UNIT - 1

The Merchant of Venice
ACT I

(William Shakespeare)

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Structure

1.0 Introducing the Author

William Shakespeare was a great English sonneteer and playwright and is considered as the greatest writer of English literature . He is often called the "Bard of Avon". He has written 39 plays, 154 sonnets and two long narrative poems. His plays have been translated into many languages worldwide.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were primarily comedies and histories, and are regarded as some of the best work ever produced in these genres. He is largely known all over the world for his tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

His plays are immensely popular and are continually studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts all over the world.

1.1 Unit Objectives

After going through this unit the students will be able to know about one of the most distinguished dramatists of English literature, William Shakespeare. The students will understand the constituents of a tragicomedy. Students will be able to appreciate and understand the terms related to play as a genre such as stage setting, characterisation, dialogues, soliloquy etc. The students will further understand the significance of the first act of William Shakespeare's Plays.

1.2 Act I

ACT I

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

ANTONIO : In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALARINO : Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALANIO: Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALARINO : My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO: Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALARINO: Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO : Fie, fie!

SALARINO: Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO and GRATIANO

SALANIO : Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

SALARINO: I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANTONIO : Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALARINO: Good morrow, my good lords.

BASSANIO: Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

SALARINO: We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio

LORENZO: My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASSANIO : I will not fail you.

GRATIANO : You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANTONIO : I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO: Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio--
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks--
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LORENZO : Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRATIANO : Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO : Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRATIANO : Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO

ANTONIO: Is that any thing now?

BASSANIO : Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you
shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you
have them, they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO : Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASSANIO : 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port

Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO: I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASSANIO : In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO : You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

BASSANIO : In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;

Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANTONIO : Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

Exeunt

SCENE II: Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

PORTIA : By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NERISSA : You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

PORTIA : Good sentences and well pronounced.

NERISSA : They would be better, if well followed.

PORTIA : If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NERISSA : Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA: I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NERISSA : First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA : Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NERISSA : Then there is the County Palatine.

PORTIA : He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'If you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA : How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA: God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NERISSA : What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA : You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited!

I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behavior every where.

NERISSA : What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

PORTIA : That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

NERISSA: How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA: Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA: If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA: Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

NERISSA: You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

PORTIA: If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NERISSA: Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

PORTIA: Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

NERISSA: True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA: I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man

How now! what news?
Servant: The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

PORTIA: If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gates
upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK

SHYLOCK: Three thousand ducats; well.

BASSANIO: Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK: For three months; well.

BASSANIO: For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK: Antonio shall become bound; well.

BASSANIO: May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK: Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO: Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK: Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO: Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK: Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters,

winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding,
sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may
take his bond.

BASSANIO: Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK: I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured,
I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO: If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK: Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which
your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I
will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you,
walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat
with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What
news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO

BASSANIO: This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK: [Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

BASSANIO: Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK: I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?

To ANTONIO

Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO: Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

SHYLOCK: Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO: And for three months.

SHYLOCK: I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANTONIO: I do never use it.

SHYLOCK: When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep--
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third--

ANTONIO: And what of him? did he take interest?

SHYLOCK: No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams,
And, when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANTONIO : This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHYLOCK : I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

ANTONIO: Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHYLOCK: Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate--

ANTONIO: Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK: Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness, Say this;
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

ANTONIO: I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK: Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO: This were kindness.

SHYLOCK: This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO: Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO: You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO: Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK: O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO: Yes Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK: Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

ANTONIO: Hie thee, gentle Jew.

Exit Shylock

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASSANIO: I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO: Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt

1.3 Summary

Antonio, a well-known merchant of Venice is walking along a street. He is sad. His friends Salarino and Salanio think that he is concerned about the safety of his merchant ships, which are not safe due to rising storms at sea and attacks by sea- pirates. Antonio refutes this. His friends think that he is sad because he

might be in love. Antonio again disagrees that he is in love. Finally, Salarino points out that Antonio's sullenness must be due to his gloomy personality. They are further joined by more friends, Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano. Gratiano stares at Antonio and teasingly scolds him for being serious and overly quiet. Gratiano further declares that he loves to play the fool to which Lorenzo says that sometimes Gratiano is too talkative. They depart promising to meet the others at dinner, leaving Antonio and Bassanio.

Bassanio tells Antonio about his love for Portia, a beautiful girl from Belmont. Bassanio further says that he cannot propose or express his love as he has little money. Antonio too feels sorry that he too has no money as he has invested all his money in the ships but asks Bassanio to get money from the town on the behalf of Antonio to go to Bemont and fulfil his dream.

Scene II shifts to Belmont, Here, Portia , a wealthy lady , is discussing the conditions laid down by her late father in his last will with her friend, Nerissa. Her father has written in his will that Portia cannot marry the man of her choice. Rather, she must interact with different suitors, who will choose the right casket from among "three chests of gold, silver and lead." Portia finds that none of her suitors impressed her. Nerrisa then informs Portia about a gentleman, a venetian soldier, who once visited Belmont when hwer father was alive. Portia is happy to hear this and tells Nerrisa that this gentleman is Bassanio. Howe ver , Portia gets a news that her four suitors namely, a Neapolitan prince; the County Palatine; a French lord, Monsieur Le Bon; a young English baron, Falconbridge; a Scottish lord; and a young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew have decided to leave . But another suitor, the Prince of Morocco has arrived.

In scene III Bassanio goes to meet Shylock, a Jewish moneylender, seeking a loan of three thousand ducats and Antonio will be a guarantee to repay the loan of three thousand ducats. Shylock is doubtful about giving money to Bassanio as he is aware that Antonio has invested all his money in his merchant ships. And his ships are out in the sea. Bassanio insists him again and finally keeping in mind Antonio’s reputation, Shylock relents to give Bassanio the loan. Bassanio requests Shylock to join them for dinner where they will discuss the formalities of the loan. Shylock, however, denies to join them at dinner stating that as he is a Jew he will only do business with the Christians but will not dine with them as it is against his principle to dine with a Christian.

Antonio enters and joins Bassanio and Shylock. Shylock (in an aside) shows his contempt for Antonio beacause he is a Christian and the more he hates Antonio because he lends money to people without taking interest. He blames Antonio for publicly tarnishing his image for telling people that Shylock charges excessive interest in his moneylending business. Lastly, Shylock agrees to lend Bassanio the three thousand ducats for a period of three months, and Antonio will sign a bond as security.

Shylock tells them that he is more interested in making friends with Antonio. Therefore, he will not charge any interest for the loan. But he cleverly traps Bassanio and Antonio in signing a bond as ‘a merry sport’. He inserts a clause in the bond that Antonio is unable to repay the loan within the stipulated time, Shylock will have the right to cut a "pound of flesh" from any part of Antonio's body. Bassanio, on hearing this stops Antonio from signing such a contract, but Antonio tells him that his Ships will return from abroad well in time before the three months deadline. Finally, Antonio sign the contract.

1.4 Key Terms

Wearies - tires
Reverence - respect
Broth - soup

Fortune	-	wealth
Merry	-	happy
Estate	-	domain
Moan	-	groan
Counsel	-	advice
Virtuous	-	honourable
Charity	-	aid
Grudge	-	hatred
Thrift	-	saving
Forfeit	-	fine

1.5 Check Your Progress

Who is the writer of this play?
What is the setting of the play?
Who is Antonio?
Who is Shylock?
Who is Portia?
Why could Antonio lend money to Bassanio?

1.6 Explanation of Important Passages

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both:

Reference to the Context: These lines have been taken from Act I Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. These lines are spoken by Bassanio, Antonio's friend. Antonio asks Bassanio about the plan to meet the girl he loves. To this Bassanio replies:

Explanation:

In these lines, Bassanio says that during his school days when he lost one arrow, he would try to search for it by shooting the another arrow in the same direction of the first. He would more carefully observe the second arrow. By taking a risk, he would find both the arrows.

[Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

Reference to the Context : These lines have been taken from Act I Scene III from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice* . Here , Shylock, the Jewish Merchant , shows his hatred towards Antonio.

Explanation:

In these lines Shylock, speaking to himself, says that how submissive tax-collector, Antonio looks. Shylock further says that he hates him because he is a Christian. He hates him the more because he lends money without interest that brings down the rate of interest for us in Venice.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
Reference to the Context : These lines have been taken from Act I Scene III from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. Here, Shylock, the Jewish Merchant, reminds Antonio for treating him and his tribe with contempt.

Explanation:

In these lines, Shylock says that Mr. Antonio you have repeatedly insulted my practice and my money in Rialto. I have tolerantly ignored it off as Jews are known for suffering. You called me a misbeliever, a cut-throat dog, and even spat on my Jewish garb.

1.7 Questions and Exercises

Discuss the significance of Act I of *The Merchant of Venice.*

Ans: The first act is significant in all Shakespeare's plays. Thye first act introduces all the major characters of the play. Here, shakespeare has also introduced the main plot of the play alongwith the sub-plot.

Antonio and Bassanio are good friends. Bassanio needs money to try his luck in order to marry Portia his love and a rich lady from Belmont. Bassanio has no money and goes to requests Antonio to help him financially. Antonio is not in a condition to help his friend. He is sad because he has risked all his money and investments on different ships. On the other hand, Portia is bound by a will from her father. Her father had signed a will that one who chooses the right casket with Portia's picture in it will be her husband. Antonio decides to help his friend Bassanio in every possible way. He decides to go to a Jewish moneylender, Shylock. Antonio seeks a loan of three thousand ducats from Shylock. He stands as a guarantee for the loan. Initially, Shylock is not willing to help Antonio. He is aware that Antonio has risked all his investments at the sea. But after Bassanio's persistence and keeping in mind Antonio's reputation, Shylock finally agrees to give three thousand ducats to Bassanio for a period of three months without any interest. Shylock bears a deep rooted grudge against Antonio. He hates Antonio as he is a Christian. He however, cleverly entices Antonio to sign a bond, just for the sake of fun. According to the bond, if Antonio fails to repay the loan within three months, Shylock will take a 'pound of flesh'. Antonio falls into the trap laid down by Shylock without realising his evil design. Finally, he signs the bond.

Exercise : Answer the following Questions in about 300 words.

1. Discuss in detail the reasons for Antonio's Sadness.
2. Discuss in detail the relationship between Antonio and Bassanio.

References: Web Sources, Cliff notes, Sparknotes.

UNIT - 2

The Merchant of Venice
ACT II

(William Shakespeare)

Dr. Randeep Rana

Structure

2.0 Introducing the Author

William Shakespeare was a great English sonneteer and playwright and is considered as the greatest writer of English literature . He is often called the "Bard of Avon". He has written 39 plays, 154 sonnets and two long narrative poems. His plays have been translated into many languages worldwide.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were primarily comedies and histories, and are regarded as some of the best work ever produced in these genres. He is largely known all over the world for his tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

His plays are immensely popular and are continually studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts all over the world.

2.1 Unit Objectives

After going through this unit the students will be able to know about one of the most distinguished dramatists of English literature, William Shakespeare. The students will understand the constituents of a tragic-comedy. Students will be able to appreciate and understand the terms related to play as a genre such as stage setting, characterisation, dialogues, soliloquy etc. The students will further understand the significance of the Second act of William Shakespeare's Plays.

2.2 Act II

ACT II

SCENE I. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending

MOROCCO : Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA: In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

MOROCCO: Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

PORTIA: You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

MOROCCO: Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

PORTIA: First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOROCCO: Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

Cornets, and exeunt

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT

LAUNCELOT : Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says 'No; take heed,' honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo, or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' ' Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket

GOBBO: Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT: [Aside] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

GOBBO : Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT: Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOBBO: By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LAUNCELOT: Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Aside

Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO: No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUNCELOT: Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOBBO: Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

LAUNCELOT: But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOBBO: Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUNCELOT: Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOBBO: Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT: Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOBBO: Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

LAUNCELOT: Do you not know me, father?

GOBBO: Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

LAUNCELOT: Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

GOBBO: Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUNCELOT: Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO: I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT: I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO: Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

LAUNCELOT: It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOBBO: Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUNCELOT: Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers

BASSANIO: ou may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Exit a Servant

LAUNCELOT: To him, father.

GOBBO: God bless your worship!

BASSANIO: Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

GOBBO: Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,--

LAUNCELOT: Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify--

GOBBO: He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve--

LAUNCELOT: Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify--

GOBBO: His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins--

LAUNCELOT: To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you--

GOBBO: I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is--

LAUNCELOT: In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASSANIO: One speak for both. What would you?

LAUNCELOT: Serve you, sir.

GOBBO: That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

BASSANIO: I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUNCELOT: The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO: Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

LAUNCELOT: Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo

BASSANIO: I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

LEONARDO: My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO

GRATIANO: Where is your master?

LEONARDO: Yonder, sir, he walks.

Exit

GRATIANO: Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO: Gratiano!

GRATIANO: I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO : You have obtain'd it.

GRATIANO: You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

BASSANIO: Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO: Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say 'amen,'
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASSANIO: Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRATIANO: Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

BASSANIO: No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

GRATIANO: And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

Exeunt

SCENE III. The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT

JESSICA: I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUNCELOT: Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

JESSICA: Farewell, good Launcelot.

Exit Launcelot

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.

Exit

SCENE IV. The same. A street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

LORENZO: Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

GRATIANO: We have not made good preparation.

SALARINO: We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.

SALANIO: 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

LORENZO: 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUNCELOT: An it shall please you to break up
this, it shall seem to signify.

LORENZO: I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRATIANO: Love-news, in faith.

LAUNCELOT: By your leave, sir.

LORENZO: Whither goest thou?

LAUNCELOT: Marry, sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO: Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen,

Exit Launcelot

Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALANIO: Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALANIO: And so will I.

LORENZO: Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALARINO: 'Tis good we do so.

Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO

GRATIANO: Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO: I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-beare r.

Exeunt

SCENE V. The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT

SHYLOCK: Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:--
What, Jessica!--thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:--What, Jessica!--
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;--
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUNCELOT: Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK: Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUNCELOT: Your worship was wont to tell me that
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica

JESSICA: Call you? what is your will?

SHYLOCK: I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUNCELOT: I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect
your reproach.

SHYLOCK: So do I his.

LAUNCELOT: An they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not
for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on
Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning,
falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four
year, in the afternoon.

SHYLOCK: What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

LAUNCELOT: I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at
window, for all this, There will come a Christian

boy, will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Exit

SHYLOCK: What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

JESSICA: His words were 'Farewell mistress;' nothing else.

SHYLOCK: The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Exit

JESSICA: Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

Exit

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued

GRATIANO: This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

SALARINO: His hour is almost past.

GRATIANO: And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALARINO: O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRATIANO: That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

SALARINO: Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO

LORENZO: Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes

JESSICA: Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LORENZO: Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA: Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LORENZO: Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JESSICA: Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LORENZO: Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

JESSICA: What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good-sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

LORENZO: So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA: I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Exit above

GRATIANO: Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

LORENZO: Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit with Jessica and Salarino

Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO: Who's there?

GRATIANO: Signior Antonio!

ANTONIO: Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRATIANO: I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

Exeunt

SCENE VII. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains

PORTIA: Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

MOROCCO: The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

PORTIA: The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOROCCO: Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

PORTIA: There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

He unlocks the golden casket

MOROCCO: O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

Reads

All that glitters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets

PORTIA: A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO

SALARINO: Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SALANIO: The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALARINO: He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALANIO: I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

SALARINO: Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALANIO: Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALARINO: Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SALANIO: You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALARINO: A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

SALANIO: I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

SALARINO: Do we so.

Exeunt

SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor

NERISSA: Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their trains

PORTIA: Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARRAGON: I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage: Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

PORTIA: To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARRAGON: And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

He opens the silver casket

PORTIA: Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARRAGON: What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

PORTIA: To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

ARRAGON: What is here?

Reads

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

Exeunt Arragon and train

PORTIA: Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NERISSA: The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

PORTIA: Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant

Servant: Where is my lady?

PORTIA: Here: what would my lord?

Servant: Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

PORTIA: No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

NERISSA: Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

Exeunt

2.3 Summary

The Prince of Morocco arrives at Belmont to win over Portia and marry her. He tries to woo Portia but, she puts down his advances, explaining to him that he will not have any disadvantage because of his colour, and has an equal opportunity to win her over for marriage. On the other hand, in Venice, Bassanio is planning a dinner and a masque for his friends before he sets out on a journey to Belmont to win over Portia. Launcelot, who is indecisive of whether he should leave services at Shylock's place, finding Bassanio in a good mood, offers him his services. Meanwhile, Gratiano comes and announces his will to accompany Bassanio to Belmont, to which Bassanio hesitantly agrees on the condition that he will mend his "wild behaviour".

In another scene, Jessica, daughter of Shylock, speaks to Launcelot, and feels sad that Launcelot has decided to leave the services of her father. She hands him a letter, to be delivered secretly to her lover Lorenzo, in which she has explained her plans to elope with Lorenzo and convert from Jew to Christianity. Launcelot arrives when Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio are discussing the plans for the party, and of their inability to finish all the preparations. Launcelot delivers the letter to Lorenzo, which reveals Jessica's plans to dress up like a page and run away with Lorenzo.

Shylock finally accepts the invitation to the party, which is delivered to him through Launcelot. Shylock also exclaims that the reason he has accepted Bassanio's invitation is his hatred for him, and that he is right in hating him as something bad is going on in the mind of Bassanio. Finally the time comes for Lorenzo and Jessica to elope. Jessica throws down a small chest full of money and jewels to Lorenzo, and tells him that she's ashamed of running away, but Lorenzo finally reassures her that they will not be discovered. Jessica goes back inside to do two last tasks before leaving, to lock the doors, as his father wanted her to do, and to get more money.

Bassanio decides to sail for Belmont on the night of the party and tells everyone that the masque has been cancelled due to that reason. In Belmont, the suitors are asked to choose from three caskets in order to win over Portia. All the three caskets had inscriptions on them, on the lead casket it was written, "who chooseth me shall give and hazard all he hath"; on the silver one, "who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"; and on the golden one, it was written, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire". Portia tells the Duke of Morocco that the right casket has a picture of her. Morocco chooses

the casket made of Gold, but finds a skull inside it with a message inside it, “All that glitters is not gold... gilded tombs do worms unfold”, and Moroccon prince exits, sad and defeated.

Shylock finds out about his daughter and claims that she fled in Bassonio’s ship, but Antonio intervenes and tells the Duke of Venice that Jessica and Lorenzo were not on the ship. In Belmont, the Prince of Aragon arrives and chooses the Silver casket, which in turn, also proves to be the wrong one, and finds inside a portrait of the head of an idiot. Portia feels relieved that the suitor chose the wrong casket, all the while praying for the arrival of Bassanio as a suitor. Meanwhile a Venetian ambassador’s arrival is announced Portia unmoved by the boasting about him asks Nerissa to lead the man inside.

2.4 Key Terms

Incision - cut
Hazard - risk
Scorn - contempt
Impertinent - rude
Tediousness - boredom
Quaintly - strangely
Inscription - caption

2.5 Check Your Progress

1. What are the terms laid down by Portia’s father for the suitors?
2. Why does Launcelot decide to leave Shylock?
3. What is Portia’s reaction after the failure of Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon in choosing the wrong casket?
4. What is there in the three Caskets?

2.6 Explanation of Important Passages

You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Reference to the Context: These lines have been taken from Act II Scene I from William Shakespeare’s well-known play *The Merchant of Venice* . These lines are spoken by Portia to the Prince of Morocco, who has come to Belmont to try his luck in order to marry Portia.

Explanation: In these lines, Portia says that you must take that chance or decide not to choose at all, or to swear before that if you choose the wrong casket you will never speak to any other woman regarding marriage. She advises him to think sensibly.

The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Reference to the Context: These lines have been taken from Act II Scene VII from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. These lines are spoken by the Prince of Morocco, who has come to Belmont to try his luck in order to marry Portia.

Explanation: In these lines. The Prince of Morocco says that the first casket, of the gold, bears an inscription, 'He who chooses me will get what many men want.' The second casket, of the silver, bears an inscription, He who chooses me will get what he deserves. 'The third casket, of dull lead, bears a direct warning, 'He who chooses me must give and risk all he has.' In the end he is confused and says that how will I know if I'm choosing the right one?

2.7 Questions and Exercises

Discuss the casket episode and its significance as described in *The Merchant of the Venice*.

Ans: The casket episode forms an important sub-plot of this play. Portia was a daughter of a rich man. Her father wanted her to marry a smart and a decent man. Therefore, he devised a plan. This casket story as described in *The Merchant of Venice* was a brain child of Portia's father. There were three caskets: one was made of gold, the second silver, and the final casket was of lead. Each casket had a riddle imprinted on its back. Portia's father had willed that each suitor must choose a casket, and the one who chooses the casket containing a picture of Portia will be able to marry her.

The first casket was made of gold. The inscription on the back read:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The Prince of Morocco, choose this casket. He thought that this casket represents Portia wealth, which many men would desire. This reflected that his reason for courting Portia was her money. When the prince opened the casket, a portrait of death gazed at him. The Prince of Morocco was greedy in choosing the gold casket. He went away dejected.

The second casket was made of silver. The inscription on the back read:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
The Prince of Aragon choose this silver casket, thinking that he rightly deserved Portia. The casket contained a picture of a fool. The Prince of Arragon was unwise in thinking that he deserved Portia. He too leave immediately.

The third casket, was made of lead. The inscription on the back read:
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he haths"
Bassanio choose this casket. The casket contained the picture of Portia. He chooses the lead casket. The inscription on the lead showed how he would have to sacrifice and risk all he has for Portia. Portia's father hoped her to marry this kind of man. There was a scroll inside the casket that had the blessings of her father. Finally, Portia gets her suitor. They both are happily married.

This sub-plot of the caskets was used by Shakespeare to represent the theme of love and marriage . The casket plan, devised by Portia's father was effective in choosing a good husband for Portia. It stopped Portia from marrying greedy and foolish suitors. Infact, it helped Portia to marry the man who was an appropriate suitor and loved her.

Exercise : Answer the following Questions in about 300 words.

1. Write a detailed note on Portia –Nerissa relationship.
2. Write a detailed note on father daughter relationship between Shylock and Jessica.

References : Web Sources, Cliff notes, Sparknotes.

UNIT - 3

The Merchant of Venice
ACT III

(William Shakespeare)

Dr. Randeep Rana

Structure

William Shakespeare was a great English sonneteer and playwright and is considered as the greatest writer of English literature. He is often called the "Bard of Avon". He has written 39 plays, 154 sonnets and two long narrative poems. His plays have been translated into many languages worldwide.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were primarily comedies and histories, and are regarded as some of the best work ever produced in these genres. He is largely known all over the world for his tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

His plays are immensely popular and are continually studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts all over the world.

3.1 Unit Objectives

After going through this unit the students will be able to know about one of the most distinguished dramatists of English literature, William Shakespeare. The students will understand the constituents of a tragic-comedy. Students will be able to appreciate and understand the terms related to play as a genre such as stage setting, characterisation, dialogues, soliloquy etc. The students will further understand the significance of the Third act of William Shakespeare's Plays.

3.2 Act III

ACT III

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO

SALANIO: Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALARINO: Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SALANIO: I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,--O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!--

SALARINO: Come, the full stop.

SALANIO: Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALARINO: I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SALANIO: Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK: You know, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALARINO: That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALANIO: And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK: She is damned for it.

SALANIO: That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHYLOCK: My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALANIO: Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHYLOCK: I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALARINO: There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK: There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the

Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALARINO: Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHYLOCK: To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant

Servant: Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SALARINO: We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL

SALANIO: Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant

SHYLOCK: How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL: I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHYLOCK: Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other

precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter
were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!
would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in
her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know
not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon
loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to
find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge:
nor no in luck stirring but what lights on my
shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears
but of my shedding.

TUBAL: Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I
heard in Genoa,-

SHYLOCK: What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL: Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK: I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

TUBAL: I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHYLOCK: I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news!
ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

TUBAL: Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one
night fourscore ducats.

SHYLOCK: Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my
gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting!
fourscore ducats!

TUBAL: There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my
company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHYLOCK: I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture
him: I am glad of it.

TUBAL: One of them showed me a ring that he had of your
daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK: Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my
turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor:
I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUBAL: But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK: Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee
me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I
will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were
he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I
will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue;
go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants

PORTIA: I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,--
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,--
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO: Let me choose
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA: Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO: None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA: Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASSANIO: Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA: Well then, confess and live.

BASSANIO: 'Confess' and 'love'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA: Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell
I'll begin it,--Ding, dong, bell.

ALL:Ding, dong, bell.

BASSANIO: So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

PORTIA: [Aside] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

BASSANIO: What find I here?

Opening the leaden casket

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes,--
How could he see to do them? having made one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

Reads

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new,
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether these pearls of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

PORTIA: You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtue, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself: and even now, but now,

This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO: Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

NERISSA: My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

GRATIANO: My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO: With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRATIANO: I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And sweating until my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

PORTIA: Is this true, Nerissa?

NERISSA: Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASSANIO: And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRATIANO: Yes, faith, my lord.

BASSANIO: Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRATIANO: We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NERISSA: What, and stake down?

GRATIANO: No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? What,
and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice

BASSANIO: Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA: So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

LORENZO: I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SALERIO: I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

Gives Bassanio a letter

BASSANIO: Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SALERIO: Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

GRATIANO: Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SALERIO: I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

PORTIA: There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio: I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASSANIO: O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALERIO: Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

JESSICA: When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

PORTIA: Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASSANIO: The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA: What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO: For me three thousand ducats.

PORTIA: What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASSANIO: [Reads] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

PORTIA: O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

BASSANIO: Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler

SHYLOCK: Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

ANTONIO: Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK: I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

ANTONIO: I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHYLOCK: I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

Exit

SALARINO: It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

ANTONIO: Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SALARINO: I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO: The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR

LORENZO: Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.

But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

PORTIA: I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke Of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LORENZO: Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

PORTIA: My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

LORENZO: Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JESSICA: I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA: I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well Jessica.

Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,

So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR: Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Exit

PORTIA: Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NERISSA: Shall they see us?

PORTIA: They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killed them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NERISSA: Why, shall we turn to men?

PORTIA: Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

Exeunt

SCENE V. The same. A garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA

LAUNCELOT: Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JESSICA: And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUNCELOT: Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JESSICA: That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUNCELOT: Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

JESSICA: I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUNCELOT: Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO

JESSICA: I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

LORENZO: I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JESSICA: Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LORENZO: I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUNCELOT: It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

LORENZO: How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUNCELOT: That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LORENZO: Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUNCELOT: That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

LORENZO: Will you cover then, sir?

LAUNCELOT: Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LORENZO: Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray tree, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUNCELOT: For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

Exit

LORENZO: O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheerest thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

JESSICA: Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LORENZO: Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JESSICA: Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LORENZO: I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

JESSICA: Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

LORENZO: No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
'Then, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JESSICA: Well, I'll set you forth.

Exeunt

3.3 Summary

In the opening of this act, Solania and Salerio are talking about the hot topic of discussion on Rialto, the Venetian bridge. There runs a rumour that Antonia has lost another of his ships off the south-eastern English coast. Shylock approaches them and blames them of helping his daughter run away. Both of them do not disagree and ask Shylock if he came across the rumours about Antonio's ship and his impeding losses.

Shylock reminds them of the bond that Antonio had signed with him and that he plans to take a pound of his flesh if he fails to repay his loan in time. He believes he is avenging Antonio for all the wrong he had done to Shylock only because he was a Jew. Solania and Salerio are asked to go to Antonio's house by one of Antonio's servants. Tubal, Shylock's friend, who is also a Jew then comes to Shylock, and gives him some news about Jessica. Tubal also tells Shylock that Antonio has lost one more ship and may lose all his money soon, and Shylock becomes more determined to take his vengeance on Antonio.

Portia asks Bassanio to wait before opening the casket as she wants to enjoy his company before any decision is made. But Bassanio does not want to wait and tells the audience directly that there is too much ornamentation to the other caskets and chooses the lead casket, and finds a portrait of Portia. Overjoyed by the portrait, he admires the picture and then reads out the scroll that is inside, "You that choose not by view/ Chance as fair and choose as true". Portia offers everything that belongs to her to Bassanio, and gives him a ring and asks him never to part with it. She also takes a promise from Bassanio that he'll never lose the ring no matter what. Graziano also expresses his desire to marry Nerrisa, the maid to Portia, and admits that they love with each other. Bassanio instantly agrees to get them married.

Lorenzo, Jessica and Salerio visit Belmont. Salerio has brought a letter from Antonio for Bassanio. Bassanio opens the letter, which reveals that Antonio is in great debt and that too to a very dangerous enemy of theirs. Portia offers to pay any amount of money to save Antonio, but it is made clear that Shylock will not stop from anything, now that he has an opportunity to hurt Antonio. Portia reluctantly asks Bassanio to leave for Venice to meet his friend and help him out as soon as possible.

After Bassanio's departure, Solanio explains the reason behind Shylock's hate for Antonio. Antonio used to lend money to poor men who owed to Shylock, and saved them from forfeiture, which Shylock thought was a wrong done against him as it was his right to collect the forfeiture money from the people. Portia and Nerissa also leave the house for a monastery, where they would go and pray for a

few days. Portia also sends her servant to Doctor Bellario to bring whatever Bellario has to give. She also expresses her desire to go to Venice, disguised as men and help Bassanio and Antonio.

Launcelot teases Jessica that she is doomed as she is not a Christian, but she argues that Lorenzo has made her one by marrying her. Lorenzo enters and pretends to be jealous of them. They all leave for dinner.

3.4 Key Terms

carcass - remains
smug - arrogant
forfeit - sacrifice
scorn - contempt
affection - love
tainted - spoiled
wanton - reckless
beseech - request

3.5 Check Your Progress

1. Why does Shylock accuse Salanio and Salarino ?
2. Why is Shylock determined to take revenge from Antonio?
3. Why does Portia ask Bassanio to wait before opening the casket ?

3.6 Explanation of Important Passages

To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else,
it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and
hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses,
mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my
bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine
enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath
not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs,
dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

Reference to the Context: These lines have been taken from Act III Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice* . Here, Shylock is speaking to Salarino. he is justifying his revengeful feelings against Antonio.

Explanation: In these lines, Shylock says that he will use Antonio's flesh as a fish bait. He feels even if it serves no purpose it will feed his revenge. Shylock further says that Antonio has insulted him, laughed at his losses, cost him half a million, scorned at his profits, ridiculed his race, taken away his friends, infuriated his enemies - for what reason? That he is a Jew. Does a Jew not have eyes ? Does a Jew not have hands, organs, shape, senses, love, fervour?

2. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

These lines have been taken from Act III Scene III from William ShakespeJare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice* . Here, Shylock is speaking to Antonio. he is adamant in having his bond executed.

Explanation: In these lines, Shylock says that he will has his bond. he will not hear Antonio. He is insists on having his bond and speak no more. He says that he should not be taken as a yielding and dull-eyed fool, who succumbs and gives in to Christian mediator. He asks Antonio not to follow him and insists on having his bond.

3.7 Questions and Exercises

Write a detailed note on Jessica's elopement with Lorenzo.

Ans : Jessica , daughter of Shylock, a Jewish moneylender is in love with Lorenzo, an impoverished Christian. In the play Jessica's role is a minor but crucial. In the play, she elopes with Lorenzo alongwith the chest of her father's money, finally she converts to Christianity , ending up in Portia and Bassanio's household.

Launcelot Gobbo, Shylock's servant decides to leave the services of Shylock and join Bassanio. Jessica is initially unhappy at Gobbo's decision. She gives Gobbo a letter to be handed over to Lorenzo. The letter contains Jessica's plans to elope with Lorenzo with her father's valuables. Lorenzo is happy to read the letter.

Shylock decides to join Antonio and Bassanio for dinner. He hands over the keys of the house to Jessica, warning her not to go out from the house and be vigil. He also warns her that there will be a masquerade and asks her to close the windows as well.

Lorenzo and his friends come to Shylock's house, and Jessica welcomes them from a window, dressed as a boy. After confirming the identity of Lorenzo she lowers a casket of her father's Ducats.

After realising Jessica's elopement with Lorenzo, Shylock runs here and there on the streets of Venice, crying for his lost wealth and daughter. Dramatically, Jessica's elopement arouse Shylock's revengeful persistence on his "pound of flesh" from Antonio. Her conversion to Christianity further aggravates Shylock's hatred towards the Christians.

Exercise : Answer the following Questions in about 300 words.

1. Write an essay on the relationship between Christians and Jews in Europe citing extensively from the prescribed text.
2. Write a detailed note on Bassanio- Portia relationship.

References: Web Sources, Cliff notes, Sparknotes.

UNIT - 4

The Merchant of Venice
ACT IV

(William Shakespeare)

Dr. Randeep Rana

Structure

4.0 Introducing the Author

William Shakespeare was a great English sonneteer and playwright and is considered as the greatest writer of English literature . He is often called the "Bard of Avon". He has written 39 plays, 154 sonnets and two long narrative poems. His plays have been translated into many languages worldwide.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were primarily comedies and histories, and are regarded as some of the best work ever produced in these genres. He is largely known all over the world for his tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

His plays are immensely popular and are continually studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts all over the world.

4.1 Unit Objectives

After going through this unit the students will be able to know about one of the most distinguished dramatists of English literature, William Shakespeare. The students will understand the constituents of a tragic-comedy. Students will be able to appreciate and understand the terms related to play as a genre such as stage setting, characterisation, dialogues, soliloquy etc. The students will further understand the significance of the fourth act of William Shakespeare's Plays.

4.2 ACT IV

ACT IV

SCENE I. Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others

DUKE: What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO: Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE: I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO: I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE: Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALERIO: He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

DUKE: Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK: I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASSANIO: This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK: I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO: Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK: What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO: I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that--than which what's harder?--
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO: For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK: What judgment shall I dread, doing
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE: How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

SHYLOCK: What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE: Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALERIO: My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE: Bring us the letter; call the messenger.

BASSANIO: Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO: I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

DUKE: Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA: From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

Presenting a letter

BASSANIO: Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK: To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO: Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK: No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRATIANO: O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

SHYLOCK: Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE: This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

NERISSA: He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE: With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk:[Reads]

Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE: You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

PORTIA: I did, my lord.

DUKE: You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

PORTIA: I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE: Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA: Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK: Shylock is my name.

PORTIA: Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO: Ay, so he says.

PORTIA: Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO: I do.

PORTIA: Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK: On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

PORTIA: The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK: My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA: Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO: Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA: It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHYLOCK: A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

PORTIA: I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK: Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA: Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHYLOCK: An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

PORTIA: Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK: When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO: Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

PORTIA: Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHYLOCK: O noble judge! O excellent young man!

PORTIA: For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHYLOCK: 'is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

PORTIA: Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK: Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

PORTIA: It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

SHYLOCK: I have them ready.

PORTIA: Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK: Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA: It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK: I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA: You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

ANTONIO: But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

BASSANIO: Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA: Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO: I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA: 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK: These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

Aside

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

PORTIA: A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK: Most rightful judge!

PORTIA: And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK: Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

PORTIA: Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

GRATIANO: O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK: Is that the law?

PORTIA: Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRATIANO: O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

SHYLOCK: I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

BASSANIO: Here is the money.

PORTIA: Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRATIANO: O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

PORTIA: Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRATIANO: A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

PORTIA: Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK: Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO: I have it ready for thee; here it is.

PORTIA: He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRATIANO: A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK: Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA: Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK: Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA: Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

GRATIANO: Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE: That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

PORTIA: Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK: Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA: What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO: A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO: So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE: He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

PORTIA: Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHYLOCK: I am content.

PORTIA: Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHYLOCK: I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE: Get thee gone, but do it.

GRATIANO: In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

Exit SHYLOCK

DUKE: Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

PORTIA: I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE: I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

Exeunt Duke and his train

BASSANIO: Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO: And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

PORTIA; He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:

My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO: Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA: You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

To ANTONIO

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

To BASSANIO

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO: This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA: I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO: There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

PORTIA: I see, sir, you are liberal in offers
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO: Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA: That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

Exeunt Portia and Nerissa

ANTONIO: My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO: Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.

Exit Gratiano

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The same. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

PORTIA: Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO

GRATIANO: Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA: That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRATIANO: That will I do.

NERISSA: Sir, I would speak with you.

Aside to PORTIA

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA: [Aside to NERISSA] Thou mayst, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Aloud

Away! make haste: thou knowist where I will tarry.

NERISSA: Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

Exeunt

4.3 Summary

This act opens with Antonio in a Venetian Court of Justice, while the Duke and other magnificoes of Venice sit in front for his trial. The Duke explains how the plaintiff is stone hearted and there is no way to save Antonio. The duke asks Shylock, for the one last time, to forgive Antonio, but Shylock remains unmoved by any plea, and prefers a pound of flesh as his payment.

Bassanio offers to pay double the amount of the loan, i.e. six thousand pound in exchange for Antonio's life, but Shylocks tells him that he would not change his mind even if he is offered six times the money Antonio owes him. In his defence Shylock reminds the Duke of the mistreatment of Jews by Christians and that when he is not demanding any Christian to free any Jew, so he shall not be asked to do away with Antonio's loan either.

The Duke tells Shylock that he is waiting for Dr. Bellario, a very learned person, to come and give his opinion on this matter, as he, himself alone, was incapable of taking decision in such a delicate matter. He also asks Shylock to wait, failing which, he will close the case without any decision on Shylock's plea for Justice. Nerissa enters the court in a man's clothes with a letter from Dr. Bellario. In the letter a highly intelligent and educated doctor is recommended by Dr Bellario to adjudge the case. The Duke inquires about the whereabouts of the Doctor, to which Nerissa replies that he was waiting for permission to enter the court. Duke sends out for him and a doctor named Balthasar enters, who is in fact Portia in the disguise of a man.

Balthasar asks Antonio, if the bond was a valid one, to which Antonio admits positively. Balthasar asks Shylock to forgive Antonio and gives a speech on the benefits of forgiveness but Shylock remains untouched. Therefore, Balthasar exclaims that Shylock is entitled to take his pound of flesh from the chest portion of Antonio as the bond states. Shylock produces a scale to measure the skin that he was about to take off Antonio, but disagrees to Balthasar's suggestion that he should pay a physician to attend to Antonio so that he doesn't bleed to death. When Shylock is about to begin, Balthasar stops him and warms him not to draw out even a drop of blood with the flesh, and that if even a single drop of Antonio's blood comes out, "the State of Venice" will take away everything that belongs to him. Shylock realizes that he has lost his case and tries to fall back and take the amount that Bassanio had offered before, but Balthazar is adamant that he can take only "a pound of flesh" now, and nothing else.

