken it.

RAINA (very red). Taken what?

PETKOFF. Your photograph, with the inscription: "Raina, to her Chocolate Cream Soldier-a souvenir' Now you know there's something more in this than meets the eye; and I'm going to find it out (shouting) Nicola!.

NICOLA (dropping a log, and turning). Sir!

PETKOFF. Did you spoil any pastry of Miss Raina's this morning?

NICOLA. You heard Miss Raina say that I did, Sir.

PETKOFF. I know that, you idiot. Was it true?

NICOLA. I am sure Miss Raina is incapable of saying anything that is not true, Sir.

PETKOFF. Are you? Then I'm not. (Turning to the others). Come: do you think I don't see it all? (Goes to Sergius, and slaps him on the shoulder). Sergius: you're the chocolate cream soldier, aren't you?

SERGIUS (starting up). I! a chocolate cream soldier! Certainly not.

PETKOFF. Not! (He looks at them. They are all very serious and very conscious). Do you mean to tell me that Raina sends photographic souvenirs to other men?

SERGIUS (enigmatically). The world is not such an innocent place as we used to think, Petkoff.

BLUNTSCHLI (rising). It's all right, Major. I'm the chocolate cream soldier. (Petkoff and Sergius are equally astonished). The gracious young lady saved my life by giving me chocolate creams when I was starving – shall I ever forget their flavor! My late friend Stolz told you the story at Perrot I was the fugitive.

PETKOFF. You! (He gasps). Sergius: do you remember how those two women went on this morning when we mentioned it? (Sergius smiles cynically. Petkoff confronts Raina severely). You're a nice yang woman, aren't you?

RAINA (bitterly). Major Saranoff has changed his kind. And when I wrote that on the photograph, I did not know that Captain Bluntschli was married.

BLUNTSCHLI (much startled protesting vehemently). I'm not married.

RAINA (with deep reproach). You said you were.

BLUNTSCHLI. I did not. I positively did not. I never was married in my life.

PETKOFF (exasperated). Raina: will you kindly inform me, if I am not asking too much, which gentleman you are engaged to?

RAINA. To neither of them. This young lady (introducing Louka, who faces them all proudly) is the object of Major Saranoff's affections at present.

PETKOFF. Louka! Are you mad, Sergius? Why, this girl's engaged to Nicola.

NICOLA (coming forward). I beg your pardon, sir. There is a mistake. Louka is not engaged to me.

PETKOFF. Not engaged to you, you scoundrel! Why, you had twenty five levas from me on the day of your betrothal; and she had that gilt bracelet from Miss Raina.

NICOLA (with cool unction). We gave it out so, Sir. But it was only to give Louka protection. She had a soul above her station; and I have been no more than her confidential servant. I intend, as you know, sir, to set up a shop later on in Sofia; and I look forward to her custom and recommendation should she marry into the nobility. (He goes on with impressive discretion, leaving them all staring after him).

PETKOFF (breaking the silence). Well, I am-Hm!

SERGIUS. This is either the finest heroism or the most crawling baseness. Which is it, Bluntschli?

BLUNTSCHLI. Never mind whether it's heroism or baseness. Nicola's the ablest man I've met in Bulgaria. I'll make him manager of a hotel if he can speak French and

German.

LOUKA (suddenly breaking out at Sergius). I have been insulted by everyone here. You set them the example. You owe me an apology.

Sergius immediately, like a repeating clock of which the spring has been touched, begins to fold his arms.

BLUNTSCHLI (before he can speak). It's no use. He never apologizes.

LOUKA. Not to you, his equal and his enemy. To me, his poor servant, he will not refuse to apologize.

SERGIUS (approvingly). You are right (He bends his knee in his grandest manner). Forgive me!

LOUKA . I forgive you. (she timidly gives him her hand, which he kisses). That touch makes me your affianced wife.

SERGIUS (Springing up). Ah, I forgot that!

LOUKA (coldly). You can withdraw if you like.

SERGIUS. Withdraw ! Never ! you belong to me! (He puts his arm about her and draws her to him). (Catherine comes in and finds Louka in Sergius's arms, and all the rest gazing at them in bewildered astonishment).

CATHERINE. What does this mean? (Sergius releases Louka).

PETKOFF. Well, my dear, it appears that Sergius is going to marry Louka instead of Raina. (She is about to break out indignantly at him: he stops her by exclaiming testily). Don't blame me: I've nothing to do with it (he retreats to the stove).

CATHERINE. Marry Louka! Sergius: you are bound by your word to us!

SERGIUS (fold his arms). Nothing binds me.

BLUNTSCHLI (much pleased by this piece of common sense). Saranoff: your hand. My congratulations. These heroics of yours have their practical side after all (To Louka). Gracious young lady: the best wishes of a good Republican! (He kisses her hand, to Raina's great disgust).

CATHERINE (threateningly). Louka; you have been telling stories.

LOUKA. I have done Rain no harm.

CATHERINE (haughtily). Raina! (Raina is equally indignant at the liberty).

LOUKA. I have a right to call her Rain: she calls me Louka. I told Major Saranoff she would never marry him if the Swiss gentleman came back.

BLUNTSCHLI (surprised). Hallo!

LOUKA (turning to Raina), I thought you were fonder of him than of Sergius. You know best whether I was right.

BLUNTSCHLI. What nonsense! I assure you, my dear Major, my dear Madame, the gracious young lady simply saved my life, nothing else. She never cared two straws for me. Why, bless my heart and soul, look at the young lady and look at me. She, rich, young, beautiful, with her imagination full of fairy princes and noble natures and cavalry charges and goodness knows what! And I, a common-place Swiss soldier who hardly knows what a decent life is after fifteen years of barracks and battles- a vagabond-a man who has spoiled all his chances in life through an incurably romantic disposition-a man-

SERGIUS (starting as if a needle had pricked him and interrupting Bluntschli in incredulous amazement). Excuse me, Bluntschli: what did you say had spoiled your chances in life?

BLUNTSCHLI (promptly). An incurably romantic disposition. I ran away from home twice when I was a boy. I went into the army instead of into my father's business. I climbed the balcony of this house when a man of sense would have dived into the nearest cellar. I came sneaking back here to have another look at the young lady when any other man of my age would have sent the coat back—

PETKOFF. My coat!

BLUNTSCHLI—Yes: that's the coat I mean—would have sent it back and gone quietly home. Do you suppose I am the sort of fellow a young girl falls in love with? Why, look at our ages! I'm thirty-four: I don't suppose the young lady is such over seventeen. (This estimate produces a marked sensation, all the rest turning and staring at one another.

He proceeds innocently.) All that adventure which was life or death to me, was only a schoolgirl's game to her-chocolate creams and hide and seek. Here's the proof! (He takes the photograph from the table)_. Now, I ask you, would a woman who took the affair seriously have sent me this and written on it: "Raina, to her chocolate cream soldier-a souvenir"/ (He exhibits the photograph triumphantly, as if it settled the matter beyond all possibility of refutation).

PETKOFF. That's what I was looking for. How the deuce did it get there?

BLUNTSCHLI (to Raina complacently). I have put everything right, I hope, gracious young lady!

RAINA (going to the table to face him). I quite agree with your account of yourself You are a romantic idiot (Bluntschli is unspeakably taken aback). Next time I hope you will know the difference between a school girl of seventeen and a woman of twenty three.

BLUNTSCHLI (stupefied). Twenty-three!.

Raina snaps the photograph contemptuously from his hand; tears it up; thrown the places in his face and sweeps back to her former place.

SERGIUS (with grim enjoyment of Bluntschli's discomfiture). Bluntschli: my one last belief is gone. Your sagacity is a fraud, like all the other things. You have less sense than even I!.

BLUNTSCHLI (overwhelmed). Twenty-three! Twenty three!! (He considers). Hm! (Swiftly making up his mind). In that case, Major Petkoff, I beg to propose formally to become a suitor for your daughter's hand, in place of major Saranoff retired.

RAINA. You dare!

BLUNTSCHLI. If you were twenty-three when you said those things to me this afternoon. I shall take them seriously.

CATHERINE (loftily polite). I doubt, Sir, whether you quite realize-either my daughter's position or that of Major Sergius Saranoff, whose place you propose to take. The Petkoffs and the Saranoffs are known as the richest and most important families in the

country. Our position is almost historical: we can go back for nearly twenty years.

PETKOFF. Oh, never mind that, Catherine (To Bluntschli). We should be most happy, Bluntschli, if it were only a question of your position; but hang it, you know, Raina is accustomed to a very comfortable establishment. Sergius keeps twenty horses.

BLUNTSCHLI. But what on earth is the use of twenty horses? Why, it's a circus.

CATHERINE (severely). My daughter, Sir, is accustomed to a first-rate stable.

RAINA. Hush, mother, you're making me ridiculous.

BLUNTSCHLI. Oh, well, if it comes to a question of an establishment, here goes! (He goes impetuously to the table and seizes the papers in the blue envelope). How many horses did you say?

SERGIUS. Twenty, noble Switzer!

BLUNTSCHLI. I have two hundred horses (they are amazed).How many carriages?

SERGIUS. Three

BLUNTSCHLI. I have seventy. Twenty four of them will hold twelve inside, besides two on the box, without counting the driver and conductor. How many tablecloths have you?

SERGIUS. How the deuce do I Know?

BLUNTSCHLI. Have you four thousand?

SERGIUS. No.

BLUNTSCHLI. I have. I have nine thousand six hundred pairs of sheets and blankets, with two thousand four hundred eider-down quilts. I have ten thousand knives and forks, and the same quantity of dessert spoons I have three hundred servants. I have six palatial establishments, besides two livery stables, a tea garden and a private house. I have four medals for distinguished service; I have the rank of an officer and the standing of a gentleman; and I have three native languages. Show me any man in Bulgaria that can offer as much.

PETKOFF (with childish awe). Are you Emperor of Switzerland?

BLUNTSCHLI My rank is the highest known in Switzerland: I'm a free citizen.

CATHERINE. Then Captain Bluntschli, since you are my daughter's choice.

RAINA (mutinously). He's not.

CATHERINE (ignoring her). I shall not stand in the way of her happiness (Petkoff is about to speak). That is Major Petkoff's feeling also.

PETKOFF. Oh, I shall be only too glad. Two hundred horses? Whew!

SERGIUS. What says the lady?

RAINA. (pretending to sulk). The lady says that he can keep his tablecloths and his omnibuses. I am not here to be sold to the highest bidder.

BLUNTSCHLI. I won't take that answer. I appealed to you as a fugitive, a beggar, and a starving man. You accepted me. You gave me your hand to kiss, your bed to sleeping, and your roof to shelter me.

RAINA (interrupting him). I did not give them to the Emperor of Switzerland!.

BLUNTSCHLI. That's just what I say. (He catches her by the shoulder and turns her face-to-face with him). Now tell us who you did give them to.

RAINA (succumbing with a shy smile). To my chocolate cream soldier!

BLUNTSCHLI (with a boyish laugh of delight)., That'll do. Thank you. (Looks at his watch and suddenly becomes businesslike). Time's up, Major. You've managed those regiments so well that you are sure to be asked to get rid of some of the infantry of the Timok division. Send them home by way of Lom Palanka. Saranoff: don't get married until I come back: I shall be here punctually at five in the evening on Tuesday fortnight. Gracious ladies – good evening. (He makes them a military bow, and goes).

SERGIUS. What a man! Is he a man!

9.4 GLOSSARY

The discourse: the Preface.

The preceding volume: Plays Unpleasant (1898).

The New Drama: the realistic social drama which came into existence with the plays of Ibsen (1828-1906) in Norway and was marked by its rich flow of ideas and unconventional, daring views on moral and social issues.

New Theatre: J.T. Grein's Independent Theatre, established in London in 1891.

Florence Fan: An actress, she played the role of Louka when *Arms and the Man* was staged first in 1894.

Rosmer sholm: A play by Ibsen.

Miss A.E.F. Horniman: An English woman (1860-1937) with ample means; her devoted work at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin (1903) and the Manchester Theatre (1907) was responsible for the rise of the repertory playhouses.

W.B. Yeats: Irish poet (1865-1939), whose sustained efforts over ten years brought into existence the Irish National Theatre.

Dryden's Virgil: John Dryden (1631-1700), the Restoration poet and dramatist, translated the Latin poet Virgil's (70-19 BC) *epic, Aeneid*, which begins: "Of arms and the man I sing..". Dryden's heroic phrase 'arms and the man' is used by Shaw ironically to express his anti-romantic ideas about war.

West end: The fashionable quarter in London where principal theatres were situated at that time.

Florence: A city in central Italy.

Middle Ages: The time in European history between classical antiquity and the Renaissance, from the last 5th century AD to 1500.

The Renaissance: Also spelt as the Renaissance, the intellectual and artistic movement beginning in the 14th century Florence and extending throughout Europe by the 17th century.

Pre-Raphaelite: The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, founded in 1848, included at

first only three painters (William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais and Rossetti) and a sculptor (Thomas Woolmer). It aimed to revive the style and spirit of the Italian artists before the time of Raphael (1483-1520).

William Morris: He (1834-96) found his earliest inspiration in the Middle ages; he loved everything Gothic.

Sir, Edward Burne-Jones: He (1833-98) was at one time a highly reputed painter.

Birmingham: A city in Warwickshire in central England.

Goitto: Pronounced Joto-to (c. 1267-1337), he was an Italian painter under whose influence a large number of artists, particularly in Florence, turned away from the non-realistic formal style in painting to scientific and natural representation.

Ptolemy: Greek mathematician (127-151 AD), also an astronomer and geographer who lived in Alexandria.

Socialist: Shaw was a member of the Fabian Society, an organization founded in England in 1884, favouring the gradual spread of socialism by peaceful means.

Guild of St. Mathew: Founded by Steward Headlam (c. 1847-1924), a Church of England Clergyman, this society favoured Christian Socialism.

High Church Clergyman: Clergymen who belonged to a party in the Anglican Church which emphasized Church authority and jurisdiction, and upheld the historical forms of worship. Likewise, Low Church Clergymen belonged to a party of the Anglican Church which emphasized evangelicals and laid little stress on the sacrament, Church rituals and Church authority.

Dr. Clifford: Dr. John Clifford (1836-1923), an English divine, he was one of the leading Non-Conformists of the time. (A non-conformist is a dissenter, a Protestant separated from the Church of England).

Sullivan: Sir, Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900), English composer and collaborator of Sir William Gilbert (1863-1910), known for hymnological and religious music.

Onward Christian Soldier: A hymn composed by S. Baring-Gould.

God Preserve the Emperor: Austrian national anthem from 1797 to 1918, composed by Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Christian Socialism: A mid-nineteenth century movement for applying Christian ethics to social reform.

Widowers' Houses: Shaw's first play, dealing with slum landlordism and the evils of contemporary slum dwellings. It was started in 1885 and finished in 1892; Shaw called it 'My first and worst play.'

Six George Crofts: disagreeable character in Mrs. Warren's Profession (1893), Shaw's third 'unpleasant'; play dealing with prostitution.

Speculum: A mirror, especially one of polished metal, used as a reflector in a telescope, etc. The speculum of a work of art is that aspect of an artistic production which reflects its essential objective.

'Writes like an angel and talks like poor poll': According to A.C. Ward, this was first said by the great English actor David Garrick (1717-79) in reference to the poet, playwright and novelist Oliver Goldsmith (1730-74), whose talk is said to have been foolish, though his best writings are the work of a genius. Garrick's actual words were:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll, who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor poll'.

Poll (r Polly) is the common pet name for a parrot.

John Ruskin: English writer, art critic and social reformer (1819-1900).

Carpaccio: William Carpaccio, pronounced Karpach-ee-, Italian painter (c.1455-1522), known for his 'Virgin and Child'.

Bellini: Giovanni Bellini (c. 1428-1516), famous Venetian painter often regarded as the greatest Italian painter of the fifteenth century.

Tintoretto: Jaco Robustic (1581-94), a pupil of Giovanni Bellini.

Rembrandt: Rembrandt Harmensz Van Rijn (1606-69), renowned, prolific Dutch painter.

Mzart: Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827), German composer.

Wagner: Richard Wagner (1813-83), German composer. Shaw admired Wagner and wrote a study of his work entitled *The Perfect Wagnerite* (*1898).

Blake: William Blake (1758-1827), a mystic and visionary poet, his *Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience* are considered a prose forerunner of the Romantic Movement in England.

Shelley: Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), the romantic poet who is considered prophet of faith and hope.

Candida: The second of Shaw's *Pleasant Plays* (1894), a tirade against the economic system of society in which woman is reduced to serfdom.

Aberdeen: A city in eastern Scotland, its inhabitants are jokingly described as whisky-fans while being exceptionally close-fisted.

Richard Mansfield: American Actor (1857-1907), he was responsible for introducing Shaw's plays in the United States. Besides *Candida*, he produced *Arms and the Man* in New York.

A Doll's House: Ibsen's famous play (1878-9) advocating women's release from domestic and emotional bondage.

The Man of Destiny: The third Shaw's *Pleasant Plays* (1895), a comic play about Napoleon, especially written for Richard Mansfield who had made a personal triumph in a play Napoleon by Lorimar Stoddard.

You Never Can tell: The fourth of Shaw's *Pleasant Plays* (1895-7), its theme is love in the relations between husband and wife, parents and children, and lovers, in a highly amusing manner.

Cyril Maude: English actor-manager (1862-1915), co-manager of Haymarket Theatre (founded in 1720 and the second oldest theatre in England) from 1896 to 1905.

Bond Street: A street in London, a famous shopping centre.

Backers: Persons who provide financial assistance for an undertaking.

Kaiser: Until 1918, it was the title used by the emperors of Austria and Germany.

Poor Law Commissioners: Officers appointed to administer the laws relating to the welfare of the poor, the unemployed and the aged.

National Gallery: A collection of pictures belonging to the state in Trafalgar Square, London.

British Museum: National Museum of Great Britain.

Repertory Theatres: A repertory theatre is the one in which a semi-permanent company gives a repertoire of plays, the most famous repertory theatre being Miss Harriman Company at the Manchester Gaiety Theatre (1907-16).

The Committee Plan: Reference to a plan existing at Covent Garden Theatre, London.

Jachim: Joseph Joachim (1831-1907), Hungarian violinist, who regularly preformed in London.

Bean feasters: A bean feast was an annual dinner given by employers to their workers at which beans were to be prominent. Beanfeasting meant jollification and beanfeasters were merry-makers.

Concertina: A small musical instrument having a pair of hexagonal bellows and ends, button like keys, and a limited range.

May Thomas: Novelist, journalist and dramatic critics (1828-1910), he has no work of lasting importance to his credit.

Balkan Peninsula: A peninsula in South Europe, south of the Danube river and bordered by the Adriatic, Ionian, Aegean, and Black Sea.

Gladstone: William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98), English Liberal statesman, parliamentarian and orator, four-time Prime Minister of Great Britain between 1868 and 1894.

Principalities: A principality is a region ruled by a prince.

Idealism: In Shaw's dictionary, a falsely romantic view of life which roles people of reasoning and commonsense to face their day to day problems.

Ring up the curtain: Give the signal for raising the curtain.

ACT I

Bulgaria: A republic in south-east Europe between Serbia and the Black Sea.

Dragoman Pass: A purely fictitious maintain pass.

1885: The year of war between the Serbs and the Bulgarians.

The Balkans: the Balkan States or the land within their borders.

Ottoman: A cushioned seat without a back, it originated in Turkey.

Miniature easel: Small frame to support a picture, a photograph, etc.

A great battle at Slivnitsa: The invading Serbs were routed in the decisive battle of the Bulgarian-Serbs were routed in the decisive battle of the Bulgarian-Serbian war fought between November 17 and 19, 1883.

A cavalry charge: An attack by mounted troops.

Austrian officers: Serbia was then under Austrian influence. Its forces were, therefore, led by Austrian officers. Likewise, the Bulgarian army wars under Russian Commanders because Bulgaria was under Russian influence.

Byron: George Gordon Byron (1788-1824). English romantic poet, was an idol not only of his own countrymen but of Europe. Shaw is here referring to Byron's poems characteristic of sensational romance.

Pushkin: Alexander Sergeyevitch Pushkin (1799-1837), Russian Poet exiled for his liberal views.

Tsar: Czar the title borne before 1917 by the rulers of Russia.

fusillade: Simultaneous or continuous discharge of firearms.

Prosaic nose: Bluntschli is a realistic and practical man; his nose gives no indication

of his being a poetic or romantic person.

One of those beats of Serbs: A contemptuous way of comparing a Serb to a mere beast.

A professional soldier: A mercenary who fights to earn a living.

An operatic tenor: A handsome male singer in an opera having the highest normal voice.

Don Quixote at the windmills: Don Quixote is the title hero of Cervantes's romance, *Don Quixote de la Mancha* (1605-15) in Spanish. He is a person of lofty and chivalrous but impractical ideals. Overcome by his romantic illusions one night, he takes the sails of a windmill for a giant and starts fighting idiotically.

Don Quixote flourishing like a drum major: Don Quixote here is Major Sergius Saranoff, who is rash and impractical like Cervantes's hero. A drum major is a sergeant in charge of drummers and leader of a regimental band on the march.

Bucharest: Capital of Romania, famous for artistic and cultural activities.

Vienna: Austrian capital known for fashionable goods.

Ernani: The titular hero of an opera (1844) by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) *Ernani*, the son of sixteenth-century Spanish duke, becomes a bandit after being declared an outlaw.

Castilian noble: A nobleman from Castile, a Spanish province.

He keeps six hotels: An indicating that tourism had become a flourishing history of Switzerland.

ACT II

Levas: Leva is a coin and monetary unit of Bulgaria.

Cigaret: The same as cigarette.

Cognac: French brandy.

Paul: Christian name of Major Petkoff.

Prince Alexander: Prince of Bulgaria (1857-93), he served in the Russian Army against the Turks in 1877 and 1879. Russian influence secured for him the position of first Prince of Bulgaria. He enlarged the area of the country and was successful in a war with the Serbians, but had to abdicate in 1886 because he offended his Russian supporters.

Philippopolis: A town in Bulgaria, where the Turkish army was routed in 1878. Philippopolis is a Greek name for the original Plovdiv.

A Parisian salon: A French drawing room in the Parisian style in which guests are received and/or works of art are displayed.

Childe Harold: The titular hero of Byron's long poem, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

Cossack: Russian name for a lightly armed horseman of mixed Turkish origin.

The women are on your side: Mark Shaw's satire on sentimentalism.

Elcru: Colour of unbleached linen; pale brown.

Bagman: Commercial traveler.

Pirot: South-east Serbian town captured by the Bulgarians in the 1885 war.

Sofia: Capital of Bulgaria.

The higher love: Platonic love; a spiritual bond between man and woman without a desire to have sex or physical enjoyment.

The half-dozen Sergiuses: Half-a-dozen different persons all at once. Sergius is aware of the contradictory elements in his personality. On the one hand, he professes 'higher love' to Raina and on the other is physically attracted to the maid Louka. Again, a military hero at Slivnitsa, he is afraid of challenging even Nicola, a mere servant, to marry Louka.

Little clod of common clay: A small lump of ordinary earth. Sergius means to say that Louka has no refinement.

The soul of a servant: Cf. Louka's statement to Nicola "You will never put the

soul of a servant into me”.

He is the man of midnight adventure in Raina’s room: Bluntschli intruded into Raina’s bedroom as a fugitive at midnight.

ACT III

Hookah: Tobacco pipe, also called Hubble-bubble, with a long flexible tube through which smoke is drawn through water in a vase and so cooled. A hookah is of Arabian origin. Its presence, along with the ottoman sofa and the minarets, indicates the impact of Turkish civilization on Bulgarian society.

Division of Labour: Adam Smith’s theory in *The Wealth of Nations* (1776) that production should be split up into a number of specialized tasks, each under the charge of a specified group of people.

I’ll buy his discharge: I shall pay from my pocket to have him discharged from the army.

Capital story: Excellent, first-rate story. How did you find me out? How did you discover the truth about my nature of telling lies?

I am the first man that has ever taken you quite seriously: Bluntschli has reversed Raina’s statement to emphasize that he is the only man who has applied his mind in understanding her true nature.

Hands aufs Herz: German expression, meaning: Hand on My Heart or On My Word of Honour.

A fool and his money are soon parted: Attributed to George Buchanan (1506-82), a Scottish humanist, this idiom implies that a fool cannot preserve his money for a long time. *Switzer: A native of Switzerland.*

You’re a machine: You lack the feelings and emotions of a man. Being a professional soldier, Bluntschli has no patriotic or heroic feelings; he is, therefore a fighting machine.

Vapier: A malicious and spiteful person; a viper is a snake.

Tiger Cat!: A domestic cat with tiger like markings.

The world is not such an innocent place as we used to think: Indicates that Sergius has suffered much disillusionment and disenchantment about men and events.

Major Saranoff has chanted his mind: about marrying his original fiancé.

She had a soul above her station: She was over-ambitious.

She never cared two straws for me: She never attached any importance to me. Bluntschli is here trying to protect Raina.

an incurable romantic disposition: Bluntschli is romantic because several events in his life have been marked by passion rather than intellect.

Three native languages: Italian, German and French, spoken in Switzerland.

Emperor of Switzerland: Major Petkoff is under the impression that all countries are ruled by princes, kings and emperors.

Timok: A district of Serbia near the Romanian border. *Lorn Palanka:* A north-western Bulgarian town. *What a man! Is he a man!:* An exclamation of great surprise and admiration for the superhuman qualities of Bluntschli.

9.5 EXAMINATION ORIENTED QUESTIONS

Q.1 Briefly trace the process of Sergius's disillusionment in 'Arms and the Man'.