Balthazar further explains that according to a Venetian law, if an outsider threatens a citizens' life, half of his property is to be given to the citizen and other half to the state, and the life of the

foreigner will remain on the "mercy of the Duke". But the Duke pardons Shylock, against which Shylock demands to be killed instead. Antonio also forgives him and asks the Duke to let him keep half of his property and offers the other half to be taken care of as an inheritance for Jessica and Lorenzo. Antonio puts only one condition that Shylock must convert to Christianity and give everything he has to Lorenzo when he dies.Everything settled, the Duke tells Antonio to thank the young doctor, and Bassanio and Graziano offers to part with anything that the doctor demands. The doctor demands for the gloves and ring that Bassanio is wearing and on Antonio's insistence, Bassanio gives the ring away, and invites the doctor to a dinner at Antonio's house. Nerissa decides to test Graziano in a similar way and Balthasar asks him the tell route of "Shylock's house" to Nerissa, where she has to go to get the deed signed from Shylock which will ensure the passing of his property to Lorenzo.

4.4 Key Terms

Adversary - opponent
Obdurate - inflexible
Reverend - respected
Enthroned - crowned
Precedent - example
Penance - repentance
Feign - pretend

4.5 Check Your Progress

1. Why does Antonio face trial?
2. What are the conditions laid down by the bond?
3. What is the quality of mercy?

4.6 Explanation of Important Passages

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Reference to the context: These lines have been taken from Act IV Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice* . Here, Antonio is consoling Bassanio.

Explanation: In these lines Antonio says that he is tainted sheep of the flock that is waiting for death. The fuit that is the weakest falls on the ground first, therefore let him fall. He further asks Bassanio to live and write an epitaph for his grave.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

Reference to the context: These lines have been taken from Act IV Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. Here, Portia is telling Shylock the quality of mercy.

Explanation: In these lines Portia says that the quality of mercy cannot be forced. It merely drops like the gentle rain from heaven to the round. It is doubly blessed, it blesses the one who gives and the one who takes.

Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Reference to the context: These lines have been taken from Act IV Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. Here, Portia is discussing with Shylock the terms of the signed bond.

Explanation: In these lines, Portia asks Shylock to wait. She states that there is something else in the bond. She tells Shylock that the contract does not give Shylock any drop of blood. The words written in the contract are," a pound of flesh". She asks Shylock to take his pound of flesh. He further warns him that if Shylock sheds even a drop of Christian blood, as per the laws all his lands and goods will be confiscated by the state of Venice.

4.7 Questions and Exercises

Write an essay on the trial scene.

Ans: The famous trial scene (Act IV Scene I) of *The Merchant of Venice* is undeniably one of the best scenes created by Shakespeare. The Scene displays Shakespeare's acumen in dramatic twists highlighting the significant universal themes of revenge, mercy and justice. Antonio is brought before the Duke to stand trial for failing to pay off his loan of three thousand ducats to Shylock. The Duke, disappointed about the penalty, a pound of Antonio's flesh, asks Shylock to forgive Antonio and absolve the debt.

Shylock replies that he has already sworn by his Sabbath that as per the signed bond he is resolute to take his pound of flesh from Antonio. However, Bassanio offers Shylock the six thousand ducats as compensation for the loan. Shylock refuses Bassanio and is persistent in his demand for a pound of flesh. The Court waits for Doctor Bellario. The Duke threatens to dismiss the court without

settling the suit brought by Shylock if Doctor Bellario fails to arrive. Meanwhile, Nerissa, disguised as a man, enters the court handsover a letter from Bellario to the Duke.

The letter from Bellario mentions a young and educated doctor to adjudicate the case. The Duke orders him to be brought in, and Portia enters, disguised as a man pretending to be a doctor named Balthasar.

Portia asks Antonio whether he admits to signing the bond. He does, and Portia asks Shylock to be merciful. She delivers a powerful speech on mercy, but Shylock is adamant to get the agreement fulfilled. Portia says that Shylock has the right to claim a pound of flesh from next to Antonio's heart according to the bond. Portia asks him if he has a surgeon ready to stop the bleeding once he has taken his pound of flesh. Shylock says, "I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond" as Shylock proceds to cut his pound of flesh, Portia stops him and says that the bond does not give him permission to shed Antonio's blood. The laws of Venice are clear that if any Venetian's blood is shed, all the goods and lands of the culprit may be seized by the state. Shylock understands that he cannot cut the flesh without dropping blood, he agrees to take the money instead. However, Portia denies Shylock and cautions that if he takes more or less flesh he will be put to death himself. Shylock, not able to fulfil this demand, immediately pleads to withdraw his case. Portia further says that Venice has another law which says that if any foreigner tries to kill a Venetian, he will have half of his property go to the Venetian against whom he intrigued, and the state will get the other half. Apart from this, the life of the foreigner will be at the mercy of the Duke. Shylock is forced to kneel on the ground before the court and the Duke pardons his life.

This scene reaches the climax and its resolution: Shylock is, finally defeated, Whereas, Antonio is saved. Shylock has lost everything. Thus Shakespeare has ably proved that ‘hate breeds hate’, and, is eventually, defeated.

Exercise: Answer the following Questions in about 300 words.

1. Compare and contrast the character of Antonio and Shylock.
2. Discuss in detail the arguments given by Portia on the quality of mercy.

References: Web Sources, Cliff notes, Sparknotes.

UNIT - 5

The Merchant of Venice
ACT V

(William Shakespeare)

Dr. Randeep Rana

Structure

5.0 Introducing the Author

William Shakespeare was a great English sonneteer and playwright and is considered as the greatest writer of English literature. He is often called the "Bard of Avon". He has written 39 plays, 154 sonnets and two long narrative poems. His plays have been translated into many languages worldwide.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were primarily comedies and histories, and are regarded as some of the best work ever produced in these genres. He is largely known all over the world for his tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

His plays are immensely popular and are continually studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts all over the world.

5.1 Unit Objectives

After going through this unit the students will be able to know about one of the most distinguished dramatists of English literature, William Shakespeare. The students will understand the constituents of a tragic-comedy. Students will be able to appreciate and understand the terms related to play as a genre such as stage setting, characterisation, dialogues, soliloquy etc. The students will further understand the significance of the fifth act of William Shakespeare's Plays.

5.2 ACT V

ACT V

SCENE I. Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA

LORENZO: The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA: In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

LORENZO: In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA: In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old AEson.

LORENZO: In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA: In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO: In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA: I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

LORENZO: Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

STEPHANO: A friend.

LORENZO: A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

STEPHANO: Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LORENZO: Who comes with her?

STEPHANO: None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LORENZO: He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

LAUNCELOT: Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

LORENZO: Who calls?

LAUNCELOT: Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

LORENZO: Leave hollaing, man: here.

LAUNCELOT: Sola! where? where?

LORENZO: Here.

LAUNCELOT: Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.

Exit

LORENZO: Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

Exit Stephano

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Music

JESSICA: I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO: The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

PORTIA: That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NERISSA: When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

PORTIA: So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Unto the king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

NERISSA: It is your music, madam, of the house.

PORTIA: Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NERISSA: Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

PORTIA: The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked.

Music ceases

LORENZO: That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA: He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LORENZO : Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA : We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

LORENZO: Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

PORTIA: Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

A tucket sounds

LORENZO: Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

PORTIA: This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers

BASSANIO: We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

PORTIA: Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

BASSANIO: I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

PORTIA: You should in all sense be much bound to him.
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANTONIO: No more than I am well acquitted of.

PORTIA: Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

GRATIANO : [To NERISSA] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

PORTIA: A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRATIANO: About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

NERISSA: What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRATIANO: He will, an if he live to be a man.

NERISSA: Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRATIANO: Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA: You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift:
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO : [Aside] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO: My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

PORTIA : What ring gave you my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASSANIO: If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

PORTIA: Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA : Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

BASSANIO : Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA: If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO: No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

PORTIA: Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NERISSA: And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRATIANO: Well, do you so; let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANTONIO: I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

PORTIA: Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASSANIO : Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself--

PORTIA : Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

BASSANIO : Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO : I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

PORTIA : Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANTONIO : Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO : By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

PORTIA: I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

NERISSA: And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

GRATIANO: Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

PORTIA : Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;

It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

ANTONIO : I am dumb.

BASSANIO : Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

GRATIANO : Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

NERISSA : Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

BASSANIO : Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

ANTONIO: Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

PORTIA : How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NERISSA : Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LORENZO : Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

PORTIA : It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRATIANO : Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Exeunt

5.3 Summary

This is the concluding scene of the play. It is a moonlight night at Belmont, and Lorenzo and Jessica are busy comparing their acts of love with the committed romantic acts of love and daring of the lovers from old famous classical stories — Troilus, Thisbe, Dido, and Medea.. Just then Stephano, comes in and informs that Portia and Nerrisa will arrive "before break of day." Launcelot also enters at this moment and announces that his master Bassanio will also arrive early morning.

Portia and Nerrisa arrive back home next day. Portia immediately tells her servants not to disclose their absence from Belmont to anyone and keep it a secret. Bassanio enters alongwith Gratanio and Antonio. He happily informs Portia that Antonio was finaaly saved by the intelligence of Balthasar from the deadly hold of cruel Shylock. There ensues a quarrel between Nerissa and Gratiano. Nerrisa scolds Gratiano over the lost wedding ring which she gave him. Portia tells Gratiano that it was his mistake, he should have kept the ring close to his heart like Bassanio .Gratiano immediately discloses that Bassanio also gave away his ring to Judge's clerk. Both Portia and Nerrisa blame their lovers and feel heartbroken. Lastly, Antonio comes to their rescue and takes guarantee of Bassanio's fidelity. At this point both, Portia and Nerrisa forgive Bassanio and Gratanio. They hand over the rings to them. Finally, Portia, explains that it was she who was the lawyer Balthasar at the trial of Antonio, and Nerissa was her clerk. It was they who saved Antonio from the deadly grasp of Shylock. Meanwhile, Antonio also get the news about the safe arrival of his three ships to the port. In the end, Nerissa presents Shylock's deed of gift to Lorenzo and Jessica, bequeathing them all his possessions.

5.4 Key Terms

Enchanted - delighted
Slander - insult
Stray - lost
Harmony - accord
Vehement - passionate
Gross - coarse
Forfeit - surrender

5.5 Check Your Progress

What are Lorenzo and Jessica involved in the last scene?

What does Portia say to all the servants?

Why is Nerrisa angry with Gratiano?

Why is Portia angry with Bassanio?

5.6 Explanation of Important Passages

My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Reference to the context: These lines have been taken from Act V Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. Here, Gratiano is telling Nerrisa about the rings.

Explanation: In these lines, Gratiano tells that his master Bassanio gave away his ring to the Judge, who begged for it and truly deserved it. He further states that Judge's clerk, who took some pains in writing the judgement, begged for mine ring. Neither of them were ready to take anything except the two rings.

I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Reference to the context: These lines have been taken from Act V Scene I from William Shakespeare's well-known play *The Merchant of Venice*. Here, Antonio is seen pledging for Bassanio.

Explanation: In these lines, Antonio says that he once risked his own body for his wealth. He was saved due to Bassanio's ring. He proposes Portia to be guarantee again his soul for Bassanio, who will never break an oath deliberately.

5.7 Questions and Exercises

Draw a detailed character sketch of Portia.

William Shakespeare's art of characterization is one of the most distinguishing characteristic of the play, *The Merchant of Venice.* Shakespeare has created numerous female characters like Desdemona, Rosalind, Juliet, Ophelia etc. but Portia, undoubtedly stands tall among them. Portia is the protagonist of William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. Portia is one of the greatest noticeable and pleasing of the heroines in Shakespeare's plays. She is good-looking, courteous, rich, clever, and intelligent. She is a rich heiress of Belmont as an obedient child she follows her father's will while choosing her husband. Her father in his will had stated that the one who chooses the right casket of the three will be Portia's husband. She follows her father's will. She loves Bassanio, a young Venetian noble, soldier and a scholar. Later in the play, she disguises herself as a man, then assumes the role of a lawyer's apprentice (named Balthazar) whereby she saves the life of Bassanio's friend, Antonio, in court. She feels extremely happy when Bassanio chooses the right casket. Her generosity is visible in her offering money to Antonio, Bassanio's friend.

Later in the play, she disguises herself as a man and appears in the role lawyer's apprentice (named Balthazar) Here, she intelligently saves the life of Bassanio's friend, Antonio, in the court.

Displaying her humane values, Portia delivers a powerful speech on the quality of Mercy in *The Merchant of Venice*:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Her shrewdness and intelligence comes to the fore, when she realizes that Shylock is adamant in having his pound of flesh. She acts as a savior and brings down Shylock on his kneels. Portia displays an impeccable sense of humour and wit. Her empathetic nature, intelligence, humility, modesty and commitment to her father makes her a great character.

Exercise: Answer the following Questions in about 300 words.

1. Write an essay on the portrayal of male characters in the play *The Merchant of Venice.*
2. Write a detailed note on the portrayal of female characters in the play *The Merchant of Venice.*
3. Discuss the role of minor characters in the play *The Merchant of Venice.*
4. Discuss *The Merchant of Venice* as a Tragicomedy.

References : Web Sources, Cliff notes, Sparknotes.

UNIT - 6

6.1 Objectives

The objective of this Unit is to give a brief analysis of the following with reference to the novel *Kanthapura*

- Narrative technique used by Raja Rao especially flashback technique
- Moorthy, the central character
- The women characters
- Some of the other characters in Kanthapura

Kanthapura has been described as the 'most satisfying of modern Indian novels'. It is the story of how Gandhi's struggle for independence from the British came to a typical village, Kanthapura, in southern India.Raja Rao's first novel *Kanthapura* (1938) is the story of a village in south India named Kanthapura. The novel is narrated in the form of a 'sthalapurana' by an old womanof the village, Achakka. Kanthapura is a traditional caste ridden Indian village which is away from all modern ways of living. Dominant castes like Brahmins are privileged to get the best region of the village whereas Shudras and the Pariahs are marginalized. The village is believed to have been protected by a local deity called Kenchamma. Though casteist, the village has got a long nourished tradition of festivals in which all castes interact and the villagers are united. The main character of the novel Moorthy is a Brahmin who discovered a halfburied 'linga' from the village and installed it. A temple is built there, which later catapults into the centre point of the village life.

In *Kanthapura*, Raja Rao tells a story about a village in the southern part of India where there is traditional caste system prevails. The town known as Kanthapura does not abide by modern changes, however most people within the location believe that they are blessed by an entity known as Kenchamma. The village has approximately 120 homes with about 700 people. The Brahmins are said to be the highest group and then there are two different groups that are known as tradesmen - the weavers and the potters. After the tradesmen, there are shudras who are known as laborers and pariahs who are known as untouchables.

6.2 Structure

Kanthapura by Raja Raois is an interesting novel with concerned with themes such as Nationalism, Non-violence, Untouchability, Caste System and so on. The novel presents a detailed study in 19 chapters. These 19 Chapters are preceded by a Foreword by Raja Rao himself. It has first person narrative with flashback technique.Unit six includes intensive study of **chapters 1-5.** It also includes the summary and text of these chapters as well as their suggested questions.

6.3 Introduction

The first chapter pertains to the introduction of the village setup by Achakka, the grandmother of the village, who shares her views about the geographical, economic, cultural, and demographic setting of the village, Kanthapura. Britishers have been addressed as Red Men due to their exploitative commercial activities at the cost of Indian interest.The main characters of the novel have also been introduced in the chapter. In the second chapter, more detail about female characters, their behavious, mannerisms, the position of widows etc has been given. Anti-British sentiments have been expressed through the reaction

of people through Bade Khan who is disliked because he is a government servant. The Third chapter delves upon thelife and the nefarious activities of the money lender named Bhatta, who does not spare anyone and charges high rate of interest. The Fourth chapter is baased upon the issue of excommunication of Moorthy due to his alleged contact with the Pariahs, also called corpse eaters. This action of Moorthy, a Brahmin, leads to suicide by his mother. The fifth chapter reflects upon the multifarious exploitation of the coolies at Skeffington Coffee Estate.

6.4 Elaboration of points given in the structure

The salient themes mentioned in 6.2 get elaborated in this part of the novel. The reader gets acquainted with the geographical, social, political and social structure prevailing in Kanthapura. The rumbling of discontent and anger against the oppressive polcies of the British and the upper lower class skirmishes are brought to the fore.Sailent themes of the foreword are oral tradition and writing as an important and effective mode of indigenous expression. The description of the land, its geographical features, the economic structure constitute the next important element. How Gandism can not only eradicate economic disparity but also usher in a casteless society has also been highlighted. The themes of colonialism and the counter force of nationalism have also been dealt with.

6.5 Check your progress questions

6.5.1 Who is Achakka?

6.5.2 Who is Bhatta?

6.5.3 Who is Moorthy?

6.5.4 Give a brief introduction of the Skeffinton Coffee Estate?

6.5.5 Who is Bade Khan?

6.6 Answers to the check your progress questions

6.6.1 Narrator of the novel.

6.6.2 Leader of Brahmin Community and the only money lender of the village.

6.6.3 The main protagonist of the novel.

6.6.4 The Estate gives employment to a large number of coolies who are compelled to work under inhuman conditions. It is situated on the top of the small hill Bebbur Mound. The owners of the estate are selfish and inconsiderate.

6.6.5 Bade Khan is the representative of British Government who has come to Kanthapura to keep a check on the anti-government activities of villagers.

6.7 Summary of the lesson/Unit

6.7.1 Summary of the Foreword

Rao explains that every Indian village has a “sthala-purana, or legendary history, of its own.” Often, a god or hero has passed through the village and left their mark in the memories of its inhabitants, so that in everyday life “the past mingles with the present, and the gods mingle with men.” *Kanthapura* is one such story about a village.

By narrating Kanthapura as a sthala-purana, Rao translates a traditional genre of oral history grounded in the peculiarities of local religion into the modern medium of the English-language novel. As a story of anticolonial resistance, it is worth noting that Rao has appropriated the language of the colonialist to tell this story. It suggests that it was important to him that the British and other westerners be able to read his words. Rao notes that “the telling has not been easy,” chiefly because translating

Indian ways of thinking and constructing their meaning into an “alien” language like English is so difficult. But English is not truly alien to Indians—it forms their “intellectual make-up.” Indians can write in English, but they “cannot write like the English”—rather, Indian English must become a “distinctive and colourful” dialect of the language, which “time alone will justify.” Indian writing in English must express “the tempo of Indian life,” which is a process of “rush and tumble and move on.”

Rao justifies his decision to tell Kanthapura's history in Achakka's distinctive style, which breaks most conventions of narrative voice by following a meandering stream of consciousness rather than a linear storyline. Thus, even though English is a colonial language, it still offers Indians a form of expression that subverts the colonial regime. Rao adapts a colonial tool to anticolonial purposes, writing in a style of English that is not the dry language of education and recordkeeping but rather the sort of vernacular language in which a sthala-purana would ordinarily be told.

Rao suggests that this distinctive tempo accounts for the length of important Hindu epics like the *Mahabharatha* and *Ramayana*, which demonstrate the rambling, “ordinary style of our story-telling” that his narrator adopts. Rao imagines the story told by a grandmother, addressing a newcomer on her veranda at dusk, recounting her “sad tale” about the village.

Rao sees India as a way of thinking, layered and additive rather than linear and argumentative, and Achakka's oral style reflects that. He makes explicit her role as a village elder and suggests that his story of a village responding to colonialism can be read as the story of India's struggle against colonialism in miniature.

6.7.2 Text of Foreword

FOREWORD

My publishers have asked me to say a word of explanation. There is no village in India, however mean, that has not a rich sthala-purana, or legendary history, of its own. Some god or godlike hero has passed by the village — Rama might have rested under this pipal-tree, Sita might have dried her clothes, after her bath, on this yellow stone, or the Mahatma himself, on one of his many pilgrimages through the country, might have slept in this hut, the low one, by the village gate. In this way the past mingles with the present, and the gods mingle with men to make the repertory of your grand- mother always bright. One such story from the con- temporary annals of my village I have tried to tell.

The telling has not been easy. One has to convey in a language that is not one's own the spirit that is one’s own. One has to convey the various shades and omissions of a certain thought-movement that looks maltreated in an alien language. I use the word ‘alien,’ yet English is not really an alien language to us. It is the language of our intellectual make-up — like Sanskrit or Persian was before — but not of our emotional make-up. We are all instinctively bilingual, many of us writing in our own language and in English. We cannot write like the English. We should not. We cannot write only as Indians. We have grown to look jo the large world as part of us. Our method of expression therefore has to be a dialect which will someday prove to be as distinctive and colourful as the Irish or the American. Time alone will justify it.

After language the next problem is that of style. The tempo of Indian life must be infused into our English expression, even as the tempo of American or Irish life has gone into the making of theirs. We, in India, think quickly, we talk quickly, and when we move we move quickly. There must be something in the sun of India that makes us rush and tumble and run on. And our, ‘paths are paths interminable. The Mahabharatha has 214,778 verses and the Ramayana 48,000. Puranas there are endless and innumerable. We have neither punctuation nor the treacherous ‘ats’ and ‘ons’ to bother us — we tell one interminable tale. Episode follows episode, and when our thoughts stop our breath stops,

and we move on to another thought. This was and still is the ordinary style of our story-telling. I have tried to follow it myself in this story.

It may have been told of an evening, when as the dusk falls, and through the sudden quiet, lights leap up in house after house, and stretching her bedding on the veranda, a grandmother might have told you, new comer, the sad tale of her village.

RAJA RAO

6.7.3 Text of Chapter 1

CHAPTER 1

Our village — I don't think you have ever heard about it — Kanthapura is its name, and it is in the province of Kara. High on the Ghats is it, high up the steep mountains that face the cool Arabian seas, up the Malabar coast is it, up Mangalore and Puttur and many a centre of cardamom and coffee, rice and sugarcane. Roads, narrow, dusty, rut-covcrcd roads, wind through the forests of teak and of jack, of sandal and of sal, and hanging over bellowing gorges and leaping over elephant-haunted valleys, they turn now to the left and now to the right and bring you through the Alambe and Champa and Mena and Kola passes into the great granaries of trade. There, on the blue waters, they say, our carted cardamoms and coffee get into the ships the Red-men bring, and, so they say, they go across the seven oceans into the countries where our rulers live.

Cart after cart groans through the roads of Kanthapura, and on many a night, before the eyes arc shut, the last lights we see are those of the train of carts, and the last voice we hear is that of the cart-man who sings through the hollows of the night. The carts pass through the Main Street and through the Potter's Lane, and then they turn by Chennayya's Pond, and up they go, up the passes into the morning that will rise over the sea. Sometimes when Rama Chetty or Subba Chetty have merchandise, the carts stop and there arc grcctings, and in every house we can hear Subba Chetty's 350-rupee bulLs ringing their bells as they get under the yoke. ' he – ho,' says Subba Chetty, ' he-ho,' and the bulls shiver and start. The slow-moving carts begin to grind and to rumble, and then the long harsh monotony of the carts' axles through the darkness. And once they are on the other side of the Tippur Hill the noise suddenly dies into the night and the soft hiss of the Himavathy rises into the air. Sometimes people say to themselves, the Goddess of the River plays through the night with the Goddess of the Hill. Kenchamma is the mother of Himavathy. May the goddess bless us! Kenchamma is our goddess. Great and bounteous is she. She killed a demon ages, ages ago, a demon that had come to ask our young sons as food and our young women as wives. Kenchainma came from the Heavens — it was the sage Tripura who had made penances to bring her down — and she waged such a battle and she fought so many a night that the blood soaked and soaked into the earth, and that is why the Kenchamma Hill is all red. If not, tell me, sister, why should it be red only from the Tippur stream upwards, for a footdown on the other side of the stream you have mud, black and brown, but never red. Tell me, how could this happen, if it were not for Kenchamma and her battle? Thank heaven, not only did she slay the demon, but she even settled down among us, and this much I shall say, never has she failed us in our grief. If rains come not, you fail at her feet and say 'Kenchamma, goddess, you are not kind to us. Our fields are full of younglings and you have given us no water. Tell us, Kenchamma, why do you seek to make our stomachs bum? ' And Kenchamma, through the darkness of the sanctum, opens her eyes wide — oh! if only you could see her eyelids quicken and shiver! — and she smiles on you a smile such as you have never before beheld. You know what that means. That every night, when the doors are closed and the lights are put out, pat-pat-pat, the rain patters on the tiles, an many a peasant is heard to go into the fields, squelching through the gutter and mire. She has never failed us, I assure you, our Kanchamma.

Then there is the smallpox, and we vow that we shall walk the holy fire on the annual fair, and child after child gets better and better — and, but for that widow of a Satamma's child, and the drunkard Dhirappa's brother's son, tell me, who ever has been taken away by smallpox? Then there was cholera. We gave a sari and a gold trinket to the goddess, and the goddess never touched those that are to live — as for the old ones, they would have died one way or the other anyway. Of course you will tell me that young Sankamma, Barber Channav's wife, died of it. But then it was not for nothing her child was bom ten months and four days after he was dead. Ten months and four days, I tell you! Such whores always die untimely. Ramappa and Subbanna, you see, they got it in town and our goddess could do nothing. She is the Goddess of Kanthapura, not of Talassana. They ought to have stayed in Talassana and gone to Goddess Talassanamma to offer their prayers.

'O Kenchamma! Protect us always like this through famine and disease, death and despair. O most high and bounteous! We' shall offer you our first rice and our first fruit, and we shall offer you saris and bodice- cloth for every birth and marriage, we shall wake thinking of you, sleep prostrating before you, Kenchamma, and through the harvest night shall we dance before you, the fire in the middle and the horns about us, we shall sing and sing and sing, clap our hands and sing:

Kenchamma, Kenchamma,
Goddess benign and bounteous,
Mother of earth, blood of life,
Harvest-queen, rain-crowned,
Kenchamma, Kenchamma,
Goddess benign and bounteous.

And when the night is over, and the sun rises over the Bebbur Mound, people will come from Santur and Kuppur, people will come from the Santur Coffee Estate and the Kuppur Cardamom Estate, from coconut gardens and sugarcane fields, and they will bring flowers and fruit and rice and dal and sugar-candy and perfumed sweetmeats, and we shall offer you all, dancing and singing — the bells will ring, the trumpets tear through the groves, and as the camphor rises before you, we shall close our eyes and hymn your praise. Kenchamma, Great Goddess, protect us! O Benign One!'

Our village had four and twenty houses. Not all were big like Postmaster Suryanarayana's double-storied house by the Temple Comer. But some were really not bad to look at. Our Patwari Nanjundia had a veranda with two rooms built on to the old house.He had even put glass panes to the windows, which even Postmaster Suryanarayana could not boast of. Then there were the Kannayya-House people, who had a high veranda, and though the house was I know not how many generations old, it was still as fresh and new as though it had been built only yesterday. No wonder that Waterfall Venkamma roared day and night against Rangamma. Why should a widow, and a childless widow too, have a big house like that? And it is not her father that built it,' said she. 'It's my husband's ancestors thatbuilt it. I've two sons and five daughters, and that shaven widow hadn't even the luck of having a bandi- coot to call her own. And you have only to look at her gold belt and her dharmawar sari. Whore!' And so, Night and day did she howl, whenever she met Temple Lakshamma or Bhatta's wife Chinnamma coming back from the river. To tell you the truth, Venkamma's own house was as big and strong as her sister-in-law's. But she said it was not large enough for her family. Besides, she could not bear the idea that it was occupied by Rangamma's father and mother, and when the vacations came Rangamma had all her younger brothers, and the children of the elder one from Bombay — "all those city-bred fashionable idiots," — to spend the summer. "Tell me," said Venkamma one day to Akkamma, bringing forward her falling sari over her shaven head, why should our family feed theirs? If her parents are poor, let them set fire to their dhoti and sari and die. Oh, if only I could have had the courage to put

lizard-poison into their food! Well that will come too,' She would clap her hands and go into her house leaving Front-House Akkamma to hurry up her steps.

Akkamma had people come to visit them. You know, Coffee-Planter Ramayya is a cousin of her sister-in-law, and when he is on his way to Karwar he sometimes drops in to see them — and even spends a night there. He left his Ford on the other side of the river, for the ferry did not ply at night, and he came along. Today he is there and people are all busy trying to see him. For midday meal he will have a vermicelli paysama and Patwari Nanjundia and his son-in-law areboth invited there. There are others coming too. The Temple people and the Fig-Tree-House people, and Dore, the 'University graduate' as they call him. He had lost his father when still young and his mother died soon after, and as his two sisters were already married and had gone to their mothers-in-law, he was left all alone with fifteen acres of wet land and twenty acres of dry land. And he said he would go to the city for 'higher studies' and went to a University. Of course, he never got through the Inter even — but he had city-ways, read city-books, and even called himself a Gandhi-man. Some two years ago, when he had come back from Poona, he had given up his boots and hat and suit and had taken to dhoti and khadi, and it was said he had even given up his city habit of smoking.

Well, so much the better. But, to tell you the truth, we never liked him. He had always been such a braggart. He was not like Comer-House Moorthy, who had gone through life like a noble cow, quiet, generous, serene, deferent and brahmanic, a very prince, I tell you. We loved him, of course, as you will see, and if only I had not been a daughterless widow, I should have offered him a granddaughter, if I had one. And I know he would have said: Achakka, you are of the Veda Sastra Pravina Krishna Sastri's family, and is it greater for you to ask something of me, or for me to answer "Yea "? ' He's the age my Seenu is, and he and Seenu were as, one would say, our Rama and brother Lakshamana. They only needed a Sita to make it complete. In fact, on that day, as everybody knew, Coffee-Planter Ramayya had come to offer his own daughter to Moorthy. But the horoscopes did not agree. And we were all so satisfied.

Till now I've spoken only of the Brahmin quarter. Our village had a Pariah quarter too, a Potters' quarter, a Weavers' quarter, and a Sudra quarter. How many huts had we there? I do not know. There may have been ninety or a hundred — though a hundred may be the right number. Of course you wouldn't expect me to go to the Pariah quarter, but I have seen from the street-corner Beadle Timmayya's hut. It was in the middle, so — let me see — if there were four on this side and about six, seven, eight that side, that makes some fifteen or twenty hyts in all. Pock-marked Sidda had a real thothi* house, with a big veranda and a large roof, and there must have been a big granary somewhere inside, for he owned as much land as Patwari Nanjundia or Shopkeeper Subba Chctty, though he hadn't half Kanthapura as Bhatta had. But lately, Sidda's wife went mad, you know, and he took her to Poona and he spent much money on her. Bhatta of course profited by the occasion and added a few acres more to his own domain. Clever fellow this Bhatta! One day he was sure to become the Zamindar of the whole village — Inner courtyard. Though we all knew him walking about the streets with only a loin-cloth about him. The Potters' Street was the smallest of our streets. It had only five houses. Lingayya and Ramayya and Subbayya and Chandrayya owned the four big houses, and old Kamalamma had a little broken house at the end of the street where she spent her last days with her only son. Formerly, they say, the Potters' Street was very flourishing, but now, with all these modem Mangalore tiles, they've had to turn to land. But Chandrayya still made festival-pots, and for Gauri's festival we've always had our pots done by him. He makes our images too and he even sold them at the Manjarpur fair. The rest of the Potters were rather a simple, quiet lot, who tilled their lands and now and again went out to the neighbouring villages to help people to make bricks.

Now, when you turned round the Potters' Street and walked across the Temple Square, the first house you saw was the ninedxamed house of Patel Rang& Gowda. He was a fat, sturdy fellow, a veritable tiger amongst us, and what with his tongue and his hand and his brain, he had amassed solid gold in his coffers and solid bangles on his arms. His daughters, all three of them, lived with him and his sons-in-law worked with him like slaves, though they owned as much land as he did. But then, you know, the Tiger, his words were law in our village. 4 If the Patel says it,* we used to say, even a coconut-leaf roof will become a gold roof.' He is an honest man, and he has helped many a poor peasant. And heavens! What a terror he was to the authorities!

The other shudras were not badly-fed householders and they had as usual two or three sons and a few daughters, and one could not say whether they were rich or poor. They were always badly dressed and always paid revenues due and debts after several notices. But as long as Range Gowda was there, there was no fear. He would see them through the difficulties. And they were of his community. The Brahmin Street started just on the opposite side, and my own house was the first on the right.

Between my house and Subba Chetty's shop on the Karwar: Road was the little Kanthapurishwari's temple. It was on the Main Street Promontory, as we called it, and became the centre of our life. In fact it did not exist more than three years ago, and to tell you the truth, that's where all the trouble began. Corner-House Narsamma's son, Moorthy — our Moorthy as we always called him — was going through our backyard one day and, seeing a half-sunk linga, said, 'Why not unearth it and wash it and consecrate it? 'Why not!' said we all, and as it was the holidays and all the city boys were in the village, they began to put up a little mud wall and a tile roof to protect the god. He was so big and fine and brilliant, I tell you, and our Bhatta duly performed the consecration ceremony. And as Rangamma said she would pay for a milk and banana libation, and a dinner, we had a grand feast. Then came Postmaster Suryanarayana and said, Brother, why not start a Sankara-jayanthi? I have the texts. We shall read the Sankara-Vijaya every day and somebody will offer a dinner for each day of the month. Let the first be mine,' said Bhatta. 'The second mine, said Agent Nanjundia. 'The third must be mine/ insisted Pandit Venkateshia. 'And the fourth and the fifth are mine,' said Rangamma. ' And if there is no one coming forward for the other days, let it always bemine,' she said. Good, dear Rangamma! She had enough money to do it, and she was alone. And so the Sankara- jay ant hi was started that very day.

It was old Ramakrishnayya, the very learned father of Rangamma, that said he would read out the Sankara - Vijay a day after day. And we all cried out 'May the Goddess bless him,' for there was none more serene and deep-voiced than he. We always went to discuss Vedanta with him in the afternoons after the vessels were washed and the children had gone to school. And now we gathered at the Iswara's temple on the Promontory, instead of on Rangamma's veranda. How grand the Sankara- jay ant hi was! Old Ramakrishnayya read chapter after chapter with such a calm, bell-metal voice, and we all listened with our sari fringes wet with tears. Then they began to lay leaves for dinner. And one boy came and said, 'I shall serve, aunt! ' And another came and said, 'Can I serve paysam, aunt? * And another came and said, 'I shall serve rice, aunt/ and this way and that we had quite a marriage army and they served like veritable princes. Then, when we had eaten and had washed our hands, the younger women sang, and we discussed the maya-vada* and after that we went home. We hastily pushed rice on to the leaves of the young and came back for the evening prayers. There used to be bhajan. Trumpet The philosophy of Maya or of the illusory nature of our experiences.

Lingayya with his silver trumpet was always there, and once the music was over, we stayed till the camphorwas lit, and throwing a last glance at the god, we went home to sleep, with the god's face framed within our eyes. It was beautiful, I tell you — day after day we spent as though the whole village was having a marriage party. Then sometimes there used to be Harikathas. Our Sastri is also a poet. You know, the Maharaja of Mysore had already honoured him with a Palace Shawl, and Sastri had just sent His Highness an epic on the sojourn of Rama and Sita in the Hill country. They said he would soon be honoured with a permanent place in the court. And he is a fine singer, too. But he is an even grander Harikat ha-man. When he stood up with the bells at his ankles and the cymbals in his hands, how true and near and brilliant the god-world seemed to us. And never has anyone made a grander Harikatha on Parvati's winning of Siva. He had poetry on his tongue, sister. And he could keep us sitting for hours together. And how we regretted the evening the Sankara-jayanthi was over. The air looked empty.

But by Kenchamma's grace it did not end there. The next morning Moorthy comes to us and says, Aunt, what do you think of having the Rama festival, the Krishna festival, the Ganesh festival? We shall Harikatha. Literally story of God. Generally a story from one of the Indian legends is taken, and with music and dance, the Harikatha-performcr relates it in extemporized verse. Sometimes the music and dance stop, and he explains the whole thing in familiar prose, have a month's bhajan every time and we shall keep the party going. 'Of course, my son,' say we, 'and we shall always manage each to give a banana libation if nothing else.

'But, says he, 'to have everything performed regularly we need some money, aunt? 'Money ! It made us think twice before we answered, And how much money would you need, my son? But, if it's camphor, I'll give it. If it's coconut, I'll give it. If it's sugarcandy. 'No, aunt,' says Moorthy, 'it's not like that. You see, aunt, while I was in Karwar we had Rama's festival and Ganapati's festival, and we had evening after evening of finest music and Harikatha and gas- light procession. Everybody paid a four-anna bit and we had so much money that we could get the best Harikatha- men like Belur Narahari Sastri, Vidwan Chandrasekharayya . . .' 'Do you think they'll come here? say I. Of course, aunt. And what do you think: pay them ten rupees and give them their cart fare and railway fare and that'll do. They don't ask for palan- quins and howdahs. And we shall have Harikathas such as no one has ever heard or seen in Kanthapura.' All right my son. And how should we pay?

We know Moorthy had been to the city and he knew of things we did not know. And yet he was as honest as an elephant. One rupee, aunt.Just one rupee. And if there is some money left, we shall always use it for holy work. You understand, aunt? That is what we did in Karwar.'

Yes, say I, though a rupee was a lot to me. I have seven acres of wet land and twelve acres of dry land and they yield just enough for my Seenu and me to have our three meals a day. A rupee! It was a twenty-fifth of my revenue, and tell me, when did we ever pay it in time? But the rupee is for the gods. And it is Moorthy that asks for it. We always bless him.

So Moorthy goes from house to house, and from younger brother to elder brother, and from elder brother to the grandfather himself, and — what do you think? — he even goes to the Potters' quarter and the Weavers' quarter and the Sudra quarter, and I closed my ears when I heard he went to the Pariah quarter. We said to ourselves, he is one of these Gandhi-men, who say there is neither caste nor clan nor family, and yet they pray like us and they live like us. Only they say, too, one should not marry early, one should allow widows to take husbands and a brahmin might marry a pariah and a pariah a brahmin. Well, well, let them say it, how does it affect us? We shall be dead before the world is polluted. We shall have closed our eyes.