OR

Give an account of the change that occurs in Sergius during the action of 'Arms and the Man'.

Ans. In 'Arms and the Man' Shaw exposes the absurdity of the contemporary notions of love and war. His heroine Raina and hero, Sergius, hold the same romantic view about love and war in the initial stage. In the subsequent stages we find marked changes in their views and attitudes. Shaw makes them realize that their ideas were wrong.

Sergius is introduced to us as Raina's ideal hero. He lives in a world of his own romantic ideals. He thinks that war is an occasion for the able-bodied men like him to

display their courage and valour, that soldier should be ready to lay down his life for the sake of his honour and his country; and this quality in the soldier is by itself enough to ensure his victory. Prompted by this idealism, he disobeys his officers and leads his cavalry charge on the Serbian artillery. Luck is, however, on his side. His charge is successful not because he was good at leading the charge but because the enemy had no ammunition to fire at. He risked his life in the hope that he would be getting due recognition and appreciation from his country people and officers. But nothing like that happened. In desperation he sends in his letter of resignation from the army. His disillusionment is obvious from his words to Catherine, his proposed mother-in-law, who is trying to persuade him to withdraw his resignation. He says, 'Soldiering, my dear madam, is the coward's art of attacking mercilessly when you are strong and keeping out of harm's way when you are weak. That is the whole secret of successful fighting. Get your enemy at a disadvantage, and never, on any account, fight him on equal terms'. His realization that personal heroism of the individual soldier is of no consequence in the modern warfare is very clear. Louka taunts him for lacking courage. She is prepared to consider him bold and daring only when he has the guts to challenge popular notions regarding love and marriage and marry a girl he loves, regardless of her social status. Both Louka and Bluntschli bring Sergius down to the plane of reality. He now comes to realize that war is a fraud.

Even in the matter of love he is completely disillusioned. In the early stages he and Raina talk of higher love. Both boast of being deeply attached to each other. But when Raina goes in to bring her hat, he is fascinated by the charms of Louka. He holds her hands and takes her in his arms. He embraces Louka. He wants to establish physical contact with Louka. Louka poisons his ears against Raina. Louka tells Sergius that Raina loves a man other than Sergius and that she is bent upon marrying him whether he likes or not. She drives a wedge between Raina and Sergius. Sergius now thinks that higher love cannot be pursued for a long period thus, feels the necessity of having sexual relations with Louka. He continuously tries to check his love for Louka, but in vain. He ends up owing Louka as his would-be wife. Finally, he has to admit that his conception of love is a hollow sham.

Thus Sergius who started as a romantic in respect of views on war and love, realizes the truth about them towards the end of play. The disillusionment is complete.

Q.2 How is Raina disillusioned? Describe the circumstances that lead to the engagement of Raina with Bluntschli.

Ans. When Raina meets Bluntschli for the first time he is at his worst he has not shaved for a few days; he has not taken proper food and rest; and he is a fugitive in her bedroom. Raina, on the other hand, is in a mood to be worthy of her hero, Sergius, to whom she is engaged. It is natural for her to be contemptuous towards him.

This, however does not continue for long. By the time he is asleep on her bed, she has changed her attitude towards him. The factor that wrought this change is romanticism and his commonsense and down-to-earth realism. It is obvious that when the former attitude comes in conflict with the latter it is bound to crash. Bluntschli, by insisting on his negative attitude towards her crazy romantic conception of heroism and war, makes her realize that she has been living all this time in dreamy world. She is attracted towards him because of the novelty of his approach. He insists, for example, that food is more important in war than ammunition, and that what matters is not the virtue of soldier but the circumstances in which the battle takes place. He describes the action of Sergius, which she thinks to be heroic and worthy of admiration, in a ridiculous manner; and he makes her see the truth of his point. In short, he breaks through the fortress of Raina and makes good his entry into her heart.

In a way Raina's romantic nature generates in her a liking for the plain, blunt Bluntschli. Bluntschli's entry into her bedroom at the time of night, and that too as a starved fugitive, touches the romantic strings in her. In the manner of the heroines of her rich imagination, she wants to give protection to the fugitive. Therefore, she sympathizes with him; and sympathy is the first step towards love.

Raina and her fiancé, Sergius, talk of higher love. But each of them is pretentious. Raina has seen Sergius flirting with her maid servant, Louka. So he falls in her estimation. As Sergius puts it practicing 'the higher love' for any length of time is a tiring job because it lacks the naturalness, sincerity, thrill and spontaneity of real love. Raina must have been feeling the same. The coming in of Louka in her way upsets her. This canker in her flower disturbs her considerably and she realizes that reality is different from what she has been imagining. She, naturally, thinks of the solid human being, Bluntschli. She is so much disillusioned that she is prepared to break her engagement with Sergius.

The coming of Bluntschli at the appropriate time reinforces the change that has taken place in Raina. Raina's romance with Sergius stands shattered; and he publicly confesses his love for Louka to whom he is instantly engaged.

Thus we observe that the romanticism and unreality of Raina and Sergius, their self-deception, the commonsense and prudence of Bluntschli, his purgation of the crazy notions of Raina and Sergius leading to their self-realization, and the ambition of Louka—all these factors are responsible for the engagement of Raina and Bluntschli.

Q.3 Discuss the Title of the play 'Arms and the Man'.

Ans. The title of the play has been taken from Dryden's translation of Virgil's Aeneid which is an epic of war and adventure. Aeneid is a saga of heroic deeds performed by Aeneas in Troy and Italy. Virgil's in his above-named epic sings of the glory of war and heroic valour. Shaw takes the title not to glorify war but to run it down. Virgil's phrase 'Arma Virumque' which was translated by Dryden as 'Arms and the Man' gets a rough and ironical treatment at the hands of Shaw. Instead of extolling war and heroism, he has reversed the trend. He does not attach any importance to war and soldiering. On the other hand, he purges them of romantic glamour. There is no denying the fact that the play opens on a note of happiness for the Petkoff's. Both Catherine Petkoff and her young daughter, Raina, are overwhelmed with joy on hearing the news of the successful cavalry charge of Raina's betrothed, Sergius. They are in raptures. They take him for an ideal hero and Raina starts worshipping his portrait. They are transported to the world of romance. Shaw's intention is to open their eyes to realities of the world and to bring them to the plain of realities. Thus to achieve his aim, he exposes the absurdity of war wherein men and arms are used indiscreetly and uselessly.

The action of the play has the war as its background and deals with men in arm. As the action progresses, the hollowness of war is exposed, and the romantic conception of war and soldiering is dealt a shattering blow. Sergius is presented as a top-class fool who risked his life for personal glory by embarking upon a very dangerous project of leading a cavalry charge against the Serbian artillery. According to Shaw, Sergius deserves to be court-martialled for his indiscreet action. He tells, through his mouth-piece Bluntschli that soldiers are cowards who attack when enemy is weak. He adds that soldiers are born fools. He cites the example of the search

officer who fails to notice the pistol lying on the Ottoman in Raina's room.

Thus, Shaw, unlike Virgil, condemns war and the heroism of soldiers. He sees no reason in glorifying war, for war is accompanied by countless horrors and cruelties. Neither arms nor heroic deeds are supreme in his eyes. What matters most, according to Shaw, is the essential humanity of man. The basic instinct of man is one of self-preservation.

... Thus the title of the play 'Arms and the Man' is apt one. It reflects the dramatist's mood of highlighting the illusion regarding both the glory of war and the heroism of soldiers. He has presented the absurdity of romantic ideas.

Q.4 Describe coat and photograph episodes. Give their dramatic significance.

Ans. Bluntschli, a Swiss, fights on behalf of the serbs against the Bulgarian army. The Bulgarians emerge victorious. The vanquished including Bluntschli run for life and the Bulgarian soldiers give them a hot chase. Their instinct of self-preservation makes Bluntschli sneak into the bed-chamber of Raina, the only daughter of the Petkoffs. The search officer conducts the search of the room and fails to find him because Raina has hid Bluntschli behind the curtains. Raina, thus saves him and asks him to stay in her room for the night so that he may leave in the early morning undetected. This he does readily. In the morning he is given an old coat to put on so that he may make good his escape in a disguised manner. By the time Bluntschli leaves Raina's house, she has developed a fancy for him. She is impressed by his realistic views on war and soldiering. He exposed the foolishness of Sergius, her betrothed in leading the cavalry charges against the enemy's artillery. That she has developed a liking for Bluntschli becomes clear when she slips into a pocket of the said coat her autographed photograph intended for Bluntschli. This was not in his knowledge. Bluntschli disguises himself by putting this coat on and goes away undetected. Bluntschli comes to Raina's house again after the war is over. His aim of visit was twofold, the first being to return the coat and the other being to have another glimpse of Raina. But before he comes Raina has already seen Sergius flirting with her maid servant, Louka, She has come to know that Sergius's professions of higher love are a big hoax. Her liking for Bluntschli naturally increases. When she sees Bluntschli in her house for the second time, her interest in the man increases.

The coat and photograph figure again when Major Petkoff feels uneasy and uncomfortable in the new coat. He wants to have his old coat which, according to him, is

not in the closet. Catherine Petkoff asserts that the coat is in the closet. Major Petkoff is so sure of his stand that Major bets with Catherine and so does Sergius who is also present there. To their great surprise Nicola brings the coat, telling them that he has found it in the closet. Major Petkoff's position becomes ridiculous and one cannot help laughing at his expense.

When Raina and Bluntschli are alone in the Petkoff's library, Raina takes the opportunity to ask Bluntschli how he takes her act of placing her photograph in the pocket of the old coat. She is quite surprised to know that he has not seen the portrait thus far. It believed to be lying still in the coat pocket. Raina is upset and angry. She calls him a man with a low shop-keeping mind. She is worried about serious consequences in case her father comes to get her autographed photograph. Major Petkoff enters and complains that someone else with a differently shaped back has been wearing his coat, for it has burst open at the back. Catherine was repairing it at that time. After it is mended, it is brought by Nicola. Raina is a bit panicky, but soon she comes in her own. Pretending to help her father to put on the coat, Raina very cleverly takes out the photograph and throws it towards Bluntschli. Sergius who is there watches the whole proceedings and is quite surprised.

Raina does not know that her father has already seen her autograph. When he puts on the mended coat, he finds the photograph missing. He grows suspicious and wants to know all about it at all costs. He believes that the photograph was intended for Sergius. Sergius denies it. It is Bluntschli who removes the curtain shrouding the mystery about coat and the inscription on the photograph. He reveals the whole story about his night stay in Raina's bed-chamber and the mystery about chocolate cream soldier. The disclosure creates a sensation. The result is that Sergius is engaged to Louka and Raina to her chocolate cream soldier. ‘

Their dramatic significance.

The old coat and the photograph are of great importance in the development of the plot. It is this old coat that facilitates the escape of Bluntschli from the house of the Petkoffs. Again, it is this very coat that affords him the second chance to visit her house and have her glimpse. It is on account of this second visit that the mysteries are resolved, leading to the engagement of Bluntschli to Raina.

The coat and photograph are helpful in introducing complication and suspense into the plot. The return of Bluntschli with the coat makes the situation complicated. The removal of the photograph from coat pocket also makes situation tense.

The coat and the photograph are a big source of humour and fun. The dramatist uses the episodes to display his wit and sense of humour.

Finally they expose the character of the main figures. Catherine's resourcefulness, Nicola's servile attitude, Bluntschli's practical approach and habits are revealed, Raina's disillusionment with higher love is made possible and conveyed by these episodes.

Q.5 It is said that Shaw's arms and the Man' has two themes. Write a brief note on these two

OR

Bernard Shaw Shocks us out of our conventional ideas of love and war in 'Arm and the Man'. Discuss.

Ans. War and love are the two themes of the play. These two themes have been interwoven into a single whole with great skill. Shaw has shown that it is the romance of war that leads to the romance of love. Further, the dramatist's treatment of these two themes is characterized by realism.

Some people think that war is something glorious. A soldier who kills or gets killed in war is called a hero, a patriot. Raina, the daughter of major Petkoff has these romantic ideas about war. Her head is full of romantic views of love and war and it is the result of her reading Byron and Pushkin. She stands on the balcony of her bedroom admiring the beauty of the night and dreaming of her betrothed, Sergius, a captain in the Bulgarian army. She is informed by her mother that Sergius has won a splendid victory in the battle of Slivnitza. His heroic cavalry charge on the artillery of the Serbs has put them to flight. She considers him a brave man, a great hero. She gets excited and thrilled. Sergius's reported heroism in the war feeds her romantic love of him. She is full of idealistic notions of love and war.

However, her romantic notions of war and soldiering receive a rude shock with the arrival of the fugitive, Bluntschli, a Swiss mercenary who fought on the side of Serbs in the war against Bulgarians. He is blunt in everything he says, blunt as is suggested by his name itself. He tells Raina that there is nothing glorious in war. It is

G.B. SHAW

STRUCTURE

- 10.1 Introduction**
- 10.2 Objectives**
- 10.3 Reference To Context**
- 10.4 Examination Oriented Questions**
- 10.5 Self Check Exercise**
- 10.6 Answer Key**
- 10.7 Suggested Readings**

10.1 INTRODUCTION

Arms and the Man is a comedy by G.B.Shaw whose title comes from the opening words of Virgil's Aeneid in Latin: *Arma Virumque Cano*. *Arms and the man* is a humorous play that shows the fertility of war and deals comedically with the hypocrisies of human nature.

10.2 OBJECTIVES

After going through this lesson,

- a) you will be able to acquaint yourself with major and minor characters that figure in the play *Arms and the Man*.
- b) Comment briefly on the significance of the dialogues and incidents in the play.
- c) Identify the speaker, who, whom dialogue is addressed.

10.3 REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

1. **‘e defied our Russian commanders – acted without orders-led a charge on his own responsibility – headed it himself was the first man to sweep through their guns: Our gallant splendid Bulgarians with their swords and eyes flashing, thundering down like an avalanche and scattering the wretched Serbs and the dandified Austrian officers like Chaff’**

Reference: These lines occur in Act I of GB Shaw’s play ‘Arms and the Man’.

Context: Raina’s mother, Catherine Petkoff has received the news about the heroic victory recorded over the Serbian army by the Bulgarian officer, Sergius. Raina who is standing on the balcony of her bed chamber, enjoying the romantic beauty of the night is informed by her mother that Sergius has won a victory at Slivnitza. Raina is excited to hear the news. She asks her mother to tell her about the victory.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Catherine tells Raina how Sergius won the day. Defying the orders of his superiors, he led the cavalry charge against the Serbian artillery on his own responsibility. With eyes red with anger, Sergius and his soldiers pounced upon the enemy inflicting heavy casualties on the opponents. Their shining sharp swords took heavy toll of their lives. In no time they scattered the unfortunate Serbs and their smartly dressed Austrian Officers. Catherine compares the Bulgarian attack with a rolling mass of frozen snow sweeping everything along with it. She also compares the Austrian officers and soldiers with chaff which is blown off by the wind in the process of winnowing. Thus, showers praise on the Bulgarian soldiers and belittles the glory of the enemy.

2. **“Well, it came into my head, just as he was holding me in his arms and looking into my eyes, that perhaps we only had our heroic ideas because we are so fond of reading Byron and Pushkin, and because we were so delighted with the opera that season at Bucharest. Real life is so seldom like that! I indeed never, as far as I know it then.**

Reference: These lines form a part of the speech of Raina, the heroine in G.B. Shaw’s comedy ‘Arms and the Man’.

Context: Raina is talking to her mother, Catherine who has informed her of the heroism of Sergius, Raina’s betrothed, who, by defying the orders of his officers charged

the Serbian army and defeated them. Raina had never believed that Sergius would be able to do a brave deed on the battle field. She had always doubted whether Sergius was a brave and noble as he looked.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Raina tells her mother that Sergius, before leaving for the battle-front, had held her in his embrace and looked into her eyes. She had doubted his courage and bravery at that time since her love for Sergius was based on romance. The romantic poems of Byron (English Poet) and Pushkin (Russian poet) were very favourite with the young readers in those days. She had seen operas at Bucharest, the capital of Romania. They reflected her romantic temperament. She had a doubt in her mind about the capability of Sergius in coming up to her expectation of a romantic hero. But when she learns of the spectacular victory of Sergius, she feels ashamed of herself.

3. **A good idea! I'll keep the cloak; and you'll take care that nobody comes I and sees you without it. This is a better weapon than revolver:**

Reference: These lines occur in G.B.Shaw's Play 'Arms and the Man' and are spoken by the fugitive, Bluntschli, to Raina in her bedchamber.

Context: Bluntschli tells Raina that he does not want to be killed. He frankly expresses his desire to live. He knows well that he will be killed like a pig if once the Bulgarian soldiers enter Raina's bed room to conduct search for him. He feels sure that Raina will desist from opening the door, for she is in a state of undress. She is in her night gown which is not proper dress for receiving strangers.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, we see how the realist, Bluntschli snatches the cloak of Raina to use it as a shield for his defence. He is sure that cloak will be much better than the revolver. In the state of undress she (Raina) will raise no alarm, leaving no chance for the search officer to enter her bedroom. This will make his life safe. The cloak comes handy to him. It proves better source of defence as compared to the pistol. He feels no need of frightening or killing Raina as long as he has the weapon of cloak in his hands.

4. **Do you hear? If you are going to bring those blackguards in in me you shall receive them as you are.**

Reference: These lines are taken from G.B.Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the man'

Context: Bluntschli keeps Raina's cloak in his possession. His idea is that the lady would not like the intruder's pursuers or anybody else to enter the room and see her in present state of undress.

Explanation: In these lines under reference Bluntschli speaks disparagingly of the Bulgarian Soldiers. He warns Raina against allowing the Bulgarian soldiers' entry into the room. She is told that she being in a state of undress, will not find it easy to receive the soldiers in her chamber. Her cloak is in his possession and he uses it cleverly to ensure his safety.

5. **A Narrow shave; but a miss is as good as a mile. Young lady; your servant to the death. I wish for your sake I had joined the Bulgarian army instead of the other one. I am not a native of Serb.**

Reference: These lines are taken from the play 'Arms and the Man' written by G.B. Shaw. These lines are a part of Act I of the play, Bluntschli, the hero, speaks the given words to Raina.

Context: The fugitive Swiss soldier takes shelter in the bed chamber of Raina. The Bulgarian soldiers search her room to locate him. Failing to locate him, they give up their search and go away. Catherine and Louka follow the Bulgarian officer. Raina is left alone in the room. Bluntschli comes out from behind the curtain where he was hidden. He goes gently to Raina.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells that he has a narrow escape from death. But escape is an escape however, narrow the margin may be. To escape by an inch is the same thing as to escape by a mile. He addressed Raina as dear young lady and is grateful to her for saving his life. He pledges to serve her till his last breath. He tells her that he is not a Serb but a Swiss soldier. He wishes he had not joined the Serbian army. In that event he would have a better opportunity to serve her by joining the Bulgarian Army. This is intended to soften her attitude towards him and to placate her.

6. **Austrian! Not I. Don't hate me, dear young lady. I am a Swiss, fighting merely as a professional soldier. I joined the Serbs because they came first on the road from Switzerland. Be generous you've beaten us hollow.**

Reference: These lines occur in Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the

Man’.

Context: After making a vain attempt at capturing Bluntschli in the bed-chamber of Raina, the Bulgarian soldiers go away. Bluntschli now emerges from behind the curtain where he had been hidden cleverly by Raina. He thanks Raina for saving his life. He pledges loyalty and devotion to her.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, he tells Raina that he is not a Serb but a Swiss soldier. It is a matter of sheer chance that he has joined the Serbian army. Raina takes him to task for having helped the enemy of her country. Bluntschli tries to pacify her by telling her that he has joined the Serbian army not out of love but compulsion. Since he is a professional soldier and earns his living by soldiering, he needs employment. Bulgarians were not first in meeting him. It is the customary habit of a mercenary soldier to join the side that approaches him first. Since the Bulgarians have won an outright victory over the Serbs, Bluntschli requests her not to hate him, a Swiss national. He expects her to be more kind and forgiving.

7. I’ve no ammunition. What use are cartridges in battle? I always carry chocolate instead; and I finished the last cake of that hours ago.

Reference: These lines have been taken from G.B. Shaw’s play. ‘Arms and the Man’.

Context: They are spoken by Bluntschli (the fugitive) to Raina in whose bed-chamber he has got shelter against the pursuing Bulgarian soldiers. When the danger is over. Bluntschli thanks Raina for her help in saving his life.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli gives a cold reply to her challenge to him to use his pistol in his defence against her. To her utter surprise he tells us that he has no ammunition with him nor does he feel the necessity of carrying it to the battle-front. He makes a realistic revelation about soldiering. He thinks that cartridges are of no use in the battle front. Instead food is of great value to soldiers there. That is why he fills his pockets with chocolates left in his pocket, for he has eaten the last for them hours ago. Raina’s concept of heroism of soldiers stands shattered. She has the romantic ideas of soldiership and war.

8. Bless you, dear lady! You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his

holsters and cartridge boxes. They young ones carry pistols and cartridges: the old ones, grub.

Reference: These lines occur in the first Act of G.B. Shaw's play 'Arms and the Man'.

Context: These lines are spoken by Bluntschli, a Swiss soldier who fights not for the love of his country but for earning his livelihood. Raina, the young daughter of the Petkoffs saves him from the pursuing Bulgarian soldiers by hiding him behind the curtain in her-room. The present situation occurs when the search officer leaves her house without success. Bluntschli explains to his savior (Raina) what actually soldiership is.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells Raina that the experienced soldiers who have come to realize what war actually is, and of how little use ammunition can be, cynically avoid keeping weapons on their body. Instead they keep food, which is vital necessity, in their pistol case and cartridges boxes. Young and inexperienced soldiers who come with high ideals of heroism, keep pistols and cartridges in their holsters and cartridges boxes. He, being an experienced hand, prefers carrying chocolate with him to carrying bullets. Thus Bluntschli, in his blunt manner, shocks Raina's cherished ideas of war and heroism

9. Oh yes they are. These are only two sorts of soldiers old ones and young ones. I've served fourteen years: half of your fellows never smelt powder before. Why, how is it that you've just beaten us? Sheer ignorance of the art of war, nothing else.

Reference: These lines occur in G.B. Shaw's anti romantic comedy 'Arms and the man'. They are spoken by Bluntschli, a Swiss soldier to Raina who has saved his life from the Jaws of death by hiding him in her bed-room against the searching Bulgarian soldiers.

Context: Raina calls Bluntschli a coward like a mouse and praises the Bulgarian soldiers for their bravery.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells a Raina that the distinction between soldiers with reference to bravery and cowardice is wrong. According to him there are two kind of soldiers-the experienced one and the inexperienced ones. On

the basis of his experience in the army for 14 years, he claims to be more experienced than half of the Bulgarian army. He then comments on the recent cavalry charge led by Sergius. He says the charge has shown the lack of knowledge of the Bulgarians about the skill and rules of the profession of war. He considers the leading of cavalry charge by Sergius an act of rashness and foolishness.

10. Well, it's a funny sight. It's like slinging a handful of peas against a window pane; first one comes; then two or three close behind him; and then all the rest in a lump.

Reference: These lines occur in G B Shaw's play 'Arms and the Man'. They are spoken by Bluntschli, a down-to-earth realist, to Raina, a young girl.

Context: Raina is a young girl with a highly romantic bent of mind. Bluntschli tells her what a cavalry charge is while referring to the foolish act of Sergius in leading the cavalry charge against the Serbian artillery.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells Raina that a cavalry charge can be compared to the throwing of some peas against a window pane. One of the peas comes and hits the glass. The first pea is followed by two or three closely and they too hit the glass. Then come to rest to hit the glass suddenly. Similarly in a cavalry charge the leader marches first of all. Two or three other horsemen come together in a group to pounce on the enemy. According to Bluntschli, a cavalry charge is quite a funny spectacle. It makes one laugh and enjoy it.

11. He did it like an operative tenor: A regular handsome fellow, with flashing eyes and lovely moustache shouting his war cry and charging like Don Quixote at the windmills

Reference: These lines occur in G.B. Shaw's anti-romantic comedy, 'Arms and the Man'.

Context: Bluntschli was present on the battle field when the Bulgarians made a cavalry charge. Raina was eager to hear about it since it was led by Sergius, her lover. She has her romantic ideas about war, courage and bravery. She wants to know in details about the heroic deed of her betrothed, her romantic hero, her idol of worship. Bluntschli gives a humorous but realistic description of Sergius's charge.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli compares Sergius to an opera tenor. A tenor is a male charactering an opera (drama full of music and song). He is a handsome man. He sings at the highest pitch of his voice. So was the case with Sergius. He looked much like the hero of an opera while leading the Bulgarian cavalry. Next Bluntschli compares Sergius to Don Quixote (=the principal character in a Spanish roman of the 16th century) who attacked the windmills imagining them to be giants to kill whom was the duty of a hero like him. The action of Sergius in leading cavalry charge is as rash and foolish as that of Don Quixote in attacking the windmills. His foolish action makes the Serbian soldiers laugh. He rushes forward waving his sword to charge the machine-guns of the Serbs.

12. And there was Don Quixote flourishing like a drum major, thinking he'd done the cleverest thing ever known whereas he ought to be court martialled for it.

Reference: This passage occurs in George Bernard Shaw's anti-romantic comedy, 'Arms and the Man'. It gives us Bluntschli's assessment of the character of Sergius.

Context: Raina is anxious to know how her lover, Sergius, led the cavalry charge. Bluntschli describes it very humorously. Bluntschli knows nothing about Raina's relations with Sergius and hence, speaks disparagingly of Sergius. He calls his action in leading the charge foolish and rash. He compares his action to the stupid action of Don Quixote in attacking the windmills.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells Raina that Don Quixote mistook the windmill for a giant. So he rushed forward to attack it. Similar was the case with Sergius. He rushed on horseback. He was waving his sword just as a drum major (a non-commissioned officer in command of the drummers in a regiment) waves his hand or stick to mark time for the drummers of his regiment. It was a very funny sight. But Sergius know nothing about it. He thought that he was doing the most brilliant thing. His charges was successful only because the Serbia artillery had no ammunition. Had the latter ammunition, Sergius and his cavalry men would have met with disastrous results and Sergius would have paid most dearly for his foolish and suicidal venture. For this foolish act, he should be tried by a military court and punished His indiscreet action deserves no praise but court-martial.

13. I tell you these things to show you that you are not in the house of ignorant

country folk who would kill you the moment they saw your Serbian uniform, but among civilized people. We go to Bucharest every year for the opera season; and I have spent a whole month in Vienna

Reference and Context: These lines have been extracted from G.B. Shaw's play 'Arms and the Man' and have been spoken by Raina, a young girl of the Bulgarian nobility to a Swiss soldier who has fought in the company of defeated Serbs against Bulgaria. Raina has saved the Swiss soldier from the pursuing Bulgarian soldiers by hiding him behind a curtain in her bed chamber.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, the Swiss soldier, Bluntschli runs down Sergius and the Bulgarians army. Raina is a bit offended. She tells him that he (Bluntschli) is safe in her chamber. She tells him that he is in the house of civilized aristocratic family. It is this civilized nature of hers that has saved him from the sure ignominious (=shameful or humiliating) death. Had he fallen into the hands of the people of countryside and had they seen his Serbian uniform, they would have torn him to pieces. It is the Bulgarian who has saved her arch enemy, a Serb. She proudly tells him that she goes every year to Bucharest during the time when operas are staged there. She further tells him that she lived in Vienna for one month, thereby contracting western ideas also. This, according to her, speaks of the high character of the Civilized people of Bulgaria.

14. I thought you might have remembered the great scene where Ernani, flying from his foes just as you are tonight, takes refuge in the castle of his bitterest enemy, an old Castilian noble. The noble refuses to give him up. His guest is sacred to him.

Reference and context: This passage occurs in G.B. Shaw's anti-romantic comedy, 'Arms and the Man'. Raina had tried to impress Bluntschli with the fact that the Petkoffs are civilized people. She feels inclined towards saving him from the Bulgarian soldiers who are after his blood. She claims to be influenced by western thoughts and fashion. She claims of having been to Bucharest and Vienna to witness operas and to acquaint herself with the latest fashions. She assures him of the hospitality of her family.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Raina asks him if he has seen the opera, 'Ernani'. When Bluntschli shows his ignorance about it, she relates a particular scene of this operation. Ernani, the hero of the musical comedy falls in love with Elvira, king Charles V has also fallen in love with her. He defeats Ernani. Ernani runs away from

his adversaries just as Bluntschli has run away from the battle-field. Ernani is chased by his enemies just as Bluntschli is being chased by the Bulgarians. Ernani in the disguise of a pilgrim goes to a noble man's castle in Castile (Spain). The noble man is already betrothed to Elivra. Ernani tells him who he is. The nobleman of Catilo is quite chivalrous. He assures Ernani of his protection. He (Ernani) is his guest and a guest is given due protection and help by him. Similarly Raina considers Bluntschli her guest and, hence, is determined to save him. She considers it the duty of the civilized people to provide protection to the suppliants.

15. Child' you don't know the power such high people have over the like of you and me when we try to rise out of our poverty against them.

Reference and Context: These words have been spoken by Nicola in G.B. Shaw's anti-romantic comedy, 'Arms and the Man'. Nicola advises Louka not to be disrespectful to Catherine. If she persists in her attitude, she may face dismissal from service. Louka says that it is not possible because she knows some secrets of the Petkoff family. Nicola does not agree with her. He takes her action and utterances as childish. Louka does not relish his (Nicola's) talk and to show her protest, she throws away the cigarette she is smoking. Then in her childish anger, she crushes it with her foot.

Explanation: In these lines under reference Nicola addresses Louka as a child. It is because of her childish action of crushing the cigarette with her foot in childish anger and because she is much younger than Nicola. Then he says to Louka that she knows nothing about the rich and the great men. They wield power in the existing social system. They can crush the poor at will. Nicola advises her against leaking out the family secrets to anyone otherwise she will be sent packing for her faithlessness. He advises her that the rich have a very great power over persons like Nicola and Louka and if poor people rise against them, they are crushed.

16. Disgusting! It all comes from the English; their climate makes them so dirty that they have to be perpetually washing themselves. Look at any father!. He never had a bath in his life; and he lived to be ninety eight, the healthiest man in Bulgarian, I don't mind a good wash once a week to keep up my position; but once a day in carrying the thing to a ridiculous extreme.

Reference and context: These lines occur in the II Act of 'Arms and the Man'

written by G.B.Shaw. In his play Shaw presents the reality of love and war, and incidentally satirizes the Bulgarian customs. The family of Major Petkoff, especially the female members, are trying to imitate western fashion for example the habit of washing hands daily. Major Petkoff, however, prefers to remain uncivilized.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Major Petkoff says that the habit of washing and bathing originated in England because the climate of England is such that people are required to keep washing all the time. According to him, the Bulgarian climate is better than that of England, and hence, he finds no justification for following the English habit in Bulgaria. To support his contention he cites the example of his father who remained perfectly alright and healthy till the age of ninety eight though he never had bath all through his life. Major Petkoff is ready to bathe once a week in order to maintain his prestige in society. He, however, thinks it absurd to have a regular daily bath. These lines are quite humorous in thought and content.

17. I won the battle the wrong way when our worthy Russian Generals were losing it the right way. IN short, I upset the plans and wounded their self-esteem. Two Cossack Colonels had their regiments routed on the most correct principles of scientific warfare. Two Major general got killed strictly according to military etiquette. The two Colonels are now Major generals; and I am still a simple Major.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Act II of the play 'Arms and the Man' written by G.B. Shaw. Shaw debunks in this play the contemporary concepts of war and heroism. When Catherine Petkoff talks highly of the heroism of Sergius, betrothed to her daughter Raina, Sergius ironically replies that the cavalry charge marks the beginning as well as the end of his military career. Non-recognition of his glorious deed in bringing victory to Bulgaria leaves him sad and disappointed.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius says that there are some Russian officers who have got promotions because they have stuck to rules even though they have lost the battles. His leading the cavalry charge upset their plans and hurt their feeling of self respect. He has been accused of defying the orders of the Russian officers and of acting against accepted military rules and principles. He won the battle while they lost one battle after another. While other officers get promotion by acting according to

rules. Sergius fails to get promotion because he violated them. Sergius is complaining and grumbling against injustice meted out to him. He is deprived of promotion. He still remains a mere Major.

18. Soldiering, my dear Madam, is the coward's act of attacking mercilessly when you are strong, and keeping out of harm's way when you are weak. That is the whole secret of successful fighting. Get your enemy at a disadvantage; and never, on any account, fight him on equal terms.

Reference and Context: This passage has been taken from G.B. Shaw's anti romantic comedy, 'Arms and the Man'. Sergius returns from the war. He goes to Petkoff's house. He is welcomed by Catherine Petkoff, the wife of Major Petkoff. She is proud of the cavalry charge made by him. But Sergius is sad that the victory brought by him through his successful cavalry charge has not been appreciated by his officers. He is disgusted and in desperation sends in his resignation from army, service. He is quite disillusioned in his attitude towards war.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Catherine is shocked to hear that his future son-in-law is not a soldier. Sergius tries to satisfy her by giving his reasons why he does not want to be a soldier. He says that in modern times the work of a soldier is not to fight the enemy at equal odds when one can show one's skill in fighting. Now-a-days war is the work of cowards because the rule of the fighting is that the enemy should always be attacked when they are at their weakest. Soldiers now do not risk their life in war; they attack only when they are sure to win. In other words he feels that there is no valour or courage involved in present day fighting and that all soldiers are cowards at heart, loving their lives as much as the civilians do. Sergius is back on the plane of realities.

19. Of Course he over-reached us. His father was a hotel and lively stable keeper; and he owed his first step to his knowledge of horse –dealing.

Reference and Context: These lines figure in Act II of G.B. Shaw's comedy 'Arms and the man'. Sergius in the course of his talk with Petkoff refers to a Swiss captain who has outwitted the Bulgarians in the matter of exchange of prisoners. He has given them exhausted and old horses in exchange for fifty able-bodied men. The fact is known to Major Petkoff also.

Explanation” IN these lines under reference, both Sergius and Major Petkoff

hold the view that the Swiss Captain, Bluntschli has cheated them. They know that Swiss captain is the son of a hotelier who also owns a number of horses and has stables for keeping them. They believe that the Swiss captain got the knowledge of the horses from his father and this knowledge enabled him to deceive them. Sergius remarks, though ironically, that the Swiss captain was a perfect soldier. He was every inch a soldier who knew everything about his profession.

20. The young lady was enchanted by his persuasive commercial travellers' manner. She very modestly entertained him for an hour or so, and then called in her mother lest her conduct should appear unmaidenly.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. They are spoken by Sergius in Second Act. In this play G.B. Shaw exposes the absurdity of the romantic conception of love, war and heroism. Major Petkoff asks Sergius to narrate to Raina and Catherine the interesting story of how the Swiss captain could make good his escape with the active help of the two Bulgarian women. The story was narrated to them by one of the friends of the fugitive Swiss. Petkoff and Sergius little know that the women under reference are before them.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius narrates the story of the Swiss captain who made good his escape with the active help of the two Bulgarian women. He says that the young lady was bewitched by the common sense and the glib tongue of the fugitive Swiss soldier and she kept him in her bed-room for one hour. She then called her mother so that her moral conduct might not be doubted.

21.B The glimpses I have had of the seamy side of life during the last few months have made me cynical but I should not have brought my cynicism here; least of all into your presence.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Act II of G.B. Shaw's anti-romantic comedy, 'Arms and the Man' and have been spoken by Sergius to Catherine and Raina, the two ladies of the Petkoff family. The ladies do not relish the narration of a story by Sergius regarding the escape of a Swiss soldier and the role played by the two Bulgarian ladies in helping the fugitive in his attempt at escaping because they were the ladies under reference. They get up from their seats and are about to depart.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius senses the mood of Catherine and Raina and turns apologetic. He tells them his life in the military has made him coarse and vulgar. He has been cut off from the society of cultured and polished people. ON many occasions he had to face the seamy and dark side of life and this unpleasant experience has made him a cynic. His faith in the goodness of human beings has been shaken. He expresses his regret for being coarse and Vulgar in the presence of Raina.

22. What would Sergius, the hero of Slivnitsa, say if he saw me now. What would Sergius the apostle of the higher love, say if he saw me now. What would the half dozen Sergiuses who keep popping in and out of his handsome figure of mine say if they caught us here?

Reference and context: These lines occur in act II of George Bernard Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. They are spoken by Sergius to Louka, the maid servant. They are the very essence of the character of Sergius in particular; and of people with romantic views in general. A few months back Sergius had been making love with his fiancée, Raina and declaring her to be his 'lady', 'saint', 'queen', and the sole possessor of his mind and thought. She too had been responding with an equal effusion of romantic sentiments. Both are great pretenders. The moment Raina goes into fetch her hat, this vower of higher love to Raina starts flirting with Louka.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius says to Louka that he is a split personality, pretending to be different at different occasions. In the war he pretended to be a romantic hero; in front of Raina he posed to be the worshipper of ideal love. He has, indeed, half a-dozen faces to be presented to the world. Out of them there is no pose in which he is his real self. He is not steadfast in love. His attitude towards Louka presents him as a common young man with his sensual itch. Sergius, the idealist, he fears, will laugh at Sergius, the sensualist.

23. Which of the six is the real man? That's the question that torments me. One of them is a hero, another a buffoon, another humbug, another perhaps a bit of a background.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Act II of George Bernard Shaw's anti romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. These words spoken by Sergius to Raina's

maid servant, Louka, cause surprise to him. He looks within himself and subjects himself to a searching process of self-examination. He tries to understand his own self. He realizes that his personality is complex and many sided.

Explanation: IN these lines under reference, Sergius says that his personality has at least six facets, opposite and self-contradictory, and that is why he behaves differently at different occasions. Sometimes his actions are heroic, while at other times he acts a jester. At still other times, he acts as a hypocrite and a debauch. His cowardice and jealous nature also find expression from time to time. He is a puzzle to himself.

24. And I tell you that if that gentleman ever comes here again, Miss Raina will marry him, whether he likes it or not. I know the difference between the sort of manner you and she put on before one another and the real manner.

Reference and context: These words are spoken by Louka to Sergius in the Second act of 'Arms and the Man', Shaw's satire on the idealistic views of love, war and heroism. Louka, the maid servant of the Petkoffs, knows vital secrets of the family. She knows that Raina, Sergius's betrothed, had hidden a soldier in her bed-chamber and saved his life. She has also overheard what transpired between them during his night-stay in her bed-chamber. This secret is exploited by Louka to her advantage. She wants to create a cleavage between Raina and her betrothed. She works on the plan of driving a wedge quite cleverly and systematically with a view to winning Sergius over to her side.

Explanation: In these given lines Louka says that when Sergius and Raina are in front of each other, they behave in an unnatural manner. Their vows of higher love are pretended and not genuine. On the basis of her knowledge of Raina's secret, Louka is sure about the fact that Raina's love for Sergius is a mere pretension and that she is in love with the Swiss Soldier. Louka, therefore concludes that if the Swiss soldier were to return, Raina would readily marry him whether he likes it or not, so madly she is in love with him. By making this revelation, Louka wants to arouse the jealous of Sergius and to clear the way for herself. She is ambitious of marrying Sergius.

25. That doesn't matter. You have stained my honour by making me a party to your eaves-dropping. And you have betrayed your mistress.

Reference and Context: These words taken from the second Act of Shaw's

‘Arms and the Man’ have been spoken by Sergius to Louka, Raina’s maid servant. When Louka tells Sergius that his betrothed, Raina, is actually in love with Swiss soldier whose name she does not know and that she had overheard their conversation, Sergius takes it ill.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius tells Louka angrily that by eaves dropping the conversation between Raina and Swiss soldier, she has betrayed her mistress and that by making known the secret to him she has made him a share in her guilt and meanness.

26. What an army! They make cannons out of cheery trees; and the officers send for their wives to keep discipline!.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Act III of Shaw’s anti-romantic comedy ‘Arms and the Man’. Bluntschli’s words reveal his contempt for the amateurish soldiership of the Bulgarian army led by pompous and inefficient officers, like Petkoff and Sergius.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli laughs at the inefficiency and incompetence of the Bulgarian army and its officers. Officers like Major Petkoff and Sergius Saranoff do not know how to control their men. He thinks that this army is liable to any sort of ridiculous conduct. Cherry trees are very soft and cannons can never be made out of them. But the Bulgarian army may foolishly even run after such an impossible effort. The officers of the Bulgarian army seek the help of their wives to maintain discipline among their men. They are not fit for their posts. He (Bluntschli) considers the Bulgarian army, mainly composed of misfits, as utterly worthless.

27. Ah, it is natural that you should forget it first. It cost you nothing it cost me a lie! A lie!.

Reference and Context: These words spoken by Raina to Bluntschli occur in Act III of Shaw’s ‘Arms and the Man’. They are alone. Raina pretends to be idealistic in what she says or does. Bluntschli is not moved at all at her words.

Explanation: In these lines under reference; Raina registers indignation and pointedly reminds him of the fact that she had to lie for his sake. She thinks that perhaps he (Bluntschli) has forgotten how she lied before the Russian officer to save him from

certain death. Bluntschli, she feels, has taken this act of her lightly but to her it matters seriously. She asserts that she cannot forget that she uttered a falsehood and deviated herself from the path of truth. She had to forsake her ideal of truth for rescuing his life from the clutches of death. The words of Raina are the revelation of her assumed air of idealism. She appears to be a little imposter who lies but takes pride in her truthfulness.

28. If you are incapable of gratitude, you are incapable of any noble sentiment. Even animals are grateful. Oh, I see now what you think exactly of me. You were not surprised to hear me lie. To you it was something I probably did every day!. Every hour! That is how men think of women.

Reference and Context: These words are spoken by Raina to Bluntschli when they are by themselves in the library of the house of the Petkoffs. The situation occurs in act III of 'Arms and the Man', an anti-romantic comedy written by George Bernard Shaw to remove the veil from the reality of love and war. Only four months back Raina had saved the life of Bluntschli from the pursuing Bulgarian soldiers by hiding him behind a curtain in her bed-chamber and by telling a lie to the search officer with regard to the presence of Bluntschli in her house. Bluntschli has now come to return the coat which Raina had given him to disguise himself at the time of his departure from the house. Raina likes him and loves him but he takes her for a child. Raina pretends to be an idealistic girl. She tells Bluntschli that for his sake she had to tell two lies which were the only two she had told all her life. When he refuses to believe her, she poses, though ineffectively, to be a truthful girl. She thinks that he must be thinking very low of her. In a contemptuous tone she talks of his belief that she is used to telling lies at all times and on all occasions.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Raina says to Bluntschli that it is very mean and stupid of him to think like that of such a truthful girl as she is. She mocks at the tendency of men like Bluntschli to think that all women are born liars. She tells him that if he does not thank a person who has helped him, it means that he is incapable of having any noble feeling. It means that he is worse than animals. It means that he is a beast in human shape.

29. There reason in everything. You said, you'd told only two lies in your whole life. Dear young lady, isn't that rather a short allowance ? I'm quite straight forward man myself; but it wouldn't last me a whole morning.

Reference and context: These lines form a part of the dialogue between Raina and Bluntschli in the third Act of Shaw's 'Arms and the Man'. Raina tells the Swiss soldier that she has told only two lies in her life and those too for his sake. He should be thankful to her for saving his life.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells Raina that he is not inclined to believe her when she says that she has resorted to telling lies on just two occasions. Claiming himself to be an honest man he tells that he does and says what he feels at a particular moment. Even he tells more than two lies on a single morning. He, therefore, takes her for a liar and a hypocrite.

30. I can't help it. When you strike that noble attitude and speak in that thrilling voice, I admire, you; but I find it impossible to believe a single word you say.

Reference and context: These lines are from the third Act of G.B. Shaw's 'Arms and the Man', a play in which are debunked the contemporary notions of love, war and soldiership. Raina, the heroine of the play, says that she had told two lies in all her life and those too for the sake of saving the life of Bluntschli, the Swiss soldier from the pursuing Bulgarian soldiers. She has resorted to telling those two lies when warranted by the situation. Bluntschli's life was in great danger at that time. But Bluntschli refuses to believe that she has told lies on just two occasions. He believes in the proverb 'Once a liar, always a liar'. The attitude of his is quite insulting and unbearable for Raina.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Raina strikes a noble majestic pose and speaks in a voice charged with emotion. This tone of hers impresses him and he cannot help praising her. But he is not in a mood to believe even a single word spoken by her at such moment. The fact is that the tussle is on between the realist and the idealist.

31. I mean the noble attitude and the thrilling voice (They laugh together) I did it when I was a tiny child to my nurse, she believed in it. I do it before my parents, they believe in it. I do it before Sergius. He believes in it.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Act III of 'Arms and the Man', an anti-romantic comedy written by George Bernard Shaw. These words are spoken by Raina to Bluntschli when they are by themselves in the library. Bluntschli has impressed Raina by his matter-of-fact attitude and makes her cast away her romantic mark.

Explanation: In the given lines Raina candidly confesses that she has been bluffing others by her affected airs and lofty expressions since her childhood. She says that she has always been successful in deceiving others. In her childhood she played this trick with her nurse and she was successful in deceiving her. Her parents are still deceived by her poses and attitudes. Sergius too falls a prey to her tricks. In fact, Raina has become so much used to this hypocrisy that it has become a part of her character. Only Bluntschli sees through her game and real self.

32. No, my dear young lady, no, no, no a thousand times. It's part of your youth: part of your charm I'm, like all the rest of them; the nurse, your parents, Sergius, I'm infatuated admirer.

Reference and context: These lines are extract from Act III of Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. When Bluntschli is not deceived by the poses and airs of Raina, Raina surrenders her humbug to the clever Bluntschli. He removes the romantic veil and exposes the real self of Raina. Raina feels ashamed of her conduct in assuming airs. She thinks that by knowing her tricks Bluntschli must be hating her instead of loving her. To this feeling of her Bluntschli reacts differently.

Explanation: In the lines under reference, Bluntschli tells Raina that he doesn't hate her. Her romantic attitude, her poses are a part of her youth and beauty. When she speaks in a thrilling voice and strikes a noble attitude, she looks even more beautiful and attractive. Just as her nurses, her parents and Sergius admire her, he also admires her, and loves her most devotedly.

33. See! A twenty leva bill! Sergius gave me that, out of pure Swagger. A fool and his money are parted soon. There's ten levas more. The Swiss gave me that for backing up the mistress and Raina's lies about him. He's no fool, he isn't.

Reference and Context: These words have been spoken by Nicola to Louka in the third Act of Shaw's 'Arms and the Man', a play in which Shaw ridicules the contemporary notions of war and love. Nicola and Louka are the servant and maid-servant to the Petkoff's. They are alone in the library of the Petkoffs. Being her (Louka's) Senior, Nicola continues guiding her in respect of her conduct as a servant. She does not appreciate his conduct in advising her day in and day out.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Nicola tries to bring home to Louka the fact that a servant stands to gain provided he or she acts politely and faithfully. He quotes his own example and tells her how he got thirty levas that day. Twenty levas came from Sergius. IN order to display his richness he gave the money out of pride. He calls Sergius a fool who knows not how to keep his money for long. Bluntschli, too, gave him, though on other occasion, ten levas as a reward for supporting the lies which Catherine and Raina told about his visit. He is an intelligent man who knows the value of money. He does not waste it. He is not a fool like Sergius who fritters away money in making a vain show of his riches and superior position.

34. I've often thought that if Raina were out of way; and you just a little less of a fool and Sergius just a little more of one, you might come to be one of my grandest customers, instead of only being my wife and costing me money.

Reference and Context: These words are a part of Nicola's speech to Louka in the last Act of Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. Nicola and Louka are respectively the man-servant and maid-servant of the Petkoss. They pretend that they are engaged to be married but in reality Nicola is helping Louka to realize her ambition of marrying in the Bulgarian nobility. Sergius is being tempted and explored by Louka. She is keen to ensnare him in her love-net. He is engaged to Raina, Louka's mistress. She attracts him through her physical charms.

Explanation: In the lines under reference. Nicola says that he is not interested in marrying Louka but in setting up shop of his own. He wants her to marry in the nobility so that she may patronize his shop after her marriage. He is helping her now in expectation of her help after marriage in nobility. Only Raina stands as a stumbling block in Louka's way because Raina is already engaged to Sergius. Nicola does not know that Louka has already initiated moves to remove Raina from Sergius's heart and dislodge her from her way. Nicola advises her to behave more nicely and wisely than before. He also wishes that Sergius should be less intelligent than he is. If this wish gets fulfilled, Louka's dream of marrying Sergius will be realized.

35. Don't trifle with me, please. An officer should not trifle with a servant.

Reference and Context: These words are spoken by the Petkoff's maid-servant, Louka, to Sergius a Bulgarian noble in the Final Act of Shaw's anti-romantic comedy,

‘Arms and the Man’, Sergius is engaged to Raina, the only daughter of the Petkoffs. Luka has a strong ambition to marry in the Bulgarian nobility. She is keen to ensnare Sergius in her love-net but Raina, her mistress, is the hurdle in her way. She is bent on realizing her ambition. She fascinates Sergius by her physical charms. She encourages him without allowing him to come too near.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Louka makes a show of anger and disapproves of Sergius’s love making to her. She tauntingly tells him that it does not behave an officer of the Bulgarian army to play with a poor maid-servant like her. Her protest is not genuine but feigned one. In reality her intention is to entrap him. She uses her physical charms to captivate his heart. Talk of maintaining a distance in just an excuse to fan the flame of love I the worshipper of her bodily charms.

36. Psha! The courage to rage and kill is cheap. I have an English Bull-terrier who has as much of that sort of courage as the whole Bulgarian nation, and the whole Russian Nation at its back. But he lets my groom thrash him, all the same. That’s your soldier all over!.

Reference and context: These lines have been extracted from the third Act of Shaw’s anti-romantic comedy ‘Arms and the Man’, in which Shaw debunks the popular romantic notions of love, war and soldiership. Louka, the maid-servant, has expressed doubt about the genuineness of Sergius’s claim of being a brave man. When he (Sergius) cites the cavalry charge as a proof of his bravery, Louka asks him if the poor are less brave than the rich. Sergius immediately replies that there exists a lot of difference between the two classes of people in this respect.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius says that the courage to behave wisely and kill the enemy is not wanting in soldiers, rich or poor. Soldiers of ordinary class may be skilled in brandishing their swords using unbecoming language and in liquidating their enemies as if they were real heroes. He does not consider them better than his dog. His dog, a bull terrier, is capable of attacking and biting others more fiercely than them. In the manner of his dog, the common soldiers are under the tight control of their masters or officers. They may fret or fume, rage and storm in the battle but they are in constant fear of their officers. Sergius is proud of being such an officer.

37. I would marry the many I loved, which no other queen in Europe has the

courage to do. If I loved you, though you would be as far beneath me as I am beneath you, I would dare to be the equal of my inferior. Would you dare as much if you loved me? No, if you felt the beginning of love for me you would not let it grow.