So, he goes, Moorthy, from house to house, from householder to householder, and — what do you think? — he gathers a hundred and forty-seven rupees. Everybody says, Take it, my son'. And

Rangamma gives him a ten-rupee note and says, Last harvest, when Ramayya's Chennayya had paid back his mortgage loan, I asked, "What shall I do with this money? " and I sent a hundred rupees to a brahmin orphanage in Karwar. Well, money spent there or here it is all the same to me. And then Agent Nanjundia pays two rupees, his son the teacher pays one, and his sister's husband pays two, three, or four, I don't quite remember, and so goes Moorthy gathering money in his ascetic's bowl. And what a grand festival we had the following Ganesh-jayanthi. There were reading-parties and camphor ceremonies every evening, and our young men even performed a drum and sitar bhajan. And it was on one of those evenings that they had invited Jayaramachar — you know Jayaramachar, the famous Harikatha- man? They say he had done Harikatha even before the Mahatma. And a funny Harikatha - man he is too, sister.

'Today,' he says, 'it will be the story of Siva and Parvati.' And Parvati in penance becomes the country and Siva becomes heaven knows what! 'Siva is the three-eyed', he says, 'and Swaraj too is three-eyed: Self-purification, Hindu-Moslem unity, Khaddar.' And then he talks ofDamayanthi and Sakunthala and Yasodha and everywhere there is something about our country and something about Swaraj. Never had we heard Harikathas like this. And he can sing too, can Jayaramachar. He can keep us rapt in tears for hours together. But the Harikatha he did, which I can never forget in this life and in all lives to come, is about the birth of Gandhi ji. 'What a title for a Harikatha!' cried out old Venkatalakshamma, the mother of the Postmaster. 'It is neither about Rama nor Krishna.'But' said her son, who too has been to the city, 'but, Mother, the Mahatma is a saint, a holy man — 'Holy man or lover of a widow, what does it matter to me? When I go to the temple I want to hear about Rama and Krishna and Mahadeva and not all this city- nonsense', said she. And being an obedient son, he was silent. But the old woman came along that evening. She could never stay away from a Harikatha. And sitting beside us, how she wept! . . .

This is the story Jayaramachar told us. In the great Heavens Brahma the Self-created One was lying on his serpent, when the sage Valmiki entered, announced by the two doorkeepers. 'Oh, learned sire, what brings you into this distant world? asked Brahma, and, offering the sage a seat beside him, fell at his feet. Rise up, O God of Gods! I have come to bring you sinister news. Far down on the Earth you chose as your chief daughter Bharatha, the goddess of wisdom and well-being. You gave her the sage-loved Himalayas on the north and the seven surging seas to the south, and you gave her the Ganges to meditate on, the Godavery to live by, and the pure Cauvery to drink in. You gave her the riches of gold and of diamonds, and you gave her kings such as the world has never seen! Asoka, who loved his enemies and killed no animal; Chandragupta, who had the nine jewels of Wisdom at his court; and Dharmaraya and Vikra- maditya and Akbar, and many a noble king. And you gave her, too, sages radiating wisdom to the eight cardinal points of the earth, Krishna and Buddha, Sankara and Ramanuja. But, O Brahma! you who sent us the Prince propagators of the Holy Law and Sages that smote the darkness of Ignorance, you have forgotten us so long that men have come from across the seas and the oceans to trample on our wisdom and to spit on virtue itself. They have come to bind us and to whip us, to make our women die milkless and our men die ignorant. O Brahma! deign to send us one of your gods so that he may incarnate on Earth and bring back light and plenty to your enslaved daughter . . .' — 'O Sage! pronounced Brahma, is it greater for you to ask or for me to say "Yea "? Siva himself will forthwith go and incarnate on the Earth and free my beloved daughter from her enforced slavery. Pray seat yourself, and the messengers of Heaven shall fly to Kailas and Siva be informed of it'. And lo! when the Sage was still partaking of the pleasures Brahma offered him in hospitality, there wasborn in a family in Gujerat a son such as the world has never beheld. As soon as he came forth, the four wide walls began to shine like the Kingdom of the Sun, and hardly was he in the cradle than he began to lisp the language of wisdom. You remember how Krishna, when he was but a babe of four, had begun to fight against demons and had killed the serpent Kali. So too our Mohandas began to fight against the

enemies of the country. And as he grew up, and after he was duly shaven for the hair ceremony, he began to go out into the villages and assemble people and talk to them, and his voice was so pure, his forehead so brilliant with wisdom, that men followed him, more and more men followed him as they did Krishna the flute-player; and so he goes from village to village to slay the serpent of the foreign rule. Fight, says he, but harm no soul. Love all, says he, Hindu, Mohomedan, Christian or Pariah, for all are equal before God. Don't be attached to riches, says he, for riches create passions, and passions create attachment, and attachment hides the face of Truth. Truth must you tell, he says, for Truth is God, and verily, it is the only God I know. And he says too, spin every day. Spin and weave every day, for our Mother is in tattered weeds and a poor mother needs clothes to cover her sores. If you spin, he says, the money that goes to the Red-man will stay within your country and the Mother can feed the foodless and the milkless and the clothless. He is a saint, the Mahatma, a wise man and a soft man, and a saint. You know how he fasts and prays. And even his enemies fall at his feet. You know once there was an ignorant Pathan who thought the Mahatma was a covetous man and wanted to kill him. He had a sword beneath his shirt as he stood waiting in the dark for the Mahatma to come out of a lecture-hall. The Mahatma comes and the man lifts up his sword. But the Mahatma puts his hands on the wicked man's shoulders and says, Brother, what do you want of me?' And the man falls at the feet of the Mahatma and kisses them, and from that day on- wards there was never a soul more devoted than he. And the serpent that crossed the thighs of the Mahatma, a huge serpent too. . . .

And there were other stories, he told us, Jayaramachar. But hardly had he finished the Harikatha and was just about to light the camphor to the god, than the Sankur Police Jamadar is there. Moorthy goes to him and they talk between themselves, and then they talk to Jayaramachar, and Jayaramachar looks just as though he were going to spit out, and we never saw him again. Our Moorthy performed the camphor ceremony and from that day onwards Moorthy looked sorrowful and calm. He went to Dore and Sastri's son Puttu, and Dore and Sastri's son Puttu went to Postmaster Surya- narayana's sons Chandru and Ramu, and then came Pandit Venkateshia and Front-House Sami's son Srinivas and Kittu, and so Kittu and Srinivas and Puttu and Ramu and Chandru and Seemi, threw away their foreign clothes and because Gandhi's men.

6.7.4 Summary of Chapter 1

"Our village," the narrator Achakka begins, "I don't think you have ever heard about it—Kanthapura is its name." The village is high in the Western Ghats, "the steep mountains that face the cool Arabian seas" in India's southwest. Past Kanthapura, "cardamom and coffee, rice and sugarcane" are funneled down rudimentary roads that wind through the mountains and forests toward "the great granaries of trade" and then on "across the seven oceans and into the countries where our rulers live."

The distinctive style that Rao describes in the preface becomes immediately apparent through Achakka's lengthy first sentence, which situates her village in the broader context of India and the British empire as a whole. She does this from the viewpoint of someone traversing the landscape. The flood of names of places she provides demonstrates her deep familiarity with the place and establishes her as an authority on her village.

"Cart after cart groans" through Kanthapura's roads, all day and all night, heading over the mountains to the sea. When Rama or Subba Chetty is out selling merchandise, the carts stop in town and Subba loads up his own. Everyone can hear the "long harsh monotony" of them taking off into the night, until they pass over Tippur Hill and out of earshot. People sometimes hear this as the Goddess of the River playing with the Goddess of the Hill. "Kenchamma is the mother of Himavathy," explains the narrator.

Kanthapura's economic role in the empire is obvious to its inhabitants through the noise of the carts that pass through town. That the noise disappears past the Kenchamma Hill and Himavathy River suggests that these landmarks delimit the boundaries of Kanthapura. Locality and the local goddess Kenchamma's domain.

"Great and bounteous" Kenchamma is the town's goddess. Once, "ages, ages ago," a demon came to take Kanthapura's children as food and wives, and the goddess fought him back all night. The battle soaked her namesake Kenchamma Hill in blood, and now the part above the Tippur stream is red, which is proof that the battle happened. Kenchamma settled in the town, and has never failed to answer the villagers' prayers for rain.

The villagers' traditional religion is tied to the place where they live in the sense that the goddess they worship is embedded in the landscape and that landscape records the history of what has happened in the village. The villagers do not need documents or scholars to record their history; rather, the physical landscape and local memoir are their history books.

The goddess Kenchamma also cures disease. By walking through a holy fire, everyone has been cured of smallpox (besides one child), and by offering Kenchamma "a sari and a gold trinket," the town has saved all from cholera except some "old ones" who "would have died one way or the other anyway." And yes, the narrator admits, one woman died of it too—but "her child was born ten months and four days" after her husband died, and "such whores always die untimely." Two others who died of cholera in Kanthapura were not from the town; they should have stayed in their own, the narrator claims, and prayed to their own goddess.

Achakka quickly contradicts herself, establishing her unreliability as a narrator. She suggests that the fates of those who died from disease are tied to their moral failings. The lack of smallpox and cholera in the village also suggests that it has had relatively little direct contact with European colonizers. Kanthapura's universe is determined and defined by religion: even disease is attributed to Kenchamma.

The narrator prays that Kenchamma will protect the village "through famine and disease, death and despair." She promises that the villagers "shall wake thinking of you, sleep prostrating before you," and perform a ritual dance and song all through harvest night. The next morning, people will come from the plantation estates around Kanthapura with offerings and sing.

Even during her story, Achakka carefully acknowledges the goddess and her continuing role in protecting Kanthapura's people. The fact that people from the plantations surrounding Kanthapura descend upon the village to pray to Kenchamma demonstrates both that the village is an important center within its immediate region and that it is not completely isolated from the outside world or the effects of colonialism.

There are 24 houses in Kanthapura, from Postmaster Suryanarayana's large two-story home to much smaller ones that "were really not bad to look at" and Patwari Nanjundia's, which has a fabulous veranda. So does the Kannayya-House, but Waterfall Venkamma is constantly furious that her widowed sister-in-law Rangamma gets to live there. Venkamma has to squeeze into a house she believes is too small (although the narrator explains that, in truth, her house is "as big and strong" as the Kannayya-House) while Rangamma gets to bring her family of "city-bred fashionable idiots" from Bombay to stay at the Kannayya-House in the summers. One day Venkamma tells the fellow villager Akkamma how she wishes to poison the family, and "Front-House Ankamma" runs inside her own house.

Achakka introduces a number of characters all at once with little context, overwhelming the reader with her extensive and detailed knowledge of seemingly everyone and everything in Kanthapura.

She attaches epithets to many of the characters, generally based on personality traits or where they live within the village. Characters' houses clearly reflect their social status within the village. Here, Achakka introduces Venkamma's bitter and confrontational character, as well as her feud with Rangamma. The villagers' opposition to city-people is also clear from the start.

Akkamma's sister-in-law's cousin, "Coffee-Planter Ramayya," is staying with her on his way through town. He parks his Ford across the river and an enormous crowd descends on Akkamma's house to see him, including Dorè, whom everyone calls "the 'University graduate.'"

Ramayya and Dorè represent the kind of city-people that the villagers disdain and see as tied to the colonial government. Ramayya's car contrasts with the villagers' limited means of transportation, reflecting his power and ties to the city.

Dorè's parents died and sisters married when he was young, so he found himself "all alone with fifteen acres of wet land and twenty acres of dry land." Actually, Dorè never made it to his second term at university but "had city-ways, read city-books, and even called himself a Gandhi-man." When he came back to town two years ago, he started wearing a dhoti and khadi, and he even quit "his city habit of smoking."

Dorè is clearly a charlatan, using his brief sojourn in the city as an excuse to proclaim his superiority to the others in his village. He also gives Achakka a means to introduce Gandhi, whose movement later becomes the main focus of the characters in Kanthapura.

But honestly, the narrator remarks, "we never liked [Dorè]. He had always been such a braggart," unlike "Corner-House Moorthy," who lived "like a noble cow, quiet, generous, serene, deferent and brahmanic" and was loved by all. The narrator, who reveals in passing that her name is Achakka, would even have married her granddaughter to him if she had one. Moorthy and Achakka's son Seenu are the same age and were always close friends. Coffee-Planter Ramayyawas there to offer his own daughter to Moorthy—however, "the horoscopes did not agree. And we were all so satisfied…"

Moorthy embodies the ideal Gandhian and contrasts strongly with Dorè. Achakka finally reveals her name as an aside, underscoring the wending nature of her narrative. The failure of Moorthy's marriage to Ramayya's daughter illustrates both the dependence of Kanthapura's society on the institution of marriage and also the extent to which Indians of all stripes in this book—including Moorthy and Ramayya from the city—follow astrology to make important decisions.

Achakka notes that, so far, she has only talked about the village's Brahmin Quarter—there are a number of others, and perhaps "ninety or a hundred" huts in total. Achakka explains that she would never go into the PariahQuarter, but she estimates that there are "fifteen or twenty" huts there. "Pock-marked Sidda" has a huge house there, but he recently had to take his wife to Poona for treatment because she "went mad," and he lost much of his land to clever Bhatta, who already owned "half Kanthapura" and "was sure to become the Zamindar [landowner] of the whole village" even though he walked around in only a loincloth.

Recognizing the way caste divides Kanthapura, Achakka zooms out from the world in which she lives in and acknowledges her lack of insight into the lives of lower-caste villagers. Bhatta's economic power over Kanthapura is evident, as is the sharp division between the villagers' traditional ways of life, organized around the religious power of the brahmin caste, and the new social structures introduced by colonialism, which revolves around money and property.

The Potters' Street is the smallest, with five houses and five inhabitants: Lingayya, Ramayya, Subbayya, Chandrayya, and the dying Kamalamma, who lives in "a little broken house at the end of the

street" with her son. With "modern Mangalore tiles" taking over the market, the Potters are suffering and most have turned to agriculture.

The potters' disappearing lifestyle illustrates how Kanthapura is increasingly shifting toward a market economy, and how the majority of its citizens are forced into the lowest rungs of that society: they become farmers, while landowners (both British and Indian) profit from their labor.

Patel Rangè Gowda, "a fat, sturdy fellow, a veritable tiger amongst us," lives just past the Temple Square with his fortune in gold and bangles. He works his sons-in-law "like slaves" even though they also own land; "his words were law in our village." Achakkaconsiders him an "honest man" who has "helped many a poor peasant"—but he is also "a terror […] to the authorities!" He protects his fellow sudras, who "were always badly dressed" and never paid their debts on time.

Rangè Gowda has immense power in Kanthapura despite being low caste, which demonstrates how wealth is increasingly displacing caste as the dominant hierarchy in the village. He is both revered and feared for his power as a revenue collector, since his willingness to use the same cruel tactics as the colonial government makes him Kanthapura's best defense against the British.

Across the Sudra Street is the Brahmin Street, where Achakkaherself lives, Subba Chetty has his shop, and the local temple stands. The street is the "centre of our life," but only three years old, and "that's where all the trouble began."

The temple is both the physical and religious center of Kanthapura, and Achakka insinuates that "the trouble" that unraveled Kanthapura can be traced to the brahmin quarter.

One day, Moorthy found a "half-sunk" linga (an idol that represents Lord Siva) in Achakka's backyard and convinced the other brahmins to clean and build a small shrine for it. Postmaster Suryanarayanaproposes a Sankara-jayantha—the Brahmins jump at the opportunity to participate and start later that day. Ramakrishnayya, the most "serene and deep-voiced" of all the Brahmins, reads the Sankara-Vijaya day in and out with his "calm, bell-metal voice" while the brahmins watch and weep. A series of boys served dinner "like veritable princes," then Lingayyaplays a bhajan on his trumpet before the brahmins go to bed "with the god's face framed within our eyes."

Moorthy initiates the events of the book by discovering an idol to Siva, a prominent Hindu god who is worshipped across India. This foreshadows the villagers' gradual shift to prioritizing Siva over their local goddess Kenchamma. Ceremonies like the one Moorthy proposes are the centerpiece of public life in Kanthapura, for they offer the villagers their main chance to assemble and make important communal decisions.

Sometimes, the poet Sastridelivers Harikathas—he has been honored by the Maharaja of Mysore and, according to rumors, even has a permanent role lined up in the court. Sastri makes "the god-world" feel "true and near and brilliant" to the brahminsand they can watch him perform for hours.

Sastri is an important figure in the village because of his oral discourses, but as a powerful brahmin he also allies with the maharaja (whose court is indirectly ruled by the British).

The next morning, Moorthyproposes holding festivals for the gods Rama, Krishna, and Ganesh. He asks Achakka for money, which would enable them to bring the best Harikatha-men from afar to perform in Kanthapura. She gives him a rupee—a lot of money for her—and Moorthy continues around the village collecting money, even from the Potters, Weavers, and Sudras. Achakka worries when she hears Moorthy even went to the Pariah quarter, wondering whether "he is one of these Gandhi-men" who disregard caste. "How does it affect us?" asks Achakka, who asserts that "we shall be dead before the world is polluted. We shall have closed our eyes."

Achakka's willingness to give Moorthy a rupee demonstrates that religious purposes are still deeply important for her, as for most of the other villagers. Therefore, getting an important Harikatha-man to come to Kanthapura would be a great source of honor. At the same time, Achakka is put off by Moorthy's willingness to mix with people from other castes; Moorthy at once appeals to the other villagers' devout religiosity and defies one of their religion's central tenets.

Altogether, Moorthy collects 147 rupees. Rangamma is generous—she does not know what to do with all her money—and the festival is extravagant. The famous Harikatha-man Jayaramachar performs, telling a story permeated with lessons about Swaraj. Then, he tells the story of Gandhi's birth—Venkatalakshamma complains to her son Postmaster Suryanarayana that she wants to hear about Rama and Krishna, not Gandhi, and weeps through the Harikatha.

Rangamma is one of three wealthy characters in Kanthapura, alongside Bhatta and Rangè Gowda, but unlike the other men, she rejects the colonial ideology that values hoarding money. Venkatalakshamma's aversion to the story about Gandhi reflects the villagers' (and especially the brahmins') deep commitment to the caste system and traditional Hindu scriptures.

Achakka summarizes Jayaramachar's story. A sage approaches the creator god Brahma in the Heavens and laments that Brahma has forgotten Bharatha (the Sanskrit word for India), his "chief daughter" and "the goddess of wisdom and well-being." Now, Bharatha has been invaded by men who "trample on our wisdom" and "spit on virtue itself." The sage asks Brahma to incarnate a god on Earth to save "your enslaved daughter," and Brahma promises that "Sivahimself will forthwith go and incarnate on the Earth and free my beloved daughter from her enforced slavery." Jayaramachar presents the image of a unified Indian nation, which contrasts sharply with the Kanthapura villagers' distinctly local way of life. Few think about the world outside their village, and unlike Siva, their goddess does not reliably help them when they travel beyond the hill that bears her name. However, for Jayaramachar, India herself is a goddess who has been attacked from overseas, and he calls Indians to act in their god's name.In Gujarat, Jayaramachar's story continues, "a son such as the world has never beheld" is born. His room glows "like the Kingdom of the Sun" and he immediately "began to lisp the language of wisdom." Like the lord Krishnastarted fighting demons as a child, Gandhi began fighting India's enemies, assembling villagers around the country "to slay the serpent of the foreign rule." He preaches nonviolence, asceticism, and love for all—he proclaims that wealth hides Truth, his only God, and encourages people to spin and weave their own cloth so that they can keep "the money that goes to the Red-man" within India. Jayaramachar declares Mahatma Gandhi a saint who converts his enemies to followers with love.

Jayaramachar presents Gandhi as divinely ordained from birth to end colonialism and introduces the key tenets of Gandhism that become the villagers' core beliefs later in the book. His story offers a religious basis for following Mahatma Gandhi, whom he likens to Siva. This implies that the villagers must choose between Gandhi's (true) stand of Hinduism and the (outmoded) caste system that supports the colonial government.Jayaramachar tells other stories, but afterwards a policeman talks to him and he is never seen again in Kanthapura. Moorthy becomes "sorrowful and calm" thereafter, but he soon starts converting the villagers to Gandhi's cause. After two days, Policeman Badè Khanmoves into the village.

The colonial government and the Indian police who enforce its will immediately see Jayaramachar's discourse as a threat to their control over Kanthapura and take measures to demonstrate their power in the village.

6.8 Suggested Short and Long Questions:

6.8.1 Significance of the opening scene. Comment?

6.8.2 Who is the narrator of the novel?

6.8.3 Which type of caste system is followed in Kanthapura?

6.8.4 Who is the central character of the novel?

6.8.5 Which narrative technique is used in the novel?

6.8.6 Explain the myths used in the novel?

6.8.7 Why is Kenchamma Hill red?

6.9 Text of Chapter 2

CHAPTER 2

Two days later, Policeman Bade Khan came to live with us in Kanthapura. To tell you the truth, Bade Khan did not stay in Kanthapura. Being a Mohomedan he could stay neither in the Potters' Street nor in the Sudra Street, and you don't of course expect him to live in the Brahmin Street. So he went to Patwari Nanjundia and growled at him, and the Patwari trembled and lisped and said he could do nothing. Only the Patel can do something.' Then, straight went Bade Khan to the Patel and said: He, Patel. The Government has sent me here, and I need a house to live in.' Hm,' said Patel Range Gowda, crossing the threshold on to the veranda, 'a house. Well, you can look round and see. I can't think of one for the moment.' He opened his betel-bag and carefully taking a tobacco leaf, he seated himself, and wiping the tobacco leaf against the dhoti, he put it into his mouth, then put an areca nut with it and began to munch.

Bade Khan was getting restless. Not only did the Patel look indifferent but he hadn't even asked Bade Khan to seat himself. So, he went up the three steps and sat by a pillar, his feet hanging down the veranda and his stick between his legs. They were silent for a moment. Then, ' He, Chenna,' cried Range Gowda, turning towards the inner courtyard, ' you had better go to the Big Field and see whether those sons of concubines are planting well. And tell Mada to hurry backbefore midday and fill the carts with sacks. Tomorrow is the fair.'

Meanwhile the cattle were coming out of the main door, the Whity, the Blotchy, and the One-horned One and Lakshmi and Gauri, and then the bulls and buffaloes, and they hurried down the steps ringing their bells and banging their clogs, and young Sidda was behind them, his stick in his hand and the dung-basket on his head. Bad& Khan could not see Rang£ Gowda, and he spat nervously into the gutter and sat dropping the lathi-ring on the steps. Rang£ Gowda looked up, then put a lime-smeared betel-leaf into his mouth and said : ' So you want a house, Police Sahib? I am sorry I have none to offer you.' 'You are the representative of the Government and I have a right to ask you to offer me a house.' 'Representative of the Government,' repeated the Patel. Yes, I am. But the Government does not pay me to find houses for title Police. I am here to collect revenue.So you are a traitor to your salt-givers! I am not a traitor. I am telling you what is the law!

'I didn't know you were such a learned lawyer too'laughed Bade Khan. But a final word. Will you oblige me by procuring me a house or not? 'No, Police Sahib. I tell you humbly I cannot. I am not the owner of the whole village. But if there is anyone who is ready to offer you a house, please take it and turn it into a palace. I can see no objection to that,'He still munched his tobacco, and pasting the betelleaves with lime, he put them into his mouth and munched on.

'You don't know who you're speaking to,' Bade Khan grunted between his teeth as he rose. 'I know I have the honour of speaking to a police- man,' the Patel answered in a singsong way. Mean-while his grandson, the little Puttu, came out, and he took the child in his arms and laid him on his lap and tickled him between the armpits to make him laugh. Bade Khan went down one step, two steps, three steps, and standing on the gutter-slab, growled at the Patel, The first time I corner you, I shall squash you like a bug '. 'Enough ! Enough of that,' answered the Patel in- differently. 'You'd better take care not to warm your hands with other's money. For that would take you straight to the pipal-tree. . . .'

'Oh, you !' spat Bade Khan, trying not to swear, and once he was by Sampanna's courtyard he began to grumble and growl, and he marched on, thumping over the heavy boulders of the street. At the Temple Square he gave such a reeling kick to the oneeared cur that it went groaning through the Potters' Street, groaning and barking through the Potters' Street and the Pariah Street, till all the dogs began to bark, and all the cocks began to crow, and a donkey somewhere raised a fine welcoming bray.

So Bade Khan went straight to the Skeflfington Coffee Estate and he said, 'Your Excellency, a house to live in?' And Mr Skeffington turned to his butler and said, Give him a hut,' and the butler went to the maistris' quarters and opened a tin shed and Bade Khan went in and looked at the plastered floor and the barred windows and the well near by, and he said, 'This will do,' and going this way and that, he chose apariah woman among the lonely ones, and she brought along her clay-pots and her mats and her brooms, and he gave her a very warmful bed.

The next day, and the day after and the day after that, we saw nothing more of Bade Khan. Some said he went to bring the Police Inspector. Others said he was only a passing policeman who had come to squeeze money out of people. But on the fourth or fifth day, Postman Surappa went up the Front-House steps, and seating himself by grandfather Ramanna, asked for a pinch of snuff and told him, just in passing, that there was a policeman of some sort in the Skefhngton Estate. And they all cried out and said : 'Oh, Surappa, you had better tell those tales to whitewashed walls. Nobody who has eyes to see and ears to hear will believe in such a crow-and-sparrow story. It was a passing policeman. And he wanted to make money by terrorizing the ignorant. One has seen so many of these fellows. And once they have a rupee in their hand or a dozen coconuts or a measure of rice, they walk away and are never heard of again.'

But Waterfall Venkamma would have none of this. 'Policemen do not come along like this in these civilized days,' she mocked. 'I know why they've come. They've come because of this Moorthy and all this Gandhi affair. He with his kitchen she-friends and all this bragging city-talk !' and she spat into the street. And, as everybody knew, she had no particular love for Moorthy. He had refused her second daughter for whom bridegroom alter bridegroom was being sought — and she was nearing the age. And then there was that other affair. Moorthy was so often at the 'next-housewoman's kitchen,' as she used to say. Since that Sankara- jayanthi Moorthy was always to be seen going up the Kannayya-House steps and then he would come out sometimes in one hour, sometimes in two hours, and sometimes in three hours, and he even took others of his gang with him too. They said Rangamma's house was now becoming something of a Congress House, and there they were always piling books and books, and they had even brought spinning-wheels from the city. The expulsion of Jayaramachar from Kanthapura had made a big noise in the city, and the Karwar Congress Committee had written to Moorthy to go and see them. And when he had gone to see them, they had given him books and papers and spinning-wheels, and all this for nothing, it was said! And that was why our boys were so busy now. They went to the Sudra quarters and the Potters' quarters and the Weavers quarters and they cried, 'Free spinning-wheels in the name of the Mahatma!' And it was Moorthy who came to the Brahmin Street. Sister,' says he to Nose-scratching Nanjamma, sister, the Congress is giving away free spinning-wheels. Will you spin, sister? You see, you have nothing to do in the afternoons after the vessels are washed and the water drawn, and if you spin just one hour a day, you can have a bodice-cloth of any colour or breadth you like, one bodice-cloth per month, and a sari every six months. And, during the first month, the cotton is given free.'

'May I ask one thing, Moorthy? How much has one to pay? Nothing, sister. I tell you the Congress gives it free. 'And why should the Congress give it free? Because millions and millions of yards of foreign cloth come to this country, and everything foreign makes us poor and pollutes us. To wear cloth spun and woven with your own God-given hands is sacred, says the Mahatma. And it gives

work to the workless, and work to the lazy. And if you don't need the cloth, sister — well, you can say, "Give it away to the poor," and we will give it to the poor. Our country is being "bled to death by foreigners. We have to protect our Mother. Nanjamma does not know what all this is about. Brahmins do not spin, do they? 'My son, we have weavers in the village. There is Chennayya and Rangayya. . . .'

'Yes, sister. But they buy foreign yarn, and foreign yarn is bought with our money, and all this money goes across the oceans. Our gold should be in our country. And our cotton should be in our country. Imagine, sister,' says he, seating himself, 'you grow rice in the fields. Then you have mill agents that come from Sholapur and Bombay and offer you very tempting rates. They pay you nineteen rupees a khanda of paddy instead of eighteen rupees eight annas, as Gold- Bapgle Somanna or Mota Madanna would pay. They will even pay you nineteen rupees and two annas, if you will sell more than twenty khandas. Then they take it away and put it into huge mills brought from their own country and run by their own men — and when the rice is husked and washed and is nothing but pulp, they sell it to Banya Ramanlal or Chotalal, who send it by train to Banya Bapanlal and Motilal (and Bapanlal and Motilal sent it to the Tippur Fair, and Subba Chetty and Rama Chetty will cart twenty sacks of it home. And then you have no rice before harvests, and there's your granddaughter's marriage, for example, or your second daughter is pregnant and the whole village is to be invited for the Seventh-month ceremony. You go to Subba Chetty and say, " He Chetty, have you fine rice? " — " Why, I have fine white rice," says he, and shows you rice white and small as pearls, all husked and washed in the city. And you say, " This looks beautiful rice," and you pay one rupee for every three and a half seers.Now tell me, Nanjamma, how much does Husking-Rangi ask from you for every twenty measures of paddy? '

'Why, it all depends. Sometimes it is six and a half and sometimes it is seven, with seven measures of fodder-husk.'

Now, sister, calculate and you will see. You get six seers to the rupee, not to speak of the fodder-husk, instead of seven, and your rice does not go into the stomach of Rangi or Madi, but goes to fatten some dissipated Red-man in his own country. Now, do you understand, sister? '

Well, if I say "Yes," what then? '

And then — you sow, and your harvest is grand this year. And more people come from Bombay and Sholapur. And they bring bigger carts and larger money-sacks. Then you say,They pay twenty rupees a khanda this year. If I keep my rice it is all such a bother measuring it out to Rangi and measuring it back from her and quarrelling over her measures." And there are the rats and the worms and the cattle, and then you have to pay revenue, and Bhatta's interest. And, who knows, the rice may go down in price, as it did two years ago. So you go to the agent and say, "All right. I can give you forty-four khandas." And, as he opens his bag and counts out rupee after rupee, in the backyard they are already saying, "Three. Hm — Four. Hm — Five, and the God's extra. Hm," their gaping sacks before them. Night comes and our granary is empty as a mourning-house. Then, the next morning, Husking Rangi meets you on your way to the river, and says, "And when shall I come for the paddy, mother? " — "Let Dasara come, Rangi. We've still last year's rice. We haven't swallowed it all," you say. But Rangi knows the truth, and when the rainy season comes and there's little rice to eat, she will pass by your door and spit three times at you in the name of her children. Then she too will go to work on the fields with her husband. And so two work on a field that hardly needed one, and the children will go foodless. And the next harvest's agents will come and bring veritable motor lorries, such as they have in the Skeffington Coffee Estate, and they will take away all your rice and you will have to go to Subba Chetty and buy perhaps the very rice that grew in your field, and at four seers a rupee too. The city people bring with them clothes and sugar and bangles that they manufacture in their own country, and you will buy clothes and sugar and bangles. You will give away this money and that money and you will even go to Bhatta for a loan, for the peacock-blue sari they bring just goes with Lakshmi, and Lakshmi is to be

married soon. They bring soaps and perfumes and thus they buy your rice and sell their wares. You get poorer and poorer, and the pariahs begin to starve, and one day all but Bhatta and Subba Chetty will have nothing else to eat but the pebbles of the Himavathy, and drink her waters saying, " Rama-Krishna, Rama-Krishna ! "

Sister, that is how it is. . . .'Oh, I am no learned person,' explains Nanjamma. 'You have been to the city and you should know more than me. But tell me, my son, does the Mahatma spin? '

The Mahatma, sister? Why, every morning he spins for two hours immediately after his prayers. He says spinning is as purifying as praying.' Then, my son, I'll have a charka. But I can pay nothing for it.' You need pay nothing, sister. I tell you the Congress gives it free.' Really, you mean it will cost me nothing. For, you see, I'm so occupied at home, and maybe I'd never find time to spin. . . . It is yours, sister. And every month I shall come to ask you how many yards you have spun. And every month I shall gather your yarn and send it to the city. And the city people will reduce you for the cotton charges, and for the rest you have your cloth.'

You are a clever fellow to know all these tricks!' says Nanjamma, beaming. 'Have a cup of coffee, Moorthy.' And she goes in and brings out a warm cup of coffee, and in a silver cup too, and when he has finished drinking, he goes down the street to see Post- Office Suryanarayana.

Post-Office Suryanarayana is already a Gandhist. He asks for two charkas. Then he goes, Moorthy, to Pandit Vcnkateshia and Snuff Sastri and Rangamma's widowed sister Seethamma, and her daughter Ratna, and Cardamom-field Ramachandra, and they all say, 'Oh yes, my son. Oh yes ! And so he leaves the Brahmin quarter and goes to the. Pariah quarters, and die pariahs arc so happy to see a Brahmin among them that they say, ' Yes, yes, learned one'; and Left-handed Mad anna's son Ghenna, and Beadle Timmayya's son Bhima, and old Mota and One-eyed Linga and Jack-tree Tippa, all of them follow him home, and to each one of them he gives a spinning-wheel and a seer of cotton-hemp, and they go back with their spinning- wheels upon their shoulders, their mouths touching the ears with delight. Not a pie for this! . . . They would spin and spin and spin, and if that Brahmin boy was to be believed they would have clothes to wear, blankets and shirts and loin-cloths. They said it was all of the Mahatma!

When they were just by the village gate, they saw a hefty, bearded man, sitting on the village platform, distractedly smoking a cigarette.

'The policeman,' whispered Mota to Bhima. The same who was seen the other day.'

But he has no uniform.'

They sometimes prowl about like this.'

They grew silent as they neared the platform. And when they had passed into the Pariah Street they lookedback and saw him jump down from the platform, and thump past the Temple Comer on to the Brahmin Street. Oh, the rogue!

6.9.1 Summary of Chapter 2

Badè Khan was a Muslim, and nobody in Kanthapura wanted him to live with them. Patwari Nanjundia sends Khan to Patel Rangè Gowda's house, where he waits in frustration—Rangè Gowda is busy ordering his sons-in-law around and tells Khan he has no house for him.

Although Badè Khan works for the police, he is still subject to Rangè Gowda's local authority and the caste system that views him as a pariah because of his religion.

But Rangè Gowda is the Government Representative in town, Badè Khan remarks, so finding

Khan a house is Gowda's responsibility. The Patel responds that he just collects taxes and has no such responsibility. Khan accuses the Patel of being a traitor, requests a house again to no avail, and threatens that "the first time I corner you, I shall squash you like a bug." The Patel says "enough!"

Rangè Gowda and Badè Khan argue about whether Rangè Gowda's role as Patel (revenue collector) means he works for the government. He sees himself as representing the people to the government, but Badè Khan sees him as representing the government to the people. Again, Rangè Gowda's local authority beats out Badè Khan's authority from the national government.

The Khan sulks away, kicking the town's one-eared dog on his way to the Skeffington Coffee Estate. When Khan arrives, Mr. Skeffington offers him a hut and the butler guides him there. Khan moves in with one of the pariahwomen, whom he chose from "among the lonely ones."

Although Mr. Skeffington does not work for the government, he is allied with the government, as he has an economic interest in stopping a Gandhian movement and the government has a political interest in keeping the estate economically successful. This demonstrates how economic exploitation serves as the core of colonial politics.

Nobody in the village sees Badè Khan for the next few days, and rumors spread about his motives for coming to Kanthapura. Some villagers think he has come to bring the Police Inspector; others think he is just a "passing policeman." Waterfall Venkammathinks Khan has come "because of this Moorthy and all this Gandhi affair." Venkamma hates Moorthy—he rejected her second daughter for marriage and has started assembling Gandhians in Rangamma's house, bringing books and spinning-wheels from the local Gandhian Karwar Congress Committee.

The rumors' spread demonstrates how quickly information moves throughout Kanthapura's tight social networks. This becomes an asset in the villagers' later campaign against the colonial regime. Moorthy's rejection of Venkamma's daughter shows his stern rejection of the caste system and the expectations it places on young adults to marry as soon as possible.

Moorthy and his boys visit every corner of Kanthapura, recruiting people from all castes to use the free spinning-wheels. Nose-scratching Nanjamma cannot believe that they are truly free—Moorthy explains that "millions and millions of yards of foreign cloth come to this country, and everything foreign makes us poor and pollutes us." Gandhi thinks wearing one's own cloth is sacred; the spinning-wheels give work and cloth to those who need it. "Brahmins do not spin," Nanjamma protests—that is the weavers' job.

The wheels offer Moorthy a means to give Gandhi's ideas an audience among even initially skeptical villagers. Nanjamma expects that the wheels could not possibly be free, reflecting the extent to which unequal and exploitative economic relations have become the norm in Kanthapura. She also worries that spinning would break the rules of caste, again staging a conflict between Gandhi's version of Hinduism and the traditional one that maintains the brahmins' power.

But Moorthy says that the weavers buy foreign cloth, and he explains why this is a problem through an analogy: Nanjammamight sell her rice to foreigners who pay higher prices, but then she is left without her own rice, which has gone "to fatten some dissipated Red-man in his own country." City-people and foreigners will come to sell their wares, and villagers will buy them, making themselves "poorer and poorer" until they have sold away all their rice and starve.

Free spinning-wheels promise the villagers an alternative to agriculture, which is increasingly precarious for all because of Bhatta's steep interest rates and increasing competition from colonial plantations. Foreign cloth, similarly, threatens to outcompete Indian cloth, and when Indians sell the

goods they produce for money (rather than using them and trading them for other goods locally), wealth gets sucked out of the village on a massive scale.

"I am no learned person," declares Nanjamma, who then asks whether the Mahatmahimself spins. Of course, replies Moorthy—"he says spinning is as purifying as praying" and does it for two hours every morning. Nanjamma finally agrees, but still does not believe that the spinning-wheel truly costs nothing until Moorthy explains the process again.