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37. I would marry the man I loved, which no other queen in Europe has the courage to do. If I loved you, though you would be as far beneath me as I am beneath you, I would dare to be the equal of my interior. Would you dare as such if you loved me? NO; if you felt the beginning of love for me you would not let it grow.

Reference and context: These lines occur in Act III of Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. These are spoken by Louka, the maid-servant of the Petkoffs and are addressed to Sergius Saranoff, Raina's fiancé. Louka who wants to marry in nobility tries to enmesh her mistress' fiancé into the tangle of her design. Sergius has been boasting her mistress' fiancé into the tangle of her design. Sergius has been boasting of his courage as a military officer, Louka tells him that he does not even know what courage actually is.

Explanation: In these lines under reference. Louka tells Sergius that if she were the Empress of Russia she would show real courage by marrying the man she loved, even if he were much below her social status. She claims that no other queen in the whole of Europe dares do such thing. She would raise her lover to her level without bothering for what others say about it. This, according to her, is what may be called courage. Judged by this standard, she concludes that Sergius is not courageous because even though he loves Louka he has not the guts to marry her for fear of adverse public reaction. Indirectly she suggests that Sergius can be considered courageous only if he leaves Rain and marries her.

38. he Swiss will kill you, perhaps . He has beaten you in love. He may beat you in war.

Reference and context: These lines are spoken by Louka, Raina's maid-servant, to Sergius, a Bulgarian army officer, in the final act of (Act III) of G.B.Shaw's 'Arms and the Man', a play in which Shaw satirizes romantic conceptions of love, war and soldiering. Louka, who has been much wounded by Sergius's remarks that Raina is as high above her as 'heaven is above the earth', emphatically points out to him that Raina will marry the Swiss not him.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius is terribly annoyed at this bold comment of Louka. He flies into rage and resolves to remove the Swiss from the scene of the world. Louka ridicules his bravery, saying that he is no equal of the Swiss in tact and intelligence. She further tells him and adds insult to injury that the Swiss (Bluntschli) has already defeated him in the matter of love by winning the affection of Raina secretly. And now, if Sergius goes to fight a duel with him, Louka mockingly says, there is every possibility that the Swiss will defeat him again.

39. I will not be coward and a trifle. If I choose to love you, I dare marry you, in spite of all Bulgaria. If these hands ever touch you again, they shall touch my affianced bride.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in Act III of Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. Sergius comes on the plain of reality and realizes that he has all along been behaving like a fool and a coward and has made himself an object of

ridicule. He resolves to mend fences and set everything right.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius frankly tells Louka that she belongs to him and that he would marry her soon. He also says that in future he will not act like a coward or a man of base and mean temperament. He will be serious in what he says or does. In an emotional manner, he assures Louka that if he likes her and loves her, he would marry her unmindful of what others say about him. He will not care for what all the people of Bulgaria say about his marriage with Louka. He promises to Louka that if ever he touched her again, he would hence forth consider Louka as his betrothed.

40. And how ridiculous! Oh, War! War! The dream of patriots and heroes ! A fraud, Bluntschli. A hollow sham, like love.

Reference and Context: These lines occur in the act III of GB Shaw's anti-romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. These lines tell us that the disillusionment of the Bulgarian officer Sergius, in the field of love, war and soldiering is complete. Romantic veil over realities of love and war stands removed from the eyes of Sergius. He is brought down on the plain of reality by Bluntschli as well as Louka.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius, the Bulgarian officer, who has failed to get promotion even after his successful cavalry charge, starts looking at war as an empty show- a big hoax. He admits before Bluntschli that the idealization of war is a romantic lie- a Sham. The disappointed youth tells that war has been the dream of many romantic heroes, the ideal of many patriots, he realizes that there is nothing glorious either in love or in war and both of them are mere illusions or deceptions. He feels the 'hollow sham' of war and romantic love.

41. No, but if doesn't matter, I didn't ask the reason when you cried on; and I don't ask the reason now that you cry off. I'm a professional soldier, I fight when I have to and am very glad to get out of it when I haven't to. You're only an amateur. You think fighting's an amusement.

Reference and context: These lines are culled from the Act III of G.B. Shaw's anti romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. The words are addressed by Bluntschli to Sergius. Bluntschli, a realist, purges the notions of Sergius of romantic glamour and brings him down to the plane of reality. Irritated by the taunts of Louka, Sergius challenges

Bluntschli to a duel but later on he withdraws the challenge and explains the reason for its withdrawal.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Bluntschli tells Sergius that he needs no explanation from Sergius for withdrawing the challenge. Since he did not ask for the reason when the challenge was thrown, he sees no reason in seeking explanation after it is called off. He says that he is a soldier who fights for money and is absolutely uncovered with any cause, sentimental and moral. He fights when he has no other alternative, and becomes very glad, when he has not to fight. He contends that Sergius takes fighting in an amateurish way. He has an amateurish idea about war and takes it as a sort of romantic game. He himself is a professional soldier out and out and fights for money, not for any cause.

42. **You shall hear the reason all the same, my professional. The reason is that it takes two men-real men-men of heart, blood and honor- to make a genuine combat. I could no more fight with you than I could make love to an ugly woman. You've no magnetism, you're not a man, you're a machine.**

Reference and context: These lines occur in the act III of G.B. Shaw's anti romantic comedy 'Arms and the Man'. The words are addressed by Sergius to Bluntschli. Sergius has thrown a challenge to Bluntschli to a duel and withdraws it subsequently 9-later on) for reasons known to him. Bluntschli does not ask for the reason when he is challenged, nor does he want to ask for it when it is withdrawn. However, Sergius insists that Bluntschli must listen to his weighty reason.

Explanation: In these lines under reference, Sergius, after expressing his unwillingness to fight with Bluntschli supports his decision by contending that a real duel can take place between two real rivals – two men of flesh and blood. A real fight can take place between the two only when both have feelings, noble ancestry and respect in society. If any of the two lacks these qualities, the duel becomes fight among unequals. He considers Bluntschli inferior to him in all respects. So far as he is concerned, there is no real man but a cold, lifeless machine. Sergius considers it below his dignity to fight with him who is a machine, just as it is impossible for him to marry an ugly woman.

10.4 EXAMINATION ORIENTED QUESTIONS

Q.1 Give a character sketch of Raina Petkoff.

Ans. Raina is a Romantic young girl- She is the heroine of the play, Arms and the Man, as well as the most romantic character of the play. She is full of romantic ideas about war, life and the world. She comes before us as soon as the play opens. She is standing on the balcony of her bed-room, gazing at the Snowy Balkans. She is intensely conscious of the beauty of night and of the fact that her own youth and beauty are a part of it. She is in her night gown well covered by a long mantle of furs, She is young and lady of considerable physical charms.

She loves Sergius—She is in love with Sergius, a handsome army officer. She considers him a hero. She thinks that this world is full of glory and that life is full of thrills, adventures, heroism and joy. She represents romantic views on war. To her, war is full of military glory. She is thoroughly romantic and lives in a world of unreality. She does not know Sergius as man. She is in with her own idea of Sergius, ‘the romantic hero.’ She has read books in which are described the romances of medieval type. The impact of such reading is that she lives in a world of romance. Her love-affairs with Sergius is purely romantic. She thinks that Sergius is a knight who has performed a wonderful deed by leading a cavalry charge against the battery of his enemy and putting it to flight.

She has aristocratic habits- She has aristocratic habits and views. She is the only daughter of her parents. Her father is Major Petkoff and her mother is Catherine Petkoff. This is an aristocratic family of Bulgaria. Raina enjoys a good deal of parental affection. In fact her parents have allowed her full freedom to do whatever she likes to do. She is proud of her noble and civilized family and her culture. She thinks that theirs is one of the privileged families.

She is tender and gentle- Raina is a simple and honest girl. She is tender and gentle. She shows great kindness to Bluntschli when he enters her bed room to seek refuge. She is moved to pity and love. Her love for him is in the form of compassion in the beginning as she says to her mother, ‘The poor darling is worn out. Let him sleep’. She loves him not because he is the Emperor of Switzerland, but because he is her chocolate cream Soldier.

She represents romantic views on war-To her, war is full of military glory. She

cries with delight when Catherine informs her a great battle at Slivnitsa has been won by Sergius. She is overjoyed to her. Her Romanticism about war is based on literature and opera etc. She takes out the portrait of Sergius and adores it with the feelings that are beyond all expression.

She is a great pretender- Affectation and pretentiousness are as much an ingredient of her love as of her life. Both she and Sergius feel satisfied in pretending before each other that their life is higher than that of other beings. Each claims the other to be the object of worship. Both of them flatter each other. Actually, they do not mean anything except the expression of unfelt noble sentiments. Raina has been born and bred in an atmosphere of artificiality. She thinks that she has roots in nobility and she is intoxicated with the feelings of superiority. Her craze for western manners is the consequence of this feeling. This affectation of superiority is the water mark of her life.

She has a strong Common sense- She is girl of strong commonsense and intelligence. That is why she at once realizes the logic of what Bluntschli tells us. She is much impressed by his view that it is the duty of a soldier to live as long as he can, and that food is more important on the battle field than ammunition. She is also a brave girl who is not afraid of the nocturnal intruder (Bluntschli) who threatens her with a pistol in his hand. She keeps her head and doesn't show any nervousness when the soldiers enter her room to search.

She is disillusioned with Sergius. The higher love of Raina dies in her. She sees Sergius's and Louka together in privacy but owing to her implicit faith in Sergius constancy I love – in her higher love she does not live way to any serious misgivings. It is only when secrets are brought to light, she casts off her romantic cloak. She comes to know of Sergius's love-making to Louka and her break with Sergius is complete.

She is essential feminine- In spite of the predominance of the intellectual element in Raina, she is essentially feminine. She possesses all the qualities and weaknesses of a woman. She is jealous of to hers. She wants that the claim of other young girls on Sergius should not match with that of hers when her mother repeatedly speaks high of Sergius, she smells a rat. She speaks some words which smack of her jealous nature. In regard to Louka's affairs, she is again jealous. She, like other women, is tender-hearted. She is generous and hospitable. She gives shelter and protection to a member of the enemy

camp and saves his life. According to her, the victor should not take away the life of the vanquished.

In spite of her weaknesses, Raina retains grandeur and dignity. She maintains her status of a heroine. Besides womanly graces and tenderness of heart, she is gifted with flashing wit and capacity for brilliant repartees which add additional charm to her character. In short, she is the heroine of the traditional 'romantic' type, beautiful, wealthy, and spoilt, being the only child. So long as the play is charged with the atmosphere of romanticism, she maintains her profile. When romanticism is replaced by realism, she acts as a realist.

Q.2 Attempt a character-sketch of Bluntschli.

Ans. Bluntschli is the hero of the play 'Arms and the man' written by G.B. Shaw. He ranks among the most impressive characters created by Shaw. He is a Swiss who has joined the Serbian army in the capacity of a professional soldier. He hasn't joined the army with any sense of patriotism or nationalism. He has become a soldier only to eke out his living. He is a typical Shawian hero who occupies the central position in the play. The whole theme revolves round him. He is the mouth piece of Shaw. Through him, Shaw holds up to ridicule the conceptions of war and love.

He is a man of common place features- Bluntschli is a man of about 35 years, of a middle stature and undistinguished appearance, with strong neck and shoulders, round obstinate looking head, covered with short crisp bronze curls, clear quick eyes, good brows and mouth, prosaic nose, soldier like carriage and energetic manners. If he is not very handsome, he is not ugly-looking either. When we first meet him, he is in wretched condition because of fatigue, restlessness and hunger for days together due to war. But when we meet him after war, he appears quite attractive. This fact is borne out even by Raina.

He is a professional soldier- He fights for money and not for patriotism. He is a Swiss but has joined the Serbs for no other reason but that Serbia came first on the road from Switzerland. As a professional soldier, he looks at everything from professional point of view. He is a realist through and through and has no romantic notions either about love or war. He regards the cavalry charge of Sergius in the battle of Slivnitsa as sheer madness. It was unsoldierly and unprofessional on the part of Sergius to lead a cavalry charge against the machine guns of the foe. All of them had been killed if the enemy had powder.

He is a practical man – He is superior to Sergius and Petkoff in sheer practical common sense. He outwits them in the settlement regarding the prisoners of war. Again, the demobilization of forces after the war, which Petkoff and Sergius cannot solve, he drafts the orders and even helps in their execution after these are signed. He has the capability of rising up to any situation. He is wise, clever and intelligent. This fact is borne out even by his adversaries.

He is sincere and steadfast in love – Bluntschli is sincere and steadfast in love. Once he takes fancy for Raina, he keeps it up to the last. He remains faithfully attached to her. He stands a bold contrast to Sergius who, though engaged to Raina flirts with her maid servant.

He has a lovely wit and fine sense of humour- IN a very light and humorous way he tells Raina that an old experienced soldier can be known from a young and inexperienced one by looking into his cartridge boxes. Younger soldiers carry cartridges but the old ones carry grub (=something to eat) In a very humorous way he tells Raina how Sergius attacked the Serbian artillery like Don Quixote attacking the windmills.

He is not a coward- We should not run away with the idea that Bluntschli fights shy of facing awkward situations. He is ready to fight whenever situation warrants so. Earlier in the play, when he is sure that the Bulgarian soldiers are about to enter Raina's room, he returns her gown and prepares to fight the soldiers to death. He is also ready to fight a combat with Sergius when the latter challenges him to a combat.

He is led by reason and common sense – He keeps his calm even in the most trying situations. He never gets excited. He does not lose temper or patience even when Raina speaks to him in a highly taunting tone. Any emotional reaction would have made him go out of her room and meet the tragic end at the hands of human vultures waiting outside. He is always led by reason and common sense.

He is unchivalrous and ungallant- Bluntschli is no match for Sergius in the fields of chivalry and gallantry. His behavior in the earlier part of the play is really unchivalrous. He doesn't mind the indecency of entering a woman's bedroom and frightening her into submission with his pistol. He even goes to the extent of making use of Raina's weakness, her state of undress, and of using her gown as a shield so that she may not call the soldiers

in. In the latter part he, however, shows signs of chivalrous spirit. The visit for returning the coat is just an excuse for having another glimpse of his sweet heart, Raina.

He is a clever judge of men and things- Bluntschli is a man of keen insight and understanding. He is shrewd judge of men, characters, situations and things. He knows that Raina is a lady of rank so she will not appear before the people in her undress. Due to this reason he uses her cloak as a shield. His estimate of Sergius' character and also that of Raina's is correct. This power of judgement stands him in good stead on many occasions.

He is frank and outspoken- Bluntschli is frank and out-spoken. He does not know how to mince matters and to express himself in round-about phrases. His very name suggests that he is frank to the extent of bluntness. Without any circumlocution he makes a reference to Raina's age and to Sergius' charge even when he comes to know that Raina is Sergius's betrothed.

He is a foil to Sergius – His character is just the opposite of Sergius's. Whereas Sergius is the very incarnation of roman and chivalry, Bluntschli is the personification of prosaic realism and frank bluntness.

Shaw has obviously portrayed this character sympathetically. Most of the time he represents Shaw's own attitude. He is the mouth piece of the dramatist. Like a typical Shivan hero, he is anti romantic anti conventional and rational and logical in his views. He is anti hero a man of ordinary flesh and blood the matter of fact man. He has Shavian gifts of discussion and argumentations., He is an expert soldier, a practical realist, a shrewd judge of human character and a romantic hero.

Q.3. Attempt a character-sketch of Sergius Saranoff.

Ans. Sergius Saranoff is one of the main characters in the play 'Arms and the Man'. It is in his character that Shaw has satirized the romantic conceptions of love and war.

He is a Major in Bulgarian Cavalry-The dramatist doesn't tell us about his parentage. He has only told us that he is a Major in Bulgarian cavalry. He possesses magnetic personality. With a robust and hard physique, curved eye brows, penetrating eyes, thin and keen nose and assertive chin, he is romantically handsome young man.

He is not promoted in the army – He had joined the Bulgarian army with great hopes. He wanted to distinguished himself as a brave soldier and as an able military officer. But the wrong strategy adopted by him lowers him in the judgement of the higher officers; and he is not promoted in the army. He returns at the end of the war with a feeling of frustration. He himself tells Catherine Petkoff that the cavalry charge that he had led against the Serbians had proved to be ‘the cradle and grave of his military reputation.” Bluntschli says that the offensive launched by him would have proved suicidal for his regiment if the Serbian artillery men had ammunition in their machine guns.

He is a romantic lover – To him Raina is his goddess, his queen and his heroine. He has a romantic attitude towards love. He talks of higher love time and gain. He imagines that making love to a girl of equal status is equivalent to posing and speaking soft and high-sounding words to her. In front of Raina he affects true, ideal love to her. He tells her that at the time of charging he had Raina in his mind. By higher love he means that one should not have physical relation with the lady – love till marriage. He is of the view that the expression of sentiments constitutes love. There is not even a grain of truth in what he says. He professes to worship Raina, his betrothed, but is attracted towards Louka, her maid servant, as soon as Raina is out of sight. The sentiments expressed by him are unfelt noble sentiments. The apostle of higher love takes not much time to come on the plane of reality. He himself says that pursuing higher love for any length of time is fatiguing affairs and hence, he needs some relief. The mask of higher love is shattered when he is completely entrapped by Louka. “Till then he continues to bow and apologize to Raina in the chivalric manner of the middle ages. He even challenges Bluntschli to a duel for having courted his betrothed. He has the Roman sense of honour and the medieval way of preserving it. His romanticizing of love is corrected by Louka. Slowly and steadily she brain washes him. He realizes the reality of his love to Louka as against the profession of the higher love to Raina.

He is a great pretender –He rules out his marriage with a girl of inferior status. He strikes a pose of impeccability on the score. But his claims and vows prove hollow when Louka succeeds in penetrating his defence and in reaching the corridors of his heart. Sergius starts with loving Raina and ends with marrying Louka.

By the end of the play Sergius is stripped of his poses and pretences.

He is a foolish, self-conceited man- He lacks understanding and power of judgement. He fails to work out of plan for sending the regiments. Bluntschli does the whole work while he merely signs the papers. In order to cover his inefficiency and incompetence he says, 'This hand is more accustomed to the sword than to the pen'. He is a vain fellow having a false sense of honour. This weakness of Sergius is fully exploited by Louka. He is foolish enough not to see through the designs and tricks of Louka. He allows himself to be trapped completely by her. He often takes recourse to telling lies to hide facts.

His nature is gentlemanly – He cannot tolerate any insult of his lady love Raina at the hands of Louka. Hence he says to her, 'take care Louka, I may be worthless enough to betray the higher love, but don't you insult it'. On another occasion, he says to Louka, 'A gentleman has no right to hurt a woman under any circumstances. He expresses regret for being party to Louka in eaves-dropping. Eaves-dropping is, according to him, an ungentlemanly act.

He is a mixture of opposite features – He is a component of opposite features like Romanticism Idealism self importance, folly and some good sense. These different and sometimes opposite features lead him to act differently on different occasions. He says about himself, 'which of the six is the real man. That is the question that torments me. One of them is a hero, another a buffoon, another a humbug, another perhaps a bit of black guard, and one at least is a coward; jealous like all cowards'.

He is a foil to Bluntschli-Sergius is a foil to Bluntschli. His character has been conditioned by the anti-romantic intentions of the dramatist. Just as Bluntschli typifies anti-romanticism, Sergius stands for romanticism. His character is just the opposite of Bluntschli's.

Q4. Attempt a character-sketch of Major Petkoff.

Ans. Major Petkoff is a major in the army of Bulgaria. He is the father of the heroine of the play. He is described as a cheerful, excitable, insignificant, unpolished man of about fifty. He is un-ambitious except with regard to his income and his importance in local society. He is totally unimpressive in his appearance. He seems to be a crude and not

a refined person.

He is coarse and unrefined- Major Petkoff is an unsophisticated simple man who is ignorant of the development that science has made. He is amazed at the ingenuity involved in the installation of an electric bell. Ease loving and simple as he is, he prefers calling the servant aloud to ringing the bell. He cuts jokes even with his maid-servant, Louka. He does not approve of his wife's habit of washing hands daily. He speaks highly of his father who never had a bath in his life, and yet lived for ninety eight years. He prefers a weekly bath to daily bath. He considers Catherine's (his wife's) sore throat as the direct consequence of her habits. He has to try to become westernized because in Bulgaria it is an essential requisite for the nobility. He apes the western manners grudgingly. He boasts of having set up a library of his own even if it is an apology of it. He is essentially a coarse and unrefined man and his life in the army has only increased his vulgarity. He is an old-fashioned person who is not prepared to learn new things.

He is a self-satisfied home –loving person – He is glad to be back home from the war and tells his wife that he returned earlier because he could not live away from her. Such is his love and affection for her that he wants her to come with him, when he has to go out to deliver instructions to some messengers. He is equally fond of his daughter. He does not like Sergius but he is interested in him because he is a rich man of high social standing and is likely to provide his daughter with the comforts to which she is used. He is willing to marry her to Bluntschli since the latter is a rich person and Raina loves him.

He is a comfort-loving and ease-loving man- He does not want to exert even on crucial matters. When he is confronted with the problem of sending soldiers, he seeks the help of Bluntschli. It was an important matter and should have handled it himself. In fact he is a simpleton. Even his wife and his daughter exploit his simplicity. He likes an easy going life. He orders a cup of tea as soon as he returns from the battle front. Thereafter, he finds a cozy seat in the library.

He is proud and self-conceited- He is eager to let others know about his social status. He wants to impress upon others that he is a man of much worth. When Catherine asks him if he behaved properly before the Russian officer he says, 'I did my best. I took care to let them know that I have a library'. He is sometimes too particular about minute things. He says to his wife in Act II, 'Civilized people don't hang out their washing to dry

where visitors can see it; so you'd better have all that put somewhere else'. He doesn't want to lose an opportunity of displaying his pride and self-conceit.

He suffers for want of intelligence-He is unable to understand the mystery shrouding coat and the photograph. He is easily taken in by the tricks of his wife and daughter. He easily gets excited and so he flies into rage. But he is pacified and pleased like a child. In military matters during peace time he proves quite incompetent. He cannot plan out the demobilization of the forces and, thus, has to seek the help of others Catherine, Sergius and Bluntschli. When it comes to the executing of the task, he cannot do it alone because he senses defiance of his orders by his sub-ordinates. So he takes the help of his wife in this job. This betrays his incompetence and lack of understanding.

He has a sense of humour-He can make amusing remarks though sometimes he himself becomes an object of our mirth. He provides light humour and fun in the play. He amuses us greatly by his views about a daily bath. He provides to himself as well as to us laughter through his jokes. There is, no doubt, that one is inclined to laugh at his pride in his library, his aversion to bathing, and at the way he is duped by the tricks of his wife and daughter.

To conclude, Major Petkoff is a comic figure in the play. He shows his sense of humour when he refuses to believe that Raina had learned the art of cookery and had been practicing it during his absence from home. He says that, if Raina has been practicing cookery, then Louka must have learnt how to drink. And he becomes an object of mirth when he takes his wife with him thinking that his soldiers will care more for his wife's words than his orders.

Q.5 Attempt a character sketch of Catherine Petkoff.

Ans. Catherine is the wife of Major Petkoff: She belongs to the Bulgarian nobility. She is over forty but she looks quite healthy and attractive. She has magnificent black hair and eyes. From her very looks, she seems to be the daughter of a farmer. She dresses herself in her own way and maintains herself pretty well. This is indicative of her desire and determination to grow into a lady. With polished and sophisticated tastes. She wears fashionable gown on all occasions. She looks astonishing handsome and majestic.

She is a loving wife: She wants to keep her husband as happy as she can. She

ahs due regard for him and is afraid of Bluntschli's stay in Raina's room being known to him. She knows how to manage her domestic affairs. She keeps her servants under control. Her husband is somewhat henpecked. She tells him that he is still a barbarian at heart. She keeps her watchful eye on everything concerning the welfare of her house. It is she who gets an electric bell installed in her house in the absence of her husband. This she manages her household affairs competently.

She is an affectionate mother: She is fond of her daughter. She is quite accommodating towards her. Even when her daughter's behavior is impertinent towards her, she tolerates it. She sides with her in keeping Bluntschli's intrusion into their house a guarded secret. She even has to concoct lies for the purpose.

Her attitude towards life and war is similar to that of her daughter: She feels very jubilant on learning that the Bulgarians have won a great victory over the Serbs, and that Sergius has distinguished himself greatly by his bravery and his initiative in the latest battle which was fought. She is in a state of ecstasy when she tells Raina this good news. She describes Sergius at this time as hero of the hour and the idol of his regiment. She attaches much importance to ideal heroism of war. She, too, sees life surrounded by a halo of romance. She is overwhelmingly in favour of Sergius's marriage with her daughter. Thus she has formed the same romantic image of Sergius which now Raina forms on the basis of this latest piece of news.

She is proud of her family: She is proud of her wealth and culture. She is dignified in her behaviour and always stately in her manners. When the army officer comes to search her house, she boastfully reminds him that the house belongs to the Petkoffs. The officer thereafter shows due courtesy to her. She is also patriotic and proud of her country. She is proud of her library in the house and the new electric bell. We feel amused at the vanity of this simple woman.

She has no knowledge of human character: If Catherine has good qualities, she has her weaknesses too. One such glaring defect in her is that she is a poor judge of human character. She has no insight into human nature. She fails to have a correct reading of the minds of Sergius as well as of Louka. It is not surprising that most of the characters speak ill of her on her back.

She shows much attachment with wealth; Like most women of her stage and

standing, Catherine considers wealth to be the most important thing. First she says that her daughter is accustomed to first-rate stable. But Bluntschli tells her that he as two hundred horses and good many big carriages and some seven big hotels. Now she is carried away. She is glad that her daughter is going to be married to such a rich man.

To conclude. Mrs Catherine Petkoff is a clever lady. She knows how to act on the spur of the moment. She takes no time to guess that Bluntschli has come to return the coat and he can create complications because her husband and Sergius too are present in the home. Hence she wants Bluntschli to go as early as possible. Her two qualities – patriotism and sense of discipline need a mention. This middle aged woman is not very honest and faithful wife of her husband. She is a competent manager of household affairs who has more control over the servants than her husband himself has. She has the womanly tact of leading her husband by the nose.

Q.6 Give the character sketch of Louka , the maid servant

Ans. Louka is one of the important female characters of the play ‘Arms and the Man’. She is the maid servant of major and Mrs Petkoff. She comes before us in the beginning of the play to advise Raina to close the windows and shutters. She plays prominent role in Act II as well as Act III. In the end of the play, Bluntschli asks Sergius to get married with her on his return only.

She is young and has considerably physical charms. She has a beautiful bewitching face. She is a maid-servant with the Petkoffs, a rich Bulgarian family. When she joined the Petkoffs, she was rustic in her appearance. Her fellow servant and betrothed, Nicola taught her how to present herself in a fashionable society. Though in appearance she looks quite attractive having considerable physical charms, yet in conversation she is even now Bulgarian peasant. She is quite smart and good looking. This fact is borne out by others also. Moreover, she is conscious of her physical charms. She exploits them to her advantage. She succeeds in ensnaring Sergius in her love –net.

‘She has a soul above her station. Though engaged to Nicola, she has no intention of marrying him. They have announced their engagement only in order to protect her in the household. She is highly ambitious. She is not contented with her lot. She is ambitious of marrying into the nobility. For realizing this ambition she is ready to go to any extent

without caring for moral scruples. She exploits the charm of her beautiful face to entice Sergius. According to her everything is fair in love and war.

She has contemptuous attitude towards Nicola: She is betrothed to Nicola but there exists a world of difference between their thoughts. If they had been married to each other, they wouldn't have lived happily as husband and wife. Nicola wants to set up a shop whereas she wants to get into the nobility. She ultimately succeeds in marrying Major Saranoff Sergius while Nicola remains a servant that he is. From the very beginning she treats Nicola contemptuously. She taunts him for having the soul of a servant.

She is intelligent and clever: She is known for her intelligence and cleverness. She has a keen insight into the psychology of men and women, and of this she makes the fullest use to further her designs upon Sergius. She makes Sergius dance to her tunes. She knows him inside out. She is aware of the weakness of this hero and she works on them. She very rightly judges the inclination of Raina for Bluntschli. She successfully exploits the secret of Bluntschli's stay in Raina's bed chamber to poison the ears of Sergius. Every move of her is calculated and well-planned. She knows when to strike and how to strike against her rival in love. Very systematically she brainwashes Sergius. She arouses jealousy of Bluntschli and makes him realize that his love for Raina is a farce and that her own love for him is a reality. Very cleverly she conveys to him that Raina's heart is not for Sergius but for Bluntschli. Thus she drives a wedge between Raina and Sergius. Her behaviour in this affair reveals her intriguing, maneuvering nature on the one hand and her strong determination on the other hand.

She acts as a coquette in wooing Sergius: Louka succeeds in winning over Sergius by playing a Coquette(= a woman who flirts, flirtatious act) she delivers her physical charms and attractions in a way that Sergius falls a prey to them. She puts on fashionable dress and uses aids to beautify her face. She even smokes cigarette so as to present the looks of a fashionable lady.

She is an Eaves-Dropper: She is mean enough to eavesdrop on Raina and others. She gets suspicious on seeing the pistol on the ottoman in Raina's chamber, that she is hiding someone. When she goes out and Raina shuts the door, she listens to the whole conversation between Raina and Bluntschli through the keyhole. Later on in Act III, when Raina and Bluntschli and Sergius are discussing something in the library, she is found

overhearing the entire conversation outside.

To conclude Louka is a highly intelligent girl with a sharp mind. She reveals her true character in her dealings with Sergius. She does not have the soul of a servant in her. She has ambition and she has confidence in herself. Her confidence is nourished by her observation of the weakness and faults of her superiors. She succeeds in her aim to marry into the nobility by making Nicola her tool, Raina her victim and Sergius her target.

Q.7 Give the character sketch of Nicola.

Ans. Nicola is the man servant of the Petkoff family: He is a middle aged man of cool temperament but clear and keen intelligence. He has been in the service of the Petkoff family for the last ten years. During this period he has served them faithfully and loyally. As he is the only man servant in the family, he performs various duties. He announces his engagement to Louka whom he brings as a maid servant in the family and whom he protects.

He has the soul of a loyal servant: He is the man with the soul of a loyal servant. He is presented in the play as a foil to Louka, the maid servant in the family of Petkoffs. The latter is insolent, treacherous, proud and unfaithful whereas he is a man with the soul of a loyal servant. Both know many secrets of the different members of the family. Louka leaks them out to gain her selfish ends but Nicola keeps them to himself. He cannot think of betraying his master's or mistress' secrets.

He is clear-headed and calculating realist: There is a close similarity between Bluntschli and Nicola. Both are clear-headed and calculating realists. Nicola knows his position. He knows when to speak, what to speak and how to speak. He gives Louka the right advice. He says that to know one's position and behave properly is the secret of success in life. He knows many secrets of his mistress but he is wise enough not to disclose them. Wise Bluntschli rightly says that Nicola is the ablest Bulgarian he has ever met.

He is a practical man: He practices what he preaches. He helps Louka a lot in winning Sergius over as a husband. He trains her to behave like a lady. He does not feel jealous of Sergius for taking away his betrothed.

He is not able to gain upper hand over Louka: In Act III, he reminds her about the favours done to her by him. It was he who made her give up wearing false black

hair. It was he who made her give up the habit of reddening her lips and cheeks like any other Bulgarian girl. He taught her to trim her nails and keep her hands clean. Instead of feeling grateful, she tells him point blank: 'I believe you would rather be my servant than my husband'.

He does not believe in equality: Just as he remembers his position as compared with his master's, similarly he wants the servants lower than him to remember their position. As he shows due regard to his superiors, he expects those inferior or junior to him to give him respect. Nevertheless, he believes that the servants should have a fellow feeling and that they should help each other.

He cares more for money: He is a man of low shop keeping mind. He cares more for money than for any other thing. His ambition is to establish a shop and for that he needs money. In order to get money, he is as ready to back his mistress's lies as his master's. He does not give out the secret of the one to the other. He would like to be a confederate (=accomplice) of both of them. His intention is to receive favours from each. He would rather like to see Louka in rich lady patronizing his shop, rather than make her his wife who will cost him money. He considers it advisable to humour his masters and thus to please them and get money from them by way of tips.

He is shrewd judge of human nature: He has a keen insight into human nature. His estimate of the characters of Sergius and Bluntschli are quite correct. He is tactful. He waves many situations when these are about to go wrong. He was about to rebuke Louka but the moment Sergius enters the library he at once says to him, "I was only speaking to this foolish girl about her habit of running up here to the library whenever she gets a chance to look at the books. That's the worst of her education, Sir; it gives her habits about her station'. Thus on the spur of the moment, he devises an answer calculated to impress Sergius regarding the polished tastes of the servant girl.

To conclude, Nicola is portrayed as a conscientious servant throughout the play. He wants to marry a woman whose nature is simple like his own. He understands the futility of marrying a girl like Louka.

Q.8 Who is the hero of the play 'Arms and the Man'?

Ans. A hero of a play is one who dominates the action from the beginning to the

end. The main incidents are related to him directly or indirectly. In fact the whole theme revolves around him. During classical age of drama, a hero was of eminent stature. With the advent of modern drama, the concept of drama as well as of the hero underwent a change. The hero now may have certain weaknesses. He may not have roots in nobility. But what is expected of him is that he should present the ideals that are good for the society. Shaw believed in the Shavian concept of life. His concept about characters of the drama was governed by this way of life. From this point of view, a hero of the play is one who may suffer from several weaknesses and may have some virtues or ideals that are good for the society. In other words a Shavian hero embodies the good qualities and weaknesses of an ordinary human being.

There are two characters, Sergius and Bluntschli, who can stake claim to the title of hero. Let us examine their claims. First let us take up the case of Sergius and see whether he fulfills the qualifications of a Shavian hero. He is neither an ordinary man nor does he present any idea conducive for the health of the society. He enters the play physically or in person in latter half of Act II and remains before us till the end of the play. He is Major in Bulgarian Cavalry. He possesses magnetic personality. He is deeply loved by Raina, the heroine of the play. He has brought name and fame to the country. He led the cavalry charge at Serbian Cannons. He is an apostle of higher love. But in spite of all these qualities he cannot stake claim to be the hero of this play. He is a reckless and foolish commander. If the Serbian cannons had been supplied with proper ammunition, the entire cavalry would have been destroyed. His act of flirtation is a blot on his face. A hero must be a man of high moral character but he degrades himself. Moreover he belongs to the world of romance and thus has lost touch with the realities of life. His romantic views on love and war are in no way useful for the society. He has many weaknesses but very few good points. His claims for being called the hero are ruled out. Then comes the turn of Bluntschli. He enters the play in its very beginning. The Act I closes with his falling asleep. He appears again in the act II and remains on stage till the end of the play. Thus like a hero, he remains before us from the beginning to its end. His presence, his personality his balanced mind, his real bravery, his shrewdness, his sharp insight and quick understanding and cleverness, his wit are all the heroic qualities possessed by him. He is a true soldier, a shrewd judge of human nature.

He has no roots in nobility. He is the son of a businessman. He is an incarnation of

robust realism. He has all the weaknesses and the qualities of an ordinary human being. He does not live in the world of imagination or idealism. He is practical man of the world. His views on war, soldiering and love are based on reason and facts. He exposes the absurdity and futility of war. According to him war is not to be glorified. He also ridicules the romantic view of love.

Bluntschli's views are no doubt the view of the dramatist. His philosophy is of practical utility to the society of the time. He may be clumsy or indecent on certain occasions but his good points outnumber his weaknesses. Again it is he who brings Raina and Sergius down to the plane of reality. His victory over Raina symbolizes the victory of realism over sentimentalism. He is bold, straightforward and truthful. He possesses all the heroic qualities. To conclude, he is the mouthpiece of Shaw. He shows the presence of all the qualities expected of a Shavian hero. He can rightly be called the real hero of the play 'Arms and the Man'. The strongest point in his favour is that Raina, the heroine of the play, chooses him to be her husband.

10.5. SELF CHECK EXERCISE.

Fill in the blanks:

1. Raina gives war as full of _____
2. _____ is the very incarnation of romance and Chivalry.
3. _____ is the personification of prosaic _____ and frank _____
4. _____ is the wife of Major Petkoff.
5. Shaw's play Arms and the Man is _____ comedy
6. Virgil's phrase _____ was translated by _____ as *Arms and the Man*.

10.6 ANSWER KEY TO SELF CHECK EXERCISE.

1. Military Glory
2. Sergius
3. Realism and Bluntness
4. Catherine

STRUCTURE

- 11.1 Introduction**
- 11.2 Objectives**
- 11.2 A Brief History of the Essay**
- 11.4 Writing An Essay**
- 11.5 Arrangement of Paragraph**
- 11.6 The Opening Paragraph of an Essay**
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- 11.8 Style and Diction**
- 11.9 Types of Essays**
 - 11.9.1 Narrative Essay**
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 - 11.9.4 Reflective Essay**
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- 11.11 Let Us Sum Up**
- 11.12 Suggested Readings**

11.1 INTRODUCTION

An essay is a regular and well ordered composition. In this lesson, you will read about some guiding principles concerning the treatment of the subject

matter of an essay, the building up of paragraphs, and the manner in which thoughts and ideas are expressed.

11.2 OBJECTIVES

After going through this lesson you will :

- a) be acquainted with the art of writing essays.
- b) learn about the different types of essays.
- c) have a thorough practice of writing good essays.

11.3 A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ESSAY

The first person to write an essay was Montaigne. He was a French writer. He published his collection of essays in 1580. The French word ‘essai’ literally means a ‘trial’ or an attempt. Montaigne used this term ‘essai’ to describe his pieces of writing because he felt that he was merely expressing his ‘first thoughts’ on a subject which could be treated in a more comprehensive way by some other person. He wrote short pieces in prose on different subjects. His aim was to write in an interesting manner and not merely to give information about the subject. Francis Bacon was the first English writer to write essays. He published his “Attempts” in 1597. Bacon, unlike Montaigne, wrote his essays in the form of ‘brief notes’ on different subjects, with a view to impart information. He did not believe in a personal approach to his subject.

It is Montaigne's manner and method of writing that has influenced the course and development of the English essay. The nineteenth century was the flowering period of the essay. Addison and Steele have written about the manners and morals of their society in a series of essays to amuse as well as instruct their readers. Dr. Johnson in the middle years of the eighteenth century continued the practice of writing personal essay. He defined the essay as a “loose sally of the mind” meaning thereby that one could write about one's thoughts as they came to one's mind.

There are great names in the nineteenth century in the field of essay-writing. Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and De Quincey used the essay form to reveal their own personality. Carlyle, Arnold and Mill made use of the essay to give to their readers their well considered views on criticism of

serious subjects. R.L. Stevenson was a happy exception in the line of the romantic essayists like Lamb, Hazlitt, etc.

Our own period can boast of a large number of successful essayists. In fact, the essay alongwith short story is the most popular reading today. The modern man is always hard pressed for time. He usually reads at his breakfast table or in the train, and therefore, wants something light and short to entertain and instruct him. G.K. Chesterton, E.V. Lucas, A.G. Gardiner and Robert Lynd are among the acknowledged masters of the modern essay. They can write on a trivial subject as readily as on a serious one. Mark the titles of some of the modern essays. “On Running after one's Hat”, “On Shaking Hands”, “On Pockets and Buttons”, “On lucky Bags,” “On Spendthrifts,” etc.

As a form of literature, the essay includes compositions of a varied character. Bacon, Addison, Lamb, Macaulay and Matthew Arnold, all wrote essays but their compositions have very few features in common. But for examination purpose the term essay has a definite significance. It is applied to a composition in which the writer states his knowledge of and gives his opinions about a certain topic. The essay may contain narrative or descriptive elements. But may also include comments and criticism representing the writer's own point of view. An essayist as against a historian of facts, besides giving facts, would also reveal his own mind.

A true essay is not a merely irregular or undigested piece, it has a unity of design, proportion of parts and consistency of treatment.

11.4 WRITING AN ESSAY

Aristotle said that a good drama must have a beginning, a middle and an end. This is true for an essay also. A well written essay must have a proper beginning, i.e. introductory remarks about the subject in the opening paragraph. Care should be taken not to enter into details of the subject at this stage. Some general observations will suffice. Suppose you are asked to write on “The Beggar Problem in India.” You may start by saying ‘India was at one time a land of plenty and prosperity. Begging was considered to be a sin in ancient India. The mendicants were however, permitted to collect alms. Even under the Muslim kings, begging as a profession was unheard of. With the conquest of India by the British, there was a gradual impoverishment of the people so much, that a large number of them took

to begging as the only means of keeping body and soul together.

You may begin in a more direct manner : The begging problem in our country has assumed a serious proportion. More and more people have been driven to live by begging. There is an old religious sanction for the disabled or the crippled to collect alms, since they can have no other means of livelihood.

You must have noticed that the opening paragraph of an essay merely introduced the subject. We do not learn anything definite, do not form an authoritative opinion about the beggar problem in our country, its magnitude or possible solution, we are simply told that it is of recent origin, and that there was no such thing as the profession of begging in ancient or medieval India. The detailed discussion of the subject for purposes of imparting information is taken up in the middle portion, also called the 'Body of the essay.' The pros and cons (reasons for and against) of the subject are examined in detail and presented clearly and effectively. It is advisable that each point should be presented in separate paragraph. The body of the essay 'Beggar' could be as follows :—

- (a) The places frequented by the beggars usually are places where people move in large numbers e.g., temples, railway stations, market place etc.
- (b) The methods employed by the beggars to create pity in the hearts of charitable people.
- (c) The persistence and obstinacy of the beggars.
- (d) The magnitude of the problem, Begging—a social problem, linked up with poverty of the country. It cannot be eradicated by merely banning begging legally or otherwise, conditions have to be created to provide gainful employment to the able-bodied beggars and help to live as useful and respectable citizens. "Beggars—homes" to be established for the disabled, old and unfortunate member of the community. Experience of the Western countries in solving this problem should be taken into account.

In the conclusion, the writer recapitulates or sums up what has been said. He may re-state the main point that he intended to establish or he may express some final reflections suggested by the subject. In this essay, one may suggest a possible solution to the problem. This essay could be concluded in either of the following ways :—

(a) An appeal made to the right-thinking and right-minded persons to rid society of this plague by cooperating with the government and other public organisations engaged in the work of reclaiming beggars.

(b) Repeating the argument used above under the heading given in (d), and elaborating it further by suggesting ways and means of raising funds for running the beggar homes on practical lines. Practicing begging and giving of alms to the beggars by private persons is a crime. Private charity as well as “begging to be legally prohibited....etc., etc.”

Besides this broad division of the subject matter of an essay into three parts, there are some other requirements of a good essay as follows :

1. The ideas or thoughts must be clearly expressed. Simplicity and directness are as essential as the correctness of ideas. It is advisable to keep a dictionary handy and be sure of the meaning and usage of words and phrases.
2. The material of the essay must be arranged in orderly way, that is, the various “ideas” should be properly linked together in a manner that one idea leads to another, in a natural sequence. Unarranged material ruins an essay. One should avoid after thoughts, that is to say that when a point has been made at one place, it should not be taken up again for elaboration at different places. As thought after, create confusion in the mind of the readers therefore, ideas should be so arranged that the mind of reader is carried forward by an easy transition from one to the other.
3. Attempt should be made to make the idea acceptable to the reader. In fact, the success of a writer depends on his ability to win the reader over such ideas and beliefs as he may have ordinarily rejected as false or misleading. In other words, an essay should be persuasive. In a written composition, persuasiveness can be achieved by (a) right choice of words and phrases, (b) avoiding colloquial and slang expressions, (c) drawing effective comparisons by using similes and metaphors. This makes the language more attractive and touches with charm even a dry subject, and (d) by arranging one's material in an orderly way so that

the ideas develop in a clear and logical manner.

4. The division of an essay into paragraphs is important for an orderly distribution of material. Paragraphs are constructed on the same basis of essay. Each paragraph deals with one main subject at a time and not more than one. It usually has a beginning, a middle and a conclusion. The material for the essay should be arranged according to topics, and each topic should be dealt in a separate paragraph. Suppose the subject of 'co-education' is to be discussed, then the following topics will need as many paragraphs :—

- (a) What is co-education?
- (b) Healthy influence of co-education on boys and girls.
- (c) Co-education, as a better and more economical method of imparting education.
- (d) The evils of co-education.
- (e) Its suitability to Indian conditions compared to those in the west.
- (f) Conclusion, etc. Now each of these paragraphs is supposed to introduce one idea to discuss it and to lead to a definite conclusion. Take for example, the building up of the paragraph, under the heading (e).

“What is sauce for the goose, may not be so for the gender”. Advocates of co-education do not seem to take into account the particular conditions prevalent in India, as ours is a backward country. There is clear segregation of sexes even in cities. It is not considered natural for boys and girls to mix freely and study together in a co-educational institution, when such freedom does not either exist or is not allowed in any other sphere of life. In the Western countries, on the other hand, man and woman enjoy equal rights and opportunities for self-development. There is no thing that a man can do but a woman cannot. Far from being kept within the four walls of a house, women are successfully competing and working with men in all the spheres of life. Their education, as such, need not to be different from that of men. Co-education is not merely popular there, it seem to be the only practical way of educating a vast number of boys and girls. We should, however, not be blind to the dangers of bringing boys and girls together without

a proper background training. At the same time, we should not have a more reactionary attitude in the age of democracy. We should move slowly in this matter.

Let us analyse this paragraph. The opening sentence “What is sauce for the goose etc.”, is the beginning in this paragraph, introducing a point of view for discussion. This is taken up in the body of paragraph.

The conclusion in the last three sentences of this paragraph satisfies the particular requirements of good essay also. It has a beginning, a middle and a conclusion.

11.5 ARRANGEMENT OF PARAGRAPH

But even when the difficulty of paragraph structure has been mastered, there is more to learn before a good essay can be produced. In most essays, there should be clear line of thought or argument, governing the arrangement of the material and giving coherence to the ideas :

a) If the subject is narrative, i.e. historical or biographical, the order of succession in time will be most appropriate.

b) If the subject is descriptive, the arrangement will follow the sequence in space of the subjects or events to be described.

c) If the subject is reflective or argumentative, the writer will have to show how one idea or argument leads on to another and will have to be arranged in the paragraph accordingly.

d) If the subject is of the expository class, such as, ‘Value of Games’, the writer should be careful not to mix up physical uses with the mental. It would not be wise for the writer to enlarge on some of the former, then write all he had to say on the latter and then finally to go back to the former to complete what he had left unsaid.

Thus, the essay-writer must have some plan in mind before he begins to arrange his details. You should think about the subject and note down on paper all the facts or ideas that occur to you. Then you should arrange the facts according to topic. Finally, you should arrange the topics in the order of their relevance and

importance. The arrangement of paragraphs should be such that it contributes to the total effect. The first paragraph should lead on to the second, the second on to the third and so on. This means that the opening and closing sentences of each paragraph must be carefully considered and constructed.

11.6 THE OPENING PARAGRAPH OF AN ESSAY

It is important to write a good opening paragraph for an essay. If we are able to think of a sound or original idea for sentences, the remaining sections of the essay follows naturally. But no essay can open from a bad opening. We should get rid of the idea that this section of essay needs nothing more than a collection of disconnected ideas that have only a vague connection with the subject. Distinguished essayists open their essays with a striking thought, or a striking or forcible opening sentence, or an anecdote or with a general observation having a bearing on the theme. Last is the most common opening of an essay. It should be remembered that an essay on a subject like 'Uses of Electricity', general observations or definition of 'Electricity' are out of place because everyone knows what electricity is. However, if you are writing on 'Culture and Civilisation', it is desirable to have an introductory statement defining culture and civilisation.

Whatever form of introduction is used, the reader should be able to tell from the first paragraph what the subject of the essay is.

11.7 THE FINAL PARAGRAPH

It is important to give an essay a graceful conclusion and not to bring the reader to an abrupt halt in an argumentative essay. The final paragraph presents no difficulty because the writer's own opinion will naturally come at the end. Sometimes it is possible to conclude with a generalisation suggested by the subjects. Again a quotation from some distinguished authority on the subject may serve as an apt conclusion.

Stereotyped Phrases like, '*In conclusion we may say or summing up of Finally*' must not be used.

11.8 STYLE AND DICTION

The following rules should be observed :—

1. A popular essayist can write freely in the first person singular, i.e.,

‘I.....’ But a student should carefully avoid this manner, unless it is specifically demanded.

2. It is not advisable for a student to copy the mannerisms of other writers, or consciously try to develop his own. The student should work out his own ideas and state them with sincerity and confidence.
3. There should not be ambiguity in what you write. Much of the ambiguity can be avoided by a careful use of pronouns, and by using words you are familiar with. Correct punctuation is important. It eliminates confusion.
4. Hackneyed quotations should be avoided, particularly those which do not add to the meaning or force of the composition.

11.9 TYPES OF ESSAYS

Essay may be roughly divided into five groups: Narrative, Descriptive, Expository, Argumentative and Reflective.

11.9.1 Narrative Essay :

This type of essay contains a narrative; some incident or event is narrated (related). It is in the nature of a short story. Here, the main task is to relate the incident in simple and clear manner, taking care that the events described are in a proper sequence, that is they follow one another in the order in which they actually took place. The past tense (Simple Past, I saw; Past Perfect I had not known etc. and Past Continuous, I was reading the book; as I was about to go to bed, etc. There was Ali was a trader) is usually used in a narrative essay. Study carefully the following essay. Attention to character, introduction of details of human interest, observation of life and inclusion of dialogue makes a narrative essay successful.

Study the following example of the narrative essay :-

I Shall Never Forget

Our annual examination was to begin in ten days time. The atmosphere in our hostel, particularly during the day-time was such as to make it almost impossible for us to study in peace. Thereof, we started going to tea garden, at

some three miles distance, to be able to read without being disturbed. We used to leave our place early in the morning and return after sunset. This went on for four or five days and we felt greatly satisfied with our progress.

One day, we went to the garden as usual, carrying a slightly heavier load of books, as we planned to prepare notes on a certain topic. I was absorbed in my work when the hostel servant, who brought us our lunch approached me. It was too early for lunch, but before I could ask him what had brought him there, he handed over to me a chit, presumably written by the Superintendent of our hostel. The message was brief and urgent. My father had come to the town and was waiting for me in the hostel, I hurried to the hostel on my bicycle.

I made straight for my room. It was locked, as it always is, when I am away. I went to the Superintendent's office, hoping to find my father there. He was not there either. I did not stop to make further inquiries and thought that finding my room locked, he must have gone to the house of a relative of ours. He lived at other end of town and I knew that I would have to cover a distance of six miles or more to meet my father.

It was pretty hot when I started. As ill-luck would have it, the front wheel got punctured. I had to spend good part of an hour, looking for a cycle-shop, to get the tube patched up. I was tired and in a fit of passion when I arrived at the house. I almost collapsed when I was informed that they had no idea that my father was to visit them. I did not stop there even to take water and returned in haste to the hostel.