If spinning is a spiritual ritual, then the Mahatma opens religious practices to people of all castes equally rather than restricting them to brahmins. Moorthy mentions that Gandhi himself spins because this offers the villagers a much more relatable political role model than the distant colonial government that is unlike and indifferent toward them.

Moorthy visits the other brahminsand then the pariahs, convincing all the people he meets to start spinning. A crowd follows him to the village gate, where Badè Khanis smoking a cigarette on the village train platform in plain clothes. After they pass, he jumps down and walks over to the brahmin street.

As Moorthy's Gandhian politics spreads, Kanthapura becomes more and more of a threat to the colonial system that relies on caste and economic inequality to perpetuate its power.

6.9.2 Short and Long Question

6.9.2.1 Why do the Brahmins initially have objections in spinning Charkas? What were these objections?

6.9.2.2 Explain the character Bade Khan?

6.9.2.3 Who is Range Gowda? Why does he not provide Bade Khan a house to live in?

6.9.2.4 Who is following the villagers and why?

6.9.2.5 What is the economics behind distribution of charkas in Kanthapura?

6.9.2.6 Who is distributing charkas in Kanthapura?

6.10 Text of Chapter 3

CHAPTER 3

Bhatta was the only one who would have nothing to do with these Gandhi-bhajans. 'What is all this city-chatter about?' he would say; we've had enough trouble in the city. And wE do not want any such annoyances here. . . To tell you the truth, Bhatta began all this after his last visit to the city. Before that he used to sit with us and sing with us, and sometimes, when Moorthy was late in coming, he would go and get the white khadi-bound My Experiments with Truth and ask Seenu to read it and explain it himself. Then suddenly he went to the city. Business took him there, he said. You see, he had always papers to get registered — a mortgage bond, a sales sheet, a promissory bond — and for this reason and that reason he was always going to the city. After ail, when it was the other party that paid the cart fare, what did it matter to him to go to the city? A day in the city is always a pleasant thing. And nowadays, they even said, he had begun to lend out money there. Advocate Seenappa, you know, had appointed him manager of the Haunted-Tamarind- Tree field, and we all knew in what straits that debauchee was now. So Bhatta began to loan out one hundred and two hundred and three hundred rupees. Then came the District Elections, and Chandrasekharayya said 'Two thousand for it' and so he had it, and that is how Chandrasekharayya is now President of the Tamlapur Taluk. And then there was the Kotyahalli widow, who lived with her widowed mother. It was Bhatta that managed her lands, and she was involved with her husband's brother. That meant money. Money meant Bhatta — always smiling, always ready, always friendly. Bhatta was a fine fellow for all that. With his smiles and his holy ashes,

we said he would one day own the whole village. I swear he would have done had not the stream run the way it did.

So for many a year he was always going to the city. That was why it was so difficult to get him for an obsequial dinner or a marriage ceremony. He would say, 'Why not ask Temple Rangappa or Post-Office- House Suryanarayana?' And yet Bhatta began life with a loin-cloth at his waist, and a copper pot in his hand. Vou should have heard young Bhatta say, 'Today is the eleventh day of the bright fortnight of Sravan. Tomorrow, twenty seconds after the sixteenth hour, Mercury enters the seventh House, and Ekadashi- day begins.' — 'When is the Dasara, Bhattare? ' you would ask, and he would open his oily calendar and lay it carefully on his bulging lap, and deeply thoughtful, and with many learned calculations on his agile fingers, he would say, ' In one month and four days,aunt. In just one month and four days.' And then youasked him for an obsequial dinner for the ninth day of the next moon-month, and he would smile and say, 'Of course, aunt. Of course.' After that he would take his coconut and money-offerings and hurry down to Pandit Venkateshia's house, for the anniversary of his father's death. Bhatta is the First Brahmin. He would be there before it is hardly eleven — his fresh clothes, his magnificent ashes and all — and seated on the veranda he would begin to make the obsequial grass-rings. Such grass-rings and such leaf-cups too! Never has anything better been seen. And it was so pleasant to hear him hum away the Gita. The very walls could have repeated it all.

Ramanna is the Second Brahmin. He would come along before noon. The ceremony would begin. Bhatta is very learned in his art. It would be all over within the winking of an eye. Then the real obsequial dinner begins, with fresh honey and solid curds, and Bhatta's beloved Bengal-gram khir. 'Take it, Bhattare, only one cup more, just one? Let us not dissatisfy our manes.' The children are playihg in the shadow, by the byre, and the elderly people are all in the side room, waiting for the holy brahmins to finish their meal. But Bhatta goes on munching and belching, drinking water and then munching again. 4 Rama- Rama.Rama-Rama.' One does not have an obsequial dinner every day. And then, once the holy meal is over, there is the coconut and the two rupees, and if it is the That-House people it is five, and the Post- office- House people two-eight. That is the rule. Bhatta comes home. Savithri has eaten only a dal- soup and rice. When the master of the house is out, better not bother about the meal. He will bring some odes in his glass, and for the evening meal a good coconut chutney and soup will do. On the nights of obsequial dinners he eats so little. The child will get a morsel of rice.

'Did they pay you the two rupees?' asks Savithramma, waking up on her mat.

'What else will they do? Bhatta goes straight into his room, opens his casket and the two rupees have gone in. He knows how much there is in it.

Something around three hundred and fifty rupees. Already a little had gone; just ten rupees for Rampur Mada. Nuptial ceremony of some sort. Six per cent interest, and payable in two months. Fine thing. Then Mada sends Lingayya. Lingayya's revenue is not fully paid. The Revenue Inspector is brandishing a search-warrant. It has to be paid out before the coming week. Just twenty-one rupees and eight annas.Payable soon after harvest. For six months it shall be io per cent interest — ' Learned Maharaja, anything you deem just! — All right, you arc a father of many children, let it be nine and a half.' — ' Your slave, Maharaja. You are like a great father.' — Lingayya gets the money. And Lingayya and Mada send Kanthamma, our Potters' Street Kanthamma. This time it is her son's marriage. She will not die without her son having a wife. And it shall be grand. Onp hundred and twenty rupees, she needs. Her two and a half acres of wet land to be mortgaged for three years. It means a bond, Kanthamma? ' — ' Learned Bhattare, whatever you like. Do I know how to decipher your books or your papers? You will say " This is the paper, Kanthamma." And I shall put my thumb-mark on it. — In a week's time the papers are ready. Kanthamma gets the money. Just 7 per cent interest.

Meanwhile, alas! Savithramma dies. An accident. She went to fetch water from the Champak Well, slipped, fell, and died. OfTers for marriage came to Bhatta from here and there. From Kuppur Suryanarayana, from Four-beamed-House Chandrasekharayya, and from Alur Purnayya. Pumayya has a grown-up daughter, who will ‘ come home soon . She is twelve and a half years old, and in a year’s time Bhatta can have someone to light his bath fire at least. A thousand rupees cash, and five acres of wet land beneath the Settur Canal. And a real seven-days marriage. Horoscopes agree marvellously. ‘ Well, if the heavens will it, and the elders bless it, let our family creepers link each other! ’ Laced bodice cloth for each visitor, and a regular sari for the heads of the family. Carts after carts went to Alur, carts after carts with the Front-House people, and the Temple people and the Post-Office-House people, and when they returned eight days later they looked as though much ghee had gone into them and much laughter. Only the other day Puttur Satamma was saying, ‘ Never have we seen a marriage like Bhatta’s. Such pheni. After all, a Zamindar’s house, my sister !

Bhatta became richer and richer. He could lend out more money. And now he was no more a pontifical brahmin. He was a land-owner. To crown it all, the girl came of age in two month’s time, and so the house was bright as ever. But life around him had changed. Temple Rangappa and Front-House Suranna did not go to the river as they did before. Every early morning they stood before Bhatta’s house and said, ‘ He, Bhattare, are you up? Time to go to the river, be ! And if Bhatta was asleep, they knocked at the door and woke him up and took him along with them. Then this man came for a hundred rupees, and that other for three hundred, and Patwari and Patel, pariahs and plantation coolies were at the door for loans. Just for a month, learned one? The rains have played foul with us.’ Or ‘That rogue has gone to get the best lawyer in Karwar. And I am no son of a prostitute that I cannot get a better one than he. Oh, just three hundred for the moment, Maharaja. My coconut-field in mortgage.’ Five hundred becomes four hundred and fifty, the four hundred and fifty becomes four hundred, then three eighty and three seventy-five — but Bhatta will have the last word. That field is not worth more than two hundred and fifty rupees. Let us say two hundred and seventy-five. Two hundred and seventy-five it shall be. Stamp charges three rupees, registration bribes two-eight, and eight annas for the head peon and four annas for the door-keeper.

And what advocate are you having, Timma? ‘ Why? What do I know, learned one? ’‘Why not have Advocate Seenappa? He’s the best criminal lawyer in the district.’ As you like, says the licker of your feet.’ Advocate Seenappa alone will be chosen. The next day when the registration is going on, Timma and Bhatta go to see Seenappa. Ah, come along, Bhattar£. How are the rains in your parts? ’ ‘Oh!fine, fine! I’ve come to bring you Timma, a man with a family and children, and I said to him, I’ll drop a word in your ear. He and his ancestors have cultivated our fields for generations. . . .‘Your Bhatta is like a brother to me, said Advocate Seenappa. ‘ Timma, we’ll win the case.’ And he won the case.

Then there was Chennayya’s civil case about the field boundaries; Pariah Sidda’s canal-water case, and this case and that case, and Bhatta would say ‘I’ll take you to Advocate Seenappa or ‘I’ll take you to Advocate Ramachandrayya,’ and we all said, ‘Now Bhatta himself is becoming a lawyer.’ For, when concubine Chowdy and her neighbour Madanna quarrelled over the jasmine plant, Bhatta said, ‘Letthem come and we’ll settle it. And he did settle it —and for ten rupeestoo. Then there was the case between Sampanna and Siddayya, and Chenna and her daughter-in-law Sati over the adoption, and Siddi and Venki about the poisoning of little Bora, and Seetharam and Subbayya over the night-grazings — he settled them all. And we said, ‘There’s no use going to the city for a lawyer. We’ve one in Kanthapura.’ But Bhatta always said, ‘Your humble servant. I lick your feet. And when it was not he that settled a dispute, he took it to Seenappa or Ramanna, or when it was a small case of giving a notice or making an appeal, he went sometimes to Advocate Ramaswamy, The Three-Piece Advocate ’ as they used to call

him, and he was as good as any other. The notice would go, or the appeal would be drafted, and Bhatta would get just two rupees for his troubles. Just two rupees, you know. Three if it was an appeal!

Bhatta now owned thirty-seven acres of wet land and ninety acres of dry land in all the villages — in Kanthapura and Santur and Puttur and Honnalii. And there was not a pariah or a brahmin that did not owe him something. But nobody would say anything against him. He was so smiling and so good. Never had he charged us more interest than Subba Chetty or Rama Chetty. These two brothers were the ruin of our village.

They said, too, that it was Bhatta who had sent our Fig-tree-House Ramu to the city for studies. Why should he have done that? Ramu was not his son or nephew, but just a distant relation. 'If you will bring a name to Kanthapura — that is my only recompense. And if by Kenchamma's grace you get rich and be- come a Collector, you will think of this poor Bhatta and send him the money — with no interest, of course, my son, for I have given it in the name of God. If not, may the gods keep you safe and fit. . .

I tell you, he was not a bad man, was Bhatta. But this dislike of the Gandhi-bhajan surprised us. After all there was no money in it, sister! But don't they say, 'Less strange are the ways of the gods than are the ways of men.

One day, when Bhatta was returning from the river after his evening ablutions, he did not turn round the Mari-Temple Comer, but went straight along the Lantana Lane and hurried up the steps of the Kannayya House. Old Ramakrishnayya was sitting on the veranda, his hand upon his nose, deep-breathful in meditation. Satamma was lying by the door, her head upon her arms, resting. And from the byre came the sound of milking — Rangamma was there.

As soon as Satamma saw Bhatta, she rose up quickly and asked why he had deigned to honour them so, and what happy news brought him there and how his wife and children were; and Bhatta answered itall by saying how very busy he had been, what with the bad rains and the sick cattle, and the manuring work and the hoeing work and the weeding work, and to top it all, these bonds and bonds and bonds to sign — really, if the very devils wanted to take his place, he would say, Take it! and bless those generous souls. Really, aunt, this business is terrible. One cannot even go and see if one's relations are dead or alive. How are you all, aunt?'

Like this. As usual.' Then the byre-door creaked and Rangamma came out with a sobbing lantern in one hand and the bright frothing milk-pot in the other, and when she hears a stranger's voice, she says, 4 Is it Bhattar£? What an honour! And Bhatta speaks again of the rains and the cattle and the peasants, and Rangamma goes in and comes out again and sits with the others. Ramakrishnayya has finished his meditation, and leaning against the wall he sits quietly in the dark. He was a silent, soft-voiced, few- worded man, our Ramakrishnayya. Has your son found a good horoscope to go with his daughter's?' Bhatta begins again. It is so difficult to find bridegrooms these days. When I was in town the other day, I went to see old Subrama Pandita. And he was telling me how he could find no one for his last granddaughter. No one. Every fellow with Matric or Inter asks, "What dowry do you offer? How far will you finance my studies? — I want to have this degree and that degree." Degrees.Degrees.Nothing but degrees or this Gandhi vagabondage. When there are boys like Moorthy, who should safely get married and settle down, they begin this Gandhi business. What is this Gandhi business? Nothing but weaving coarse hand-made cloth, net fit for a mop, and bellowing out bhajans and bhajans, and mixing with the pariahs. Pariahs now come to the temple door and tomorrow they would like to be in the heart of it. They will one day put themselves in the place of the brahmins and begin to teach the Vedas. I heard only the other day that in the Mysore Sanskrit College some pariahs sought admission. Why, our Beadle Timmayya will come one of these days to ask my daughter in marriage! Why shouldn't he?

Rangamma lifts her head a little and whispers respectfully, 'I don't think we need fear that, Bhattare? The pariahs could always come as far as the temple door, couldn't they? And across the Mysore border, in Belur, they can even enter the temple once a year. . . .'

That is what you think, Rangamma. But I, who so often go to the city, I see it more clearly. Listen ! Do you know Advocate Rama Sastri, the son of the old, orthodox Ranga Sastri, has now been talking of throwing open his temple to the pariahs? "The public temples are under the Government," he says, but this one was built by my ancestors and I shall let the pariahs in, and which bastard of his father will say No?" I hope, however, the father will have croaked before that. But really, aunt, we live in a strange age. What with their modem education and their modern women. Do you know, in the city they already have grown-up girls, fit enough to be mothers of two or three children, going to the Universities? And they talk to this boy and that boy; and what they do amongst themselves, heaven alone knows. And one, too, I heard, went and married a Mohomedan. Really, aunt, that is horrible!

'That is horrible,' repeats Satamma. After all, my son, it is the Kaliyuga-floods, and as the sastras say, there will be the confusion of castes and the pollution of progeny. We can't help it, perhaps. . . . But Rangamma whispers again from the comer: 'Has the Mahatma approved it? I don't think so. He always says let the castes exist, let the separate-eating exist, let not one community marry with the other — no, no, Bhattare, the Mahatma is not for all this pollution.

'Is that why, Rangamma, interrupts Bhatta angrily, 'Is that why the Mahatma has adopted a pariah girl as a daughter? He is a Vaisya and he may do what he likes. That does not pollute me. But, Rama-Rama, really if we have to hang the sacred thread over the shoulders of every pariah . . . it's impossible, impossible. ... In fact that's what I was saying to the Swami the other day.

'Why, have you been to the Swami? asks Satamma, eagerly. When I was last in the city, yes. He had come back from his tour in Mysore. And I, good brahmin that I am, I went to touch his feet and ask for the tirtham. You know our Seetharamu, Maddur Scetharamu, is his Master of the Household. And he is my wife's cider brother's wife's brother-in-law. And after I have seen the Swami, I go to see Seetharamu and we speak of this and that, of Hariharapura, of Kanthapura and Talassana, and then suddenly he turns to me and says, I want your help, Bhattare " — And I say, What can I do for you, Seetharamu — anything you like ! " — he says The Swami is worried over this pariah movement, and he wants to crush it in its seed, before its cactus-roots have spread far and wide. You are a Bhatta and your voice is not a sparrow voice in your village, and you should speak to your people and organize a brahmin party. Otherwise brahminism is as good as kitchen ashes. The Mahatma is a good man and a simple man. But he is making too much of these carcass-eating pariahs. Today it will be the pariahs, tomorrow it will be the Mohomcdans, and the day after the Europeans. ... We must stop this. The Swami says he will outcaste every brahmin who has touched a pariah. That is the right way to begin. Bhattare, we need your help." — u Well, Seetharamu," say I, " this Bhatta who has been a pontifical brahmin cannot be on the side of the pariahs. And I know that in our good village there is no brahmin who has drunk of our holy Himavathy's water and wants caste pollutions. I shall speak to our people," say I. And that is whyI have come to see you.'

Rangamma and Satamma and Ramakrishnayya are troubled and silent. From the lit Front-House comes the

Rock, Rock,

Rock the cradle of the Dancer,
Rock the cradle of the Bluc-god,
Rock the cradle of the Blissful,
Rock the cradle of the One,
Rock, Rock, Rock,

and from the byre comes the noise of the calves sucking and the spitting sounds of the wall-lizards, and from the Temple-Square-Tamarind comes the evening clamour of the hanging bats. Suddenly a shooting star sweeps across the sky between the house-roof and the byre-roof, and Ramakrishnayya says, 'Some good soul has left the earth. This cools Bhatta, and wiping his forehead, he says:

'Rangamma, you are as a sister to me, and I am no butcher's son to hurt you. I know you are not a soul to believe in all this pariah business. But I only want to put you on your guard against Moorthy and these city boys. I see no fault in khadi and all that. But it is this pariah business that has been heavy on my soul. . . .

Our Rangamma is no village kid. It is not for nothing she got papers from the city, *Tai-nadu, Vishwakarnataka, Deshabhandu*, and *Jayabharatha* , and she knows so many, many things, too, of the plants that weep, of the monkeys that were the men we have become, of the worms, thin-as-dust worms that get into your blood and give you dysentery and plague and cholera. She told us, too, about the stars that are so far that some have poured their light into the blue space long before you were born, long before you were bom or your father was born or your grandfather was born; and just as a day of Brahma is a million million years of ours, the day of the stars is a million million times our day, and each star has a sun and each sun has a moon, and each moon has an earth, and some there are that have two moons, and some three, and out there between the folds of the milky way, she told us, out there, there is just a chink, and you put your eyes to a great tube and see another world with sun and moon and stars, all bright and floating in the diamond dust of God. And that gave us such a shiver, I tell you, that we would not sit alone in the kitchen that night or the night after. And she told us, too, how in the far- off countries there were air vehicles that move, that veritably move in the air, and how men sit in them and go from town to town; and she spoke to us, too, of the speech that goes across the air; and she told us, mind you, she assured us — you could sit here and listen to what they are saying in every house in London and Bombay and Burma. But there was one thing she spoke of again and again — and, to tell you the truth, it was after the day the sandal merchant of the North came to sell us his wares and had slept on her veranda and had told her of the great country across the mountains, the country beyond Kabul and Bukhara and Lahore, the country of the hammer and sickle and electricity — it was then onwards that she began to speak of this country, far, far away; a great country, ten times as big as say Mysore, and there in that country there were women who worked like men, night and day; men and women who worked night and day, and when they felt tired, they went and spent their holiday in a palace — no money for the railway, no money for the palace — and when the women were going to have a child, they had two months' and three months' holiday, and when the children were still young they were given milk by the Government, and when they were grown up they were sent free to school, and when they grew older still they went to the Universities free, too, and when they were still more grown-up, they got a job and they got a home to live in and they took a wife to live with and they had many children and they lived on happily ever after. And she told us so many marvellous things about that

country; and mind you, she said that there all men are equal— every one equal to every other — and there were neither the rich nor the poor. . . . Pariah Ramakka, who heard of it one day, said, So in that country pariahs and brahmins are the same, and there are no people to give paddy to be husked and no people to do it — strange country. Mother.' But Rangamma simply said, My paper says nothing about that, and continued measuring the unhusked rice. Oh, she told us so many, many interesting things — and all came from these white and blue papers, sister !

So, as I was saying, Rangamma was no village kid like us, and she could hold a word-for-word fight with Bhatta. But you know what a deferent, soft-voiced, gentle-gestured woman she is. She simply said some- thing about Gandhiji's Life, and how she would look into it, and how she would ask Moorthy — and at the name of Moorthy, Bhatta again went into a rage and said that the first time he will see Moorthy in the Pariah Street he will have him outcasted and old Rama- krishnayya said, with his usual goodness, that it was no use harming a young man, and that young men were always fervent till they touched the bitter leaves of life, and that Moorthy, particularly, was a nice brahminic boy — he neither smoked nor grew city-hair, nor put on suits and hats and boots. And at this Bhatta grew suddenly calm and respectful and he said it was all a passing anger, and that Moorthy was a good fellow and if only he would get married and settle down, nobody would be happier ' than this poor Bhatta, well-wisher of cows and men. . . .

Then Rangamma's sister Kamalamma came along with her widowed daughter Ratna, and Bhatta rose up to go, for he could never utter a kind word to that young widow, who not only went about the streets alone like a boy, but even wore her hair to the left like a concubine, and she still kept her bangles and her nose-rings and ear-rings, and when she was asked why she behaved as though she hadn't lost her husband, she said that that was nobody's business, and that if these sniffing old country hens thought that seeing a man for a day, and this when one is ten years of age, could be called a marriage, they had better eat mud and drown themselves in the river. But Kamalamma silenced her and called her a shameless and wicked-tongued creature and said that she ought never to have been sent to school, and that she would bring dishonour to the house. Ratna would beat her clothes on the river- stones, beat them and wet them and squeeze them, and packing them up, she would hurry back from the river alone — all alone across the fields and the lantana growth. The other women would speak of the coming Rampur Temple festival or of the Dharmawar sari which young Suramma had bought for her son's hair- cutting ceremony, and when Kamalamma was gone they would spit behind her and make this face and that, and throwing a handful of dust in her direction, pray for the destruction of the house. Kenchamma protected virtue and destroyed evil. She would work the way of Dharma. . . .

Bhatta, however, would not say all this. After all he was not a woman, and Ratna's father was, moreover, his second cousin. And Ratna had lain in his lap as a child, and had played with him in his courtyard, and if she was rough of tongue, she was of the Chanderhalli family and she would bring shame to none. And as for all these fools who were saying she was found openly talking to Moorthy in the temple, and alone too — well, let them say what they like. You cannot put wooden. But somehow Bhatta could not bear the sight of these ' modem ways * of Kamalamma's daughter, particularly since she came of age, and when her sari fell over her shoulders, and bared her bodice it always made him feel uncomfortable. So he rose up and, saying ' I'll go,' went down the steps and disappeared into the night.

At Agent Nanjudia's house they were haggling with some peasants, and in the Post- Office-House there was a lamp on the wall, and they were seated at their eating-leaves, and when Bhatta turned round the Promontory Corner and passed Rama Chetty's shop, he saw in front of him a figure moving with slow, heavy steps. And as the sky was all black now and not a star stood to the summit of the mountains, he thought it was Pandit Venkatcshia going to see his daughter. But he could not make sure and something stopped him from saying ' Who's there?, and the nearer Bhatta came the slower moved

the person, and at last, when Bhatta was by Dore's cardamom gardens, something in him trembled and he said ' Who's there, brother? * And there was no answer but a cough and a sneeze and the beating of a stick against the quiet branches of the pipal; and when Bhatta repeated 'Who's there, brother! ', this time, firm and sharp, came the answer, 'What docs that matter to you? ' and as Bhatta entered his courtyard, there fell on the figure a pale, powdery light from the veranda lantern, showing a beard, a lathi, and a row of metal buttons. Then suddenly the figure turned to Bhatta and said:

'Oh, is it Bhattare? Pardon me. . . . I'm Bade Khan the policeman. I'd just gone to Rama Chetty for some provisions. . . .'

'It does not matter, Sahib,' says Bhatta.

'Oh, it does matter, Maharaja. I fall at your feet.'

Now what Bhatta had said was at the river the next morning, and Waterfall Venkamma said, 1 Well done, well done! That's how it should be — this Moorthy and his city talk.' And Temple Lakshamma said that Moorthy could do what he liked in his own house but in this village there should be none of this pariah business, and Venkamma and Timmamma looked approvingly at Post-Office-House young Chinnamma, who said it was all untrue, for Moorthy was such a deepvoiced, God-loving person, and would do no mixing of castes. But when they saw old Narsamma, Moorthy's mother, they fell to talking of this and that, and they did not even answer her ' How are you all, sisters? ' Old Narsamma went and placed the clothes- basket beneath the serpent pipal, and sat over the platform for a moment to rest. She was a pious old woman, Narsamma, tall and thin, and her big, broad ash-marks gave her such an air of ascetic holiness. She was nearing sixty-five years of age, and it was not for nothing she had borne eleven children, five of them dead; and of the remaining six, Moorthy was the only son; the rest were daughters, married here and there, one to a shanbhog across the Mysore border, another to a priest, and another one to a landowner, another to a Revenue Inspector, and the last one to a court clerk — all well married, with large families of brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and all of them blessed with children except Sata, the second daughter who never had a child in spite of all her money and pilgrimages. But it was Moorthy, the youngest, whom Narsamma loved the most — the youngest is always the holy bull, they say, don't they? — and she thought that he, with his looks and his intelligence, should one day be a Sub-Collector at least. And why not? He was so brilliant in school, and he was so deferential in his ways. And they began to ask for his horoscope when he was hardly sixteen.

But Moorthy would have none of this. For, as every- body knew, one day he had seen a vision, a vision of the Mahatma, mighty and God-beaming, and stealing between the Volunteers Moorthy had got on to the platform, and he stood by the Mahatma, and the very skin of the Mahatma seemed to send out a mellowed force and love, and he stood by one of the fanners and whispered, Brother, the next is me And the fanner fanned on and the Mahatma spoke on, and Moorthy looked from the audience to the Mahatma and from the Mahatma to the audience, and he said to himself, There is in it something of the silent communion of the ancient books,' and he turned again to the fanner and said, Brother, only when you arc tired? ' And the fanner said, Take it, brother,' and Moorthy stood by the Mahatma and the fan went once this side and once that, and beneath the fan came a voice deep and stirring that went out to the hearts of those men and women and came streaming back through the thrumming air, and went through the fan and the hair and the nails of Moorthy into the very limbs, and Moorthy shivered, and then there came flooding up in rings and ripples, ' Gandhi Mahatma ki jai !' — Jai Mahatma!'and as it broke against Moorthy, the fan went faster and faster over the head of the Mahatma, and perspiration flowed down the forehead of Moorthy. Then came a dulled silence of his blood and he said to himself. Let me listen,' and he listened, and in listening heard, 'There is but one force in life and that is Truth, and there is but one love in life and that is the love of mankind, and there is but one God in life and that is the God of all'and then came a shiver and he turned to the one behind him and said ' Brother,' and the man took

the fan from Moorthy and Moorthy trembled back and sought his way out to the open, but there were men all about him and behind the men women, and behind them carts and bullocks and behind them the river, and Moorthy said to himself ‘ No, I cannot go,’And he sat beside the platform, his head in his hands, and tears came to his eyes, and he wept softly, and with weeping came peace. He stood up, and he saw there, by the legs of the chair, the sandal &nd the foot of the Mahatma, and he said to himself, ‘ That is my place And suddenly there was a clapping of hands and shoutings of ‘Vande Mataram, Gandhi Mahatma ki jai!’ and he put forth his hands and cried * Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’ And as there was fever and confusion about the Mahatma, he jumped on to the platform, slipped between this person and that and fell at the feet of the Mahatma, saying, ‘I am your slave,’The Mahatma lifted him up and, before them all, he said, ‘What can I do for you, my son? * and Moorthy said, like Hanuman to Rama, Any command,’ and the Mahatma said, ‘I give no commands save to seek Truth,’ and Moorthy said, I am ignorant, how can I seek Truth? and the people around him were trying to hush him and to take him away, but the Mahatma said,‘You wear foreign cloth, my son,’ It will go, Mahatmaji.’ — ' You perhaps go to foreign Universities. — It will go, Mahatmaji. — You can help your country by going and working among the dumb millions of the villages. — So be it, Mahatmaji.’and the Mahatma patted him on the back, and through that touch was revealed to him as the day is revealed to the night the sheathless being of his soul; and Moorthy drew away, and as it were wiih shut eyes groped his way through the crowd to the bank of the river. And he wandered about the fields and the lanes and the canals and when he came back to the College that evening, he threw his foreign clothes and his foreign books into the bonfire, and walked out, a Gandhi’s man.

That’s how it was that he returned to our village in the middle of the last harvest, and when Narsamma saw him coming down the Karwar Road, his bundle in his hand, she cried out, ‘ What is it, my son, that brings you here?’ and he told her of the Mahatma he had seen and of the schools that were corrupt, and Narsamma fell upon the floor and began to weep and to cry, saying that she would never look upon his face again. But, after all, she let him stay and she was glad to have him at home. She said, ‘You need not be a Sub-Collector or an Assistant Commissioner. You can look after your hereditary lands and have your two meals a day. . . .’ And the very next week there turned up Santapur Patwari Venkataramayya to offer his third daughter in marriage; but Waterfall Venkamma said that her daughter’s horoscope went incomparably better, and Nose-scratching Nanjamma said her granddaughter Sita was only seven years old but she should be married soon, if Moorthy would only say, ‘Yes, aunt!’ But Moorthy simply said he did not wish to marry, and when Narsamma said, You are a grown-up boy, Moorthy, and if you don’t marry now, you will take to evil ways,’ Moorthy, deferential as ever, said, ‘No, mother. I swear upon my holy thread, I shall keep pure and noble and will bring no evil to my ancestors.’ But every time there was a horoscope moving about, Narsamma always had it compared with Moorthy’s, for one day he would surely marry. He was the only son and she would have liked to close her eyes with an ever-lit house and sons and grandsons that would offer unfailing oblations to the manes. And when Moorthy began this Gandhi affair she was glad everybody talked to him and came to see him, and she hoped this way Maddur Coffee-Planter Venkatanarayana himself would offer his daughter in marriage. After all Moorthy, too, had twenty-seven acres of wet land and fifty-four acres of dry land, and a cardamom garden, and a twenty-five-tree mango-grove, and a small coffee plantation. Surely Venkatanarayana would offer his daughter in marriage! And there would be such a grand marriage, with city band and motor cars and such an army of cooks, and there would be such a royal procession in the very heart of the city, with fire display and all. A real grand marriage, I tell you!

And from the day she saw this, as if in a vision, she would neither sleep nor sit, and she spoke secretly of it to Post-Office-House Chinnamma, who was Maddur Coffee-Planter Venkatanarayana’s cousin and Post- Office Chinnamma said, ‘Of course I shall speak to Venku when he comes here next,’ and she spoke of it to Puttamma whose sister was Coffee-Planter Venkatanarayana’s second wife. And

the whisper went from house to house that Moorthy was to be married to the second daughter of Venkatanarayana. “Why,” said Temple Lakshamma, ‘ why, even the marriage-day has been fixed — it will be in the dark half of the Snavan month,’ and they all said that soon the village would begin to prepare vermicelli and rice-cakes and happalams, and they all said, ‘ This will be a fine marriage and we shall feast as we have never done think of it, a coffee-planter! '

But Waterfall Venkamma knew better. This good- for-nothing fellow, who could not even pass an examination and who has now taken to this pariah business — why, he could beg, cringe, and prostrate himself before the coffee-planter but he would not even have the dirt out of the body of his second daughter.

‘Ah, well,’ she said, ' if you want to know, 1 shall go straight to Narsamma herself and find it out'; and straight she went, her sari falling down her shaven head, and she walked fast, and when she came to Moorthy’s house she planted herself straight before his mother and cried, ‘ Narsamma, 1 have come to ask you something. You know you said you did not want my daughter for your son. I am glad of it now and I say to myself, thank heavens I didn’t tic my daughter to the neck of a pariah-mixer. Ah, well! I have horoscopes now from Bangalore and Mysore — with real B.A.s and M.A.s, and you will see a decent Assistant Commissioner take my daughter in marriage. But what I have come for is this: Tell me, Narsamma, it seems your son wants to marry Coffee-Planter Venkatanarayana’s daughter. He will do nothing of the kind. God has not given me a tongue for nothing. And the first time your honoured guests come out after the marriage papers arc drawn, here shall I be in this corner, and I shall tumble upon them, I a shaven widow, and I shall offer them a jolly good blessing-ceremony in the choicest of words. Do you hear that, Narsamma? Well, let him take care, Moorthy. And our community will not be corrupted by such dirt-gobbling curs. Pariah! pariah! She spat at the door and walked away, to the consternation of Narsamma, and the whole village said Venkamma was not Waterfall Venkamma for nothing, and that Narsamma should not take it to heart. And when Narsamma saw her at the river the next day, Venkamma was as jolly as ever and she said she had a bad tongue and that one day she would askCarpenter Kcnchayya to saw it out, and Narsamma said, ‘Oh, it does not matter, sister,’ and they all talked together happily and they came back home, their baskets on their heads, content.

But on this particular morning Venkamma was beginning to boil again. As Narsamma came forward, and, placing her basket on the sands, began to unroll her bundle, Venkamma plants herself like a banana- trunk in front of her and cries out: He Narsamma. Do you know what your son is bringing to this village? What? ’ trembles Narsamma. ‘What? It’s for nothing you put forth into the world eleven children, if you do not even know what your very beloved son is always doing. I will tell you what he is doing: he is mixing with the pariahs like a veritable Mohomedan, and the Swami has sent word through Bhatta to say that the whole of Kanthapura will be excommunicated. Do you hear that? A fine thing, too, it is, you with your broad ash-marks and your queer son and his ways. If he does not stop mixing with the pariahs, this very hand — do you hear? — this very hand will give him two slaps on his cheeks and one on the buttocks and send him screaming to his friends, the pariahs. Do you hear? And I have daughters to marry, and so has everybody else. If you have none, so much the worse for you. And we shall stand none of this pariah affair. If he wants to go and sleep with these pariah whores, he can do so by all means. But let him not call himself a brahmin, do you hear? And tell him, the next time I see him in the Brahmin Street, he will get a jolly fine marriage- welcome with my broom-stick.

Oh! Calm yourself, Venkamma, says Post-Office- House Chinnamma, the second daughter-in-law of the house. After all it is not for a woman to hold out in such speech. And Bhatta has not said the village is to be excommunicated. It shall be only if we mix with the pariahs. . . .’

Oh, go away ! What do you know of the outside world, you kitchen queen? I know. Bhatta met me yesterday and he told me all about it. The Swami has said that if this pariah business is not stopped immediately the village will be excommunicated.'

'When, Venkamma, when?' trembled Narsamma.

'Ex-comm-u-ni-cation.'

'I told you, it was yesterday. I saw Bhatta. And he told me this. If not, how should I know?'

'Why, Venkamma,' says Chinnamma,'it was I who told it to you this morning!' Ah, my daughter of daughters, you think the cock only crows because of you, young woman. I listened to you as though I didn't know of it. But to tell you the truth I knew it long ago. . . .'

'Truly, excommunication?' asks Narsamma. 'Truly?' and a tear big as a thumb ran down her pouchy cheeks.No, not my son. No. Never will my son bring dishonour to his family. He has promised me. No dishonour to his family. Never.Never.' And as she began to unroll her bundle, something came up from her stomach to her throat, and she burst out sobbing. She sat herself down and she began to sob. Meanwhile Rangamma and her mother came along to the river. And they tried to console her. But no. Narsamma went on shivering and sobbing. 4 Oh, Moorthy, you must never do that !Never ! ' And Rangamma and young Ghinnamma said Moorthy was a fine fellow and he did nothing wrong, and if the Swami wanted to excommunicate him they would go to the city themselves and have the excommunication taken away. But Narsamma would not listen.

'Oh, Moorthy, if your departed father was alive what would he think of you, my son, my son, my son? . . .' And she hastily entered the river and took a hurried bath, and just wetting her clothes, she said she was going home. But Rangamma said, 'Wait, aunt, I'm coming with you,' and they walked by the river-path and over the field-bunds and by the mango-grove, and at every step Narsamma cried out that this was a sin and that was a sin, and she began to weep and to beat her breasts; but Rangamma said nothing was the matter and that, when Moorthy came from toWn, everything would be settled; but Narsamma would have nothing of it. Oh, they'll excommunicate us — they'll excommunicate us, the Swami will excommunicate us,' she said, and she rolled on the floor of her house while Rangamma stood by the door, helpless as a calf.

6.10.1 Summary of Chapter 3

Bhatta, unlike the rest of Kanthapura, wants "nothing to do with these Gandhi-bhajans." He used to sympathize with Moorthy's cause but gave up after visiting the city to register some business papers and allegedly lend some money. He helped buy an election, managed a widow's lands, and was "always smiling, always ready, always friendly" whenever he saw an opportunity to profit. Achakka swears that "he would one day own the whole village […] had not the stream run the way it did."

Bhatta exerts his power in Kanthapura through written documents sent to and from the city. Whereas most of the villagers are illiterate, Bhatta takes advantage of the written basis of the colonial government.

In his youth, Bhatta was poor and astrologically adept. He is always the "First Brahmin" at the Pandit's house for the holy obsequial dinner, which he eats slowly and heavily. When he returns home, he runs through his daily transactions. One day, his first wife falls into a well and dies, but Bhatta soon remarries a new girl in an extravagant ceremony.

Achakka's narration again suddenly shifts from general statements to specific episodes. Although Bhatta's devoutness and business savvy might seem contradictory, in fact they are consistent—and both work to the benefit of the colonial government.

Bhatta's wealth inflates and he becomes a major landowner. Every morning, Front-House Suranna and the priest Temple Rangappa fetch him from his house and take him to the river, where people from all over congregate to take out loans when the rain ruins their rice or they need a lawyer. Bhatta often settles disputes himself, calling himself "your humble servant."