My room was locked as before. There was no sign of anybody around. I was at my wits end. I had no heart to join my companions in the garden and I could not enter my own room because I found that I had left the key in the garden.

I stood in front of my room for some minutes and completely unaware of what was happening around me. Suddenly I saw some six boys or more holding aloft a placard (poster) with "April Fool" written boldly on it, they smiled, they laughed and they shouted. I understood all. I had been sent on a

fool's errand. It was first of April, that day.

And now note what other subjects are included in this type of essay.

You may describe an incident. (A Street Fight) or write about a Journey, or a Visit to Some Place. You may relate a story (real or imaginary) or describe the life of a person (biography) or you may write about yourself.

11.9.2 Descriptive Essay

A Descriptive Essay contains a description of some place or person or thing e.g. scene (a moonlit night, a walk by the riverside, mountain scenery, etc....) a building, a town or animal and human being (character sketch). Your essay is appreciated or criticized, depending upon your ability to make your picture (description) clear, accurate and interesting. Once again, the most important thing is to arrange your material in proper way.

Description in this type of essay must not be repetitive. If you say that the scene was 'beautiful' you should give some selected details to illustrate this, rather than just tell us again that it was 'lovely' or 'wonderful'. A dry catalogue of details can be equally dull and blameworthy. Remember that a personal observation can turn a dull record into something of literary value. The writer of descriptive essay succeeds, not by meticulously detailed work, but careful selection of the most significant items, and by treating them in such a way that the passage concerned is interesting to us as human beings. Flat, trivial matter should be avoided.

Study the following example of a descriptive essay :-

The Sky At Night

As the evening yields to night, the sky appears to be a vast stretch of darkness relieved by a star or two. Then more stars begin to peep at you, as if they were not yet certain of leaving their hiding places. Sometimes you may also see an indistinct object swiftly flying across the dark spaces of the sky. This is a bird, perhaps an owl.

As darkness thickens and dust begins to settle, the air becomes clearer.

Now the sky reveals all its hidden beauty. One would not think that there could be so many millions of stars twinkling all around, all the time, but screened from view by the day light. The heart is filled with wonder and delight. What if some way could be found to reach them and to explore the mystery that surrounds them.

The night is cold now. The Milky Way looks like a white path, laid across the bosom of the sky like a belt of pearls, girdling the substantial waist of a sky giant. The Seven Stars, the Great Bear, point silently towards the Northern star. Down on the fringe (edge) of the western horizon, the swordsman (a combination of six stars) seems to be sinking out of view. The morning star has not yet made its appearance, but the entire heavenly world seems to be largely waiting for it.

The sky at night presents a rare picture of loveliness, when the moon shoots its arrows of light across its unending spaces. Wordsworth, the poet, observed that the moon at such times is immensely pleased with itself and “both look around it with delight”. And if there is a wandering piece of cloud in its’ company, they begin to play the game of hide and seek. Sometimes, the moon illumines the dark face of the cloud. At other times, it is the cloud which covers up the moon and leaves it utterly darkened. And this goes on and on, till the cloud is torn to shreds or when the streaks of dawn, pale the glory of the moon.

11.9.3 Expository or Argumentative Essay :

In this style of essay, the writer is called upon to explain or expand something. It is concerned with facts and results rather than thoughts and opinions and as such, it is of a less abstract character than the reflective essay. It furnishes useful information about a subject. For example, while writing on a subject like ‘Gardening’ or ‘Photography’ we are expected to discuss the subject in such a way as to bring out not only what we may feel about it but also the available facts about the subject.

We may include in the list of expository subjects such topics as ‘Radio’, ‘Telephone’ etc. (scientific). The Function of Poetry (literary), Cottage Industries, etc. (general); ‘Hurry makes Worry’, etc. (expansion or explanation of saying, etc.)

Note how an expository essay is attempted. We are to write an essay on “The Press”. We shall proceed by making points or headings, concerning its important aspects, and conclude by making our own comments on what has been said about it in the body of the essay. The important thing is to write your essay in a reasonable and logical way and not just write down a series of ill-considered reflections on the subject.

THE PRESS

Introduction :

The press is called the Fourth Estate (forms a part of the state) and has a share in running the government, like the other three—the Church, the House, the Lords, and the House of Commons. It has taken the place of the Forum (place of public discussion in the Roman times). The modern man cannot be without his morning paper. The Press is the modern man's oracle. The modern man depends on the Press for information, advice and guidance.

Body :

- (a) Power of the Press in a democracy. It moulds the opinions of its reader and exercises a vast influence on them.
- (b) Importance of the Press in a backward country like India, where the “printed word” is taken to be the word of God. Helps in national integration, rooting out corruption, achieving communal harmony, five years plan etc.
- (c) As a means of general education and entertainment.

11.9.4 Reflective Essay :

You will find that although a reflective essay is supposed to give you information on what the writer likes and dislikes, its real charm lies in the manner in which the writer unfolds his personality. Let us treat the subject “Things I Dislike Most” in a reflective manner.

Things I Dislike Most

I do not like getting up early in the morning. ‘Early to bed and early to rise’, may be a good maxim, containing the essence of the wisdom of ages, but I hate the very idea of leaving my bed sooner than is necessary. I know that it is the early bird which catches the worm. I may readily accept that an early riser keeps in good trim and does not have to lose his temper to make himself punctual. I am prepared to concede that such a man makes his way everywhere in life. Nothing can, however, rob me of the bliss of lying in bed, sleeping or awake, till the sun is fairly up in the sky. Then as Coleridge said, “The world is all one’s own.” And what, may I ask in all humility, Is the earthly use of gaining time by getting up early in the morning?

If you were a lazy lot, inefficient in your job, or suffering from stomach trouble, you would have to be early on your feet, doing your morning walk or clearing arrears of office, work at home. God be praised : I have no such problems. I love to keep my eye-lids shut, dreaming on, day break or no.

I have no patience for book-worms. I cannot put up with a student who feels ill at ease everywhere else but in the midst of books. I am not such a fool as to decry the habit of reading or to say that students should not be hard-working and should not take pains with their studies. Mugging up class notes and always keeping an eye on the medal are not the same as being intelligent and distinguished. My ambition should not be merely to win a scholarship but equally well to score a century in cricket or be declared the best “speaker” of the year. The trouble with a book worm is that he considers all other activities to be a waste of time, and so refuses to have anything to do with them. He does not know the virtue of having a ‘balanced’ personality. He invests himself with an air of superiority as if to say that all those who do not burn the mid-night oil and who do not wear a long face are committing an unpardonable crime. Let him in his own delusions. I dread an old head on young shoulders.

You see one could go on writing in this strain essay to any length. A reflective essay is a mix of intimate association and delicate fancies. This is the one form in which regular and long practice alone is of any real help.

11.10 SPECIMEN TOPICS FOR PRACTICE

Go through the following list of the subjects for essay writing and make an attempt to write on as many topics as possible.

A. Topics of contemporary interest :

1. The Problem of World Peace.
2. Atomic Energy for Constructive Purposes.
(Planning for Peace)
3. Impact of Science on Modern Society.
4. India as a Welfare State (The Socialistic pattern of society)
5. National Integration.
6. The Conquest of Space.
7. Terrorism.
8. Common Wealth Games.
9. Anna Hazara- Fight for Corruption
10. Television Serials

B. Scientific :

1. Science and Human Welfare.
2. Science a Modern Curse. (Science & War)
3. Science is a Good Servant but a Bad Master
4. Science in Everyday Life

C. Descriptive :

1. A Picnic on a Rainy Day.
2. College Union Elections.
3. The scene at a Crowded Bus-Stand.
4. A walk by the River-side on full moon Night.
5. A Walking Trip in the Hills.
6. Your Next Door Neighbour.

7. The Funniest Man I have Met.
8. The Funniest Woman I have Met.
9. The Dullest Day of My life.
10. The Most Pleasant Dream I Ever Had.
11. Hawkers or the Road-Side Quacks.

D. Expository and Argumentative :

1. Students and Politics.
2. Power of the Press.
3. Importance of Travelling.
4. Nationalism vs. Internationalism.
5. Co-education.
6. Prohibition.
7. The Rights and Duties of a Citizen.
8. How Far is it Wise to Replace English by Hindi as the Official Language of India?
9. Cottage Industries in India.
10. Compulsory Military Training.
11. Our Present System of Education.
12. Village Uplift and Community Projects.

Reflective :

1. The Influence of Good Books.
2. The India of My Dreams.
3. How I Spent my Vacations.
4. My Likes and Dislikes.
5. My Idea of Progress.
6. The Future of Democracy.
7. An Ideal University.

Note :- The list is by no means exhaustive. This is prepared simply to acquaint you with the essays you are expected to prepare for your University examination.

11.11 LET US SUM UP

Well learners you now know that essay writing is a skill which has to be learnt and practiced. Essay writing involves presenting an argument and communicating. You need to remember that in essay writing the basic skills and methods are in the main common to all forms of formal writing in which an argument or arguments need to be presented.

Do Remember : An essay is a “short formal peice of writing...dealing with a single subject” having three parts :

1. An introduction that gives the readers an idea of what they are about to learn and present an argument in the form of a thesis statement.
2. A body, or middle section, that provides evidence used to prove and persuade the reader to accept the writer’s particular point of view.
3. A conclusion that summarizes the content and findings of the essay.

11.12 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. My Book of Grammer - Macmillian publishers
2. The writer’s FAQs Pocket Handbook - Muriel, Harris
3. The Good Grammar Book - Oxford Publishers
4. The Blue Book of Grammar and Punctuation - Jane Straus.

STRUCTURE**12.1 Introduction****12.2 Objectives****12.3 Model Essays****12.3.1 Energy Crisis****12.3.2 The Relevance of Parliamentary Democracy****12.3.3 Science is Not Enough****12.3.4 The Curse of Dowry System****12.3.5 Parliament and the Fundamental Rights****12.3.6 Our Cultural Heritage****12.3.7 The Problem of Adult Illiteracy in India****12.3.8 Floods****12.3.9 Social Service in Villages****12.3.10 Prohibition**

12.1 INTRODUCTION

In this lesson we are going to expose you to some model essays, so that you get a fairly good idea how to develop the body of an essay. Do practice. Besides, read newspaper, magazines, articles, on contemporary issues to improve you writing skills.

12.2 OBJECTIVES

After going through this lesson, you will learn and can further practice the art of writing essays by using the model essays as specimen.

12.3 MODEL ESSAYS

12.3.1 Energy Crisis

Some of the West Asian countries like Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait etc., are very rich in oil. Most of the advanced countries depend mainly for petroleum, crude oil etc., on the Arab countries. The Arab-Israel War in 1973, led to reduction in production of oil and its products. Since 1st January, 1974, prices have been increased manifold. The economies of most of the countries depending on the Arab sources of oil have been shattered. The whole of the world is heading towards unprecedented crisis. Oil reserves all over the world are sure to finish in less than 25 years. It is difficult to imagine the shape of things, if the Arab countries decide not to supply oil to America. According to one expert it may escalate war and the consequences there of, would be disastrous.

In cities, life will be totally disrupted—lifts will not operate, cars and buses will not play, in big industries the wheels will not move. The world will come to a standstill to meet the present energy crisis all the countries need to look for other sources of energy.

In the coming few years, the age of oil cuts, coupled with power shortages are going to damage India's economy. No great country of the world has been spending on oil imports as much as we are doing. It is very disgusting to note that we have no national energy policy.

In the seventies, oil experts had come to realise that the dark days were ahead and the age of cheap and plentiful oil was over. The countries who had foresight went about finding out available resources and alternatives.

We must promptly devise ways and means of meeting this challenge. In Assam, the process of discovering new oil fields have slowed down. In West Bengal, our oilmen are trying to explore new oil fields but the achievements are not

encouraging.

The oil crisis indeed is a crisis of energy. Oil is only a form of it. Half of the energy used in India comes from cowdung, agricultural wastes and firewood. The poor, in distant villages, have these forms of energy in plenty and free of cost. There is a fear that felling of trees for firewood may lead to disastrous results.

The urgent need is to find out alternate sources of energy. Although we make use of nuclear reactors and hydroelectric power, the fact remains that coal is the most dependable form of energy. There is enough coal in India that may last for 200 years. Eagerness was shown in the discovery of field energy and exploration of oil in the seventies. In 1970 we produced 7 million tonnes, in 1976, ten million. We are going ahead but the pace is not satisfactory.

The main concern of ONGC is the development of Bombay High and other off-shore areas but greater attention should be paid to search for on-shore oil. During the past few years, oil and gas have been struck in different places in Assam, Nagaland and Tripura.

There are alternative sources of energy. Solar heating is a potential source. Wind turbines once provided great amounts of electricity. What is needed is an imaginative approach towards the use of all available forms of energy. There are many such as coal gasification, coal liquification, geothermal energy, ocean energy and gobar gas, etc.

When every country is trying hard to produce more oil, to curtail oil consumption, or to find alternatives we should take up this matter on war footing. Otherwise we will remain at the mercy of organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Within a year CPEC raised the price of oil to a great extent. There are reports that in the near future, they are going to raise prices still further. However, wise nations have maintained a two way traffic with the Arabs. India buys oil at high rate and they buy our vegetables, meat etc. They have also discovered India as a land with excellent technological and human resources.

It is high time to draw up an energy plan. Greater attention should be paid to

the development of nuclear power and utilization of solar energy. Wastage is to be avoided, in the consumption of all forms of energy. Research for exploring new sources of energy should be geared up.

12.3.2 The Relevance of Parliamentary Democracy

The question widely debated is the relevance of Parliamentary democracy, in the light of the experience during the last three decades. Recent happenings have agitated the minds of the people and have shaken their faith in the present political set up.

Parliamentary democracy with cabinet system of government was adopted, after the British model with President as the constitutional head at the centre and Governor in a similar position for the states. Adult suffrage is the basis of elections to the Lok Sabha and the State Assemblies. Parliament and Assemblies set the pattern of development. The success of Parliamentary democracy depends on the efficient functioning of those institutions.

Money power has continued to play an increasingly dominant part in the electoral process. No doubt, money alone is not deciding factor but is a fact that without money no body can contest elections. Regarding the corrupting influence of money, Rajaji painted a sombre picture of our electoral system. One of the remedies he suggested was a ban on company contributions to party funds.

The quality of work of any Parliament depends on the integrity of its members. There is no qualification prescribed in India for a member to get elected. Mostly, the members elected to Parliament and Assemblies are not upto our expectations. Electioneering methods smack of immorality, giving rise to un-healthy trends in our society. Abuse of the adversary is the main plank of election speeches. Election propaganda is meant to educate the electorate but mostly this is not the case. In elections, the caste is a deciding factor to a great extent. Candidates are selected by political parties, keeping in view the caste structure of the constituency and this factor is given importance while seeking votes for the contestants. These factors are getting reflected in the working of Parliament and Assemblies. There is a steady deterioration in the level of debate in Parliamentary forums.

There is no check on the functioning of political parties. Politics now is not a fair game. In this state of affairs, it is not surprising to see a mushroom growth of political parties. This multiplicity itself creates many stresses and strains in the functioning of parliamentary institutions. Political leaders do not care a fig for ethical values.

During elections, tall promises are made but these are settlement and the people get disillusioned and frustrated. The very credibility of the system is at stake, so much that the people are steadily losing interest in the Parliamentary institutions.

The Westminster model is not suited to our conditions, where the majority of people are poor and illiterate. The Presidential form of government is being increasingly advocated by jurists and others. The first step in this direction is the appointment of a High Power Commission to undertake a comprehensive study of the problem and to recommend such revision of our constitution, as would guarantee the attainment of the desired objective. The Commission should comprise experts in the fields of politics, law, education etc. This is very urgent as the very future of our country hinges on it.

In Presidential system of Federal Government, an Executive at the centre and Executive Governors in the state are elected for a term of five years during which they cannot be removed and are free to govern through cabinets of experts appointed by them. This system may put an end to the evil of defection. Whatever new system we may evolve, but the underlying idea should be the stability and expert management of affairs.

12.3.3 Science Is Not Enough

This is the age of science. Science has revolutionised our lives. It has provided various material comforts and physical and mental powers to man. It has shortened time and distance and changed the means of communication. It has invented machines for man which relieve man of much of his physical exertion. Electricity has become the house essential. It cooks our food, milks our cows, works our air-conditioner, keeps us warm during winter. It has given food to the hungry, clothes to the naked, home to the homeless. It converts blighted deserts

into lush green meadows. It has given eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, legs to the lame and above all life to the dying. Science has carried man to the outer space. Man has already toured the Moon and explored Mars and Venus. Medical science has done wonders. It has cured and prevented many fatal diseases. In many other ways, science has increased human comforts and safety. It has dispelled ignorance and superstitions. The faiths of yesterday have become the superstitions of today. Science has made us clear-headed, methodical and logical.

In short, Science though only two-three centuries old is there to do miracles for us. It helps us from birth to death and by curing and checking many diseases, it adds longevity to life. Today, Science is like an Alladin's Lamp performing wonders after wonders. Atomic energy has brought about a complete revolution in our control over the vast, hitherto, unconquered forces of nature. Science has enabled us to have a complete mastery over our environment. Man has become the monarch of all the surveys. His vehicles, steamers and rockets move on the lithosphere (earth) hydro-sphere (water) and atmosphere and space respectively.

No doubt, Science has provided us material comforts, but it has given no peace of mind. It has made us material- minded. Our beliefs in God and spirit are shaken. Science lays stress on materialism and not on spritualism. Gandhiji and Tolstoy were piqued enough to give the cry, "Vain is Your Science". Many great philosophers and thinkers like Bertrand Russell and Einstein have also condemned Science because it has made life complicated. Breathless hurry and endless worries are the key notes of modern life. And these are the gifts of Science.

Science has given us material comforts but it has denied us spiritual enjoyment. It has made life mechanical and hurried. Our life is full of cares and we have no time to stand and stare. Science does not afford us any knowledge of the ultimate aim of life, the chain of birth and death and the migration of human soul. Science is of little help as far as our inner spirit and its realisation is concerned. It does not help us in appreciation of beauty, refinement of our emotions and inner recognition of goodness and to our sensitiveness to art, literature and sense of beauty. Much that is so vital in life, is, therefore, beyond the scope of science. It may not be possible for science to reveal the ultimate mysteries of life and death, and the

universe around us.

Man's life has two sides—materialistic and the spiritual. Science rules over the domain of matter, but it has no sway over the kingdom of spirit, where religion alone is the supreme ruler. Man's relations with God and Nature, the question of birth and death, the migration of soul, the idea of sin and virtue are, indeed, beyond the scope of Science. And all these items form an integral part of our life. In view of this, Science shall have to be supplemented with religion and philosophy. A combination of science, religion and philosophy may help us to realise the ultimate aim of life and universe. Science cum religion, or materialism cum spiritualism is the crying need of the hour. Mere scientific advances without realities of inner soul, spirit, etc., would make a man like a rudderless ship which can crash anywhere. Without moral values, humanity can take a plunge in the devastating wars and mankind shudders to think of the holocaust of 1945 at Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan.

12.3.4 The Curse of Dowry System

In the traditional land of India, there are bound to be many social evils. The Indian society is caste-ridden. Masses believe in superstitions and religious rituals and above all the curse of dowry system is prevalent both in urban as well as in rural areas. Frantic efforts are being made to eradicate this evil but not much success has been achieved. The people are so tradition bound that they refuse to discard the old customs. However, the progress of India will depend chiefly on our efforts to remove these evils. All our efforts to improve the social and economic standards of the people will come to nothing if we fail to grapple with and remove such evil practices as child marriage, wasteful expenditure on birth and death and above all, the dowry system.

There is no denying the fact that dowry system is an old practice in India. It could perhaps suit the feudal, autocratic, political system of the old but not the present democratic set up. Owing to inflationary trends in currency and many allied factors, the prices of the commodities have sky rocketed. People are already hard pressed and find it difficult to make both ends meet. When in marriages, they are required to arrange for the dowry, they cannot

simply afford it. Those who are poor, have to run under debt to fulfill the social obligation. The dowry system has commercialised the sacred institution of marriage and spoils the prospects of happy marriage. To treat marriage as a monetary transaction is socially degrading and morally unsound. Both the youth and their parents are responsible for this deplorable trend. Naturally parents fear that it is a curse to have a daughter. Sometimes, many promising girls of marriageable age are compelled to commit suicide and some prefer celibacy (remaining unmarried). Such has been the dread of this evil social custom.

Marriage is a sacred thing. It is the union of two souls. It is more a spiritual than a physical bond. How can abiding emotional relationship be created between man and woman if their marriage is based on monetary transaction. Such a marriage will not result in joy of marriage. A young girl who is conscious that her parents have been put to great difficulty while arranging for her dowry will never like her husband. Dowry system has already blighted many houses and ruined many parents. Those who have black money can arrange for the dowry, the poor while imitating the rich have to run under debt and embrace bankruptcy.

The anti-dowry campaign started by some social organisations has improved the state of affairs a lot. Some voluntary organisations and societies are doing a lot to do away with this evil customs. The Government must make the giving and accepting of dowry as cognizable offence and the progressive youngman should come forward to denounce it. The Government should encourage marriages without dowry by giving some kind of reward or recognition to the people. Already some states have declared incentives for inter-caste marriages in the form of government jobs and cash doles. Also court or civil marriages can go a long way to check this evil practice.

12.3.5 Parliament and the Fundamental Rights

The Indian Constitution guarantees certain specified rights to its citizens. Every Indian citizen enjoys equality before the law and equal protection of the law within Indian territory. The State must not discriminate against any Citizen on ground of

religion, race, caste, sex, place of birth etc. However, it is open to the government to make special provisions for women and children and for the advancement of backward classes of citizens including the scheduled castes and scheduled tribes.

There is equality of opportunity for all citizens in matters relating to employment or appointment to any office under the state, and no citizen shall be discriminated against on any ground, though special concessions may be extended to backward classes.

All citizens enjoy the right to freedom of speech and expression, to form unions, to acquire or dispose of property, to practise any profession or carry on any occupation, trade or business and to move freely throughout the Indian territory. However, any of these rights can be suspended during an emergency.

No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to the procedure established by law. No person who is arrested shall be detained in custody without being informed of the grounds for such arrest. No person shall be denied the right to consult and to be defended by a legal practitioner of his choice. Some of these rights may, however, be curtailed or suspended during an emergency.

Subject to public order, morality and health, all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and the right to freely profess, practise and spread religion.

Another important right relates to the minorities in the country. Any section of the citizens having a distinct language, script or culture of its own shall have the right to conserve the same. No citizen shall be denied admission into any educational institution on grounds of religion race, caste, language, etc. All minorities whether based on religion or language, shall have the right to establish and administer educational institutions of their choice.

The Constitution contains an important chapter on fundamental duties of citizens. According to this chapter, incorporated in the Indian Constitution, it shall be the duty of every citizen of India :

1. To abide by the constitution and respect its deals and institutions, the national flag and the national anthem;
2. To follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom.
3. To uphold, protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India.
4. To defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so.
5. To promote the spirit of brotherhood amongst all the poeple of India going beyond religious, linguistic and regional or sectional diversities, to give up practices harmful to women.
6. To value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture.
7. To protect and improve the natural surrounding including forests, lakes, rivers and wild life and to have kindness for all living creatures.
8. To develop the scientific temper; humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform.
9. To safeguard public property and to adjure violence.
10. To strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity, so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of achievement.

The Law Minister described the chapter on fundamental duties as a ‘Poem’ the beauty of which, he said, should not be disturbed by any additions or alterations which were proposed by some members in the parliamentary debate on the subject.

12.3.6 Our Cultural Heritage

India is well known in the whole world for her rich cultural heritage. India is very poor economically and still backward industrially but she is among the richest nations so far as her cultural heritage is concerned. We are the inheritors of several grand treasures. Our ancient seers and sages have left behind a tradition of piety, penance, spiritual greatness and a renunciation of worldly possessions. Our Vedas and our Upnishads are store–houses of spiritual wisdom. Our Vedantic

philosophy teaches existence as residing in God alone upon whom individual soul is dependent for all its activities. Our 'Rishies' tried hard for the realisation of Infinite. The 'Rishies' were persons who having attained the supreme Soul in knowledge were filled with wisdom. They were persons who having reached the supreme God from all sides and found abiding peace.

The seers of ancient India believed in the contemplative life. To realise the great harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of the universe was the main achievement of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India. It was in the pursuit, for this that they renounced the world, conquered their passion and acquired huge reserves of spiritual powers. The supreme importance of the Soul and the need to control the passion were their guiding principles. All our holy books talk of the greatness of the spirit.

We have, in other words, inherited great spiritual values compared with the West. The West has economically and industrially made much progress. It is far advanced in science and technology in all types of worldly wealth. But the west, as Tagore, pointed out, has yet a lot to learn from India. What India has to teach to the west is the spiritual values which India has derived from the ancient culture. The spiritual values include meditation and tapasya, charity and love, universal brotherhood and fear of God. The people of the west must acquire these qualities if they are to supersede millions of Indians who still possess these virtues which have come down to them from ancient times.

The Gita is one of the noblest parts of our cultural heritage. And what does it teach? It teaches us the superiority of the soul over the body. It teaches us that the soul is immortal. It also teaches us that the evil cannot continue to flourish for ever. The Divine Destroyer appears on the earth to remove evil. The Ramayana and the Mahabharata are our greatest epic poems. And what do they teach? They teach that the principle of good must ultimately triumph over the principle of evil and they teach the value of certain moral virtues. What did Buddha teach us? He taught us to attain salvation (nirvana) by controlling the desires. He set a noble example in renouncing the world.

The two greatest Indians of modern times, Gandhiji and Tagore were both

propagators of our cultural heritage. They both condemned western civilization and they taught us to develop moral virtues. They both insisted on 'simple living and high thinking', which is derived directly from our cultural heritage. Both of them wanted India to strive to become a spiritual nation. In the words of Gandhiji, "Ours will only then be a truly spiritual nation when we shall show more truth than gold, greater fearlessness than pomp of power and wealth, greater charity than love of self. Let us first seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness and the irrevocable promises that everything will be added."

There is also an artistic aspect of our cultural heritage. While on one hand we have inherited great spiritual values, we have on the other hand, a proud tradition of the arts of music, dancing, architecture and sculpture. Ajanta and Mohanjodaro, the temples in South India and at Khajuraho are examples of the Indian love of sculpture and architecture. Our classical music, and dances are admired all over the world. Our cultural troops visiting foreign lands have always received praise from their audience. By the side of our spiritual treasures are our artistic treasures. In both fields, India can claim grand achievement. To sum up, India can indeed raise its head high because we are a nation, which can be proud of its grand cultural heritage.

12.3.7 The Problem of Adult Illiteracy in India

In India, there are maximum illiterates in the age group of 15-35 and percentage of literacy is 35. Out of 100 students in the age group of 6-14, 20 do not go to any school, 55 drop out, so that only 25 complete class VIII. It should be possible to double the rate of literacy from the present 35 percent in another decade if an all out effort is made.

Wide spread illiteracy is a great hindrance to economic and social progress. Adult literacy is to be linked with the work and life of the people so that it serves as a tool for rural development. Libraries should be set up in rural and urban areas. Provision should be made for the training of literacy workers and library personnel.

A massive programme of national adult literacy, aiming at covering 10 crore

people during the next decade was launched on 2nd October, 1978 on the birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi. Students, teachers and voluntary agencies were urged by the Prime Minister to contribute to this programme. He pointed out that women and villagers constituted the bulk of the 70 percent illiterate population of the country. Special attention is to be paid to the children between age group 9-14 who drop out of school because of economic compulsions.

The Education Commission recommended a programme as compulsory national service to promote adult education. It should be possible to entrust this job to N.S.S. Organisation. The volunteers should adopt a village for literacy drive. The Planning Commission has already earmarked Rs. 200 crores for this programme.

Television should be pressed into service for purposes of implementing the adult literacy programmes. It is desirable to impart education to our masses through the medium of the radio and the talking picture. If a radio is installed in every village and villagers listen to it, they will get a lot of information and recreation. Suppose we have to tell the villagers the danger of drinking water from contaminated sources by showing an enlarged picture of a drop of dirty water as it looks under the microscope and are at the same time told how we can avoid this contaminated water, it will be very educative. Many other lessons of hygiene can be taught in this way.

The number of illiterates in India has been multiplying because of the rise in population. Illiteracy is particularly high in the rural areas and among women. It is a stupendous task and present government has set up National Board of Adult Education to implement the programme of adult literacy in a big way.

According to the Prime Minister, education must be related to socio-economic needs. He has cautioned against the programme degenerating into a mere literacy drive. It should inculcate in the learner a moral and social awareness.

The non-formal adult education programme has been launched after considerable preparation. Learning material has been prepared in almost all the regional languages.

It is essentially up to the teachers to ensure the success of the programme. One of their principal tasks would be to motivate the learner and create a will to learn, which alone could ensure that the learner, would continue to learn even after the formal training was completed.

Sh. B.D. Jatti is of the opinion that people should go back to 'Swadhyay',

the continuing education, as it was practised in ancient India. The old spirit of curiosity should be revived.

Public involvement had been lacking in the previous literacy drives. In the present education programme, the stress is on public participation and mobilization of resources. The inculcation of skills among illiterate people for self-learning leading to self-reliance is to be emphasized. Resolute determination of the government, coupled with people's willing cooperation will certainly ensure success of the present drive. The foreigners have expressed deep satisfaction about India's preparations to launch a drive against illiteracy.

12.3.8 Floods

Every year floods cause tremendous loss to crops and property. This year we had unprecedented floods. They take a heavy toll of human life and cattle. The aftermath of floods is also damaging, epidemics break out and unemployment increases.

In ancient times, the impact of flood was not severe because the country was more forested than now and the density of population was less than at present. Floods were considered a natural calamity in the old days and the government was not expected to do much in the matter of floods. This view does not hold good now when we are a free nation and the government must see to the welfare of the masses.

Since August, 15, 1947, we have undertaken a number of projects to tame rivers. The calamitous floods in 1950 led the Union Government to treat flood as a rational problem. Some years back, a flood wing was added to the Central Water and Power Commission. The Central Government financed the project to protect Dibrugarh from the havoc caused by the Brahmaputra.

State Governments undertake temporary measures to solve the problem. No attention is paid to basic principle with the result, tangible results have not been achieved so far, even though high amounts have been spent for flood control measure under five years plan.

All flood measures can be categorized as under :—

- (1) Prevention.

(2) Physical Control.

(3) Prediction.

The primary cause of floods is deforestation. Heavy rainfall for a long time causes floods. One way to control floods is to adopt extensive soil conservation measures. The proper management of areas covered by forests, grass and agriculture will go a long way in decreasing the damage caused by floods. Merciless cutting of forests should be stopped.

People's participation is very essential in controlling floods. For good results we must have a time bound plan. Physical flood control measures are structures for confining, retaining and channelling the flood waters. Embankments are the oldest structural measures and steady improvement in their height must be effected.

A very important means to control floods is to increase channel capacity by widening or deepening it. The flood forecast can help us in taking precautionary measures such as education of areas likely to be flooded. In Delhi, a flood forecasting system on the Jamuna was introduced in the Central Water and Power Commission. During the recent floods, the forecasting unit was able to predict the levels to which flood waters rose. The citizens of Delhi were forewarned.

Effective steps should be taken to solve the flood problem, but this cannot be tackled in isolation. The entire basin of a river has to be studied for maximum utilization of its water resources. Such plans can be prepared only under the aegis of the Central Government.

Most of our rivers run through more than one State. In order to control floods, joint action by the concerned states is called for. At present, the only way to secure such action is by concurrence among the effected states. The Constitution does not mention floods in any of its schedules. It is high time to examine the present constitutional position. The Constitution should be amended to give a clear mandate to the Union Government, to initiate flood control measures as a part of comprehensive river basin plans.

12.3.9 Social Service in Villages

There is a great need for social service in Indian villages. Our villagers are

mostly underdeveloped. Village folk lead a miserable life. Their condition is appalling. Because of five year plans, many steps have been taken by the government and millions of rupees are being spent to ameliorate the lot of the villagers, but much remains to be done.

Voluntary social service by individuals can do a lot in the direction of rural reconstruction. Students and teachers can take up this work in all seriousness during vacation. Gandhiji has said, "The students should devote the whole of their vacation to village service." To this end, instead of taking their walks along beaten paths, they should walk to the villages within easy reach of their institutions and study the condition of the village folk and befriend them.

The first item in any scheme of social service in villages is to spread literacy. Social workers, students and teachers should make the villagers realize the necessity of sending their children to schools. In village, children are from a very early age trained for the hereditary work which they will have to adopt on growing up. Adult literacy should be an important programme of social service.

Another important point to be emphasized is the need for family planning. The population explosion has, to a great extent, fulfilled the results of our planning. Social workers can impress upon the villagers, the imperative need of family planning which is *sine quanon* (essential condition) of their welfare and that of the country as a whole.

In our villages, people lack civic sense, they need to be educated about sanitation. We find heaps of dirt and cow-dung lying everywhere and there are pools of stagnant water which are breeding places for mosquitoes and germs. Despite all that has been done under the community projects, villagers are not yet been able to keep their houses neat and clean. Much stress, therefore, is to be laid on impressing upon the villagers to develop clean habits.

Social service programme in villages can be a success, if there is a spirit of dedication. Organized parties inspired with this spirit can work wonders. In this context, N.S.S. introduced in Universities and Colleges, a few years back has done commendable work. Under the aegis of N.S.S., volunteers are rendering real social service. Camps are held in villages, where different projects such as construction of boundary walls of schools, cleanliness of well etc., are undertaken. Adult literacy

classes are held; lessons in hygiene are imparted. Eradication of social evils prevalent in villages is to be given first priority.

Students of various Universities have done plenty of work of this kind in nearby villages. N.S.S. units are encouraged to adopt villages. In the adopted villages, N.S.S. volunteers are to take up such activities which concern all aspects of village life. It is hoped that with the concerted efforts of governmental and private agencies, there will be a marked improvement in our villages.

12.3.10 Prohibition

Prohibition means forbidding by law the sale and manufacture of liquors. The problem of prohibition is an old one. There are divergent opinions whether or not prohibition should be enforced.

Taken in moderate quantities, drinks tone up the powers of the workers in this age of stress and strain. On the other hand, excessive drinking leads to disastrous results. Prohibition is very much desired on account of number of considerations. It is a must for our country because of economic and climatic reasons. Doctors are of the opinion that wine does not increase man's efficiency, on the contrary, it affects his body and mind. The use of foreign liquor is costing us huge amount of foreign exchange and saving them can help in economic development.

The view that the State Governments and the Central Government are earning huge revenue as excise duty on wine and prohibition will result in heavy loss is not tenable. Economists hold that the labour that is employed in producing wine is totally a waste and if it is employed in useful channels, it can be a source of great economic gain.

The present government is very keen to introduce prohibition. But the past experience shows that prohibition introduced in Maharashtra a few years back did not succeed. The Maharashtra Government felt compelled to scrap prohibition because it gave rise to worse evils than these it sought to root out. The same story was repeated in other states. Smuggling and illicit distillation became the order of the day when prohibition was enforced. Moreover, corruption assumes serious proportions in the enforcement staff.

Apart from practical considerations, prohibition entails a huge loss of revenue which our government cannot afford. Total prohibition will mean an annual loss of Rs. 400 crores. The loss could be made good if we are sure that the desired

CLAUSES, TYPES OF SENTENCES, PARTS OF SPEECH

STRUCTURE

13.1 Introduction

13.2 Objectives

13.3 Clauses

13.3.1 Types of Clauses

13.4 Types of Sentences

13.4.1 Based on Meaning of Sentences

13.4.2 Based on Structure of Sentences

13.5 Parts of Speech

13.6 Let Us Sum UP

13.7 Examination Oriented Questions

13.8 Answers To Check Your Progress

13.9 Suggested Readings

13.1 INTRODUCTION:-

A clause is a group of words that forms part of a larger sentence and has a Subject and a Predicate of its own.

e.g. You may go out when you have finished your homework.

Now see the examples below:-

(a) They slept at midnight (*Slept When?*)

- (b) They slept when midnight came (*Slept When?*)

In sentence (a) the verb slept is modified by '*midnight*', whereas in the sentence (b) '*when midnight came*', also modifies the verb, '*slept*.' But the first one is an Adverb Phrase whereas the second group of words in sentence (b) is an Adverb Clause.

13.2 OBJECTIVES

The objective of this lesson is to acquaint you with the concept of clauses, types of sentences and different part of speech. You will be able to identify different types of clauses. You will also be to recognize the difference between various kind of sentences. You will also be able to use one word as different parts of speech.

13.3.1 Types of Clauses:-

- (a) Adverb Clause
- (b) Adjective Clause
- (c) Noun Clause.

A. Adverb Clause: An adverb clause is a group of words that does the function of an adverb. It has a Subject and a Predicate of its own, and forms part of a sentence. A clause can be independent clause/ main clause or it can be subordinate clause.

An adverb clause answers questions such as why? How? When? Under what circumstances?

See the following examples:-

When the teacher enters the class room. the students become silent. (Time)

I shall live **where you live** . (Place)

She is as honest **as her father**. (Comparison)

As you sow so shall you reap. (Manner)

I shall help you **as far as I can** (Extent)

You will succeed **if you work hard**. (Condition)

We wanted to **go to the museum early**. (When)

In Goa, we met friends *whom we haven't seen for years*. (Modifies noun)

I did it because I wanted to. (Reason)

Unless you work harder you will fail. (Condition)

I will do it when I think fit. (Time)

I die that India may live. (Purpose)

She walked quietly so that the baby wouldn't wake. (Purpose)

So hot was it that many died. (Result)

Though he is poor, he is honest. (Supposition)

B. Adjective Clause:- An adjective clause is a group of words that does the work of an adjective. It has a Subject and a Predicate of its own, and forms part of sentence.

See the following examples:-

a) This chair with straight legs belongs to me. (Which chair?)

b) This chair *which has straight legs* belongs to me. (Which Chair?)

The group of words, ' *which has straight legs*,' in sentence (b) describes the type of chair and so does the work of an Adjective, therefore it is an example of Adjective clause. It also modifies the quality of a noun or pronoun.

It is also followed by Relative Pronoun or Relative adjective viz; who, which, what, That, Whom, Whose, When, Why & How.

Study the following examples:-

God helps those *who help themselves*.

I like those people *who work hard*.

The people *who are rich* should help the poor.

The student, who *stands first in the examinations*, will be given a gold medal.

The women, *whom you saw yesterday* is my relative.

He lives in the city where he was born.

The shepherd found the sheep which had been lost.

They never fail who die in a great cause.

Here is the picture that fetched me first prize.

Here comes the man who is hailed as a great singer.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

A man who has diligent habits is sure to succeed.

Can you tell me the road that leads to the Red Fort?

The girl who is industrious will win the medal.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.

The time when the bus leaves is not yet fixed.

She gave me a script which is this.

Give me some snacks which I may eat.

She met a man whose eyes were brown.

The bag which has a broken chain is mine.

This is the mall that Mr. Malhotra built.

(C) **Noun Clause**

A Noun Clause is a group of words that does the work of a Noun.

See the following sentences.

a) Her passing the entrance exam has pleased me very much. (What has pleased?)

b) That she has passed the entrance exam has pleased me very much. (what has pleased?)

In sentence (b) the group of words, 'that she has passed the entrance exam,' is also the subject to the Verb pleased and therefore it does the work of a Noun. It contains

a Subject and a Predicate of its own.

Study the following examples:-

The jury declared that he was not guilty.

I do not know where she lives.

Can you tell me who she is?

What you have done is known to me.

It appears that she will not help us.

I hope that I shall reach there in time.

I confess that I am guilty.

He expects that he will get the reward.

When they will arrive no one knows.

I wonder when they will reach the Station.

I know that you have great regard for her.

That he should attempt high jump surprises me.

It is certain that he will win the election this time

I thought that you are going to conduct the examination.

God alone knows that she is quite innocent.

I hope that I shall get the documents.

My belief is that he will not come.

My wish is that I may please you.

This is where I live.

No one knows who he is.

I earn whatever I can.

What he said was true.

Life is what we make it.

They felt sorry that they lost the match.

13.3.2 Check Your Progress

Exercise-1:- Now let us do some practice. Identify the type of clause in the following sentences.

1. When they will arrive no one knows.
2. A man who talks too much is seldom listened to.
3. Though he is rich, he is not happy.
4. When the sun set, they returned home.
5. She sings as if she were a nightingale.
6. We all admire a man of industrious habit.
7. People going to bed late spoil their health.
8. The heat is so intense that I cannot bear it.
9. The time of his arrival will be notified later on.
10. His friends hoped that he would succeed.

Exercise. II:- Add suitable Adverb Clause:-

1. Fools rush in where
2. He talked so loudly
3. He will not come unless
4. He will pass it
5. Make hay while

Exercise III:- Add suitable Adjective Clause:-

1. Here comes the man
2. I remember the house

3. Here is the picture
4. The day is not yet fixed.
5. He lives best

Exercise IV Add suitable Noun Clauses

1. I know
2. We cannot work
3. Nobody expected
4. We hoped
5. The captain foretold

13.4 TYPES OF SENTENCES

You know very well that a group of words that makes complete sense is called a sentence.

13.4.1 Sentences are of different kinds:-

- | | | | |
|----|--------------------|---|---|
| 1. | Assertive | - | Affirmative

Negative |
| 2. | Interrogative | - | Questions beginning with ‘Wa’ sound
Why, What, who, Whom.....
Questions beginning with a
e.g. Is, am, are, was,
had, do, does |
| | | | e.g.
How
helping verb
were has, have,
did..... &
Modals can, could, will, would..... |
| 3. | Imperative | - | Request, Command, Forbid, Threat,
Proposal etc. |
| 4. | Exclamatory | - | Sudden expression of joy or sorrow |
| 5. | Optative Sentences | - | Wish, desire, greeting etc. |

Let us learn through examples.

- (A) **Assertive Sentences** are also called Declarative Sentences:- The statements that affirm or deny something are called as Assertive sentences. Assertive Sentences are of two types:-

- (i) Affirmative- (that means 'yes' it is so)

I am Rahul.

I live in Jammu.

I can swim.

- (ii) Negative Sentences-

She did not help me.

I am not going to Delhi.

I don't know her.

I never go late to college.

- (B) **Interrogative Sentences**

A sentence that asks a question is called an Interrogative Sentence. We use a question mark (?) in the end of the sentence. e.g.

What is your name?

Why are you late for the class?

Who are you?

Where do you live?

When is your interview?

Whose book is this?

Whom do you want to meet?

When was he born?

Are you ok?

Have you finished your work?

(c) **Imperative Sentence**

A sentence that expresses a command, a request, a desire, a threat, an advice or a proposal is called an imperative sentences e.g.

Shut the door. (command)

Please give me a glass of water. (request)

Let us go to the market. (Proposal)

I'll see you in the court. (Threat)

Take your medicines well in time. (Advise)

(d) **Exclamatory Sentences:-**

A sentence that express some strong or sudden feeling is called an exclamatory sentence. We also use a sign of exclamation (!) at the end of the sentence e.g.

What a beautiful bird!

How sweet this rose smells!

What a fool you are!

How hot it is!

What a clever boy you are!

(e) **Optative Sentence:-**

A sentence that expresses, a wish or desire or greeting is called as Optative Sentence e.g.

May God bless you!

May you live long!

Good morning! sir.

Would that I were a king!

Would that I were a bird!

May you prosper!

God save the king!

Let us study the following examples:-

I. We can change sentences into different types of sentences.

<i>S.No</i>	<i>Affirmative</i>	<i>S.No</i>	<i>Negative</i>
1	He is ill today.	1	He is not well today
2	We have a holiday tomorrow.	2	We have no holiday tomorrow
3	Somebody shouted.	3	Nobody shouted
4	Work hard.	4	Do not work hard
5	I can swim.	5	I cannot swim

II. Let us now try to change Affirmative sentences into interrogative sentences (questions).

<i>S.No</i>	<i>Assertive</i>	<i>S.No</i>	<i>Interrogative</i>
1	I am intelligent.	1	Am I intelligent?
2	He is rich.	2	Is he rich?
3	It was raining.	3	Was it raining?
4	We have done our duty.	4	Have we done our duty?
5	It must be done at once.	5	Must it be done at once?

II. Now see the different pattern of question formation:-

1	He plays cricket.	1	Does he play cricket?
2	Children like sweets.	2	Do children like sweets?
3	He did his duty.	3	Did he do his duty?

4 She went for a walk.

4 Did she go for a walk?

5 Birds Fly.

5 Don't birds fly?

TRANSFORMATION OF SENTENCES WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANING	
Affirmative	Negative
I was doubtful whether it was you.	I was not sure that it was you.
She is greater than I.	I am not so great as she. (is)
Agra is the most beautiful city in India.	No other city in India is as beautiful as Agra.

He is sometimes foolish.

He is not always wise.

This tree is too tall to climb.

This tree is so tall that it cannot be climbed.

TRANSFORMATION OF SENTENCES WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANING	
Interrogative	Assertive
Shall I ever forget those happy days?	I shall never forget those happy days.
When can their glory fade?	Their glory can never fade.
Why waste time in idle gossip?	It is useless to waste time in idle gossip.

Who doesn't want to be rich?

Everyone wants to be rich.

Who wants to be poor?

No one wants to be poor.

Now it's time for self-analysis:-

Exercise I: Identify the type of word from the following sentences.

1. I do not object to it.
2. Who is at the door?
3. I had never seen her before.
4. There is milk in the jug.

5. Ravi sings well.
6. She will come today.
7. Do not make a noise.
8. What a fool you are!
9. May you succeed!
10. Whose book is this?
11. Please give me a pen.
12. Soldiers! March on.

13.4.2 Types of Sentences based on Sentence Structure.

Sentences can be classified on the basis of sentence structure. The number of clauses and kinds of clauses helps in classifying the sentence construction following are the types of sentences on the basis of number of clauses.

1. Simple Sentence.
 2. Compound Sentence.
 3. Complex Sentence.
1. **Simple Sentence:** A simple sentence consists of only one clause. e.g.
 I like mangoes.
 I am John.
 India is a great country.
 I can swim.
 He is rich.
 2. **Compound Sentences:-** A compound sentence consists of two or more independent clauses.
 Remember: A compound sentence can be broken into two independent sentences.

e.g. He as well as his friends work hard.

(a) He works hard.

(b) His friends work hard.

e.g. He is rich but miser.

(a) He is rich.

(b) He is miser.

See the following sentences

e.g. The police fired into the air and the people ran away.

(a) _____

(b) _____

e.g. He was not only punished but also dismissed.

(a) _____

(b) _____

e.g. Speak the truth otherwise I shall punish you.

(a) _____

(b) _____

e.g. I like mangoes while my brother is fond of apples.

(a) _____

(b) _____

Remember:- Some important co-ordinate conjunctions are used to add two independent clauses e.g. and, as well as, not only-but also, neither-nor, either-or, otherwise, but, while, therefore, for , etc.

3. **Complex Sentence:** A complex sentence is made up of at least one independent clause (main clause) and one or more subordinate or dependent clauses.

e.g. He is the person on whom you can depend.

If you work hard, you will pass.

They won the match because they had worked very hard.

I do not know where he lives.

Whatever you say is true.

As you sow so shall you reap.

When the teacher enters the class room, the students become silent.

Though he is poor yet he is honest.

TRANSFORMATION OF SENTENCES

Simple: He must work hard to win the first prize.

Compound: He must work hard or he will not win the first prize.

Simple: He confessed his crime.

Complex: He confessed that he was guilty.

Simple: He owed his success to his father.

Complex: It was owing to his father that he succeeded.

Simple: He must not attempt to escape, on pain of death.

Compound: He must not attempt to escape, or he will be put to death.

Simple: Besides robbing the poor child, he also murdered her.

Compound: He not only robbed the poor child but also murdered her.

Compound: Do as I tell you, or you will regret it.

Complex: Unless you do as I tell you, you will regret it.

Compound: He had to sign, or be executed.

Complex: If he had not signed, he would have been executed.

Compound: She wishes to become learned, therefore she is studying hard.

Complex: She is studying hard that she may become learned.

13.5 PARTS OF SPEECH

Same word used as Different Parts of Speech

Before we study the formation of one word as different parts of speech, let us carefully read the following sentence:-

I live in Jammu.

Let us now dissect it into different parts of speech:-

I

live

in

Jammu.

Pronoun

verb

Preposition

Noun

First Person

Proper Noun

So, there are basically eight parts of speech and articles. You must have studied parts of speech in your previous classes.

When same word is used as a different part, of speech it does the function of a noun, or pronoun, or verb or an adverb or an adjective or a preposition as a conjunction and rarely as interjection.

Now, if we say:-

I have **lived** in the West end all my life.

Here it acts as a Noun because here lived means have ones home.

We will see the live coverage of IPL match.

Here it is pronounced as /LA IVE/that means live coverage. It is an adverb.

Study the following examples:-

Light

The earth receives the **light** of the sun. (Noun)

John gathered woods and lit a fire. (Verb)

Please come forward and light the lamp. (Verb)

The room is full of natural light. (Adjective)

Do not take it lightly. (Adverb)

Book

This is a book of selected poems. - Noun

Please book my tickets for tomorrow's flight. - (Verb)

He is a book-worm. - (Adjective)

After

I will see you **after** the break. - (Preposition)

She was apologetic after years. - (Adjective)

The room was filled with water after the taps were left running. (Conjunction)

Place

Keep a place for my friend also. - (Noun)

Where have you placed my book? - (Verb)

Above

The plane flew **above** the clouds. - (Preposition)

Read the **above** sentences carefully. - (Adjective)

Seen from **above** the house looked small. - (Adverb)

But

None but the brave deserve the fair. - (Preposition)

She tried hard **but** failed. - (Conjunction)

I don't want to hear any **if** and **buts**. - (Noun)

Calm

- The weather is calm now. - (Adjective)
- The leaders appealed for calm. - (Noun)
- The teacher calmly answered the questions. - (Adverb)
- I need to listen to some music for calming my nerves . - (Verb)

Down

- She drowned coffee hurriedly. - (Verb)
- The lamb ran down the hill. - (Preposition)
- She came down from the stage. -
(Adverb)
- She lives down town. - (Adjective)

Ill

- I have no ill will against anyone . -
(Adjective)
- I don't believe in talking ill of others. - (Adverb)
- I hope she is not ill . - (Adjective)
- The department is plagued with many ills . - (Noun)

Long

- I long for my childhood days. - (Verb)
- The snake that I saw was six feet long. -
(Adjective)
- It seems to be long day today. - (Adverb)

Up

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail water.	-	(Preposition)
One has to face many ups and down in one's life.	-	(Noun)
Petrol and Diesel prices have gone up.	-	
(Adverb)		

As

He is working as an assistant.	-	(Preposition)
The thief ran as fast as he could.	-	(Adverb)
As you sow so shall you reap.	-	(Conjunction)

Exercise 13.2.3 make sentences with the help of following words. Use as different parts of speech.

Play as Noun and Verb.

Food as Noun and Verb.

Pray as Noun and Verb.