Again, brahmins' religious power and landowners' economic power are aligned—the village priest even facilitates the transactions that build Bhatta's wealth at the expense of the other villagers. But he also does help those villagers who often need loans and lawyers.

Now, Bhatta owns more than 100 acres of land and everyone in Kanthapura owes him something, but nobody much minded because he was "so smiling and so good" (and charged more reasonable interest than Ramaand Subba Chetty, "the ruin of our village"). He even sent a distant relative to study in the city, asking only that he "bring a name to Kanthapura" (or send back money if he strikes it rich). Achakka declares that, given Bhatta's reputation, his disdain for Gandhi was a surprise—although not really, since "after all there was no money in it."

Bhatta uses his reputation for religiosity and knowledge of the colonial system to help the other villagers, but his true underlying motive is always profit first (and reputation second). He therefore helps the villagers only when he can act as a middleman between them and the colonial government—but not when their interests conflict with his financial prospects.

One day, Bhatta stops by Rangamma's Kannayya House. Satamma greets him and asks about his family, and Bhatta replies by explaining that his business is terrible. Rangammaand meditating Ramakrishnayyajoin, and Bhatta complains about how hard it is to marry off his daughters with the focus on "nothing but degrees or this Gandhi vagabondage."

Bhatta talks about his business when Satamma asks about his family, and then only mentions his family insofar as he cannot find suitably wealthy and traditional husbands for his daughters. These statements show that his mind is entirely oriented toward wealth and status.

Bhatta complains that pariahs are mixing with brahmins, perhaps to one day usurp their place. Rangamma says not to worry, for elsewhere pariahs can even enter the temple once a year, but Bhatta claims that he is the one who truly knows the city and, actually, a temple there is welcoming pariahs. He laments the "strange age" Indians are living in, "what with their modern education and their modern women" who increasingly pick school over marriage, and sometimes even marry Muslims.

Despite his disdain for "modern" schooling and women, in many ways Bhatta is ironically one of the most modern villagers, with his profitable business run on English contracts. Achakka suggests that he disdains "modern" ways because they get in the way of his high status in Kanthapura. Educated villagers and the dissolution of caste could lead others to reject or overtake him as the village's financial cornerstone.

Satamma blames recent floods for the "confusion of castes" and Rangamma worries that "the Mahatma is not for all this pollution," but Bhatta complains that Gandhi has himself "adopted a pariah girl as a daughter." Bhatta says that he recently visited the Swami in Mysore and saw his "wife's elder brother's wife's brother-in-law" Seetharamu, who told him that the Swami "wants to crush" the Gandhian pariah movement "in its seed." Seetharamu asked Bhatta to start a brahmin party in Kanthapura before Gandhi convinces villagers to accept even Mohomedans and Europeans. The Swami plans to "outcast every brahmin who has touched a pariah," Seetharamu explained, and Bhatta returned to Kanthapura as a "pontifical brahmin" to convince others of his caste to drop Gandhism.

Bhatta reveals his underlying motivations for visiting Rangamma and Satamma: he wants to recruit them to his anti-Gandhian party. He appears to visit in his capacity as a devout brahmin, rather than as a

businessperson, and invokes the authority of a higher religious leader, the Swami. But it is clear to Achakka that he is truly motivated by his business interests.

Rangamma, Satamma, and Ramakrishnayya sit in silence, hearing a children's song and the noises of calves, wall-lizards, and bats in the village. They see a shooting star, and Ramakrishnayya says "some good soul has left the earth." Bhatta tells Rangamma he wants to save her from all this "pariahbusiness," keep her on guard about "Moorthy and these city boys." Achakka interjects that "our Rangamma is no village kid"—she reads newspapers from the city and knows about everything from worms that cause disease to modern technologies like radio and airplanes.

The noises and shooting star suggest that the environment of Kanthapura is somehow responding to Bhatta's deceptive proposal. The departure of a "good soul," pointed out by the village sage Ramakrishnayya, might refer to Bhatta's apparent turn toward evil. Rangamma, like Bhatta, is literate and knowledgeable in the ways of the city (and, by extension, the British), so she understands that his pro-brahmin religious ideas are actually grounded in his pro-city and pro-government interests.

But Achakka explains that there was one thing Rangamma never stopped talking about—the day after a Northern sandal merchant stopped in town and told her about the distant land "of the hammer and sickle and electricity," where women worked the same as men and families could take holiday in palaces when they were tired or having children, and where the Government fed and educated children, gave them jobs and homes and wives "and they lived on happily ever after." Rangamma said that in that land "all men were equal—every one equal to every other—and there were neither the rich nor the poor." One village pariah thinks this must be a "strange country" without castes or rice or farmers, although Rangamma replies that her paper "says nothing about that."

Rangamma, like Moorthy, yearns deeply for a more equal world. This ideological commitment is far more important than her material interests as a wealthy brahmin woman. The land of "hammer and sickle and electricity" is probably the Soviet Union. By mentioning it, Rao foreshadows the debate between prioritizing freedom from British rule and prioritizing the equal distribution of wealth and property, which becomes important at the very end of the book. The pariah's inability to conceive such an equal society demonstrates that even the people most oppressed within the caste system cannot imagine an alternative to it.

So Rangamma was knowledgeable and "could hold a word-for-word fight with Bhatta," but chose instead to simply say she would see what Gandhi'sbook and Moorthy say about the pariahs. Seething, Bhatta threatens to have Moorthy ostracized if he visits the pariahs, but Ramakrishnayya convinces him to calm down—Moorthy was an idealistic "nice brahmanicboy" not worth harming, and Bhatta calms down and says he hopes that Moorthy will marry soon.

Moorthy, Ramakrishnayya, and Rangamma exemplify the brahmanic ideal of spiritual wisdom much more than the furious Bhatta, who nevertheless claims to speak for their caste. The threat of excommunication, which would turn Moorthy into a pariah himself by ejecting him from the caste system, only matters insofar as the other villagers continue to closely follow that system.

Kamalamma, Rangamma's sister, stops by with her daughter Ratna. Ratna is a widow but "still kept her bangles and her nose-rings and ear-rings," dressing and acting like her husband hadn't died. Kamalamma silenced and denounced her daughter, and Ratna would do laundry in the river alone as other women "would spit behind her and make this face and that, and throwing a handful of dust in her direction, pray for the destruction of the house."

Widows are often ostracized in traditional Hindu societies, even when their marriages were arranged at such a young age that they had little understanding of the matter, let alone choice. Ratna is at

the absolute bottom of the caste system even though she was born a brahmin, as proven by her own mother's disdain for her. Oddly, Rangamma is also a widow, but she is nevertheless respected in Kanthapura.

Bhatta does not mention this, since he is not a woman; plus, Ratna's father is his second cousin, and he used to play with her when she was a baby, and everyone who claims "she was found openly talking to Moorthyin the temple" is lying. But Bhatta also cannot bear to see Ratna's "modern ways," and especially the way she "bared her bodice," so he runs off.

Although Bhatta has little sympathy for most of the pariahs, he does feel an affinity for Ratna because she is family. Despite his conflicting feelings, he cannot accept her if she contradicts his belief in the caste system. He rejects her not because of her widowhood but because of her modern ways, which suggests that his motives are not truly religious.

On his way home, as he passes Rama Chetty's shop, Bhatta sees "a figure moving with slow, heavy steps" and slowly approaches. "Who's there, brother?" he asks, and he hears "a cough and a sneeze and the beating of a stick," and then the figure says, "what does that matter to you?" Bhatta follows the figure into the courtyard and he turns out to be Badè Khan, who prostrates himself before Bhatta.

Badè Khan's reverence for Bhatta is initially puzzling, since he has so far treated the rest of the villagers with condescension. Moreover, Badè Khan is a Muslim, and Bhatta decried the notion that Hindus would accept Muslims into their villages just a few pages before. However, they are natural allies, for both have a strong interest in preserving the caste system, and Bhatta's knowledge about Kanthapura and his economic power lead Badè Khan to view him as a superior.

Waterfall Venkamma, Temple Lakshamma, Timmamamma, and Chinnamma debate whether Moorthy truly wants the mixing of castes. Moorthy's pious old mother, Narsamma, married his five sisters to large, well-to-do families, but Moorthy was her youngest and favorite even though he wanted nothing to do with marriage.

Since Moorthy is the only male child in his family, its continuation depends on him—traditionally, women move into their husbands' households upon marriage in Hindu culture.

One day, Moorthy has a vision of Gandhi giving a discourse to a large crowd; he feels a "mellowed force and love" emanating from the Mahatma's body. Moorthy takes over for a weary fanner and fans Gandhi as he preaches Truth, love of mankind, and "the God of all." Moorthy feels called to stay and weeps before jumping onto the platform and prostrating himself at the Mahatma's feet, saying "I am your slave." The Mahatma asks what he can do for Moorthy, who asks for a command—the Mahatma's only command is to seek Truth, but Moorthy is ignorant, wearing foreign cloth and educated at a foreign university. The Mahatma tells him to work "among the dumb millions of the villages" and Moorthy throws out his foreign clothes and books later that evening.

Moorthy's reverence for Gandhi comes from his experience of the Mahatma as an idea rather than a real man, which reflects Gandhi's entirely symbolic role in this book. He never appears again except for in this imagined scene, but this discourse introduces the ideals of Truth and love that become the center of Moorthy's movement.

When Moorthy returned to Kanthapura as a Gandhian, Narsamma was distraught but ultimately let him stay, even after he rejected three more marriage proposals for the sake of maintaining his purity. Narsamma wants to marry him to the daughter of the wealthy landowner Maddur Coffee-Planter Venkatanarayana, working tirelessly to convince the family and plan the unlikely wedding. Waterfall Venkammavisits Narsamma's house to proclaim that the marriage will never happen, and that she is

delighted her daughter did not marry a “dirt-gobbling cur” like Moorthy. The next morning they briefly reconcile, but before long, she starts raging again, suggesting that the Swami has ordered the whole village excommunicated unless Moorthy stops “mixing with the pariahs.”

Moorthy’s mother Narsamma believes strongly in the caste system, and she deeply fears the Swami’s power to demote her family’s caste status. Whereas Narsamma holds out hope that Moorthy will change his mind, her son sees his Gandhian love for all of humanity as prohibiting him from marrying to perpetuate the caste system. Waterfall Venkamma, like Bhatta, defends the brahmin caste’s position in a way that fundamentally contradicts how brahmins are intended to act—that is,as the wise bearers of an ancient tradition.

Post-Office-House Chinnammaknows that this is a lie and suggests that only people who mix with pariahs will be excommunicated. Narsamma is unsure whether to believe her or Venkamma, since each claims to have heard the news from Bhatta earliest, and “burst[s] out sobbing” as she considers the dishonor Moorthy will bring his family. Chinnamma and Venkamma try to comfort her, “but Narsamma would have nothing of it” and weeps all the way home.

Chinnamma finds it unlikely that the Swami would punish the whole village for one inhabitant’s opposition to caste, but Venkamma’s fear that Moorthy will derail the entire village’s way of life is well-founded, for she knows that he is spreading Gandhism among Kanthapura’s inhabitants.

6.10.2 Short and Long Questions

6.10.2.1 What sort of a character is Bhatta ?

6.10.2.2 Reflect upon visions of Moorthy.

6.10.2.3 How has Bhatta accumulated wealth?

6.10.2.4 Comment upon the plight of widows in Kanthapura?

6.10.2.5 Who is Rangamma?

6.10.2.6 What are Bhatta’s views on Gandhiji’s movement?

6.10.2.7 Why had Moorthy become the talk of the town? If it is due to his frequent visits to Pariah Quarter then explain why?

6.11 Text of Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4

The day dawned over the Ghats, the day rose over the Blue Mountain and, churning through the grey, rapt valleys, swirled up and swam across the whole air. The day rose into the air and with it rose the dust of the morning, and the carts began to creak round the bulging rocks and the coppery peaks, and the sun fell into the river and pierced it to the pebbles, while the carts rolled on and on, fair carts of the Kanthapura fair — fair carts that came from Maddur and Tippur and Santur and Kuppur, with (billies and coconut, rice and ragi, doth, tamarind, butter and oil, bangles and kumkum, little pictures of Rama and Krishna and Sankara and the Mahatma, little dolls for the youngest, little kites for the elder, and little chess pieces for the old — carts rolled by the Sampur knoll and down into the valley of the Tippur stream, then rose again and groaned round the Kenchamma Hill, and going straight into the temple grove, one by one, with lolling bells and muffled bells, with horn-protectors in copper and back-protectors in lace, they all stood there in one moment of fitful peace; ‘Salutations to Thee, Kenchamma, goddess Supreme’ — and then the yokes began to shake and the bulls began to shiver and move, and when the yokes touched the earth, men came out one by one, travellers that had paid a four-anna bit or an eight-anna bit to sleep upon pungent tamarind and suffocating chillies, travellers who would take the

Pappur carts to go to the Pappur mountains, the Sampur carts to go to the Sampur mountains, and some too that would tramp down the passes into the villages by the sea, or hurry on to Kanthapura as our Moorthy did this summer morning, Moorthy with a bundle of khadi on his back and a bundle of books in his arms.

He skirted the temple flower-garden and, hurrying round Boranna's Toddy Booth and crossing the highway, he rushed up the village road to the Panchayat mound, turned to the left, followed Bhatta's Devil's field, where Paria Tippa was weeding, jumped across Seethamma's stile and went straight through the back yard. Maybe Ratna would be at the well, he thought. But Ratna was not there and the rope hung over the pulley, solemn and covered with flies; so he ran over the Temple Promontory and straight across the Brahmin Street Corner to Rangamma's house, but, seeing that Rangamma had not yet returned from the river, he threw the bundles into the Congress- room and walked back to see his mother, who sat by the threshold, her bundle of dirty clothes beside her, herself unwashed and morose.

'O Mother, you are here to give warm coffee to your son,' cried Moorthy, as he went over the steps and moved forward to fall at her feet. But she pushed him away and told him he should never show himself again, not until he had sought prayaschitta' from the Swami himself.

'Oh! to have a son excommunicated! Oh! to have gone to Benares and Rameshwaram and to Gaya and to Gokurna, and to have a son excommunicated! I wish I had closed my eyes with your father instead of living to see you polluted. Polluted! Go away, you pariah ! '

'But what is all this about, Mother? '

'What? Don't talk like an innocent. Go and stand on the steps like a pariah. Let not your shadow fall on me — enough of it.'

'But why, Mother? '

'Why? Go and ask the squirrel on the fence! I don't know. Go away and don't you ever show your face to me again till you have been purified by the Swami.' And she rose up and rushed down the steps, running through the Brahmin Street and the Potters' Street, and when she was by the Aloe Lane she grew so violent with Pariah Bcdayya, because he would not stand aside to let her pass by, that she spat on him and shouted at him and said it was all her son's fault, that he had brought shame on her family and on the community and on the village, and she decided there and then that she would go to Benares and die there a holy death lest the evil follow her. But when she came to the river, they were all so occupied with their washing that she too began to bang her clothes on the stones, and in banging she grew calmer. And when she had taken her bath and came back home telling her beads, she felt the sands and the grass and the shadows so familiar that she went straight to the kitchen and began to cook as usual. But where was Moorthy? He would come. He was only at Rangamma's house. Oh, he was no wicked child to leave the village without telling her. Oh, the fool that she was to have been so angry with him ! Age brings anger. It is just a passing rage. And she sat herself down to meditate, but the *gayathri* muttered itself out soft and fast, and now and again when she opened her eyes and looked towards the main entrance through the kitchen door, her eyes fell on the royal sacred flame and the breathful flowers and the gods, and the walls looked angry and empty. Yes, Moorthy would come! And when the prayer was said and the rice-water was on the hearth, she walked up to the veranda to see if he was on Rangamma's veranda, but he was not. And as Seenu was passing by the door, she asked him, if he went by Rangamma's house, to tell Moorthy that the coflee was ready — 'Poor boy, he must be so hungry after a night in the cart!' — and she went in crying Rama-Rama, and a tear ran down her checks.

Then there were footsteps at the door and they were heavy and odd and they were not Moorthy's but Bhatta's, and Bhatta told her that Moorthy had been very angry with him for having said the Swami

was going to excommunicate him, that it was not true, that the Swami had only said he would excommunicate Moorthy if he continued with this pariah business. ‘And Moorthy says, “ Let the Swami do what he likes. I will go and do more and more pariah work. I will go and eat with them if necessary. Why not? Are they not men like us. And the Swami, who is he? A self- chosen fool. He may be learned in the Vedas and allthat. But he has no heart. He has no thinking power.” ‘And what shall I say to that, Narsamma?’

‘He says that, learned Bhattare?’

‘Yes, that is what he just told me. I was passing by Rangamma’s house after a peep into the temple, and Rangamma says, “Moorthy is here, and he wants to see you, Bhattare,” and I go and I see Moorthy angry and disrespectful. O these unholy days, Narsamma! I pity you. . . .’

‘Is there nothing that can be done now, Bhattare? ’ asks Narsamma, her voice trembling. Nothing, Narsamma. If he goes on at this rate I will have to tell the Swami about it. I do not want our community polluted and the manes of our ancestors insatiate. Never, Narsamma, never. . . .’

‘But he is so reasonable, Bhattare. I cannot imagine our Moorthy saying these things, Rama-Rama. . . .’

‘Poor Narsamma. You have never been to the city. You cannot even imagine the pollutions that go on there. It was not for nothing that Moorthy went to a University. Well, well, one has to close one’s eyes and ears, or else the food will not go down one’s throat these days. . . .’

Then Moorthy comes in, and Narsamma begins to weep and Bhatta grows silent, and when Moorthy has gone to wash his feet in the bathroom, Bhatta goes away, leaving Narsamma shaking with sobs. Moorthy does not go to her, says not even a kind word. Then Narsamma rises, wipes her face and goes into the kitchen, and when the food is cooked, she lays a leaf in the main hall, and does not even put a glass of water for the libations. And she goes to the veranda, where Moorthy is reading and says, ‘The leaf is laid.’ ‘I’m coming.’ And Moorthy sits by the kitchen threshold and cats like a servant, in mouthfuls, slowly and without a word. And when he has eaten his meal, he goes and washes himself at the well, and Narsamma munches her food alone in the kitchen, while tears run down her cheeks.‘Oh, this Gandhi! Would he weredestroyed!’

From that day on they never spoke to each other, Narsamma and Moorthy. He sat and ate his food by the kitchen threshold and she in the kitchen, and everybody saw that Narsamma was growing thin as a bamboo and shrivelled like banana bark. But Moorthy went more and more into the pariah quarters, and now he was seen walking side by side with them, and then one day when Beadle Timmayya’s son Puttayya lost his wife, he even carried thb body for a while, and when everybody saw him doing this openly — for it was on the river path, mind you — they all cried ‘ Oh, he’s lost !’ And Bhatta ran down to the city that very morning and came back two days later with the word of the Swami that Moorthy was excommunicated, he, his family, and all the generations to come. ‘ What ! Never to go to the temple or to an obsequial dinner?Never to a marriage party, or a hair-cutting ceremony? . . . Oh!’ moaned Narsamma, and that very night, when the doors were closed and the voices had died away, she ran through the Brahmin Street and Potters’ Street, and standing at the village gate, she spat once towards the east and once towards the west, once towards the south and once towards the north, and then, spitting again thrice at the pariah huts, where the dogs began to raise a howl, she ran over the Fig-Tree field bund, and she had such a shiver at the thought of all the ghosts and the spirits and the evil ones of flame, that she trembled and coughed. But there was something deep and desperate that hurried her on, and she passed by Rangamma's sugarcane field and by the mango grove to the river, just where the whirlpool gropes and gurgles, and she looked up at the moonlit sky, and the winds of the night and

the shadows of the night and the jackals of the night so pierced her breast that she shuddered and sank unconscious upon the sands, and the cold so pierced her that the next morning she was dead.

They burnt her where she lay, and when the ashes were thrown into the river, Rangamma turns to Bhatta and says: 'He's alone. The obsequial ceremonies will be held in our house.'

'What obsequies?'

'Why, Narsamma's.'

'But who will officiate? '

'You.'

'You can offer me a king's daughter, but never will I sell my soul to a pariah.'

But Moorthy left us that very night, and some said he went to Seringapatam, and some said to the Tunga- bhadra, and some said he went over to his brother-in- law of Harihar and there they did it all, but nobody thinks of it now and nobody talks of it, and when Moorthy came back he lived on in Rangamma's house. They gave him food by the kitchen door as Narsamma did, and he still went to the pariahs, and he still gave them cotton to spin and yam to weave, and he taught them alphabets and grammar and arithmetic and Hindi, and now my Seenu, too, was going to go with him. And when Seenu would begin to teach them, Moorthy would go up to the Skeffington Coffee Estate, for there, too, were pariahs and they, too, wanted to read and to write. Moorthy would go there tomorrow.

6.11.1 Summary of Chapter 4

The sun rises in the Ghats and the carts start up for the day, carrying their goods in every direction. With "a bundle of khadi on his back and a bundle of books in his arms," Moorthy heads to Kanthapura, where his mother Narsamma asks him to "never show himself again until he had sought prayaschitta [penance] from the Swami himself." She laments that her son has become a pariah and runs off, spitting and shouting at a pariah she encounters on the way before resolving to "go to Benares and die there a holy death lest the evil follow her."

Moorthy carries two crucial symbols of Gandhism: books that are intended to bring the Mahatma's ideas to a wide audience across India, and the khadi cloth that symbolizes Gandhian nationalism's insistence on economic independence. Narsamma demands that Moorthy recommit to the caste system; her loyalty to caste continues to supersede her loyalty to family.

When she arrives, Narsamma starts washing her clothes on the Himavathy river's stones with the other villagers and begins to calm down, so she goes home and starts cooking like her usual self. But Moorthy is not there, so she begins to rage again and tries to calm herself with meditation and prayer.

Narsamma purifies her conscience by washing her clothes in the holy Himavathy River and then meditating. She manages to briefly find spiritual solace from the terror she feels at Moorthy's rejection of caste, but only because she comes to hope he will change (rather than coming to accept him).

Narsamma cannot see Moorthyon Rangamma's veranda, and tells the passing Seenu to search for him there. Bhatta visits and tells Narsamma that he has spoken to Moorthy, whom the Swami has not yet excommunicated. But, "if he continued with this pariahbusiness," Moorthy will be excommunicated, since he has no intention of stopping and even called the Swami a heartless, "self-chosen fool" without "thinking power."

Moorthy believes that the Swami lacks "thinking power" because he is controlled by a broader, more powerful ideology—the rigid adherence to caste that the colonial regime uses to keep lower-caste

Indians subjugated. But Narsamma and Bhatta see Moorthy's blind adherence to the Mahatma's ideas as analogous.

Narsamma is horrified and Bhatta declares that there is nothing he can do—in fact, he will have to tell the Swami soon, for he does not "want our community polluted and the manes of our ancestors insatiate." Narsamma finds her son's arguments at once "reasonable" and unbelievable, but Bhatta assures her she "cannot even imagine the pollutions that go on" in the city. Moorthy returns and goes to the bathroom; Bhatta leaves and Narsamma cries, leaving Moorthy's food in the hallway, where he eats it "like a servant" as Narsamma eats in the kitchen.

Although Bhatta clearly stands to gain from Moorthy's excommunication (which would promise to stymie the village's Gandhian movement), he acts as though he must inform the Swami out of religious obligation. Narsamma's realization that Moorthy's arguments are "reasonable" seems to reflect her increasing realization that the caste system treats her cruelly without cause.

"From that day on," Achakkalaments, "they never spoke to each other, Narsamma and Moorthy." They continued to eat separately and Narsamma grew "thin as a bamboo and shriveled like banana bark" as Moorthy spent more and more time with the pariahs. He even openly carries the corpse of a dead woman during her funeral procession, and everybody who saw shouted "oh, he's lost!" Bhatta runs to the city and, two days later, reports that the Swamihas officially excommunicated Moorthy, plus his family "and all the generations to come."

Moorthy becomes something of a pariah even before he is excommunicated, as his relationships with brahmins, including his mother, begin to fall apart and he begins to associate primarily with under-caste villagers. Touching any dead person or animal is considered incredibly taboo for anyone but pariahs in Hinduism, which is why it seems to cross a line—even to Achakka—and justify the excommunication of Moorthy and all of his descendants.

Narsamma is distraught, and that night she runs to the village gate, where she spits in all four cardinal directions and then at the pariah huts, shivers thinking of "ghosts and the spirits and the evil ones of flame" and carries on because of "something deep and desperate." She runs to the river Himavathy and looks at the sky, shudders and falls unconscious at the riverbanks, and is dead by the next morning. The townspeople cremate her on the spot and throw her ashes in the river.

The mysterious force that compels Narsamma toward the river seems to be the force of her caste ideology, and as she loses her position in the caste system (and that of her entire bloodline), she also loses her life. She dies in the holy river, as though trying to purify herself of Moorthy's pollution, sacrificing herself in an attempt to do so.

Rangamma wants to hold Narsamma's funeral ceremonies at her house, but Bhatta refuses to officiate and "sell (his) soul to a pariah." That night, Moorthyleaves. Achakka explains that nobody knows where he went, or even talks about his departure anymore, but when he comes back he moves into Rangamma's house. He still eats "by the kitchen door" and goes with the pariahs, brings them cotton and yarn, and teaches "alphabets and grammar and arithmetic and Hindi." Regretfully, Achakka notes that Seenu, too, is going with him, and they even start teaching the pariahs at the Skeffington Coffee Estate.

Moorthy seems to embrace his newfound position as a pariah, as though his excommunication demonstrates his willingness to put the abstract love for all humans above the particular caste commitments into which he was born. Although his own family home is empty after Narsamma's death, Moorthy nevertheless chooses the Gandhian headquarters (at Rangamma's house) over the property that he would ordinarily inherit. Although she is nowhere near as extreme as Narsamma, Achakka is clearly

worried that her own son has joined Moorthy's movement, which suggests that (at this point in the narrative) she sides with the other brahmins who worry about caste "pollution."

6.11.2 Short and Long Questions

6.11.2.1 Why do people talk about Moorthy's excommunication?
6.11.2.2 What leads to Moorthy's untimely death?
6.11.2.3 Who is Swami?
6.11.2.4 Is mixing with the Pariahs important for Gandhi's cause?
6.11.2.5 Who cremates Narsamma and how?
6.11.2.6 After excommunication where does Moorthy live?
6.11.2.7 What is Moorthy's role in the upliftment of the Pariahs?

6.12 Text of Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5

The Skeffington Coffee Estate rises beyond the Bebbur Mound over the Bear's Hill, and hanging over Tippur and Subbur and Kantur, it swings round the Elephant Valley, and, rising to shoulder the Snow Mountains and the Beda Ghats, it dips sheer into the Himavathy, and follows on from' the Balfcpur Toll-gate Corner to the Kcnchamma Hill, where it turns again and skirts Bhatta's Devil's fields and Rang£ Gowda's coconut garden, and at the Tippur stream it rises again and is lost amidst the jungle growths of theHorse-head Hill. Nobody knows how large it is or when it was founded; but they all say it is at least ten thousand acres wide, and some people in Kanthapura can still remember having heard of the Hunter Sahib who used his hunter and his hand to reap the first fruits of his plantation; and then it began to grow from the Bear's Hill to Kantur Hill, and more and more coolies came from beneath the Ghats, and from the Bear's Hill and Kantur it touched the Snow Mountains, and more and more coolies came; and then it became bigger and bigger, till it touched all the hills around our village, and still more and more coolies came — coolies from below the Ghats that talked Tamil or Telugu and who brought with them their old men and their children and their widowed women — armies of coolies marched past the Kenchamma Temple, half-naked, starving, spitting, weeping, vomiting, coughing, shivering, squeaking, shouting, moaning coolies — coolies after coolies passed by the Kenchamma Temple, the maistri before them, while the children dung to their mothers' breasts, the old men to their son's arms, and bundles hung over shoulder and arm and arm and shoulder and head; and they marched on past the Kenchamma Temple and up to the Skeffington Coffee Estate — coolies from below the Ghats, coolies, young men, old men, old women, children, baskets, bundles, pots, coolies passed on — and winding through the twists of the Estate path — by the Buxom-pipal bend, over the Devil's Ravine Bridge, by the Parvatiwell Comer — they marched up, the maistri before them, the maistri that had gone to their village, and to the village next to their village, and to the village next to that, and that is far away, a day's journey by road and a night's journey by train and a day again in it, and then along the Godavery's banks, by road and by lane and by footpath, there he came and offered a four-anna bit for a man and a two-anna bit for a woman, and they all said, Is there rice there? ' and he said, "There is nothing but rice around us" ; and they all said, "That is a fine country, for here, year after year, we have had neither rain nor canal- water, and our masters have left for the city ' ; and so he gave them a white rupee for each and they said, "This is a very fine man,' and they all assembled at night, and Ramanna the elder said, "Now we will go, a four-anna bit for a man and a two-anna bit for a woman,' and they all said, There, there's rice ' ; and the pots became empty of water and the sacks began to grow fat with clothes, and the pots on their heads and the clothes in their arms, they marched on and on by the Godavery, by path and by lane and by road; and the trains came and they got into them, and the maistri bought them a handful of popped-rice for each and a little salted gram for each, and he smiled so that they all said, ' It will be fine there, a four-anna bit for a

man and a two-anna bit for a woman/ and the maistri said, ‘ You will just pick up coffee seeds, just pick them up as you pick up pebbles by the river — ‘ Is that all, maistri? ’ — ‘ Of course, what else? And the Sahib there, he is a fine man, a generous man —you will see. . . .. ; and the trains moved on with the coolies, men, women, children; then plains came with dust and desert and ‘then mountains rose before them, blue mountains, and ‘the trains sneezed and wheezed and snorted and moved on; and the coolies all came out at Karwar and marched on, by the road and street and footpath, and they passed this way beneath hanging mountains, and that way over towering peaks, and the streamlets hissed over their shoulders and purred beneath their feet, and they said there were tigers and elephants and bears in the jungles, and when the children cried, the mothers said, 1 I’ll leave you here with the tigers; but if you don’t cry, I’ll take you over the mountains where you can have milk like water — just like water,’ and the child stopped crying; and the nearer they came, the harder became the road and the stiffer the maistri, and when they had all passed by the Kenchamma Hill, the young men, old men, old women, children and mothers, the maistri stood at the back, and when they had all passed by the Estate entrance, one by one, he banged the gate behind him and they all walked up, coolie after coolie walked up, they walked up to the Skeffington bungalow.

And when they had sate themselves down beneath the hanging banyan roots beside the porch, men, women, and children, the bundles and baskets beside them, the maistri went in, and came out with the Sahib, a tall, fat man with golden hair, and he had spectacles large as your palm, and he looked this side at the men and that side at the women, now at the arms of Pariah Chennayya and now at the legs of Pariah Siddayya, and he touched Madhavanna’s son Chenna, then but a brat of seven, with the butt of his whip, and he laughed and he wanted everyone to laugh with him, and when the child began to cry, he looked at the child’s face and began to laugh at him, but the child cried more and more, and the Sahib rose up suddenly and went in, and came out with a round white peppermint and said he was not a bad man and that everybody would get a beating when they deserved one and sweets when they worked well. ‘Tell them that — repeat them that,‘he said to the maistri who was standing behind him, and the maistri repeated, “The Sahib says that if you work well you will get sweets and if you work badly you will get beaten — that is the law of the place. And they all rose up like one rock and fell on the ground saying, “You are a dispenser of good, O Maharaja, we are the lickers of your feet . . and the women rose behind the men, and they stood fleshy with joy, and turning to the Sahib, Madanna’s widow Sankamma says,” Sahib — we shall have a two-anna bit for each woman- hand and a four-anna bit for each man-hand?” And the maistri grew so fierce at this that he howled and spat at her and said his word was the word, and that he hadn’t a hundred and eight tongues, and Sankamma simply put her hand upon her stomach and gaped at him, while the Sahib said, ‘What is all this, Anthony?’ and Anthony said something to the Sahib in the Christian tongue, and the Sahib said, ‘You all go and settle down in your huts — and tomorrow be ready for work at five !’ And they all fell down to kiss the feet of the Sahib, and the Sahib fetched a few more peppermints and the children all ran to him and the women came running behind them, and the men put their hands shyly between the hands of the women, and at this the maistri grew so furious again that he beat them on the back and drove them to their huts by the foot of the hill. And each one took a hut to himself and each one began to put up a thatch for the one that had no thatch, a wfcll for the one that had no wall, a floor for the one that had no floor, and they spent the whole afternoon thatching and patching and plastering; and when the evening came they all said, ‘This will be a fine place to live in,’ and they slept the sleep of princes.

And the next morning they rise with the sun, and the men begin to dig pits and to hew wood and the women to pluck weeds and to kill vermin; and when the sun rises high, and one rests one’s axe for a while to open the tobacco-pouch, or one rests one’s basket to open the betel-bag, there he is, the maistri, there behind some jack, and he says, ‘ He, there ! What are you waiting for? Nobody’s marriage procession is passing. Do you hear?’ and when you do not pick up your axe or put your hand to a coffee

plant, he rushes down the hill, crunching the autumn leaves beneath him, and up there by the bamboo cluster the red face of the Sahib peeps out, and they all swing their arms this way and that and the axes squeak on the tree and the scissors on the leaves. But when the talkative Papamma opens her Ramayana and speaks of the leaks in the roofs leaks in the measures and leaks in the morals, there's a crunch of feet again, but it dies away into the silence only to rise on the top of the other shoulder of the hill. And they have hardly begun to work again when Lakkamma cries out, " He, He, He, a snake ! a Huge snake ! a cobra !" and rushes away to hide behind a tree. And they all leave their work and come to see if there is a snake and what he looks like. But he has disappeared into the bamboo bush; and Pariah Siddayya, who has been in these estates for ten years and more, says never mind, and explains that cobras never harm anyone unless you poke your fuel chip at them; and seating himself on a fallen log, he tells you about the dasara havu that is so clever that he got into the Sahib's drawer and lay there curled up, and how, the other day, when the Sahib goes to the bath- room, a lamp in his hand, and opens the drawer to take out some soap, what does he see but our Maharaja, nice and clean and shining with his eyes glittering in the lamplight, and the Sahib, he closes the drawer as calmly as a prince; but by the time he is back with his pistol, our Maharaja has given him the slip. And the Sahib opens towel after towel to greet the Maharaja, but the Maharaja has gone on his nuptial ceremony and he will never be found. ' Now,' continues Pariah Siddayya, mopping his face, " now as for water-snakes, take my word, they are as long as they are silly, like the tongues of our village hussies. They just hang over a streamlet or pond, as though the whole world has closed its eyes. You can pick them up by their tails and swing them round and round, once, twice, thrice, and throw them on the nearest rock you find. If they don't die, they'll at least leave basket and bundle for ages to come. But the snake that is as short as he is wicked is the green snake. You would think it was a rope, but when it is beside a bamboo, you would say, " Why ! it is a bamboo leaf ! " That's how our Sankamma, gathering cow-dung, put her hand out to remove a bamboo leaf, and what should the bamboo leaf do but hiss and fall upon her arm, where by Kenchamma's grace she had her dung-basket, and he, furious, ran^back into the thicket like a barking puppy and left a palm's-width of poison on the ground.

"He is bad enough, the green snake, but you haven't seen the flying snakes of this country. Now you know the cobra, the python, the green snake, the water-snake, the krait, and the rattlesnake, and you know how they move. They move like this — on the earth, like all living creatures. But here there's another monster; he flies from tree to tree, and when your turban is just a little loose, and say your pate uncovered, this fine gentleman merely hangs down and gives you a nice blessing. But thank heavens it is not with us here that he is often found. He likes the sumptuous smell of cardamoms and his home is amongst them. That's why, all these cardamom-garden coolies wear, you know, a slab thin as a cloth on their heads. There was that fellow Mada who died leaving three children and a yelling wife. There was also that Bent-legged Chandrayya. He died God knows how, but they found him in the garden, dead. This flying snake, I tell you, is a sly fellow. He is not like the cobra, frank in his attack and never aggressive. Why, the other day there was Ramayya pushing the maistri's bicycle up through the Wadawate Ghats, for the maistri had come up in a passing lorry, and the bicycle was left down at the Sukkur Police Station, and the maistri says "Go and get it, Ramayya". So Ramayya goes down that night, and the next morning he says to himself "Why go by the main road, there's daylight and I have the bicycle- bell to ring if there's anything coming ". And so he takes the Kalhapur Tank- weir path, and crossing into the Siddapur jungles he is pushing the bicycle when he sees the flat footmarks of a tiger that must have feasted on a deer somewhere, and he says to himself, "This might be difficult business," and begins to ring the bell. Then, as he is just by a flowering alo€, what should rattle up but a huge cobra as long as this — that the bicycle-wheel had run down. Ramayya cried out, "Ayyo . . . Ayyoo . . ." and ran away. And after a whiff of breath and a thousand and eight Rama- Ramas, he comes back and there

is no cobra nor his dirt there, and he takes the bicycle, and looking this side and that side, he runs with it along the footpath and no cobra pursued him.

'Never, I tell you, has a cobra bitten an innocent man. It was only Chennayya's Dasappa who ever died of a cobra bite. But then he went and poked his stick into the hole, poked and poked, saying he had the eagle-mark on his hand and never a snake did harm him, but within six months Father Naga slips right into his hut, and, touching neither his grown-up daughter nor his second child, nor his suckling brat nor his wife who lay beside him, it gives him a good bite, right near his bloody throat, and slips away God knows how or where. Barber Ramachandra comes in and wails out this chant and that chant, but he was not a very learned man in his charms, and Dasappa bloody well croaked. . . .'

And so he goes on, Siddayya, telling story after story, looking to this side and that for signs of the maistri, and they all lime their betel leaves and twist the tobacco leaves and munch on, when suddenly there Is neither crunch nor cough, but the maistri's cane has touched Vanamma and Siddamma and Puttayya, and everyone is at his axe or scissors and never a word is said. And they work onrwith axe and scissors till the sun's shadow is dead, and then they go back to their huts to gobble ragi paste and pickles, and when the maistri's whistle pierces the air, they rise and go, each one to his pit and plant.

But the afternoon sun is heavy and piercing and as each axe splits the wood or as each pick tears the earth, from head and armpit and waist the perspiration flows down the body, and when the eyes are hot and the head dizzy, Rachanna and Chandranna and Madanna and Siddayya lean back against the trunks of the jacks, and the freckled, hard bark sweats out a whiff of moisture that brings out more perspiration and then the body grows dry and balmed; but when the eyes seek the livid skies across the leaves, there is something dark and heavy rising from the other side of the hill, something heavy and hard and black, and the trees begin suddenly to tremble and hiss, and as Rachanna and Chandranna and Madanna and Siddayya strike their axes against the wood, there is a gurgle and grunt from behind the bamboo cluster — and the gurgle and grunt soar up and swallow in the whole sky. The darkness grows thick as sCigar in a cauldron, while the bamboos creak and sway and whine, and the crows begin to wheel round and flutter, and everywhere dogs bark and calves moo, and then the wind comes so swift and dashing that it takes the autumn leaves with it, and they rise into the juggling air, while the trees bleat and blubber. Then drops fall, big as the thumb, and as the thunder goes clashing like a temple cymbal the heavens, the earth itself seems to heave up and cheep in the monsoon rains. It chums and splashes, beats against the tree-tops, reckless and wilful, and suddenly floating forwards it bucks back and spitsforward and pours down upon the green, weak coffee leaves, thumping them down to the earth, and then playfully lounging up, the coffee leaves rising with it, and whorling and winnowing, spurting and rattling, it jerks and snorts this side and that; and as Rachanna and Madanna and Chandranna and Siddayya stand beside the jacks, the drops trickle down the peeling bark, then touch the head; then the back and the waist, and once when the trees have all groaned down as though whipped to a bow, there is such a swish of spray that it soaks their dhotis and their turbans, and they stand squeezing them out. Then somewhere there is a lightning again and suddenly the whole Himavathy valley becomes as clear as under the moon, and in Kanthapura the smoke is seen to rise from every house and curl round the golden dome of the temple, and the streets look red and clear and flat, except for a returning cow or courtyard cart. Then the darkness again and the trees bend and shiver and the bamboos creak.

'He, this wretch ! What's all this noise about?' asks Madariha of Siddayya.

'Ah, in this country it's like this,' says Siddayya. 'And once it begins there is no end to her tricks. . .'

'Hm!'

And from the bamboo cluster the voices of women are heard, and high up there, on the top of the hill, the Sahib is seen with his cane and his pipe, and his big heavy coat, bending down to look at this

gutter and that. The rain swishes round and pours, beating against the tree-tops, grinding by the tree-trunks and racing down the waving paths. It swings and swishes, beats and patters, and then there is but one downpour, one steady, full, ungrudging pour. And somewhere is heard a whistle, the maistri's whistle, which whines and whines, and Siddayya says to Madanna, That's for us to go home,' and 'He-ho,' 'He-ho,' the husbands call to their wives, fathers to their daughters, mothers to their sons, and elder brother to younger brother, and through slush and stream they move on, men andwomen and children, squeezing their clothes and wiping their hair, and the rain pours on and on, a steady, full, ungrudging rain.

'It's like this in the mountains.'

'How long?'

'One day, two days, three days. . , . And till then eat and sleep with your woman, sleep with your

woman and eat. . . .'

'Fine thing . . . this rain. . . .'

It poured just three nights and four days — the south-west rain.

And when the days became broad and the sky became blue as a marriage shawl, men and women and children rose again with the whistle to go to work — but for Rachanna's child, Venki, seven years old, and Siddanna's wife, Sati, the same who had had the stomach-ache in the train, and Sampanna's sister-in- law, and Mada's two children. They all lay on their mats; for on the night before, they all had chills, and the chills rose and rose, while every dhoti, coat and turban and blanket was heaped on them, and yet the chill was piercing as ever. And then came fever, leaping, flaming fever, and the whole night they grinned and grit their teeth, and they cried for water and water and water, but the elders said, ' No, no one drinks water when he has fever,' and with the morning the fever went down, but a weakness remained which made their heads dizzy and their stomachs nauseating.

'Oh, it's the fever of this country,' Siddayya explained. 'It's always like this. It harms no one. Itcomes every two days and goes away, and when you know it better, you can work with it as well as any.'

But this morning they would not work. It simply made them vomit at every step. When the Sahib heard of it he sent a new man, who looked just as tall and as city-bred as the maistri, and he gave them eight pills each, eight pills for two days, and said if they toothem, well, the fevers would die away. But 'Don't bother to swallow them,' explained Siddayya. 'They are as bitter as the neem-leaves and the fever will come just the same. The Sahib says that in his country they are always used for fever. But he does not know our country, does he? ' And the women said, 'That is so — what does he know about us? ' And Siddanna's wife, Sati, asked her neighbour Satamma, who had lived there for one year and more, what goddess sanctified the neighbouring region, and when Satamma said it was our Kenchamma, she tore a rag from her sari fringe, and put into it a three-pice bit and a little rice and an areca nut, and hung it securely to the roof. And, of course, she woke up the next morning to find no fever at all, though Madanna's second child still had it, hot, very hot. ' Oh, it's the grace of Kenchamma,' she said to Madanna; so Madanna did the same, but the fever would not go. And so he said he would try the Sahib's pill, but his wife said, ' If the gods are angry — they'll take away not only your children but yourself, Oh, you man . . .' and he, frightened, beat his cheeks and asked pardon of Sri Kenchamma. But he had had a wicked thought. Kenchamma would not forgive him. Fever on fever came, and the poor child's ribs began to show and its belly to swell, and one dayas he was just going to sleep, the child began to say this and that wildly and they all said,"Go and call the Sahib," and when the Sahib came, the child shivered and died in his arms. And the Sahib grew so fierce that he gave Madanna a whipping there and

then, and ordered that everybody should by his command take six pills a day. Some took them but others threw them into the back yard, and the maistri-looking man who had brought them said, 'If you don't take it, it does not matter. But never tell the Sahib you don't, and let me use it for myself ' ; and the women said, 'Of course ! Of course !' But one by one in this house and that, in this line and that, fevers came, and when it was not fever it was stomach-ache and dysentery, and when it was not dysentery it was cough; and one thing or the other, such things as were never heard of in the plains.

'On the Godavery it's not like this, is it, Father Siddayya?'

'No, brother. But this wretch of a rain,' and drawing away his hookah, he spat the south-west way.

But the south-west rain went flying away, and then came the north-east wind and it blew and blew until the thatches were torn away and the walls felled; and then it dripped, fine, endless, unflooding rain, whilst the fevers still came and went. Then Madanna's second child died, too, and two days later Sidda's father Ramayya, and Venka's old mother — and just as children began to fall out of their mothers' wombs, children, men, and women were going away and were buried or burnt on the banks of the Himavathy.

Then Pariah Rangayya said, 'We'll make three hundred rupees in all — three hundred rupees each, and we shall take our money and scuttle down the passes like kitchen bandicoots; and once we arc there we'll throw over a few clods of earth, and grass won't grow where the rice is thrown. . . .'

'Ah, you have much mind,' laughed Siddayya quietly, sucking away at his hookah. 4 We all said that. ..'

'Why not, uncle? We earn four annas a day for each man-hand and that makes one rupee twelve annas a week, and that makes seven rupees eight annas a month. That's what we make, and throwing in the three rupees or so that our women make, and the little that the brats make, and taking from all this our five rupees for ragi and rice water, the rest is all with the

Sahib. And what after all is the railway fare we owe to the maistri — we still can have our three hundred rupees to take back with us? Now, isn't that true, uncle?' 'Well, so be it !' said Siddayya, and walked away silently. He knew that when one came to the Blue Mountain one never left it. But for Satanna and Sundarayya, who had not brought their women with them, and had sworn before the goddess, ' Goddess, break my legs if ever we seek the toddy booth.' For once you get there, the white, frothy toddy rises to the eyes, and as Timmayya's Madayya beats the drum and everybody sings,

Laugh, laugh, laugh away,

The King of Heaven is coming,

Hi, the King of Heaven is coming,

Say, Bodhayya;

The King of Heaven is coming,

pot after pot of toddy is brought to you, and you drink and you sway your shoulders this way and that, and you cry out, 'Well done! Well done for our Madayya!'

. . . And the King of Heaven is coming.

And money goes this way and that, and there are marriages and deaths and festivals and caste-dinners, and a sheep costs five rupees now, and Rama Chetty sells fine rice at three seers and a half a rupee, andbutter is twelve annas a seer; and then so much for the maistri for procuring an advance, and so much for Butler Sylvester for stolen fuel, and so much for Bhatta's interest charges, for if your woman has put forth a she-goat, a she-goat needs a he-goat, and a he-goat, well you have to weigh it out

in gold. And gold has wiles as a wanton woman has wiles. ‘Three hundred rupees! Well, if he’ll have it, let hiru have it. This much 1 know, nobody who sets foot on the Blue Mountain ever leaves it. That is her law!’

For ten years deaths and births and marriages have taken place, and no one that came from the Godavery has ever gone back to it. And the old Sahib is dead, and the new one, his nephew, has not only sent away many an old maistri and man, but he has bought this hill and that, and more and more coolies have flowed into the Skeffington Coffee Estate. He is not a bad man, the new Sahib. He does not beat like his old uncle, nor does he refuse to advance money; but he will have this woman and that woman, this daughter and that wife, and every day a new one and never the same two within a week. Sometimes when the weeds are being pulled or the vermin killed, he wanders into the plantation with his cane and pipe and puppy, and when he sees this wench of seventeen or that chit of nineteen, he goes to her, smiles at her, and pats her on her back and pats her on her breasts. And at this all the women know they have to go away, and when they have disappeared, he lies down there and then, while the puppy goes round and round them, and when the thing is over he takes her to his bungalow and gives her a five-rupee note or a basket of mangoes or plantains, and he sends her home to rest for two days. But when the girl says ‘Nay,’ and begins to cry at his approach, he whistles, and .the maistri Is there, and he asks the maistii, ‘To whom does this wench belong? ’ and the maistri says, ‘She’s Sampanna’s granddaughter,’

or ‘She’s Kittayya’s young wife,’ or ‘She’s to be married to Dasayya the One-eyed ‘; and that night Sampanna or Kittayya or Dasayya is informed of it, and if he doesn’t send her, a week’s salary Is cut, and if he doesn’t send her then, still more money is cut, and if he still doesn’t send her, he’ll get a whipping, and the maistri will entice the wench with this or that and bring her to the master. It’s only when it is a brahmin clerk that the master is timid, and that since the day Seetharam wouldn’t send his daughter. The master got so furious that he came down with his revolver, and the father was in the back yard and the young son shouted out, ‘The Sahib is there, the Sahib,’ and as Seetharam hears that, he rushes to the door, and the Sahib says, ‘ I want your daughter Mira,’ and Seetharam says, ‘ I’m a brahmin. I would rather die than sell my daughter.’ — Impudent brute! ’ shouts the Sahib, and bang !the pistol-shot tears through the belly of Seetharam, and then they all come one by one, this maistri and that butler, and they all say, ‘Master, this is not to be done.’ And he says Go to hell ! ’ and he takes his car and goes straight to town to see the District Superintendent of Police and there is a case, and it drags on and on, and the Sahib says he will payone thousand five hundred rupees, two thousand rupees as damages to the widow and children. But he paid neither one thousand five hundred nor two thousand, for the Red-Man’s Court forgave him. But everybody in the Skeffington Coffee Estate knows now he’ll nevertouch a brahmin girl. And when a pariah says ‘No,’ he hardly ever sends the maistri to drag her up at night.

That is why, when Bade Khan came, the Sahib said to himself, ‘This will be a fine thing — a policeman on the spot is always useful ’. And so it is, for Bade Khan has just to sneeze or cough and everybody will say, ‘I lick your feet !’ No, not exactly. Those brahmin clerks Gangadhar and Vasudev go straight in front of him and do not care for the beard of Bade Khan. They are city beys, you see. And when they are there even Rachanna and Sampanna and other pariahs say, ‘ Let Bade Khan say what he likes, our learned ones are here. . . .’ And it is they indeed, Gangadhar and Vasudev, that took the pariahs down to Kanthapura for the bhajans, and it is they that asked our learned Moorthy to come up. They said the pariahs must learn to read and to write, and when they can do this they can speak straight to the Sahib and ask for this and that, money and material and many holidays.Why should not Pariah Rachanna and Sampanna learn to read and to write? They shall. And Bade Khan can wave his beard and twist his moustache. What is a policeman before a Gandhi’s man? Tell me, does a boar stand before a lion or a jackal before an elephant?

6.12.1 Summary of Chapter 5

Achakka describes the vast Skeffington Coffee Estate, which snakes through the Western Ghats' landscape and is steeped in local rumor; "nobody knows how large it is or when it was founded," but there are tales about both, and it has continued to grow for years as "more and more coolies" came to farm there, "till it touched all the hills around our village." Decrepit, miserable, starving coolies were regularly marched through Kanthapura, past the Kenchamma Temple to the Estate, by the maistri who recruited them from their dried-up, foodless villages.

Achakka cuts to an entirely different setting in this chapter: the Skeffington Coffee Estate near Kanthapura, which exemplifies the exploitative economic relations that form the basis of British colonialism. She describes the Estate in much the same narrative mode as she described Kanthapura in the book's opening lines: she adopts the viewpoint of an individual traversing the landscape, remarking on the Estate's vastness and the unknowable nature of its limits.

At the estate, the maistri "banged the gate behind them" and brought them to the Sahib, "a tall, fat man with golden hair." The Sahib touched seven-year-old Chenna "with the butt of his whip" and started laughing at the crying child, who cried harder and harder as the Sahib laughed harder and harder—until he suddenly brought Chenna a peppermint and explained that "everybody would get a beating when they deserved one and sweets when they worked well," which the maistri repeated in their native language. The coolies begin worshipping the Sahib as a Maharaja, and the maistri spits in one worker's face when she asks for pay. The maistri orders them to their huts and the Sahib offers the children candy. The women follow their children, and the maistri beats the men when they follow, too, instead driving them down to their huts at the bottom of the hill.

The Sahib embodies an archetype of British colonial cruelty: he laughs at a small child's pain because his desire to accrue profit out of the coolies' labor has made him heartless. The Indian maistri in turn represents the numerous Indians who collaborated with the colonial regime and turned against their countrymen for the sake of personal gain. Together, the maistri and sahib govern through terror, treating coolies who voluntarily chose to come to the Estate (albeit under misleading pretenses) as slaves. There is no concept of the coolies' right to fair treatment, but only of the Sahib's absolute right to treat them however he wishes because he has financial control over them.

The coolies spend the night repairing their huts and begin cleaning their environs in the morning, but the maistri runs down and shouts at them to work. One coolie named Papamma begins to read from the Ramayana but hears a "crunch of feet;" the coolies return to work and another coolie yells that there is a snake, and the rest rush to look. Pariah Siddayya says not to worry about cobras, who are harmless unless attacked, and sits to tell the story of a snake he calls the Maharaja, which hid in the Sahib's drawer and slithered away when the Sahib fetched his pistol.

The coolies, like the Kanthapura villagers, congregate around traditional stories. Siddayya's deep knowledge of the estate and snakes recalls Achakka's deep knowledge of Kanthapura; both characters are elders where they live and sustain the history of their places through memory.

Water snakes are harmless, Pariah Siddayya explains, but green snakes often blend in with bamboo leaves. A coolie named Sankamma once reached out and grabbed one while collecting cow-dung, but luckily it slithered away and "left a palm's-width of poison on the ground." The flying snakes are "another monster," although they prefer cardamom to coffee and have killed many a "cardamom-garden coolie." Just the other day, coolie Ramayya was delivering the maistri's bicycle via a mountain road and ran over a cobra by mistake—he fled, and so did the cobra. "Never," Siddayya assures the coolies, "has a cobra bitten an innocent man."

The snakes who only attack evildoers represent a certain kind of poetic justice enforced by the land and its animals. The fact that Ramayya is forced to walk rather than ride the maistri's bicycle demonstrates how access to transportation across the land mirrors different characters' social status in this book.

"Chennayya's Dasappa" is the only one who has died by cobra bite—six months after he overconfidently "poked and poked" his stick into a cobra's hole, one slithered into his hut and bit him, but spared his family. Siddayya continues telling stories and watching out for the maistri as the coolies chew tobacco and betel leaves. Suddenly, without a sound, "the maistri's cane has touched" three of them. Everyone goes back to work until nightfall, and then again in the morning.

Siddayya suggests that Dasappa deserved to be bitten after disturbing the cobra's home; disrupting the natural order of things invites vengeance from the natural world. The maistri disrupts Siddayya's speech to the others, which is dangerous to the estate's owners not only because the coolies are not working but also because they are assembling to hear ideas that are different from their masters'.

The coolies perspire endlessly in the heavy afternoon sun, and suddenly "a gurgle and grunt" emanates from the trees, growing to "swallow up the whole sky" and startle animals throughout the valley. "The earth itself seems to heave up and cheep in the monsoon rains," soaking the coolies and surprising those who are new to the mountains.

The monsoon rains offer a break in both the narrative's structure and the coolies' endless, backbreaking labor. They also demonstrate that natural forces can still overwhelm human ones.

"Three nights and four days" later, when the rain stops, everyone returns to work beside three children and two women who get a high fever that goes down the next morning, but they still feel dizzy and nauseated. Siddayya remarks that this fever is common, and people can even work with it—but they could not, and the Sahib gives them pills that Siddayya says not to take, for they work in the Sahib's country "but he does not know our country, does he?"

The Sahib's pills are intended to help the coolies recover, but only for the sake of getting them to return to work. The pills represent the intervention of colonial technology in India, and the coolies' are accordingly reluctant to use them; "[their] country" is governed by nature and gods rather than rulers and technology.

One of the ill asks who the local goddess is and then makes a small charm to Kenchamma; she wakes up without fever, but one of the children gets worse and worse despite the offering. Madanna, the child's father, worries that if he uses the pills then "Kenchamma would not forgive him." The child becomes delirious, the coolies call the Sahib, and the child dies in the Sahib's arms. The Sahib whips Madanna and makes everyone take six pills a day. Some agree, but others throw them away. The southwest rain goes and the northeast wind comes, "whilst the fevers still came and went" and many more coolies, including Madanna's second child, pass away.

Kenchamma clearly protects all the land around Kanthapura, and not just the villagers whose families have lived there for generations. When the coolies are forced to choose between colonial technology and local traditions, they side with the people they trust: other Indians, rather than their employer. The pills then become a means of punishment, coming to symbolize the colonial coercion that the coolies initially feared they constituted.

Pariah Rangayya wants them to make off with their money and start their own farms down the valley, but Siddayya laughs him off, for "he knew that when one came to the Blue Mountain one never left it." In part, this is because they drink much of their money away with the "white frothy toddy" and

spend the rest on “marriages and deaths and festivals and caste-dinners” and finer food and fuel and livestock.

Siddayya reveals the Estate’s most sinister secret: everything is designed to keep the coolies indentured there for as long as possible. By making sure that the coolies only ever incur further debt, the Sahib effectively transforms them into slaves.

In ten years nobody has gone back; the old Sahib died and was been replaced by his nephew, the new Sahib, who has brought more coolies but treats them kindly—except that the women “know they have to go away” to spend their nights with him, and know that their husbands and fathers will lose their salaries if they refuse to send their female family members. As a brahmin, Seetharam refuses to send his daughter, and the new Sahib shoots him in the stomach. The court orders the Sahib to pay Seetharam’s family, which he never does, and then “the Red-Man’s Court forgave him.” But the coolies now know that “he’ll never touch a brahmin girl” and he barely uses violence to coerce any of them anymore.

Although Achakka suggests that the new Sahib is better with the coolies, he simply replaces physical violence against the men with sexual violence against the women. The fact that the colonial government never enforces its case against the new Sahib demonstrates that the legal system is deeply biased toward British elites and reluctant to take any action that interferes with the growing plantation system—it exists to protect the colonizers’ economic interests. Finally, caste remains a powerful force within the Skeffington Estate: after Seetharam’s murder, only brahmin women get protected.

When Badè Khan came to the Estate, the new Sahib figured he would be useful. In fact, the brahmin clerks Gangadhar and Vasudev ignore the policeman and the rest of the coolies follow suit—they decide to help the pariahs learn to read and write, and there is nothing Badè Khan can do about it, for “what is a policeman before a Gandhi’s man?”

The new Sahib sees Badè Khan as an enforcer to help him prevent the coolies from rebelling, but the Kanthapura villagers see the coolies as a great asset in the fight against colonialism. Achakka’s final line suggests that the ideology of nonviolence is likely to beat out physical strength in the fight for independence.

6.13 Keywords: Sthalapuran , Pariah,Vedanta, Sankaraa-Jayanti , pontifical.

6.14 Short and Long Questions

6.14.1 What are your views on the plight of coolies at Skeffington Coffee Estate?

6.14.2 Raja Rao deals with migration in the novel. Explain?

6.14.3 Describe the plight of female coolies in the Skeffington Coffee Estate?

6.14.4 What kind of a person is the new owner of the Skeffington Coffee Estate?

6.14.5 How is law manipulated under the British rule ?

6.15 MCQs

6.15.1 The focus of the novel is on two leaders-

(I) Gandhi (II) Jawaharlal Nehru

(III) Moorthy (IV) Swami

(a) I & II (b) I &III

(c) I & IV (d) II & IV

Ans: (b)

6.15.2 Who teaches the villagers Gandhi's messages of Ahimsa?

(a) Moorthy (b) Dore
(c) Seenu (d) Ratna

Ans: (a) Moorthy

6.15. 3 Who threatens Moorthy and other villagers with excommunication?

(a) Bhatta (b) Swami
(c) Range Gowda (d) Bade Khan

Ans: (a) Bhatta

6.15.4 Who forms Women's Volunteer Corps under the leadership of Rangamma?

(a) Females of Kanthapura (b) Britishers
(c) Kashipura people (d) City boys

Ans: (a) Females of Kanthapura

6.15.5 What is Toddy?

(a) a hill (b) an insect
(c) name of a person (d) an alcoholic beverage made up from palm tree

Ans: (d) an alcoholic beverage made up from palm tree

6.15.6 Which traditional festivals are celebrated by the villagers of Kanthapura?

(a) Sankara Jayanti (b) Kartik Purnima
(c) Dasara (d) All of them

Ans: (d) All of them

6.15.7 Narsamma, Moorthy's mother is much concerned about

(a) Moorthy's mixing with the pariahs (b) Moorthy's excommunication
(c) Moorthy's Marriage (d) Moorthy's studies

Ans: (b)Moorthy's excommunication

6.15.8 Who is upholder of dharma in Kanthapura?

(a) Bhatta (b) Moorthy
(c) Swami (d) Ramakrisnayya

Ans: (c) Swami

6.15.9 Which river appears in Raja Rao's Kanthapura?

(a) Padma (b) Ganges
(c) Hemavathy (d) Cauvery

Ans: (c) Hemavathy

6.15.10 Who is the local deity, a protector-goddess, of Kanthapura?

(a) Kenchamma (b) Raddamma
(c) Kamalamma (d) Rangamma

Ans: (a) Kenchamma

6.15.11 Who is Kamlamma's daughter?

(a) Ratna (b) Rangamma
(c) Nanjamma (d) Narsamma

Ans: (a) Ratna

6.15.12 Who are female widow characters of Kanthapura?

(a) Ratna (b) Rangamma
(c) Both of them (d) None of the above

Ans: (c) Both of them

6.15.13 How many castes are there in Kanthapura?

(a) 2 (b) 3
(c) 1 (d) 4

Ans: (d) 4

6.15.14 Who is considered as "Our Gandhi" and "The Saint of our village" by villagers of Kanthapura?

(a) Bhatta (b) Moorthy
(c) Bade Khan (d) Seenu

Ans: (b) Moorthy

6.15.15 Which street of the village Kanthapura is the smallest of all the streets?

(a) Potter's Street (b) Sudra's Street
(c) Brahmin Street (d) Weaver's Street

Ans: (a) Potter's Street

6.15.16 Who used to make festival pots in Potter's quarter?

(a) Chandrayya (b) Rammayya
(c) Subayya (d) Chenayya

Ans: (a) Chandrayya

6.15.17 Who is the famous Harikatha man?

(a) Shastri (b) Ramakrishnayya
(c) Jayaramchar (d) Shubba Chetty

Ans: (c) Jayaramchar

6.15.18 To what caste does Bade Khan belong?

(a) Pariah (b) Muslim
(c) Shudra (d) Brahmin

Ans: (b) Muslim

6.15.19 Is Waterfall Venkamma in favour of Moorthy?

(a) Yes (b) No
(c) Partly (d) Completely

Ans: (b) No

6.15.20 Where does police-man Bade Khan finally find a place to live in?

(a) Skeffington Coffee Estate (b) Brahmin Quarter

(c) Shudra Quarter (d) Range Gowda's house

Ans: (a) Skeffington Coffee Estate

6.15.21 Who is the first Brahmin?

(a) Ramanna (b) Bhatta

(c) Moorthy (d) Swami

Ans: (b) Bhatta

6.15.22 What age is Narsamma nearing?

(a) 65 (b) 60

(c) 70 (d) 80

Ans: (a) 65

6.15.23 Who is the manipulative money lender of Kanthapura?

(a) Bade Khan (b) Swami

(c) Bhatta (d) Rama Chetty

Ans: (c) Bhatta

6.15.24 Who is Savitharamma?

(a) Bhatta's wife (b) Moorthy's mother

(c) Ratna's mother (d) Seenu's mother

Ans: (a) Bhatta's wife

6.15.25 Which characteristics best suit Moorthy's mother?

(a) Orthodox (b) Religious

(c) Both (a) & (b) (d) None of them

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

6.15.26 Where does Moorthy live after his mother's death?

(a) At Rangamma's House (b) At Venkamma's House

(c) At his own house (d) At Range Gowda's house

Ans: (a) At Rangamma's House

6.15.27 How are the workers at Skeffington Coffee Estate exploited?

(a) Physically (b) Sexually

(c) Both (a) & (b) (d) None of the above

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

6.15.28 Who becomes the new owner of the Estate?

(a) Nephew of the Old Sahib (b) Moorthy

(c) Chenna (d) Bhatta

Ans: (a) Nephew of the Old Sahib

6.15.29 Which of the following best explains the New Sahib?

(a) Caring (b) Cruel

(c) Kind (d) Generous

Ans: (b) Cruel

6.15.30 Who is thrown out of the Estate?

(a) Rachanna & his family (b) New Sahib

(b) Bade Khan (d) Racchi

Ans: (a) Rachanna & his family

UNIT - 7

7.1 Unit Objectives:

The objective of this Unit is to give a brief analysis of the following:

- Skeffington Coffee Estate's Exploitation of Coolies
- Fasting as a medium of self-purification and a form of repentance
- Organisation of Village Congress and lending voice to weaker people of community
- Rift within the community of Kanthapura for various reasons

7.2 Structure

This unit comprises the study of next four chapters of the novel. These chapters include **6-9.** Every chapter comprises the text, summary and analysis and short and long answer type questions. Themes such as Gandhian Philosophy versus British ideaology, lavish or fat weddings, purification through fasting, freedom of speech for equality have been employed in these chapters.

7.3 Introduction

The sixth chapter pertains to the scuffle between the British authoritizes, owners of the Skeffington Coffee Estate on the one hand and Moorthy alongwiht the villagers and coolies. In the seventh chapter, the resultant violence induces Moorthy to take up a fast for repentance. In the eighth chapter, Moorthy plans to establish Village Congress to unite the people as well as to focus on the many social ills. In the ninth chapter, Bhatta pretends to help Waterfall Venkamma through fixing her daughter's marriage to a middle aged man. Only Moorthy is not invited to the wedding.

7.4 Elaboration of points given in the structure

The salient themes mentioned in 7.2 get elaborated in this part of the novel.Particulary a contrast has been shown between Gandhiji's ideaology of non-violence and the brutally discriminatory policies of the British Government. The females and Pariahs of Kanthapura are not allowed to speak openly but Moorthygives them a chance to share their views by including them as members of the Village Congress Committee. Fat weddings are under question as everyone cherishes the pleasures of lavish expenses at marriages but nobody bothers about the wastageof food during such occasions. The concept of religious discourses carrying message of nationalism has also been introduced. The tilting of balance between the extremes of violence and non- violence also finds mention.

7.5 Check your progress questions

7.5.1 Who is Rachanna and why is he thrown out of the Estate?
7.5.2 Who is the new Sahib of Skeffington Coffee Estate?
7.5.3 Who is Patel Range Gowda?
7.5.4 Why is there a scuffle between Police and coolies of Skeffington Estate?
7.5.5 What is the significance of the formation of village Congress?

7.6 Answers to the check your progress questions

7.6.1 Rachanna is a coolie working in the Estate but after the conflict between Police and coolies he wants to leave the place and asks for his dues but is denied and is thrown out.

7.6.2 New Sahib is the new owner of the Estate and is more brutal in his dealings with the coolies.

7.6.3 Patel Range Gowda is the head of the village.

7.6.4 Moorthy goes to theEstate to teach the poor people but the Government and the Estate authorities are against any sort of awakening initiatives.

7.6.5 Formation of village Congress is an effort to establish unity, harmony and equality in the society of Kanthapura.

7.7 Summary of the lesson/Unit

7.7.1 Text of Chapter 6

CHAPTER 6

Moorthy is coming up tonight. In Rachanna's house and Madanna's house, in Sampanna's and Vaidyanna's the vessels are already washed and theembers put out, and they all gather together by Vasudev's tin-shed in the brahmin lines to meet Moorthy. Now and again there is a rustle of leaves and it is One-eyed Nanjayya or Chennayya's daughter Madi, who is coming up from the lines, and once they are in the courtyard, they seat themselves on the earth and begin to whisper to their neighbours. Inside the house of Vasudev is seen a faint oil-light, and his widowed mother is seen to serve him his evening meal. The brass vessels shimmer and shake, and then there is only the long, moving shadow on the wall. There, in the streaming starlight, Kanthapura floats like a night- procession of the gods over still waters, and up the Bebbur Mound is seen a wavering lantern light. That's surely he. Yes, he's coming. He will be here soon.

'Learned One, he is coming,' cries out Rachanna, looking towards Vasudev's shed. 'Can't you shut your mouth, you pariah!' shouts back Vasudev's mother. 'You always want to pollute the food of brahmins with your evil tongues.' — Rachanna docs not care. She's an old sour-milk, she is! Vasudevappa docs not speak like that, docs he? Then there is a rustle of leaves again and the heavy tread of Bade Khan's boots is heard. He skirts Vasudev's courtyard, and with his lathi in his hand and his mongrel before him, he passes on along the main path down the hill towards the gate. Between the creak of bamboos is heard the creak of the gate, and after that ttfere is nothing but the creak of bamboos again and the whispered chatter of men.

The moving light is seen by the Tortoise-rock and itdips now into the watery rice fields and now into the wake river, and sometimes it rises sheer across the plateau into the tree-tops of the Skeffington Coffee Estate. Then it swings back again, and dies quickly into the Bebbur jungle growth.

Moorthy will soon be here. But Moorthy will not come tonight. Vasudev has finished his meal, and has washed his hands, and as he comes out Gangadhar Is there with his son and his brother-in-law, and they all look towards the valley, where there is nothing but a well-like silence and the scattered whiffs of fireflies. From behind the Bebbur jungle comes the mournful cry of jackals, and from somewhere beyond the Puppur mountains comes the grunt of a cheetah or tiger, and the carts are already seen to pull up the Mena Ghats. Everybody goes from this side to that, and Rachanna swears he has seen the light and Madanna says he has seen it, too, and they all rise up, and Rachanna says he will go and look near the gate, and Madanna says he will go, too, and young Venku and Ranga both say, ' I'm

coming with you, Uncle,' and when they arc all at the gate they hear a grunt and a growl, and a soft whispering answer, and Rachanna cries out 4 Who's there? ' — 'Why, your wife's lover, you son of my woman,' spits back Bade Khan — and when they are near, they see the lantern light creeping up the banyan-roots, and a white shadow beneath them, and Rachanna says that must be he.

'Learned master Moorthy?'

'Yes, Rachanna.'

'Stitch up your mouth. Do you hear?'

'I am a free man, Police Sahib. I can speak,' says Moorthy.

'Free man you may be in your palace. But this is the Skeffington Coffee Estate. And these are Skeffington Coffee Estate coolies. You'd better take care of your legs. I've orders.'

'Coolies are men, Police Sahib. And according to the laws of your own Government and that of Mr Skeffington no man can own another. I have every right to go in. They have every right to speak to me.'

'You will not cross this gate.'

'I shall!'

Meanwhile Vasudev has arrived, and behind him Gangadhar and the men and the women, and from behind the bamboo cluster the maistri too, and the butlers from the bungalow, and then there is such a battle of oaths — ' son of concubine ' — ' son of a widow ' — ' I'll sleep with your wife ' — 'you donkey's husband ' — ' you ass ' — 'you pig ' — 'you devil' — and such a shower of spittle and shoes, and 'Brother, stop there…'' No, not till I've poured my shoe-water through his throat… ' ' No, no, calm yourself ' — 'Oh, you bearded monkey ' — 'Oh, you pariah-log,' and as Moorthy forces himself up, Bade Khan swings round and — Bang! — his lathi has hit Moorthy and his hands are on Moorthy's tuft, and Rachanna and Madanna cry out 'At him! ' and they all fall on Bade Khan and tearing away thelathi, bang it on his head. And the maistri comes to pull them off and whips them, and the women fall on the maistri and tear his hair, while Moorthy cries out, ' No beatings, sisters. No beatings, in the name of the Mahatma.' But the women are fierce and they will tear the beard from Badfc Khan's face. Gangadhar and Vasudcv go up to the pillars of the gate and cry ' Calm ! Calm ! ' Bade Khan, spitting and kicking, says he will have every one of them arrested, and as the maistri whips the coolies up the Estate path, Vasudev leads Moorthy away down to Kanthapura and spends the night there.

The next morning the maistri is there at Rachanna' s door: 'You will clear out of here, instantly!' and Rachanna's old wife falls at the feet of the maistri and begs him to let them stay on, and she falls again at his feet and wriggles before him, but Rachanna drags her away and tells her to pack the baskets and bundles, and turns to the maistri and says, ' You owe me seventy-six rupees in cash,' and the maistri laughs and answers, ' You have the tongue to ask that too? * and Rachanna says he will not leave his hut till he's paid, and at this the maistri goes away and comes back with Bade Khan and the butlers, and with the whip on his back and the kick on the buttocks, they drive him and his wife and his two orphaned grandchildren to the gate and throw their clay-pots after them. Neither Puttamma nor Papamma nor old Siddayya, who were working by the bamboo cluster, turn towards Rachanna.'Thoo! Thoo! Thoo!' spits Rachanna, looking towards them, and with his grumbling wife behind him and the little ones in his arms, he goes down the path over the Devil's Ravine bridge and by the Parvati well andbeneath the Buxom pipal-tree, and turning by the Kenchamma grove, they all fall flat in prostration before the goddess and say, 'Goddess Kenchamma, oh, do not leave us to eat dust!' Then they rise up and tramp up the Ghat Road to Kanthapura. They go to Moorthy and Moorthy takes them to Patel Range Gowda, and Range

Gowda says, 'We'll show our mountain tricks to the bearded goat,' and he goes to Beadle Timmayya and says, ' Give him shelter and water and fire, Timmayya! ' and Timmayya gives him a place in the back yard, and as Rachanna builds his hut, the woman goes with the other women to pound rice, and that is how Rachanna came to live with us. And as everybody saw, from that time Moorthy grew more sorrowful and calm, and it was then, too, that he began his ' 'Don't-touch-the-Government campaign'.

7.7.1.2 Summary of Chapter 6

"Moorthy is coming up tonight," and the coolies put out their lights and gather around the courtyard, excitedly awaiting his arrival and watching a lantern in the distance. The coolie Rachanna thinks he hears Moorthy in Vasudev's shed, but the noise is actually by Badè Khan and Achakka warns that "Moorthy will not come tonight." Rachanna and Madanna head down to Vasudev's shed, where they run into Badè Khan and Moorthy.

Just as Kanthapura often assembles for religious discourses, in this scene the Skeffington Estate's coolies assemble to hear Moorthy speak about Gandhi. His movement has begun to take on a religious character and spread beyond the bounds of his own village.

Badè Khan orders Moorthy to leave—even if he is a free man, says Khan, Moorthy is not free to speak at the Skeffington Estate. Vasudev and Gangadhar arrive and Badè Khan exchanges insults with the rest before attacking Moorthy with his lathi, but Rachanna and Madanna wrest it from Khan and hit him on the head with it. The maistri breaks them away but the coolie women attack him and begin tearing off Khan's beard, even as Moorthy shouts "no beatings, in the name of the Mahatma." Khan threatens to arrest the whole lot, and Vasudev and Moorthy head back down to Kanthapura.

Badè Khan invokes the Skeffington Estate's property rights over the land where the coolies live in order to keep Moorthy out. While Moorthy keeps in line with Gandhian principles by refusing to fight back, the coolies break the most important rule: nonviolence.

The morning after the fight, the maistri kicks Rachanna off the Estate and drives his family out by force when he asks for his 76 rupees in unpaid wages. The family before goddess Kenchamma's grove and heads to Kanthapura, where Moorthy brings them to Patel Rangè Gowda, who orders Beadle Timmayya to give them "shelter and water and fire." Rachanna and his family move to Kanthapura for good and Moorthy "began his 'Don't-touch-the-Government campaign.'"

Rachanna has no means to win his wages back, but by getting kicked off the Skeffington Estate he ironically becomes one of the first coolies who is able to leave it and gains a new home in Kanthapura after praying to Kenchamma as a rite of passage. By firing Rachanna, the maistri actually strengthens the Gandhian movement fighting the Skeffington Estate's owners.