13.6 LET US SUM UP

So, we studied clauses and its types and I am sure now you will be able to identify how noun clause, adjective clause and adverb clause function in a sentence. We also studied different types of sentences based upon tone and meaning and sentence structure. We also practiced the use of one word as different parts of speech.

13.7 EXAMINATION ORIENTED QUESTIONS

Q1. Find the adjective, adverb or noun clauses in the sentences below:-

1. Reeta is my cousin who died several years ago.
2. A manager can work wherever he wants.
3. Now I know why you didn't want to attend the meeting.
4. I do it because I choose to.
5. I forgive you since you repent.

Q2. Do as directed.

Transform the following sentences:-

1. She must work hard to win the prize. (compound)
2. The boy was disobedient and so the teacher punished him. (simple)
3. We must eat to live. (compound)
4. He declared his innocence. (complex)
5. Tell me your address. (complex)
6. How long I shall stay is doubtful. (simple)
7. I have no advice that I can offer you. (simple)
8. I make a promise only to keep it. (Complex)
9. Unless you do as I tell you, you will regret it. (compound)
10. Waste not, want not. (complex)

Q3. Make sentences by using the following word as different parts of speech.....

1. Better (as an Adverb)
2. Down (as an Adjective)
3. Near (as an Adverb)
4. More (as Pronoun)
5. Even (as adjective)

13.8 ANSWERS TO CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

Answers

Exercise- I (i) Noun Clause, (ii) Adjective Clause (iii) Adverb Clause (iv) Adverb Clause (v) Adverb Clause (vi) Adjective Clause (vii) Adverb Clause (viii) Adverb Clause (ix) Adjective Clause (x) Noun Clause.

Answers:- (i) Negative Sentence, (ii) Interrogative, (iii) Negative, (iv) Affirmative (v) Affirmative (vi) Affirmative (vii) Negative, (viii) Exclamatory (ix) Optative (x)

Course No : AA 601 SECTION - C Semester-VI

LESSON No. 14 TRANSFORMATION OF SENTENCES Unit-IV

**CONVERSION OF SENTENCES FROM AFFIRMATIVE TO NEGATIVE
AND FROM INTERROGATIVE TO ASSERTIVE AND VICE VERSA**

STRUCTURE

14.1 Introduction

14.2 Objectives

14.3 From Affirmative to Negative and Vice Versa

14.4 Self - Assessment Exercise - I

14.4.1 Answer Key : Self Assessment Exercise - I

14.5 Self - Assessment Exercise - II

14.5.1 Answer Key : Self Assessment Exercise - II

14.6 From Interrogative to Assertive and Vice Versa

14.7 Self - Assessment Exercise - III

14.7.1 Answer Key : Self Assessment Exercise - III

14.8 Self - Assessment Exercise - IV

14.8.1 Answer Key : Self Assessment Exercise - IV

14.9 Let Us Sum Up

14.10 Suggested Readings

14.1 INTRODUCTION

To change a sentence from one grammatical form to another without altering its meaning is called TRANSFORMATION OF SENTENCES. When we transform a sentence, we change its structure without changing its sense or meaning. This can be done in various ways and the study of all such ways as are employed for transformation is very interesting and useful.

14.2 OBJECTIVES

The objective of this section is to explain you how to transform affirmative sentences into negative sentences and interrogative sentences into assertive sentences. Various examples have been given in the section showing how affirmative sentences can be converted into negative sentences, also examples are given showing how interrogative sentences can be converted into assertive sentences.

14.3 FROM AFFIRMATIVE TO NEGATIVE AND VICE VERSA

1. By Removing or Using the Adverb 'too'

Affirmative	Negative
i) He is too simple to deceive anybody.	He is so simple that he cannot deceive anybody.
ii) The fact is too evident to require any proof.	The fact is so evident that it does not require any proof.
iii) He is so credulous that he can be easily deceived.	He is too credulous not to be easily deceived.
iv) This was so great an honour that it excited the envy of his rivals.	This was too great an honour not to excite the envy of his rivals.

2. BY INTERCHANGING THE DEGREE OR COMPARISON

Affirmative	Negative
i) Tagore was the greatest poet of India.	No other poet of India was as great as Tagore.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| ii) Lata is the best singer of India. | No other singer of India is as good as Lata. |
| iii) Ram is taller than Sham. | Sham is not so tall as Ram. |
| iv) Exercise is as necessary as food. | Exercise is no less necessary than food. |

3. By putting a 'Negative Prefix' or a word having meaning opposite to the negative words and placing "no or not" before it :

Affirmative	Negative
i) This knife is sharp	This knife is not blunt.
ii) I dislike your childish habits.	I do not like your childish habits.
iii) It is possible to cross this river.	It is not impossible to cross this river.
iv) Our team lost the match.	Our team did not win the match.
v) He was kind to me.	He was not unkind to me.

4. By using Double Negatives :

Affirmative	Negative
i) I saw the Taj Mahal	I did not fail to see the Taj Mahal.
ii) He is hopeful.	He is not without hope.
iii) We tried every plan.	We left no plan untried.
iv) He loved his country.	He was not without love for his country.

5. By changing "as soon as" into "no sooner..... than".

Affirmative	Negative
i) As soon as the teacher entered the class room, all the boys stood up.	No sooner did the teacher enter the class room than all the boys stood up.

ii) As soon as the sky is overcast, the peacock begins to dance.	No sooner is the sky overcast than the peacock begins to dance.
iii) As soon as we reached the station, the train left.	No sooner did we reach the station than the train left.
iv) As soon as the motion was tabled the members of opposition group staged a walk out.	No sooner was the motion tabled than the members of opposition group staged a walk out.
v) As soon as the trouble started the authorities clamped indefinite curfew.	No sooner did the trouble start than the authorities clamped indefinite curfew.

6. By changing ‘only’ into ‘None but’ or ‘Nothing but’

Note : ‘None but’ is used in case of a person and ‘Nothing but’ is used in case of a thing.

Affirmative	Negative
i) Only a fool would do this	None but a fool would do this.
ii) Only graduates need apply for this post.	None but graduates need apply for this post.
iii) I want only this book.	I want nothing but this book.
iv) I want only a cup of tea.	I want nothing but a cup of tea.

7. By changing “lest.... should” into “so that may not/might not.”

Affirmative	Negative
i) Walk carefully lest you should stumble.	Walk carefully so that you may not stumble.
ii) He walked fast lest he should miss the train.	He walked fast so that he might not miss the train.

8. By using “Not only,..... but also.”

Affirmative	Negative
i) He is both intelligent and hard working	He is not only intelligent but also hard working.
ii) The passenger lost his tickets as well as his luggage.	The passenger lost not only his tickets but also his luggage.
iii) He gave me useful advice as well as financial help.	He gave me not only useful advice but financial help also.
	OR
	He gave me not only useful advice but also financial help.

14.4 SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – I

Transform the following Affirmative sentences into negative sentences :—

- 1) He is too weak to walk.
- 2) As soon as he saw us, he ran away.
- 3) Forgiveness is the noblest form of revenge.
- 4) Only a mean person can stoop so low.
- 5) Refrain from smoking.
- 6) I like him.
- 7) He admitted having stolen my books.
- 8) They crossed the river.
- 9) Only the brave deserve the fair.
- 10) Man is mortal.

14.4.1 ANSWER KEY : SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – I

- 1) He is so weak that he cannot walk.
- 2) No sooner did he see us than he ran away.
- 3) No other form of revenge is so noble as forgiveness.
- 4) None but a mean person can stoop so low.
- 5) Do not smoke.
- 6) I do not dislike him.
- 7) He did not deny having stolen my books.
- 8) They did not fail to cross the river.
- 9) None but the brave deserve the fair.
- 10) Man is not immortal.

14.5 SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – II

Transform the following sentences from negative to affirmative.

- 1) He is not insincere.
- 2) We left no plan untried.
- 3) No other boy of my class is so handsome as Nitin.
- 4) She is too intelligent not to know it.
- 5) None but a fool will say that he is always right.
- 6) He is so proud that he will not beg.
- 7) He did not fail to help us.
- 8) He is not unworthy of our respect.
- 9) They did not come quickly.
- 10) No sooner did we leave the college than it started raining.

14.5.1 ANSWER KEY : SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – II

- 1) He is sincere.
- 2) We tried every plan.
- 3) Nitin is the most handsome boy of my class.
- 4) She is so intelligent that she knows it.
- 5) Only a fool will say that he is always right.
- 6) He is too proud to beg.
- 7) He helped us.
- 8) He is worthy of our respect.
- 9) They came slowly.
- 10) As soon as we left the college, it started raining.

14.6 FROM INTERROGATIVE TO ASSERTIVE AND VICE VERSA

An assertive sentence is one in which a definite statement is made. An interrogative sentence is one in which a question is asked. However, a question is sometimes put to suggest the answer that the speaker has in mind. For e.g. 'Can I ever forget those happy days ?' In this sentence the speaker wishes to say that he can never forget those happy days. Thus this sentence contains the answer as well. We write this sentence in the assertive form as under :—

'I can never forget those happy days.'

NOTE : An Affirmative question will suggest a negative answer while a negative question will suggest an affirmative answer.

Interrogative	Assertive
1) When can their glory fade ?	Their glory can never fade.
2) Who does not want to be rich ?	Everyone wants to be rich.
3) Who has not heard of Pt. Nehru ?	Everyone has heard of Pt. Nehru.

4) What though we are not rich ?	It does not matter much if we are not rich.
5) Why cry over spilt milk ?	It is no use crying over split milk.
6) Is the dog not a faithful animal ?	The dog is a faithful animal.
7) O solitude, where are thy charms ?	Solitude does not have any charms.
8) What have I done to incur your wrath ?	I have done nothing to incur your wrath.
9) Is this the way to talk to your father ?	This is not the way to talk to your father.
10) How can you trust a cheat ?	You cannot trust a cheat.
10) Is not a rose a lovely flower ?	A rose is a lovely flower.
11) Is not money the root of all evils ?	Money is the root of all evils.
12) Didn't I tell her to beware of pick pockets ?	I told her to beware of pick pockets.
13) Does it not take two to make a quarrel ?	It takes two to make a quarrel.
14) Do two and two not make four ?	Two and two make four.

14.7 SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – III

Transform the following from interrogative to assertive sentences :—

- 1) Am I blind to my shortcomings ?
- 2) Were they invited to the party ?
- 3) Can a leopard change his paws ?
- 4) Shall we ever forget her hospitality ?
- 5) Of what use is this pen to me ?
- 6) When can their glory fade ?

- 7) Is he a fool to annoy us ?
- 8) Can a man fly like a bird ?
- 9) Who can put up with such an insult ?
- 10) Is she anything to him ?

14.7.1 ANSWER KEY : SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – III

- 1) I am not blind to my shortcomings.
- 2) They were not invited to the party.
- 3) A leopard cannot change his paws.
- 4) We shall never forget her hospitality.
- 5) This pen is of no use to me.
- 6) Their glory can never fade.
- 7) He is not a fool to annoy us.
- 8) A man cannot fly like a bird.
- 9) No one can put up with such an insult.
- 10) She is nothing to him.

14.8 SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – IV

Transform the following sentences into interrogative sentences :

- 1) He is not a fool.
- 2) He did not cross the river.
- 3) He is not deaf.
- 4) Their glory can never fail.
- 5) Vegetarians do not eat meat.
- 6) This is not the way to behave.
- 7) They are not very poor.

- 8) No one can serve two masters.
- 9) We should not hate the poor.
- 10) Money is not everything in life.

14.8.1 ANSWER KEY : SELF-ASSESSMENT EXERCISE – IV

- 1) Is he a fool ?
- 2) Did he cross the river ?
- 3) Is he deaf ?
- 4) Can their glory ever fail ?
- 5) Do vegetarians eat meat ?
- 6) Is this the way to behave ?
- 7) Are they very poor ?
- 8) Who can serve two masters ?
- 9) Should we hate the poor ?
- 10) Is money everything in life ?

14.9 LET US SUM UP

Dear learners, now it is clear to you how to change affirmative sentences into negative sentences and interrogative sentences into assertive sentences. Always remember this transformation of sentences takes place without changing the meaning of the sentences.

14.10 SUGGESTED READINGS

- 1) Communication Skills in English (Oxford University Press)
- 2) Essential English Grammar (Cambridge University Press)
- 3) Intermediate English Grammar (Cambridge University Press)
- 4) English Grammar and Composition (Wren & Martin) Published by S.Chand and Co. New Delhi.

Course No : AA 601	SECTION - D	Semester-VI
LESSON No. 14	ONE WORD SUBSTITUTION	Unit-IV

STRUCTURE

- 14.1 Introduction**
- 14.2 Objectives**
- 14.3 One Word Substitution**
- 14.4 Self-Check Exercise**
- 14.5 Check Your Progress (CYP)**
- 14.6 Let Us Sum Up**
- 14.7 Answer Key (CYP)**
- 14.8 Suggested Readings**

14.1 INTRODUCTION

In one word substitution a single word is used to appropriately replace a group of words forming a sentence.

Knowledge of one word substitution helps in achieving proficiency in English Language.

14.2 OBJECTIVES

The objective of this lesson is to acquaint the learners with one word substitution.

14.3 ONE WORD SUBSTITUTION

1. Something dull and uninteresting. **—Monotonous**
2. A style full of words. **—Verbose**

3. An office for which no salary is paid.	—Honorary
4. A person who is liked by all.	—Popular
5. A speech made for the first time.	—Maiden
6. A person who believes in fate.	—Fatalist
7. That which ends in death.	—Fatal
8. A person who is unable to pay debts.	—Insolvent or Bankrupt
9. That must happen.	—Inevitable
10. A speech made without previous preparation.	—Extempore
11. Remarks not to the point.	—Irrelevant
12. A story which is difficult to believe.	—Incredible
13. One who cannot be elected according to law.	—Ineligible
14. Handwriting which cannot be easily read	—Illegible
15. Fit to be eaten	—Edible
16. A loss which cannot be repaired	—Irreparable
17. One who is all powerful	—Omnipotent
18. Something that is present everywhere	—Omnipresent
19. From time to time	—Occasionally
20. To do a thing at one and the same time.	—Simultaneously
21. An impression which cannot be easily removed.	—Indelible
22. That which cannot be satisfied	—Insatiable
23. A word which is no longer in use	—Obsolete
24. A person who lives on others	—Parasite
25. To repeat word for word	—Verbatim
26. One who knows many languages	—Linguist
27. A person who looks at the bright side of life	—Optimist
28. A person who looks at the dark side of life	—Pessimist

29. That which is contrary to law	—Illegal
30. A person with a bad reputation	—Notorious
31. A speech which cannot be understood	—Unintelligible
32. To lay stress on	—Emphasis
33. Two persons ruling or living at the same time.	—Contemporary
34. Incapable of being cured	—Incurable
35. With one voice	—Unanimously
36. To root out an evil	—Eradicate
37. A person who lives on vegetables	—Vegetarian
38. An assembly of hearers	—Audience
39. A person who eats too much	—Glutton
40. A person who can neither read nor write	—Illiterate
41. Going from bad to worse	—Deteriorate
42. A person who is a total abstainer from all alcoholic drinks	—Teetotaller
43. A person who is hard to please	—Fastidious
44. One who believes in God	—Theist
45. A place where dead bodies are kept	—Mortuary
46. Difficulties which cannot be overcome	—Insurmountable
47. Incapable of being conquered	—Invincible
48. To injure one's reputation	—Defame
49. A person who thinks only of himself	—Egoist
50. To excite a person to commit a crime	—Instigate
51. Examination of a dead body	—Postmortem
52. A man interested in the welfare of women	—Feminist
53. To be reserved in speech	—Reticent

54. One who eats human flesh	—Cannibal
55. A substance which can be easily broken	—Brittle
56. One who knows everything	—Omniscient
57. Something useful for health	—Wholesome
58. A medicine that kills germs	—Germicide
59. A person who goes along a road on foot	—Pedestrian
60. A cinema show held in the afternoon	—Matinee
61. Of one's own, free will	—Voluntarily
62. To make enquiries	—Investigate
63. Life story of a person written by somebody else	—Biography
64. Life story of a person written by himself / herself	—Autobiography
65. Word opposite in meaning to other	—Antonym
66. Words having a similar but not an identical meaning	—Synonym
67. A book or paper written by hand	—Manuscript
68. A man of unusual habits	—Eccentric
69. Want of rain	—Drought
70. One who does not believe in God	—Atheist
71. A person who is indifferent to pleasure or pain	—Stoic
72. To completely destroy	—Annihilate
73. A person who cannot be easily approached	—Inaccessible
74. A place where clothes are kept	—Wardrobe
75. Animal that eats flesh	—Carnivorous
76. That which does not bear the name of the writer	—Anonymous
77. A person who cannot make a mistake	—Infallible

78. A person who is fond of refined sensuous pleasures	—Epicurean
79. The act of renouncing the crown by a king	—Abdication
80. A person living in a foreign country	—Alien
81. A child born after the death of his father or a book published after the death of the writer.	—Posthumous
82. Belief in God and nature	—Pantheism
83. A lover of humanity	—Philanthropist
84. One who is at home in all countries	—Cosmopolitan
85. One who is out to destroy all governments	—Anarchist
86. To favour one's own relatives	—Nepotism
87. Too much official formality	—Red-tapism
88. One who bears the same name as the other	—Namesake
89. That which is found everywhere	—Universal
90. A man whose wife is dead	—Widower
91. Without money	—Penniless
92. Something that cannot be seen	—Invisible
93. Something that can be seen	—Visible
94. Easily made angry	—Irritable
95. A breaker of images	—Iconoclast
96. To turn friends into enemies	—Alienate
97. One who is keenly desirous of money	—Avaricious
98. More advanced for one's age	—Precocious
99. A person with narrow religious views	—Fanatic
100. Something that cannot be dispensed with	—Indispensable
101. A list of books etc.	—Catalogue
102. Incapable of being corrected	—Incorrigible

103. A person's last utterance	—Swan-song
104. A style which cannot be imitated	—Inimitable
105. A person lacking knowledge	—Ignorant
106. Something that cannot be heard	—Inaudible
107. Something that can be heard	—Audible
108. That which lasts for a short time	—Transient
109. Incapable of being seen through	—Opaque
110. A figure with eight sides	—Octagon
111. A person who is deprived of protection of law	—Outlaw
112. Capable of being seen through	—Transparent
113. That which can be dissolved	—Soluble
114. That which cannot be dissolved	—Insoluble
115. Murder of one's self	—Suicide
116. Capable of two interpretations	—Ambiguous
117. State of being married	—Matrimony
118. Female animals which suckle their young one's	—Mammals
119. Worthy to be remembered	—Memorable
120. One who speaks for others	—Spokesman/Spokesperson
121. Trade prohibited by law	—Illicit
122. Giving and receiving	—Exchange
123. A scheme that can be put into practice	—Practicable
124. A student who is absent from the class without permission	—Truant
125. A government carried on through officers	—Bureaucracy
126. A child brought up by those who are not his parents	—Foster-child

127. A vote which decides an issue in hand	— Casting vote
128. Objects having life	— Animate
129. Objects having no life	— Inanimate
130. One who spends money lavishly	— Spendthrift
131. That which cannot be calculated	— Incalculable
132. Persons working in the same department	— Colleagues
133. Animals which live in water	— Aquatic
134. Animals which like to live in flocks	— Gregarious
135. Government by the priests	— Theocracy
136. A person in the habit of continual talking	— Loquacious
137. Animals with two feet	— Biped
138. The custom of having two wives or two husbands at a time	— Bigamy
139. Animals which live on land only	— Terrestrial
140. Liable to catch fire easily	— Inflammable
141. Incapable of being seized	— Impregnable
142. Money paid to employees on retirement	— Gratuity
143. One who does not show favour to anyone	— Impartial
144. The state of being unmarried	— Celibacy
145. To preserve from extinction	— Perpetuate
146. To wander from the main theme	— Digress
147. To throw light on something difficult	— Elucidate
148. A formal accusation or charge against a person	— Indictment
149. Practice of spying	— Espionage
150. To work out the plan in all its details	— Elaborate
151. Having many wives at a time	— Polygamy

152. That which cannot be explained	— Inexplicable
153. That which cannot be defended	— Indefensible
154. Government by nobles	— Aristocracy
155. A man who is too much like a woman	— Effeminate
156. One who does not care for literature and art	— Philistine
157. A person suffering from nervous disorder	— Neurotic
158. An exaggerated statement	— Hyperbola
159. Government by one person	— Autocracy
160. This thing is very pleasing to eat	— Tooth-some
161. The murder of a king	— Regicide
162. The murder of infants	— Infanticide
163. The act of speaking about one's thoughts when one is alone	— Soliloquy
164. Making more rapid in speed	— Accelerate
165. The murder of one's own father	— Patricide
166. A person who has no regard for other's feelings	— Inconsiderate
167. To express disapproval of	— Dissent
168. Story of old time gods or heroes	— Myth
169. The art practiced by the statesmen	— Diplomacy
170. To lower the value of	— Depreciate
171. The notice of somebody's death in a newspaper	— Obituary
172. A line of persons waiting	— Queue
173. One who keeps guard	— Watchman
174. Of very little worth	— Trivial
175. Not expert in a profession	— Lay-man

176. An unexpected good fortune	—God-send
177. To make the facts known	—Intimate
178. That which cannot be counted	—Innumerable
179. To join as friend or partner	—Associate
180. Speaking in a slow and melancholy manner	—Pensive
181. What we say about a man after his death	—Epitaph
182. To run the risk of losing one's right	—Jeopardise
183. Place of permanent residence	—Domicile
184. That which can be explained	—Explicable
185. A general pardon by the government to political offenders	—Amnesty
186. A member of the middle class	—Bourgeois
187. Confusion of mind	—Embarrassment
188. To atone for all sins	—Expiate
189. A place where birds are kept	—Aviary
190. The science of plant life	—Botany
191. A movement which cannot be suppressed	—Irrepressible
192. A lady's umbrella	—Parasol
193. A room for storing grain	—Granary
194. Deviation from the common rule	—Anomaly
195. That which cannot be changed	—Irrevocable
196. One who is insensible to kind thoughts or sympathetic feelings	—Callous
197. A measure which cannot be justified	—Unjustified
198. A medicine that induces sleep	—Narcotic
199. To unearth by digging	—Excavate

200. A rise and fall in the waves	—Undulate
201. Talking disrespectfully of sacred things	—Blasphemy
202. Practice of spying	—Espionage
203. A medicine which prevents putrefaction	—Antiseptic
204. A disease inherited from birth	—Congenital
205. One who walks in sleep	—Somnambulist
206. To compel a person to do a thing	—Coerce
207. Taking a man out of difficulty	—Extricate
208. A place for invalids or convalescents	—Sanatorium
209. The murder of one's own mother	—Matricide
210. To change one's mind so often	—Vacillate

14.4 SELF-CHECK EXERCISE

1. Which can be eaten -
2. One who loves books -
3. One who speaks less -
4. One who goes on foot -
5. One who believe in fate -
6. One who is quite like women -
7. One who loves mankind -
8. One who is recovering from illness -
9. One who works for free.
10. One who is easily deceived -

14.5 CHECK YOUR PROGRESS (CYP)

1. A judge's private room, without the press or the public being present-

2. A period of time in the past that was idyllically happy and peaceful-
3. A tax or levy-
4. An abbreviation formed from the initial letters of other words and pronounced as a word-
5. An ability to do several things at the same time-
6. An ability to express oneself well in speech-
7. An ability to make good judgements and take quick decisions-
8. An ability to see what will or might happen in the future-
9. An ability to stay calm in difficult or dangerous situations-
10. An ability to use one's hands skillfully or an ability to think quickly and effectively-
11. An ability, talent, or special skill needed to do something-
12. Able to become strong, healthy, or successful again after something bad happens-
13. Able to do many different things-
14. Able to exist together without trouble or conflict going together well-
15. Acceptable according to the law, fair or reasonable-
16. Accepting and closely following the traditional beliefs and customs of a religion-
17. An act of burying a dead person-
18. An act of carefully watching someone or something especially in order to prevent or detect a crime-
19. An act of causing two people or groups to become friendly again after an argument or crime-
20. An act of committing a serious crime such as murder or rape-
21. An act of destroying or damaging something deliberately so that it does not work correctly-
22. An act of ending the employment of a worker or group of workers-
23. An act of explaining something-
24. An act of getting money back from people it has been paid to-

25. An act of going or travelling to a place along a way that is different from the usual or planned way-
26. An act of identifying a disease, illness, or problem by examining someone or something-
27. An act of illegally copying someone's product or invention without permission-

14.6 LET US SUM UP

In this lesson you have been exposed to a long list of one word substitution. Knowledge of these words will not only help you in scoring good marks but also excellent proficiency in English language. Besides, it shall also enhance your reading, speaking and writing skills. Practice using these word in your communication and also read more of such type of words from good grammar books and books titles given in Suggested Reading.

14.7 ANSWER KEY (CYP)

1. In camera
2. Halcyon
3. Cess
4. Acronym
5. Multitasking
6. Oracy
7. Acumen
8. Foresight
9. Sangfroid
10. Dexterity
11. Knack
12. Resilient
13. Versatile
14. Compatible

15. Valid
16. Orthodox
17. Interment
18. Surveillance
19. Reconciliation
20. Felony
21. Sabotage
22. Layoff
23. Exposition
24. Clawback
25. Detour
26. Diagnosis
27. Piracy

14.8 SUGGESTED READINGS

1. Tolani, Roshan. *One Word Substitutions*. Arihant Publications. 2014.
2. Bargohain, Pallvi. *One Word Substitution*. Prabhat Prakashan. 2012.