7.7.1.2 Short and Long Questions

7.7.1.2.1 Why does Moorthy go to Skeffington Coffee Estate?

7.7.1.2.2 Why are Rachanna and his family thrown out of the Skeffinton Coffee Estate?

7.7.1.2.3 When Moorthy goes to the estate there takes place a clash between coolies and police. Explain why?

7.7.1.2.4 Why is Moorthy upset after the struggle in the Estate?

7.7.1.2.5 After the displacement from the Estate where does Rachanna alongwith his family settle down?

7.8 Text of Chapter 7

CHAPTER 7

And this is how it all began. That evening Moorthy speaks to Rangamma on the veranda and tells her he will fast for three days in the temple, and Rangamma says, 'What for, Moorthy? ' and Moorthy says that much violence had been done because of him, and that were he full of the radiance of ahimsa such things should never have happened, but Rangamma says, 'That was not your fault, Moorthy!' to which he replies, ' The fault of others, Rangamma, is the fruit of one's own disharmony,' and silently he walks down the steps, and walks up to the temple, where, seated beside the central pillar of the mandap, he begins to meditate. And when tl^e evening meal is over Rangamma comes to find our Seenu, and lantern in hand and with a few bananas in her s&ri fringe, she goes to the temple, and Moorthy, when he sees the light, smiles and asks what it is all about. Rangamma simply places, the bananas before him and stands waiting for a word from him. Moorthy lifts up the bananas and says, I will drink but three cups of salted water each day, and that I shall procure myself. I shall go to the river and get water, and tomorrow if you can get me a handful of salt, that is all I ask.'

At this Rangamma lets fall a tear, and Seenu, who has been silent and has been looking away towards the sanctum and the idols and the candelabras and the flowers, turns towards Moorthy and says, No, Moorthy, this is all very well for the Mahatma, but not for us poor creatures,' to which Moorthy answers calmly, ' Never mind — let me try, I will not die of it, will I? ' And Rangamma says this and Seenu says that, and there is no end to the song. Then Ramakrishnayya himself comes to take Rangamma away and he says, 'Let the boy do what he likes, Ranga. If he wants to rise lovingly to God and burn the dross of the flesh through vows, it is not for us sinners to say "Nay, nay and after a hurried circumambulation of the temple, they go down the Promontory and hurry back home.

Moorthy said his *gayathri* thrice a thousand and eight times, and when the sanctum lights began to flicker he spread out his upper cloth on the floor and laid himself down. Sleep slowly came over him, and so deep was his rest that people were already moving about in the streets when he awoke. He rose quickly and hurried down to the river and hurried back again and, seated by the central pillar, began once more to meditate. People came and people went; they banged the bell and touched the Bull and took the flowers, and still did Moorthy enter deeper and deeper into meditation; and it was only Waterfall Vcnkamma who roused him with her loud laughter :'Ah, the cat has begun to take to asceticism,' says she, ' only to commit more sins. He son! when did you begin to lie to your neighbours? As though it were not enough to have polluted our village with your pariahs! Now you want to pollute us with your gilded purity! Wait! Wait! When you come out of this counting of beads, I shall give you a fine welcome with my broomstick!' But as Moorthy docs not move, she puts her hand into her clothes-basket, and taking out a wet roll of sari, she holds it over his head and squeezes it. This is an oblation to thee, pariah!' says she, and as she sees Rangamma's sister Scethamma drawing near, she laughs at Moorthy and laughs again, and then she jabbers and shouts and goes away, still chattering to herself. Moorthy loosens his limbs and, holding his breath, says to himself, 'I shall love even my enemies. The Mahatma says we should love even our enemies,' and closing his eyes tighter, he slips back into the foldlcss sheath of the Soul, and sends out rays of love to the east, rays of love to the west, rays of love to the north, rays of love to the south, and love to the earth below and to the sky above, and he feels such exaltation creeping into his limbs and head that his heart begins to beat out a song, and the song of Kabir comes into his mind:

The road to the City of Love is hard, brother,

It's hard,

Take care, take care, as you walk along it.

Singing this his exaltation grows and grows, and tears come to his eyes. And when he opens them to look round, a great blue radiance seems to fill the whole earth, and dazzled, he rises up and falls prostrate before the god, chanting Sankara's ' Sivoham, Sivoham. I am Siva. I am Siva. Siva am I.'

Then he sat himself down by the central pillar and slipped back into meditation. Why was it he could meditate so deeply? Thoughts seemed to ebb away to the darkened shores and leave the illumined consciousness to rise up into the back of the brain, he had explained to Seenu. Light seemed to rise from the far horizon, converge and creep over hills and fields and trees, and rising up the Promontory, infuse itself through his very toes and finger-tips and rise to the sun-centre of his heart. There was a vital softness about it he had hardly ever felt. Once, however, in childhood he had felt that vital softness — once, as he was seated by the river, while his mother was washing the clothes, and the soft leap of the waters over smooth boulders so lulled him to quiet that he closed his eyes, and his closed eyes led him to say his prayers, and he remembered the child Prahlada who had said Hari was everywhere, and he said to himself, ' I shall see Hari, too,' and he had held his breath hushed, and the beating of the clothes sank into his ears, and the sunshine sank away into his mind, and his limbs sank down into the earth, and then there was a dark burning light in the heart of the sanctum, and many men with beards and besmeared with holy ashes stood beside the idol, silent, their lips gently moving, and he, too, entered the temple like a sparrow, and he sat on a handle of the candelabra, and as he looked fearfully at the Holy, floods suddenly swept in from all the doorways of the temple, beating, whirling floods, dark and bright, and he quietly sank into them and floated away like child Krishna on the pipal leaf. But it was so bright everywhere that he opened his eyes and he felt so light and airy that his mother looked near and small like one at the foot of a hill. And up there over the mountains there was nothing but light and that cool, blue-spreading light had entered his limbs. And that very evening he said to his mother, "Mother, now you can throw me down the mountains,' and she asked, 4 Why, my son?"and he answered, " Why, mother, because Hari will fly down and hold me in his arms as I roll down the mountains. And if you send elephants to kill me, the elephants will stand by and say, "This is Hari's child," and lift me up with their trunks and scat me on their backs and throw a garland round my neck. And the poison you will give me in the cup of death will become the water of flowers, for, Mother, I have seen Hari. . . .'

The next time he felt like that was when we had those terrible floods, and he had, he told us later, seated himself by the river and said, "I may be drowned, but I shall not rise, Mother Himavathy, till thy waters are sunk down to thy daily shores."And who will say the waters did not sink back that very evening? But no other such vision of the Holy had he till that holy vision of the Mahatma.

But this morning his soul sounded deeper still. Why? — he began to ask himself. No answer came, but he merged deeper into himself and radiance poured out of his body and he seemed to rise sheer into the air. He floated and floated in it, and he felt he could fly so far and so free that he felt a terror strike his being and, suddenly perspiring, he drew his soul back to the earth, and, opening his eyes, touched his limbs and felt his face and hit the floor to feel he was alive. But he had caught a little of that primordial radiance, and through every breath more and more love seemed to pour out of him.

That was why, when Ratna came to see him, he felt there was something different in his feelings towards her. Her smile did not seem to touch his heart with delicate satisfaction as it did before. She seemed something so feminine and soft and distant, and the idea that he could ever think of her other than as a sister shocked him and sent a shiver down his spine. But Ratna looked at him sadly and shyly, and whispered, "Is there anything I can do?" and Moorthy answered, Pray with me that the sins of others may be purifiedwith our prayers She could hardly grasp his idea. She was but fifteen. Praying seemed merely to fall flat before the gods in worship. So she said she would make ten more prostrations before the gods, and when her mother came along, she stood silent, and once Seethamma had finished her circumambulations, they smiled to Moorthy and walked back home.

Rangamma came as the cattle were being driven to the fields, and she brought with her a handful of salt. Moorthy poured a little water into his tumbler, and throwing in a pinch of salt, swallowed it all, crying Rama-Krishna, Rama-Krishna. But the coolness in his empty stomach made him shiver. Then a warmth rose in his veins and he felt strength streaming into his limbs. Rangamma again tried to persuade him to eat a little — "just not to be too weak, for even the dharma sastras permit it ," she said. But Moorthy had little strength to answer her, and he simply smiled back, saying, 'Nay'. And when she came back in the evening there were already around Moorthy, Pariah Rachanna and Beadle Timmayya and Patel Range Gowda, and Dore, who had just come back from one of his tours. And Dore laughed and mocked at Moorthy, saying it was not for a University fellow to play all these grandma's tricks. But they silenced him. And then there were also there the other boys Kittu and Ramu and Postmaster's Seetharamu and our Seenu and Devaru's son Subbu, and Moorthy sat amongst them smiling and calm, saying a word now and again. But strength was going out of his breath and his face began to grow shiny and shrivelled, and when dusk fell they all left him, and it was only Rangamma that went to sit near him for one moment in silence. 'The great enemy is in us, Rangamma,' said Moorthy, slowly, 'hatred is in us. If only we could not hate, if only we would show fearless, calm affection towards our fellow men, wc would be stronger, and not only would the enemy yield, but he would be converted. If I, I alone, could love Bade Khan, I am sure our cause would win. Maybe — I shall love him — with your blessings! ' Rangamma did not understand this, neither, to tell you the truth, did any of us. We would do harm to no living creature. But to love Bade Khan — no, that was another thing. We would not insult him. We would not hate him. But we could not love him. How could we? He was not my uncle's son, was he? And even if he were. . . .

The next day Moorthy was weaker still. But Bhatta, furious that Moorthy was pretending to be pious, tried to talk to him, and when Moorthy, smiling, just said, 'Bhattare, I am weak : I shall explain this to you another time,' Bhatta had then insulted him and had sworn he would beat the drum and denounce this cat's conversion to asceticism. But Moorthy simply smiled back again, for love was growing in him.

On the third day such exaltation came over him that he felt blanketed with the pariah and the cur. He felt he could touch the stones and they would hang to his hands, he felt he could touch a snake and it would spread its sheltering hood above him. But as he rose he felt such a dizziness enter his head that he had to hold to the wall to move, and when he sat down after the morning prayers he felt his heart beating itself away. His eyes dimmed and the whole temple seemed to shake and sink, and the fields rose up with crops and canals and all and stood in the air while the birds seemed to screech in desolation. And as he lay back on his mat, a languor filled his limbs and he felt the earth beneath him quaking and splitting. When he awoke he saw Rangamma and our Seenu and Ratna all in tears, and he moved his head and asked "What's all this?" and Rangamma, so happy that he had at last awakened from his swoon, smiled back at him and said there was nothing the matter, and as he turned towards the courtyard he saw Pariah Rachanna and Lingayya standing with joined palms. Something was the matter, thought Moorthy, and holding to the pillar he slowly sat up, and he saw the sunshine flooding through the valley, while the bulls and buffaloes were husking paddy by the hay-stacks, and the canal water ran muddy as ever, and up the Bebbur Mound the empty footpath, quivering in the heat, ran up into the Skeffington Coffee Estate. Then suddenly he broke into a fit of sobs, and they stood round him and asked, 'What's the matter? What? ' and Moorthy would not answer. For somewhere behind the dizzy blare was a shadow that seemed to wail like an ominous crow, and he broke into sobs in spite of himself. Then Rangamma took an orange from her sari hem and offered it to Moorthy imploringly, and Moorthy looked at it distraught.

'An orange. This is an orange, Rangamma. And I cannot eat an orange,' he said, and Rangamma thought, 'Well, he has lost his reason.' But Moorthy grew calmer, and he said, 'Give me a little salted water. There is river water in this pot.' And as they gave to him, he held the tumbler long in his hands, and then slowly lifting it up to his lips, he drank one gulp, then another, and then another, and at each sip he seemed to feel light coming to his eyes, and such perspiration poured out from him that he laid himself down and covered himself gently, and sank back to sleep, and Rangamma said to Ratna, 'Sit in the courtyard, my daughter, and watch when he wakes. I have to go and cook at which Ratna was so happy and so proud that she sat by the Bull and began to pray. 'God, God,' she said, 'keep him strong and virtuous, and may he rise out of this holier and greater; God, I shall offer ten coconuts and a kumkum worship. God, keep him alive for me.' Then she rose and fell prostrate before the gods in the sanctum.

By the evening, the critical period being over, Moorthy felt stronger and he said to Rangamma, 'Rangamma, if we had a bhajan this evening?' and Rangamma said, ' But Moorthy, you are weak' — to which Moorthy replied, ' No, I'm weak no more. And if I am weak, Seenu will lead the bhajan.' And as dusk fell, Seenu lighted the oil-lamps of the sanctum, and going up the Promontory he rang the bell and blew the conch, and men came from the Potters' Street and the Brahmins' Street and the Weavers' Street and the Pariah Street; but Vasudev and Gangadhar were the only ones to come from the Skeffington Coffee Estate.

But later, Bade Khan came, too, to join them.

When the bhajan was over and Seenu was taking round the camphor-censer, Moorthy observed how poor the brahmin comer was. Neither Patwari Nanjundia nor Temple Nanjappa nor Schoolmaster Devarayya were there, nor their wives nor their children. The short, round picture of Bhatta came to his mind but he put it away and thought of God. He would send out love where there was hatred and compassion where there was misery. Victory to the Mahatma!

A peace so vital entered his soul that the radiance of the earth filled him till the soul shone like an oleander at dawn.

The next morning he broke the fast, and lighter in limb and lighter in soul, he walked out to preach the 'Don't-touch-the-Government campaign'.

7.8.1 Summary of chapter 7

Moorthy approaches Rangè Gowda first, for "nothing can be done without Rangè Gowda." Rangè Gowda tells Moorthy "if there's anything this fool can do, do but open your mouth and it shall be done." Moorthy explains his program. Fewer brahmins are coming to the bhajans, and some—like Waterfall Venkamma, Temple Rangappa, Patwari Nanjundia, Schoolmaster Devarayya, and especially Bhatta—are staunchly opposed to Moorthy's ideas. Rangè Gowda admits that Bhatta had come to visit him, asking him to become "his dog's tail," but Rangè Gowda admits he is on the Mahatma'sside and they argue about pollution.

Rangè Gowda has significant power in Kanthapura, especially among the lower castes: beyond his significant landholdings, he is responsible as Patel for collecting taxes from the other villagers. He both represents the government in this capacity and becomes a crucial figure in resisting it. The village brahmins, whose power depends on their caste supremacy over other groups, continue to favor the traditional caste system.

Moorthy tells Rangè Gowda that he wants to create a Congress in Kanthapura that can join the All India Congress . This would require them to pay a small sum and length of yarn yearly, plus "vow

to speak Truth, and wear no cloth but the khadi cloth." Moorthy admits that this might bring trouble with the government in the future, especially with Badè Khanaround.

Moorthy recognizes that resisting the colonial government requires participating in a parallel, national Gandhian government. Much like the existing government, the Gandhian Congress would take significant control over their lives, forcing them to pay taxes and perform labor by making cloth.

When Rangè Gowda mentions his fury at Badè Khan, Moorthyexplains that "the Mahatma says you must love even your enemies" but Rangè Gowda insists that this love is "not for us poor folk!" Moorthy suggests that hate just spreads more hate, whereas love creates compromise. Rangè Gowda argues that he cannot convince farmers to till their lands through love and respect, but Moorthy argues that, as a village Elder, Rangè Gowda must model the Congress values—in fact, to even join the Congress in the first place he must practice ahimsa (nonviolence), speak truth and spin yarn. Rangè Gowda concludes that he shall do whatever Moorthy wishes, for the Mahatma's word is the word of God and he will suffer anything to fulfill it. Before heading away, Moorthy reminds Rangè Gowda that the Congress's word is also the Mahatma's and therefore God's.

While Rangè Gowda is justifiably angry at the policeman who has come to silence the villagers demands for freedom, Moorthy insists that every Gandhian reflects Gandhi's personal character and loves the enemy . Whereas Moorthy seems to see a world of equals capable of compromise through love, Rangè Gowda seems unable to shake a fundamental belief in hierarchy. Indeed, he worries about how he can persuade farmers to work and only follows the Mahatma because he sees Gandhi as relaying a divine command.

Moorthy visits Ramayya, the Weavers' Elder, and then Siddayya, the Potters' Elder, and both agree to join the Panchayat (village council or Congress). He goes to visit the pariah Rachanna, but he is out and his wife, Rachi, invites Moorthy inside. For the first time, Moorthy enters a pariah's house—previously, he always met them outside—and panics, smelling "the stench of hide and the stench of pickled pigs" and hearing "all the gods and all the manes of heaven" crying his sinfulness. Rachi offers Moorthy milk, but he is afraid to take it and claims he just had coffee. She asks him to simply touch it, and "with many a trembling prayer," he slowly takes a sip.

7.8.2 Short and Long Question Answers

7.8.2.1 What is the significance of fasting in independence movement?
7.8.2.2 Why does Moorthy fast?
7.8.2.3 Why are Rangamma, Ratna and Seenu worried about Moorthy?
7.8.2.4 What is Waterfall Venkamma's reaction on Moorthy's fasting?
7.8.2.5 Throw some light on the visions of Moorthy while he was fasting?

7.9 Text of Chapter 8

CHAPTER 8

First he goes to see Range Gowda. Nothing can be done without. Range Gowda. When RangeGowda says 'Yes', you will have elephants and howdahs and music processions. If Range Gowda says ' No,' you can eat the bitter neem leaves and lie by the city gates, licked by the curs. That's how it is with our Range Gowda. "Range Gowda, Range Gowda,"says Moorthy, 'there's something I want of you.'

'Come in, learned one, and, seated like a son, explain to me what you need. If there's anything this fool can do, do but open your mouth and it shall be done.'

And seated on the veranda, Moorthy explains to Range Gowda his programme. Things are

getting bad in the village. The brahmins who were with him for the bhajans are now getting fewer and fewer. Some people have gone about threatening the community with the Swami's excommunication, and people arc afraid. There is Waterfall Venkamma and Temple Rangappa and Patwari Nanjundia and Schoolmaster Devarayya — and then, of course, there's Bhatta. And when Bhatta's name is mentioned, Range Gowda's neck stiffens and spitting across the veranda to the gutter, he says, 'Yes, he had come to see me too '

'To you, Range Gowda?'

'Yes, learned Moorthappa. He had, of course, come to see me. He wanted me to be his dog's tail. But I said to him, the Mahatma Is a holy man, and I was not with the jackals but with the deer. At which Bhatta grew so furious that he cried out that this holy man was a tiger in a deer's skin, and said this about pollution and that about corruption, and I said to him, "So it may be, but the Red-Man's Government is no swan in a Himalayan lake Bhatta grew fierce again and said, "We shall cat mud and nothing but mud". "Yes," says I, "if every bloke cats mud, I, too, shall eat mud. The laws of God are not made one for Range Gowda and one for Putte Gowda. Mud shall I eat, if mud I should eat And Rang£ Gowda chuckles and spits, and munches on.

Then Moorthy says, "This is what is to be done. We shall start a Congress group in Kanthapura, and the Congress group of Kanthapura will join the Congress of All India. You just pay four annas or two thousand yards of yam per year, and that is all you have to do, and then you become a Congress member. And you must vow to speak Truth, and wear no cloth but the khadi cloth."

"Oh yes, Moorthappa ! If you think there is no danger in it, I see no objection to joining it. Tell me only one thing: Will it bring us into trouble with the Government?"

This Moorthy thinks over and then he says, "This is how it is, Rangfc Gowda. Today it will bring us into no trouble with the Government. But tomorrow when we shall be against the Red-Man's Government it will bring us into trouble. You see Bade Khan is already there. . . ."

"Ah !" says Range Gowda. "And I shall not close my eyes till that dog has eaten filth," but Moorthy interrupts him and says such things are not to be said, and that hatred should be plucked out of our hearts, and that the Mahatma says you must love even your enemies.

'That's for the Mahatma and you, Moorthappa — not for us poor folk! When that cur Puttayya slipped through the night and plastered up the drain and let all the canal water into his fields and let mine get baked up in the sun, do you think kind words would go with him? Two slaps and he spits and he grunts,but he will never do that again.'

"That must not be done, Range Gowda. Every enemy you create is like pulling out a lantana bush in your back yard. The more you pull out, the wider you spread the seeds, and the thicker becomes the lantana growth. But every friend you create is like a jasmine hedge. You plant it, and it is there and bears flowers and you offer them to the gods, and the gods give them back to you and your women put them into their hair. Now, you sec, you hit Puttayya and Puttayya goes and speaks of it to Madanna, and Madanna to Timmanna, and Puttayya and Timmanna and Madanna will hold vengefulness against you and some day this vengefulness will hold forth in fire. But had, you reasoned it out with Puttayya, maybe you would have come to an agreement, and your canal water would go to your fields, and his canal water to his fields."

"Learned master, at this rate I should have to go and bow down to every pariah and butcher and, instead of giving them a nice licking with my lantana switch, I should offer flowers and coconuts and betel leaves in respect and say, " Pray plough this field this-wise, Maharaja! Pray plough this field that-

wise, Maharaja ! ” And I should not howl at my wife and let my son-in-law go fooling with Concubine Siddi’s daughter Mohini who’s just come of age. No, learned master, that is not just.”

‘It’s a long story, Range Gowda, and we shall speak of it another time. But you are a father of many (hildren and an esteemed Elder of your community and of the whole village, and if you should take to the ways of the Congress, then others will follow you.’

‘But, learned master, there’s nothing in common between what you were saying and this.’

‘Most certainly, Range Gowda. One cannot become a member of the Congress if one will not promise to practice ahimsa, and to speak Truth and to spin at least two thousand yards of yarn per year.’ At which Range Gowda bursts out laughing again and says, “Then I too will have one day to sit and meditate, taking three cups of salted water per day!” and Moorthy laughs with him, and once they have talked over rents and law-courts and the sloth of the peasants, Range Gowda turns back to the subject and says, ‘Do what you like, learned master. You know things better than I do, and I, I know you are not a man to spit on our confidence in you. If you think I should become a member of the Congress, let me be a member of the Congress. If you want me to be a slave, I shall be your slave. All I know is that what you told me about the Mahatma is very fine, and the Mahatma is a holy man, and if the Mahatma says what you say, let the Mahatma’s word be the word of God. And if this buffalo will trample on it, may my limbs get paralysed and my tongue dumb and my progeny for ever destroyed!’ Then Moorthy stands up and says it is no light matter to be a member of the Congress and that every promise before the Congress is a promise before the Mahatma and God, and Range Gowda interrupts him, saying, ‘Of course, of course. And this Range Gowda has a golden tongue and a leather tongue, and what is uttered by the golden tongue is golden and sure, and what is uttered by the leather one is for the thief and concubine and Moorthy says, ‘May the Mahatma’s blessings be with us,’ and hurrying down the steps, he slips round to the Weavers’ Street, goes straight to the Weavers’ Elder Ramayya, and he says, ‘Ramayya, will you be a member of the Panchayat of all India?’; and Ramayya asks, And what’s that, learned one? ’ and Moorthy sits down and explains it, and Ramayya says, 4 Oh, if the Patel is with you, the Panchayat is with him,’ and Moorthy says, ‘Then, I’ll go. I’ve still to see Potters’ Elder Siddayya And Potters’ Elder Siddayya, when he hears of the Mahatma and the Patel, says, ‘Of course. I’m with the Patel and the Panchayat,’ and then Moorthy thinks, ‘Now, this is going to be well,’ and rushes down the Pariah quarter to sec Rachanna. But Rachanna is out mowing at the River-eaten field, and Rachanna’s wife is pounding rice, and she says, ‘Come and sit inside, learned one, since you are one of us, for the sun is hot outside,’ and Moorthy, who had never entered a pariah house — he had always spoken to the pariahs from the gutter-slab — Moorthy thinks this is something new, and with one foot to the back and one foot to the fore, he stands trembling and undecided, and then suddenly hurries up the steps and crosses the threshold and squats on the earthen floor. But Rachanna’s wife quickly sweeps a corner, and spreads for him a wattle mat, but Moorthy, confused, blurts out, ‘No, no, no, no,’ and he looks this side and that and thinks surely there is a carcass in the back yard, and it’s surely being skinned, and he smells the stench of hide and the stench of pickled pigs, and the roof seems to shake, and all the gods and all the manes of heaven seem to cry out against him, and his hands steal mechanically to the holy thread, and holding it, he feels he would like to say, ‘Hari-Om, Hari-Om.’But Rachanna’s wife has come back with a little milk in a shining brass tumbler, and placing it on the floor with stretched hands, she says, ‘Accept this from this poor hussy! ’ and slips back behind the corn-bins; and Moorthy says, ‘ I’ve just taken coffee, Lingamma . . .’ but she interrupts him and says, 1 Touch it, Moorthappa, touch it only as though it were offered to the gods, and we shall be sanctified’; and Moorthy, with many a trembling prayer, touches the tumbler and brings it to his lips, and taking one sip, lays it aside.

Meanwhile Rachanna's two grandchildren come in, and gazing at Moorthy, they run into the back yard, and then Madanna's children come, and then Madanna's wife, pestle in hand, and Madanna's wife's sister and her two-months-old brat in her arms, and then all the women and all the children of the pariah quarter come and sit in Rachanna's central veranda and they all gaze silently at Moorthy, as though the sacred eagle had suddenly appeared in the heavens. Then Moorthy feels this is the right moment to talk, and straightening his back, he raises his head and says, 'Sisters, from today onwards I want your help. There is a huge Panchayat of all India called the Congress, and that Congress belongs to the Mahatma, and the Mahatma says every village in this country must have a Panchayat like that, and everybody who will become a member of that Panchayat will spin and practice ahimsa and speak the truth.' At this Rachanna's wife says, 4 And what will it give us, learned one?' and Moorthy says something about the foreign Government and the heavy taxations and the poverty of the peasants, and they all say, 'Of course, of course,' and then he says, " Iask you : will you spin a hundred yards of yarn per day?' But Madanna's wife says, 'I'm going to have a child,' and Satanna's wife says, 'I'm going for my brother's marriage,' and her sister says, 'I'll spin if it will bring money. I don't want cloth like Timmayya and Madayya get with all their turning of the wheel,' and Chennayya's daughter says, 'I shall spin, learned master, I shall spin. But I shall offer my cloth to the Mahatma when he comes here,' at which all the women laugh and say, 'Yes, the Mahatma will come here to see your pretty face,' and the children who had climbed on the rice-sacks cry out, 'I too will turn the rattle, Master, I too.' And Moorthy feels this is awful, and nothing could be done with these women; so, standing up, he asks, 'Is there no one among you who can spin a hundred yards of yam per day?' And from this corner and that voices rise and Moorthy says, 'Then come forward and tell me if you can take an oath before the goddess that you will spin at least a hundred yards of yam per day,' and they all cry out, 'No oath before the goddess! if we don't keep it, who will bear her anger?'

Then Moorthy feels so desperate that he says to Rachanna's wife, 'And you, Rachanna's wife?' and Rachanna's wife says, 'If my husband says " Spin ", I shall spin, learned one.' And Moorthy says he will come back again in the evening, and mopping his forehead, he goes down the steps and along the Pariah Street, and going up the Promontory, enters the temple, bangs the bell and, performing a circumambulation, asks blessings of the gods, and hurries back home to speak about it all to Rangamma.

But as he goes up the steps something in him says 'Nay,' and his hair stands on end as he remembers the tumbler of milk and the pariah home, and so he calls out, ' Rangamma, Rangamma ! ' and Rangamma says, 'I'm coming,' and when she is at the threshold, he says he has for the first time entered a pariah house and asks if he is permitted to enter; and Rangamma says, 'Just come the other way round, Moorthy, and there's still hot water in the cauldron and fresh clothes for the meal So Moorthy goes by the back yard, and when he has taken his bath and clothed himself, Rangamma says, "Maybe you'd better change your holy thread,"but Moorthy says, "Now that I must go there every day, I cannot change my holy thread every day, can I?" and Rangamma says only, "I shall at least give you a little Ganges water, and you can take a spoonful of it each time you've touched them, can't you?" So Moorthy says, As you will,' and taking the Ganges water he feels a fresher breath flowing through him, and lest anyone should ask about his new adventure, he goes to the riverside after dinner to sit and think and pray. After all a brahmin is a brahmin, sister!

And when dusk fell over the river, Moorthy hastily finished his ablutions, and after he had sat at his evening meditations, he rushed back home, and after taking only a banana and a cup of milk, he rushed off again to the Pariah Night School that Secnu held in the Panchayat Hall every evening. And when Seenu heard of the Congress Committee to be founded, his mouth touched his ears in joy, and he said he would wake up Kittu and Subbu and Post-Office-House Ramu from their inactivity. Moorthy said that would be fine and he went out to sec Rachanna, who was sitting by the veranda, sharpening his

sickle in the moonlight, and with him were Siddanna and Madanna and Lingayya, and when they heard about the Congress Committee, they all said, ‘ As you please, learned master ’. — ‘ And your women? ’ asked Moorthy. — ‘ They will do as we do,’ said Rachanna, and Moorthy went again to the Potters’ Street and the Weavers’ Street, and they all said, “If the Elder says”, “Yes”, and the Patel says “Yes”, and the Panchayat says, “Yes”, what else have we to say? ’ And then he went home and told the whole thing to Rangamma and she too said, “Of course, of course.”And Scethamma and Ratna said, “Splendid — a Congress Committee here,’ and Moorthy said, “We shall begin work straight off.”

The next morning he went and recounted the whole thing to Range Gowda, and Range Gowda said, ‘I am your slave ’. Then Moorthy said, “We shall hold a meeting today” — and Range Gowda said, “Of course.” — “Then this evening,” said Moorthy. “As you please, learned one,” answered Range Gowda — and Moorthy then said, “We shall hold a gods’ procession and then a bhajan, and then we shall elect the Committee.” And as evening came, Moorthy and Seenu and Ramu and Kittu were all busy washing the gods and knitting the flowers and oiling the wicks and fixing the crowns, and as night fell the procession moved on and people came out with camphor and coconuts, and Seenu took them and offered them to the gods, and Ramu shouted out, “This evening there’s bhajan,” and everybody was so happy that before the procession was back in the temple, Range Gowda was already seated in the mandap explaining to Elder Ramayya and to Elder Siddayya and to others around them about weaving and ahimsa and the great, great Congress.

And they all listened to him with respect. When Moorthy entered they all stood up, but Moorthy said, ‘Oh, not thi£ for me! ’ and Range Gowda said,“You are our Gandhi,” and when everybody laughed he went on : “There Is nothing to laugh at, brothers. He is our Gandhi. The state of Mysore has a Maharaja, but that Maharaja has another Maharaja who is in London, and that one has another one in Heaven, and so everybody has his own Mahatma, and this Moorthy, who has been caught in our knees playing as a child, is now grown-up and great, and he has wisdom in him and he will be our Mahatma,” and they all said, “So he is !” And Moorthy felt such a quiet exaltation rise to his throat that a tear escaped and ran down his cheek. Then he looked back towards the bright god in the sanctum, and closed his eyes and sent up a prayer, and, whispering to himself, “Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!” he rang the bell and spoke to them of spinning and ahimsa and Truth. And then he asked, “Who among you will join the Panchayat?” and voices came from the sudra corner and the pariah corner and the brahmin corner and the weavers’ corner, and to each one of them he said, “Stand before the god and vow you will never break the law,” and some said they asked nothing of the gods, and others said,“We don’t know whether we have the strength to keep it up,’ and then RangeGowda grew wild and shouted, “If you are the sons of your fathers, stand up and do what this learned boy says,” and Range Gowda’s words were such a terror to them that one here and one there went up before the sanctum, rang the bell and said, “My Master, I shall spin a hundred yards of yarn per day, and I shall practise ahimsa, and I shall seek Truth,” and they fell prostrate and asked for the blessings of the Mahatma and the gods, and they rose and crawled back to their seats. But when it comes to the pariahs, Rachanna says, “We shall stand out here and take the vows,” and at this Moorthy is so confused that he does not know what to do, but Range Gowda says, “Here in the temple or there in the courtyard, it is the same god you vow before, so go along!” And Rachanna and Rachanna’s wife, and Madanna and Madanna’s wife swear before the god from the courtyard steps.

And when it is all over, Range Gowda says, “Moorthappa will be our president,” and everybody says, “Of course, of course.” Then Secnu turns towards Range Gowda and says,“And Range Gowda our Super-President and Protector,’ and everybody laughs, and Range Gowda says, “Protector! yes, Protector of the village fowl!” Then Seenu says, ‘Rangamma will be the third member,’ but Rangamma says, ‘No, no,’ and Moorthy says ,‘We need a woman in the Committee for the Congress is for the weak

and the lowly'; and then everybody says, 4 Rangamma, say yes ! ' and Rangamma says 'Yes And Moorthy then turns towards the pariahs and says, 'One among you ! ' and then there is such a silence that a moving ant could be heard, and then Moorthy says, 'Come, Rachanna, you have suffered much, and you shall be a member,' and Rachanna says, 'As you will, learned master !' And then Moorthy says, 'Seenu is our fifth member,' and Range Gowda says,'Every Rama needs an Anjanayya, and he's your fire-tailed Hanuman,' and they all laugh, and so Moorthy and Range Gowda and Rangamma and Rachanna and Seenu become the Congress Pan- chayat Committee of Kanthapura.

And two days later Moorthy made a list of members and twenty-three were named, and five rupees and twelve annas were sent to the Provincial Congress Committee. And one morning everybody was told that in Rangamma's blue paper was a picture of Moorthy. And everybody went to Rangamma and said,'Show it to me !' and when Rangamma gave them the paper, they looked this side and that, and when they came to the picture, they all exclaimed, 'Oh, here he is — and so much like him too ! ' And then they all said, 'Our Moorthy is a great man, and they speak of him in the city and we shall work for him,' and from then onwards wc all began to spin more and more, and more and more, and Moorthy sent bundles and bundles of yarn, and we got saris and bodice cloths and dhotis, and Moorthy said the Mahatma was very pleased. Maybe he would remember us!

7.9.1 Summary of Chapter 8

Moorthy approaches Rangè Gowda first, for "nothing can be done without Rangè Gowda." Rangè Gowda tells Moorthy "if there's anything this fool can do, do but open your mouth and it shall be done." Moorthy explains his program. Fewer brahmins are coming to the bhajans, and some—like Waterfall Venkamma, Temple Rangappa, Patwari Nanjundia, Schoolmaster Devarayya, and especially Bhatta—are staunchly opposed to Moorthy's ideas. Rangè Gowda admits that Bhatta had come to visit him, asking him to become "his dog's tail," but Rangè Gowda admits he is on the Mahatma's side and they argue about pollution.

Rangè Gowda has significant power in Kanthapura, especially among the lower castes: beyond his significant landholdings, he is responsible as Patel for collecting taxes from the other villagers. He represents both the government in this capacity and becomes a crucial figure in resisting it. The village brahmins, whose power depends on their caste supremacy over other groups, continue to favor the traditional caste system.

Moorthy tells Rangè Gowda that he wants to create a Congress in Kanthapura that can join the Congress of All India. This would require them to pay a small sum and length of yarn yearly, plus "vow to speak Truth, and wear no cloth but the khadi cloth." Moorthy admits that this might bring trouble with the government in the future, especially with Badè Khan around.

Moorthy recognizes that resisting the colonial government requires participating in a parallel, national Gandhian government. Much like the existing government, the Gandhian Congress would take significant control over their lives, forcing them to pay taxes and perform labor by making cloth.

When Rangè Gowda mentions his fury at Badè Khan, Moorthy explains that "the Mahatma says you must love even your enemies" but Rangè Gowda insists that this love is "not for us poor folk!" Moorthy suggests that hate just spreads more hate, whereas love creates compromise. Rangè Gowda argues that he cannot convince farmers to till their lands through love and respect, but Moorthy argues that, as a village Elder, Rangè Gowda must model the Congress's values—in fact, to even join the Congress in the first place he must practice ahimsa (non violence), speak truth and spin yarn. Rangè Gowda concludes that he shall do whatever Moorthy wishes, for the Mahatma's word is the word of God and he will suffer anything to fulfill it. Before heading away, Moorthy reminds Rangè Gowda that the Congress's word is also the Mahatma's and therefore God's.

While Rangè Gowda is justifiably angry at the policeman who has come to silence the villagers' demands for freedom, Moorthy insists that every Gandhian mirror Gandhi's personal character and love their enemies. Whereas Moorthy seems to see a world of equals capable of compromise through love, Rangè Gowda seems unable to shake a fundamental belief in hierarchy. Indeed, he worries about how he can persuade farmers to work and only follows the Mahatma because he sees Gandhi as relaying a divine command.

Moorthy visits Ramayya, the Weavers' Elder, and then Siddayya, the Potters' Elder, and both agree to join the Panchayat (village council or Congress). He goes to visit the pariah Rachanna, but he is out and his wife, Rachi, invites Moorthy inside. For the first time, Moorthy enters a pariah's house—previously, he always met them outside—and panics, smelling "the stench of hide and the stench of pickled pigs" and hearing "all the gods and all the manes of heaven" crying his sinfulness. Rachi offers Moorthy milk, but he is afraid to take it and claims he just had coffee. She asks him to simply touch it, and "with many a trembling prayer," he slowly takes a sip.

Rachanna's grandchildren enter, and then Madanna's and his wife, and then "all the children of the pariah quarter" come and stare at Moorthy "as though the sacred eagle had suddenly appeared in the heavens." Moorthy tells the group that "there is a huge Panchayat of all India called the Congress" that belongs to the Mahatma. He explains that they need to spin yarn, and the women laugh in agreement, joking that they want to meet the Mahatma and show him their cloth. Frustrated, Moorthy asks if they can truly spin a hundred yards of yarn per day, and he asks them to take an oath before the goddess Kenchamma—but they refuse, saying they cannot handle her anger.

Moorthy assembles the pariahs, the villagers most oppressed by caste divisions and those who stand to gain the most from Gandhism's anti-caste position. But the women's laughter indicates that they understand that they will never meet or answer directly to the Mahatma, while they do still believe in Kenchamma's direct providence over them. In other words, even the pariahs initially choose their traditional religion over the Gandhian movement, whose promise of freedom seems far-fetched.

In desperation, Moorthy asks Rachi if she will spin, and she says she will if her husband orders her to. He says he will return that evening and heads to the temple, where he performs blessings before heading home to chat with Rangamma.

Rachi refuses to decide for herself whether she will spin, which again shows the pariahs' deep entrenchment in tradition (here, gender roles).

On his way to Rangamma's house, Moorthy remembers the milk at Rachanna's house and asks if he is permitted to enter. Rangamma asks him to enter through the rear and bathe first. He does, but he cannot change his holy thread every day if he is planning to keep visiting the pariahs. He takes a spoonful of Ganges water instead. He meditates by the river after dinner and then heads to the Pariah Night School in the Panchayat Hall and informs Seenu about the Congress Committee, to his delight.

Like Moorthy, Rangamma continues to fear caste pollution despite her overt opposition to the caste system. Holy water, this time from the Ganges, again figures as a purifying force in contrast to the pollution of caste-mixing.

Moorthy heads back to see Rachanna, who sits with Siddanna, Madanna, and Lingayya on the veranda. He tells them about the Congress Committee and they agree to join and bring their women. He returns to the potters and weavers, who affirm their commitment (for their Elder, Patel Rangè Gowda, and the Panchayat all give their consent), and tells Rangè Gowda about everyone's agreement in the morning.

Although Moorthy successfully wins much of the village to the Gandhian cause, they do not believe the Mahatma's teachings in the same fundamental way as Moorthy—rather, they follow Rangè Gowda out of conformity and fear. These are the same forces that keep them economically subjugated to the British.

That evening, Moorthy convenes a procession and recites a bhajan. Rangè Gowda begins to explain to the Congress but everyone stands when Moorthy enters, which he finds presumptuous—Rangè Gowda calls him "our Gandhi" and the crowd roars in agreement as Moorthy sheds a tear in "quiet exaltation." He speaks to the crowd and then asks their loyalty to the Congress and, although some worry they may not be able to produce the requisite yarn, Rangè Gowda shouts that they must keep their promise and they agree out of fear. The pariahs ask to take their vows in the courtyard, and a confused Moorthy agrees as Rangè Gowda encourages them to go ahead.

Rangè Gowda intimidates skeptical villagers into swearing loyalty to the Mahatma, again using methods contrary to Gandhi's movement in order to win adherents to it. Similarly, the pariahs remain in the courtyard rather than entering the temple due to their caste at the precise moment when the villagers commit themselves to an ideology based on the rejection of caste. There is a consistent gulf between Moorthy's values and everyone's practices, and Rao seems to be questioning whether actual Gandhian congresses used (or even could have used) true Gandhian methods to win support.

Rangè Gowda declares Moorthy "our president" and Seenu jokingly declares Rangè Gowda "our Super-President and Protector" before asking Rangamma to be "the third member," but she declines. Moorthy says they need a woman and Rangamma reluctantly agrees. Moorthy calls for a pariah to join the committee, "and then there is such a silence that a moving ant could be heard." He appoints Rachanna as the fourth member and Seenu the fifth.

The villagers pick five members to form a council on the lines of a traditional panchayat (which roughly translates to "five-person assembly"). Moorthy is careful to have the village's most oppressed group,women and pariahs , represented on the council, and Achakka's personal stake in the narrative increases as her son Seenu is chosen to be the panchayat's fifth member.

Two days later, Moorthy's final list of members counts 23, and they apply to the Provincial Congress Committee. Rangamma receives a blue paper with Moorthy's picture and "everybody" wants to see it. They declare Moorthy "a great man" and accelerate production, spinning "bundles and bundles of yarn" for Moorthy, who says that "the Mahatma was very pleased." Achakka declares that "maybe he would remember us!"

The blue paper is alluring to the villagers because it shows Moorthy's importance at places beyond Kanthapura where it was published.

7.9.2 Short and Long Question Answers

7.9.2.1 What is the meaning of term Patel? Who is Patel of the village Kanthapra?

7.9.2.2 Range gowda is a must for village Congress. Why?

7.9.2.3 Why are some castes given priority over others in the formation of village Congress? Which are they?

7.9.2.4 Why are womens of Kanthapura included in the Village Congress? Give reasons.

7.9.2.5 Why are some people of the village against the formation of the Village Congress? Who are they?

7.10 Text of the chapter 9

CHAPTER 9

When Bhatta heard of the Congress Committee, he said to himself, " Now this is bad business,' and seated on the veranda, he began to think and think, and the fair carts rolled by and the dust settled down, and the noise of the snoring cattle comes from the byre, and the bats began to screech and screech, and from the Bebbur Mound rose the wailings of the jackals, and even the moon plumped up above the Kcnchamma Hill, and still Bhatta sat on the veranda thinking. There must be an end to this chatter. If not, the very walls of Kanthapura will crackle and fall before the year is out. What with his fastings and his looks, Moorthy was holding sway over the hearts of the people. And even the Swami's excommunication did nothing to stop it. Well, well, he said to himself, every squirrel has his day, and now for every Congress member the interest will go up to 1 8 and 20 per cent. And no kind words either — ah, my sons!— ^and no getting away from law courts. Pariah Lingayya has his Big-bund field in mortgage, and if he does not pay up this harvest-time, he will have not a rag-wide left. And there will be no accepting, 1 Just a week, master. Just a week more, say ten days, and this gold-flower in guarantee. . . .' None of this any more. Then there is Madanna's coconut-garden, and Pandit Vcnkateshia's Bebbur-ficld, though with the brahmins it's not such easy business.

'Well, well, every squirrel will have his day,' repeated Bhatta to himself. 'But Temple Rangappa is still with me, and Patwari Nanjundia and Schoolmaster Devarayya, and, of course, Rama Chetty and Subba Chetty. And they arc all with me and the Swami, and against all this pariah business. And there is Venkamma too.' And at the thought of Venkamma an idea came into his head like a cart-light in the dark, an auspicious, happy idea, and he said, 'I shall find a bridegroom for her daughter, and she will be always with us, and what with her tongue and her tail, she will set fire where we want.' And at this Bhatta felt so happy that he began to search in his mind for this bridegroom and that bridegroom, and he said, there was Shanbhog Ramanna of Channehalli, and Astrologer Seetharamiah of Rampur, and then of course there was Advocate Seenappa.

'Seenappa,' he repeated to himself, 'he's just lost his wife. And very soon, when I have to go and speak about the new harvests, he will speak about marriage, and I shall say there is a fine girl in Kanthapura, and he will say, " Is she ripe for 'marriage? " and I shall say, " She will come home in a few weeks' time," and that will do it, and Venkamma will be so happy to have an advocate for a son-in-law. " After all, Venkamma, what does it matter whether it is first marriage or a second marriage? What we ask is that your daughter will have enough to eat, and be blessed with many children, and perform all the rites, isn't it? Secnappa is thirty-four, but you would say he is twenty- one if you saw him, and he has only three children, and one of them is soon to be married and will go away to her mother-in-law's, and your daughter will have the two god-like children to live with. What do you say to that, Venkamma? " And Venkamma will answer, " Of course! Of course! Bhattare, whatever you say will be done," and Seenappa will be so happy; after all a mother-in-law in Kanthapura, and so near his wet lands too . . . and this Bhatta will himself perform the marriage, and the Swami will bless them.' 'That is a fine idea,' concluded Bhatta, and as he went in and groped for his bed, he felt such joy rise to his heart that he woke up his wife and said, 'Come, don't sleep!', and when she muttered, 'Oh, let me sleep,' he said, 'Oh, be a wife ! ' and she said she was tired; but Bhatta said he was happy and Vcnkamma's daughter would be married to Advocate Seenappa, and she said, 'And what docs that matter to me?' Meanwhile the child woke up, and when she had rocked it to sleep again, she slipped into his bed, and chattering fool that she was, she said he had never loved her as on that night.

And when the morning came, he rushed to the river and back, and then to Vcnkamma's house; but there was no Venkamma yet, and he said he would come back, and he went home and was hardly seated for meditation than Venkamma arrives important as a buffalo, and she says, ' What's it, Bhattare,

that you honour us with your visit? ' and Bhatta says, 'Oh, nothing at all. It is .only about a horoscope I've in hand, and maybe it would go with Ranga's And Venkamma cries out, 'Oh, Bhattare, you will save my honour and the honour of my family, if you manage it,' and Bhatta says, 'Oh, never mind, Venkamma, after all every pious member of the community has duties towards every other, and if your daughter was not married in time, maybe, nobody will marry my daughter either,' and Venkamma is so happy that she begins to weep, and Bhatta's wife comes and says, ' Oh, don't weep, aunt. The will of the gods shall be done,' and Venkamma rises up and says,' May Kenchamma bless you !'

And on her way back home she meets Rangamma, and looking away she spits behind her, and then she sees Temple Rangappa's wife Lak.shamma, and she says the marriage is for Sravan, and Lakshamma says, 'Then we shall have laddu this year?' and Venkamma says, 'Laddu and pheni,' and by the evening everybody in the village says, 'Venkamma's daughter, Ranga, has at last found a husband, sister! ' — 'Where docs he come from?' asks Nose-scratching Nanjamma of Satamma. — 'Oh, it seems he is from a well-to-do family. May the goddess bless the girl. If not, what should we have seen before we closed our eyes?' — And people say, 'Well, Venkamma is going to have a rich son-in-law,' — and Postmaster Suryanarayana's wife Akkamma says, ' My Putta will sing: " For what deed in my past life have you sought me in this, my lord? " ' — and Satamma says, 'Your Putta sings it so well, sister' — and Putta feels so pleased that she begins to hum the song to herself, twisting the wet sari, and everybody says, ' Go on, Putta, go on ! ' and she begins it, and they all leave the clothes on the stones and follow her, and when she stops, Ratna, wh6 never could sing these songs, says as though only to her mother, ' I shall sing them an English song,' at which Satamma says, ' Enoughof this. Let our marriages at least be according to the ancient ways,' and Subbamma and Chinnamma say they will put on the blue and broad-filigree Benares sari, and young Kamalamma says she will wear the Dharmawar sari in peacock blue, and Venkamma feels such esteem around her that she says to herself, ' Ah, you widows, you will not even lick the remnant leaves in the dust-bin, you polluted widows. . . .'

But when the marriage-day draws near, she sends her elder daughter to every house, saying,'Tell them you shall not light your kitchen fires for one whole week, and, if you like, for ten whole days. I am not marrying my daughter to Advocate Sccnappa for nothing.' And everybody asks, 'I think it's an advocate your sister is marrying?' and Venkamma's elder daughter says, 'Yes, our Ranga is the most fortunate of us all; his father owns three villages and a coconut-garden, and a small coffee plantation in Mysore, and their family is called the Bell-people, as his grandfather distributed holy bells to every guest that stayed with them.' And Satamma says,'My daughter had not that luck,' and Nanjamma says, 'My daughter hadn't that luck either.' But on the first day, as the bride- groom's procession came along, and we all stood by the village gate, with coconuts and kumkum water to welcome him, what should we see but a middle-aged man, with two fallen teeth and a big twisted moustache. But Venkamma said he was only twenty-five, and he had married at seventeen, and his elder daughter was only seven years old, but we all knew that it came out of Venkamma's head. But Bhatta said he was only about thirty, and that he earned at least three hundred rupees a month; that he had sixty acres of wet land and two hundred acres of dry land, and that his sisters wore half-seer gold belts and diamond car-rings and Dharmawar saris, and that they gave the bride a full seer gold belt; and it was said they would give us a French sovereign each, and indeed every woman of Kanthapura was given a French sovereign. And what a party the marriage was, with jokes and feasts and festive lights, and we all said, 'This Bhatta and Venkamma arc not so wicked after all,' and Bhatta said to Venkamma, 'Let everybody be well satisfied,' and Venkamma said, 'So they shall be!' and every pariah and cur in Kanthapura was satisfied. Only Moorthy wandered by the river all day long, and when dusk fell and evening came he stole back home, hurried over the meal that Rangamma served, spread his bedding and laid himself down, thinking. How, how is one an outcaste?

7.10.1 Summary of chapter 9

Bhatta hears about the Congress Committee, which he considers "bad business," and plots on his veranda as the carts' noise dies down in the evening. "There must be an end to this chatter," he thinks, for "if not, the very walls of Kanthapura will crackle and fall before the year is out." Even after his excommunication, Moorthy was succeeding in persuading the other villagers. Bhatta decides to charge every Gandhian extra interest and stop offering them credit. But he recalls that a few of the brahmins—Temple Rangappa, Patwari Nanjundia, Schoolmaster Devarayya, Rama and Subba Chetty, and Venkamma—are still on his side, and that Venkamma "will set fire where we want" if he can find her daughter a husband.

True to his reputation as a profiteer, Bhatta's main complaint with the Congress Committee is that it might affect his business. After he sees that the other villagers are more willing to reject the caste system than Moorthy, he decides to try making his own "bad business" for the Gandhians because he wrongly thinks that they, like the colonial government, want primarily to protect their economic interests. While he wants to take advantage of Venkamma's sardonic and belligerent character, it is possible that the other Gandhians, like Moorthy during his fast in the temple, will brush off rather than escalate the conflict.

Bhatta decides that Advocate Seenappa is the best candidate to marry Venkamma's daughter, even though it would be his second marriage, and he is so thrilled that he wakes his wife up and "she said he had never loved her as on that night." He meets Venkamma in the morning and says that he has found a horoscope compatible with her daughter Ranga's. She is so delighted that she weeps and thanks Kenchamma. Word spreads around the village; the other brahmins congratulate Venkamma and Ranga on their luck.

When Bhatta finally does marry off a daughter, as he hoped to do earlier in the book, it is not even his own. Indeed, the marriage is his calculated attempt to preserve the brahmins' wealth in Kanthapura.

On the wedding day, it turns out that Seenappa is middle-aged with missing teeth, while Venkamma had assured her daughter that he was 25. He is, however, wealthy, and the marriage party is extravagant, "and every pariah and cur in Kanthapura was satisfied." The villagers praise Bhatta and Venkamma, finding them "not so wicked after all." Moorthy, however, does not attend, and begins to wonder "how, how is one an outcaste?"

Bhatta briefly wins back a limited favor among the villagers with the large wedding party, which illustrates how easily the villagers' public opinion is swayed and continues to suggest that most of the Kanthapura Village Congress members chose Gandhism on a whim rather than by reflecting on their options and vision of the Indian future.

7.11 Keywords: Fasting, disharmony, exaltation, Village Congress, Ahimsa.

7.12 Short and long Question answers

7.12.1 What politics does Bhatta play to keep Waterfall Venkamma to his side?

7.12.2 Who arranges for the marriage of Venkamma's daughter?

7.12.3 What sort of arrangements are made for Venkamma's daughter?

7.12.4 Venkamma's daughter's lavish wedding can be read as a satire on contemporaty fat weddings. Comment.

7.12.5 Why is Moorthy not invited to the wedding?

7.13 MCQs

7.13.1 How does Moorthy repent for the violence used at the Estate?

(a) By Fasting for 3 days
(b) By going on a pilgrimage
(c) By chiding the villagers
(d) By delivering speech

Ans: (a) By Fasting for 3 days

7.13.2 Who has special feelings(amorous feelings) for Moorthy?

(a) Rangamma
(b) Venkamma
(c) Ratna
(d) None of them

Ans: (c) Ratna

7.13.3 Who is not a member of the Village Congress Committee of the village?

(a) Range Gowda
(b) Rangamma
(c) Rachanna
(d) Bhatta

Ans: (d) Bhatta

7.13.4 How was Ranga's husband found by the villagers?

(a) a middle-aged man
(b) a man with 2 fallen teeth
(c) a man with a twisted moustache
(d) All of the above

Ans: (d) All of the above

7.13.5 Was Moorthy invited to join Ranga's marriage?

(a) Yes
(b) approximately
(c) Almost
(d) No

Ans: (d) No

7.13.6 Who proposed a suitable match for Ranga?

(a) Seenu
(b) Moorthy
(c) Ratna
(d) Bhatta

Ans: (d) Bhatta

7.13.7 What are the main products harvested in the village Kanthapura?

(a) Tea
(b) Fruits
(c) Coffee & Cardamom
(d) Coconut

Ans: (c) Coffee & Cardamom

7.13.8 Kanthapura is situated in the province of –

(a) Kara (b) Karnataka

(c) Karavar (d) Red Hill

Ans: (a) Kara

7.13.9 Who is the Patel (Mukhiya) of Kanthapura?

(a) Range Gowda (b) Bhatta

(c) Moorthy (d) Suryanarayanna

Ans: (a) Range Gowda

7.13.10 Who is called Hunter Sahib?

(a) the old owner of the Estate (b) the new owner of the Estate

(c) Both of them (d) None of the above

Ans: (a) the old owner of the Estate

7.13.11 In Harikatha, who is compared with Ram?

(a) Moorthy (b) Harinarayan

(c) Jayaramchar (d) GandhiJi

Ans: (d) Gandhi Ji

7.13.12 Who is called a “traitor” in Chapter 2 of Kanthapura?

(a) Bade Khan (b) Jayaramchar

(c) Patel Range Gowda (d) Moorthy

Ans: (c) Patel Range Gowda

7.13.13 Who is called the “the learned one”?

(a) Jayaramchar (b) Gandhi Ji

(c) Jawahrlal Nehru (d) Moorthy

Ans: (d) Moorthy

7.13.14 What is the name of the autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi as mentioned in the novel?

(a) My Experiments with Truth (b) My Experiments with life

(c) My Experiments with Science (d) My Experiments with Ahimsa

Ans: (a) My Experiments with Truth

7.13.15 Which of the phrases best express the plight of widows in Kanthapura?

(a) No right to speak
(b) No right to walk freely in streets
(c) No right to dress well
(d) All of them

Ans: (d) All of them

7.13.16 What is the main reason behind Moorthy's excommunication?

(a) mixing with Pariahs
(b) left foreign college
(c) Left city
(d) None of the above

Ans: (a) Mixing with Pariahs

7.13.17 What was the main reason behind Gandhi ji's insistence upon mingling with Pariahs?

(a) for unity
(b) for equality
(c) for the abolition of caste system
(d) All of the above

Ans: (d) All of the above

7.13.18 Where was Narsamma Cremated?

(a) At the very place where she died
(b) At the graveyard
(c) At her Courtyard
(d) In a field

Ans: (a) At the very place where she died

7.13.19 Pariah Siddayya compares the water snakes with ……. .

(a) Tongue of children
(b) Tongue of Workers
(c) Tongue of Women
(d) None

Ans: (c) Tongue of Women

7.13.20 What is the difference between the earnings of females and males at the Estate?

(a) Two Annas a Day
(b) Six Annas a day
(c) Four Annas a day
(d) Ten Annas a Day

Ans: (a) Two Annas a day

7.13.21 Who keeps an eye at the village activities through sitting at the village's main gate?

(a) Seenu
(b) Rangamma
(c) Bhatta
(d) Bade Khan

Ans: (d) Bade Khan

7.13.22 While fasting, Moorthy has a vision. Whom does he see?

(a) Prahlad (b) Hari
(c) Swami (d) Britishers

Ans: (a) Prahlad

7.13.23 Who calls Gandhi Ji "a tiger in deer's skin"?

(a) Moorthy (b) Bade Khan
(c) Bhatta (d) Patel Range Gowda

Ans: (c) Bhatta

7.13.24 Who is Ranga?

(a) Venkamma's daughter (b) Bhatta's sister
(c) Moorthy's cousin (d) Ratna's friend

Ans: (a) Venkamma's daughter

7.13.25 Who is Rangamma's widowed sister?

(a) Kamlamma (b) Ratna
(c) Narsamma (d) None of these

Ans: (a) Kamlamma

7.13.26 Who are Gangadhar and Vasudev?

(a) Coolies (b) Pariahs
(c) Brahmin clerks (d) None of the above

Ans: (c) Brahmin clerks

7.13.27 Who says these words, "I would rather die than sell my daughter"?

(a) Vasudev (b) Maddanna
(c) Chandrayya (d) Seetharam

Ans: (d) Seetharam

7.13.28 Why does Venkamma hate Moorthy?

(a) Due to his principles (b) Due to his education
(c) Due to his wealth (d) Due to his refusal to marry Ranga

Ans: (d) Due to his refusal to marry Ranga

7.13.29 Who is Seenu?

(a) Rangamma's son (b) Narsamma's son

(c) Achkka's son (d) Moorthy's brother

Ans: (c) Achkka's son

7.13.30 What is the main reason behind the dislike of villagers for Bade Khan?

(a) he is a muslim (b) he is a spy of Britishers

(c) he is against the Gandhian Activities (d) None of the above

Ans: (c) he is against the Gandhian activities

7.13.31 In how many quarters is the village divided?

(a) 7 (b) 3

(c) 5 (d) 2

Ans: (c) 5

7.13.32 Who looses his wife in Skeffington Coffee Estate's epidemic?

(a) Puttayya (b) Siddayya

(c) Timmayya (d) Ramanna

Ans: Puttayya

UNIT - 8

8.1 Unit Objectives:

The objective of this Unit is to give a brief analysis of the following:

- Role of women given in reading scriptures instead of the high caste priest.
- Widows as equal partners in the movement.
- Defiance against patriarchy and colonial power as both work in tandem against women and rejection of the new Patel as an act of open defiance of the villagers.
- Coinciding metaphor of temple and nationalism
- Salt March as a convergence point to evoke nationalism
- Unflinching faith in non- violence in the face of British atrocities.
- Resistance to social evils such as toddy drinking which the British promote.

8.2 Structure:

Unit nine comprises the study of next five chapters of the novel. These include Chapter No. 11 to 15. Every chapter includes the text, summary and analysis and short and long answertype questions. Themes such as assertion of rights by common people, articulation of rights by women, momentum in the nationalist movement and picketing of the toddy groovehave been employed in these chapters.

8.3 Introduction:

There is the festival of lights celebrated in the previous chapter. The mood and tone gets changed in the eleventh chapter. There is a persistent voice of protest by women who venture into unexplored territory. The upper castes and men find it unnerving so they try to quell it. The fight continues in the twelfth chapter with the villagers refusing to consider Range Gowda as their headman showing dire disagreement with the dictates of the government. The women folk show willingness to give up their ornaments and other valuables in support of Moorthy. The thirteenth chapter reflects how the religious metaphor gets mixed up with the nationalist sentiment. The next chapter focuses upon the unifying message given through the Dandi March. The villagers of Kanthapura may be ignorant about the real facts underlying the March, but the thought of supporting Gandhian cause pervades Kanthapura. The fifteenth chapter is regarding the protest at the toddy groove. Despite beatings and other atrocities, both men and women take up cudgels against the British.

8.4 Elaboration of points given in the structure:

The salient themes mentioned in 9.2 get elaborated in this part of the novel. The fight between Moorthy and the villagers on one side and the imperial British government on the other, has been described vividly. There is the simplicity of Moorthy pitted against the British might. Some narrow minded individuals with vested interests oppose Moorthy but the general attitude is in his favour. With the rejection of the government representative as the village headman, the revolt becomes more pronounced. The return of Moorthy from jail is another significant happening. The villagers strongly oppose the callous attitude of the British who encourage toddy drinking.

8.5 Check your progress questions:

8.5.1 Who is chosen to read the Vedanta?

8.5.2 Who do the villagers continue to consider as their headman?

8.5.3 Which place do the villagers visit to show solidarity with Gandhi's Dandi March?

8.5.4 Why do the Gandhians picket the toddy groove?

8.5.5 Having set the coolies free, what do the Gandhians offer them?

8.6 Answers to the check your progress questions:

8.6.1 Rangamma

8.6.2 RangèGowda

8.6.3 Himavathy

8.6.4 Gandhians picket the toddy grove because the British Sahib convinces the coolies that after finishing work at the Skeffington Estate, they should drink away all their wages.

8.6.5 The Gandhians offer the coolies a place to live and do meaningful work such as spinning cloth and working for the Congress.

8.7 Text of Chapter 10

CHAPTER 10

Kartik has come to Kanthapura, sisters — Kartik has come with the glow of lights and the unpressed footsteps of the wandering gods; white lights from clay' trays and red lights from copper-stands, and diamond lights that glow from the bowers of entrance-leaves; lights that glow from banana-trunks and mango twigs, yellow light behind white leaves, and green Hght behind yellow leaves, and white light behind green leaves; and night curls through the shadowed streets, and hissing over bellied boulders and hurrying through dallying drains, night curls through the Brahmin Street and the Pariah Street and the Potters' Street and the Weavers' Street and flapping through the mango grove, hangs clawed for one moment to the giant pipal, and then shooting across the broken fields, dies quietly into the river — and gods walk by lighted streets, blue gods and quiet gods and bright-eyed gods, and even as they walk in transparent flesh the dust gently sinks back to the earth, and many a child in Kanthapura sits late into the night to sec the crown of this god and that god, and how many a god has chariots with steeds white as foam and queens so bright that the eyes shut themselves in fear lest they be blinded. Kartik is a month of the gods, and as the gods pass by the Potters' Street and the Weavers' Street, lights arc lit to see them pass by. Kartik is a month of lights, sisters, and in Kanthapura when the dusk falls, children rush to the sanctum flame and the kitchen fire, and with broom grass and fuel chips and coconut rind they peel out fire and light clay-pots and copper candelabras and glass lamps. Children light them all, so that when darkness hangs drooping down the eaves, gods may be seen passing by, blue gods and quiet gods and bright-eyed gods. And as they pass by, the dust sinks back into the earth, and night curls again through the shadows of the streets. Oh! have you seen the gods, sister?

Then when the night is on this side of the day, and the Kartik lights have died down, a child wakes up here and begins to cry and a cough is heard there, and in Suryanarayana's house a lantern is seen in the courtyard, and the beat of feet is heard here and the hushed voices of men and women are heard there. Then there is a fuss and a flutter in Rangamma's house, and every- one rubs the eyes and asks, 'Sister, who is dying? Sister, who is dying?' and Nanjamma says to her neighbour Ratnamma,

'And old Ramakrishnayya? We saw him only yesterday evening at the river, and he looked so whole and healthy, and Postmaster Suryanarayana's wife Satamma says, 'No, surely it is the heart trouble of Rangamma,' and then comes the roar of Waterfall Vcnkamma, 'Ah, you will eat blood and mud I said, you widow, and here you are !' ; and Pandit Venkateshia's daughter-in-law Lakshmi takes her lantern and rushes to Venkamma and says, 'And what is it, Venkamma?' — 'Oh, daughter of the mother-in-law, what is it but that this pariah-polluter has had royal visits?' — 'But what is it, Venkamma, what?' — 'Ah, you are a nice one too, and three legs of a bedstead plus one makes four, does it or does it not, my daughter?'

And seeing Timmamma and Satamma she says, 'Oh, don't you see the policeman at the steps?' and Timmamma swings the lantern, and beneath the bulging veranda stones is seen the gaunt figure of a policeman, and one by one as the men rise up and gather in the Post-Office-House courtyard, the children wake up and rush to the hanging lanterns, broom grass and cattle grass in hand, and our Sccnu says 'I'll go,' and as he gathers his shawl and goes to Rangamma's door the policeman says he has no permission to let anyone in, and Seetharam comes along and Dor£ and Ramanna and the elders, and everybody gathers in the courtyard half covered and half awake, while from this lane and that lane rises the thin dust of Kartik lights re-lit.

And there is noise in this part of Rangamma's house and that, and there comes the regular cry of Rangamma's mother:'Oh, sinners, sinners, to have this in our old age!' and Ramakrishnayya comes and spits across the courtyard and behind him comes Rangamma, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and then there is seen a light in the front room and Surappa says, 'We cannot see anything from here — come let us go up to Sami's,' and we all rush up there and standing on the veranda we sec what is happening in Moorthy's room. Over against the cracked wall Moorthy is standing, a bright light falling on his tight-lipped face, and the Police Inspector, a short, round man, is standing beside him, a note-book in his hand. In the middle of the room is a heap of books and charkas and cotton and folded cloth, and policemen in dress are turning them this side and that, and trunks are laid open and boxes are slit through, and sometimes there is laughter. The voice of the Police Inspector is not heard. But now and again we see Moorthy's head nodding — he merely nods and nods and seems to smile at nothing.

The Police Inspector then turns towards Bad& Khan, who is now seen clearly in the lantern light, and shouts, 'Bind this man !' and when they are beginning to pull out ropes from their belts, there is noise in the street below, and there comes Range Gowda, Mada and a lantern with him, and when he sees the policeman, he says something to Mada, and Mada goes aw'ay, and before the cock has time to crow three times, there is Pariah Rachanna and Madanna and Lingayya and Lingayya's woman, and they all gather at Rangamma's door and cry out, 'He he ! Hehe !' What are you doing with our master? ' and the policeman shouts, 'He, shut up, you sons of my woman!' — 'He, he, do you think we are going to be silent because of your beards and batons . ..' —If you are not silent, you will get a marriage greeting today ! ' — and Rachanna says, 'Ah, I've seen your elders, you son of my concubine, and I shall see . . — And at this the policeman grows so wild that he waves his lathi and Rachanna comes forward and says, 'He, beat me if you have the courage!'and Rangamma leans out of the veranda darkness into the starlight and says, 'He, Rachanna, this must not be done ! ' and Rachanna says, 'And what is to be done, Mother? They arc going, to take away our master!'And Range Gowda says something to Mada and Mada says something to Rachanna and Rachanna says some-thing in the ear of everyone, and when Moorthy is seen on the threshold, the bright light of the police lantern falling on his knit face, Rachanna cries out 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' and the policeman rushes at them and bangs them with his lathi and Rachanna quavers out the louder, 'Gandhi Mahatma ki jai! ' and other policemen come and bang them too, and the women raise such a clamour and cry that the crows and bats set up an obsequial wail, and the sparrows join them from the roofs and eaves and the cattle rise up in the byre and the creaking of

their bones is heard. And then men rush from this street and that street, and the Police Inspector seeing this hesitates before coming down, and Rachanna barks out' again, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' And the Police Inspector shouts, 'Arrest that swine !' and when they come to arrest him, everybody gets round him and says, 'No, we'll not give him up.'And the Police Inspector orders, 'Give them a licking,' and from this side and that there is the bang of the lathi and men shriek and women weep and the children begin to cry and groan, and more and more men go forward towards Moorthy, and more policemen beat them, and then Moorthy says something to the Police Inspector and the Police Inspector nods his head, and Moorthy comes along the veranda and says 'Brothers!' and there is such a silence that the Kartik lights glow brighter. 'Brothers, in the name of the Mahatma, let there be peace and love and order. As long as there is a God in Heaven and purity in our hearts evil cannot touch us. We hide nothing. We hurt none. And if these gentlemen want to arrest us, let them. Give yourself up to them. That is the true spirit of the Satyagrahi. The Mahatma' — here the Police Inspector drags him back brutally, but Moorthy continues — 'The Mahatma has often gone to prison . . .' — and the Police Inspector gets so angry at this, that he gives a slap on Moorthy's face, but Moorthy stands firm and says nothing. Then suddenly Rachanna shouts out from below, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! Come, brothers, come !' and he rushes up the steps towards Moorthy, and suddenly, in sinister omen, all the Kartik lights seemed quenched, clay pots and candelabras and banana trunks and house after house became dark, and something so sinister kicked our backs that we all rush up behind Rachanna crying, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' and now the police catch Rachanna and the one behind him and the one behind the one who was behind him, and they spit on them and bind them with ropes, while at the other end of the courtyard is seen Rangamma, Bade Khan beside her. Then the Police Inspector thinks this is the right time to come down, for the lights were all out and the leaders all arrested, and as Moorthy is being dragged down the steps Rachanna's wife and Madanna's wife and Sampanna's wife and Papamma and Sankamma and Veeramma come forward and cry out, 'Oh, give us back our men and our master, our men and our master,' but the Police Inspector says, 'Give them a shoe-shower,' and the policemen kick them in the back and on the head and in the stomach, and while Rachanna's wife is crying, Madanna's wife is squashed against a wall and her breasts squeezed. And Range Gowda, who has stood silent by the tamarind, when he sees this rushes down and, stick in hand, gives one bang on the head of a policeman, and the policeman sinks down, and there is such a clamour again that the Police Inspector shouts, ' Disperse the crowd ! ' and he slips round the byre with Moorthy before him, while policemen beat the crowd this side and that side, and groans and moans and cries and shouts and coughs and oaths and bangs and kicks are heard, while there is heard, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !'

And this time it was from the brahmin quarter that the shouts came, and policemen rushed towards the brahmins and beat them, and old Ramanna and Dore came forward and said, ' We too are Gandhi's men, beat us as much as you like,' and the policemen beat them till they were flat on the floor, mud in their mouths and mist in their eyes, and as the dawn was rising over the Kenchamma Hill, faces could be seen, and men became silent and women became sobless, and with ropes round their arms seventeen men were marched through the streets to the Santur Police Station, by the Karwar Road and round the Skeffington Coffee Estate and down the Tippur Valley and up the Santur Mound, and as the morning cattle were going out to the fields, and the women were adorning the thresholds for a Kartik morning, brahmins and pariahs and plotters and weavers were marched into the Police Station — seventeen men of Kanthapura were named and locked behind the bars'. And the policemen twisted their arms and beat them on their knuckles, and spat into their mouths, and when they had slapped and banged and kicked, they let them out one by one, one by one they let them out, and they all marched back to Kanthapura, all but Moorthy. Him they put into a morning bus, and with one policeman on the right and one policeman on the left they carried him away to Karwar. We wept and we prayed, and we vowed and we fasted, and maybe the gods would hear our feeble voices. Who would hear us, if not they?

The gods indeed did hear our feeble voices, for this advocate and that advocate came and said, ‘ I shall defend him,’ vakils and advocates and barristers came and said, ‘And we shall plead for him,’ and the students formed a Defence Committee and raised a huge meeting, and copper and silver flowed into the collection plate, and merchants came and said, ‘ And here we are when money is needed.’And when Moorthy heard of all this, he said, ‘ That is not for me. Between Truth and me none shall come,’ and Advocate Ranganna went and saw him and said. ‘ Moorthy ! The Red-man’s judges, they are not your uncle’s grandsons,’ and Moorthy simply said, ‘If Truth is one, all men are one before It,’ and Ranganna said, ‘Judges are not for Truth, but for Law, and the English are not for the brown skin but for the white, and the Government is not with the people but with the police. And Moorthy listened to all this and said, ‘If that is so, it will have to change. Truth will have to change it. I shall speak that which Truth prompteth, and Truth needeth no defence,’ and Ranganna spoke this of corruption and that about prejudice, but Truth, Truth, and Truth was all that Moorthy said, and old Ranganna, who had grown grey with law on his tongue, got so wild that he banged the prison door behind him and muttered to himself, ‘To the mire with you !’

And then came Sadhu Narayan who had renounced hair and home and was practising meditation on the banks of the Vedavathy, and he said, ‘Moorthy, you are a brave soul and a holy soul. And there is in you the hunger of God, and may He protect you always. But Ranganna comes and tells me, “I cannot change his heart. You are a religious man, go and speak to him,” and I came to see you. I have neither hair nor home, and I have come to tell you, this is not just. Defend one must against evil; if not, where is renouncement, continence, austerity, and the control of breath?’ To which Moorthy says, ‘You are a holy man, Sadhuji, and I touch your feet in reverence. But if Truth needs a defence, God Himself would need one, for as the Mahatiha says, Truth is God, and I want no soul to come between me and Truth.’ And Sadhu Narayan speaks about the world and its wheels and the clayey corruption of men, but Moorthy always says Truth, Truth, and Truth, and Sadhu Narayan gets up to go and he says, ‘May at least my blessings be on you!’ and Moorthy falls at his feet and holds them in grateful respect.

And it was only after this that Sankar, our Sankar, who was the Secretary of the Karwar Congress Committee, comes and says, ‘Well, Moorthy, if such be your decision, my whole soul is with you. Gandhiji says, a Satyagrahi needs no advocates. He is his own advocate. And how many of us did go to prison in 1921 and never had touched the shadow of an advocate. I am an advocate, you will say, but you know I am an advocate for only those who cannot defend them- selves.’ And Moorthy says, ‘ Then if you agree with me, brother, there can be nothing on my conscience’and Moorthy’s lips tremble and he falls at Sankar’s feet, but when Sankar lifts him up, Moorthy says, ‘No, brother, you are my elder and a householder. I need your blessings.’ And Sankar says, ‘If so it is, my blessings are always with you ’ ; and Moorthy feels so exalted that he goes to Sankar and embraces him and says, ‘ Brother, you are with me? ‘ And Sankar says,‘I am with you, Moorthy,’ and then they sit for a while holding each other by the hand, and as the warder comes and says, ‘Now it is time for you to go, sir,’ Sankar rises up and says, ‘But I can hold meetings for you, Moorthy? ’ and Moorthy says, ‘Of course, brother! ’

And Sankar goes straight to Advocate Ranganna and Advocate Ranganna says, ‘Certainly Then he sees Khadi-shop Dasappa and Dasappa says, ‘Oh, most certainly.’ And then he sees the President of the College Union and this one says, ‘We are wherever you are,’ and so Sankar sends for his Volunteers and says, 'A meeting in the Gandhi maidan today,’ and Volunteer after Volunteer goes out to the cloth bazaar and the fish bazaar and the flower bazaar and the grain bazaar, and as the noon cools down, there is a huge crowd in the Gandhi maidan, and the Volunteers are there in khadi kurta and Gandhi-cap crying out, ‘Order, brother, order ! Please take your seats, brother, please!’ and Sankar goes up to the platform, and there is a huge ovation and Mahatma Gandhi ki jais, and Dasappa comes and there is an ovation again, and Advocate Ranganna comes and there is an even greater ovation, for everybody knew

he had lately thrown open his private temple to the pariahs, and with folded hands people hymn up, 'Vande Mataram Then they all squat down and Sankar and Ranganna and Dasappa make speeches about the incorruptible qualities of Moorthy, and they say how the foreign Government want to crush all self-respect, and they then speak of charka and ahimsa and Hindu-Moslem unity, and somebody cries out, 'And what about the Untouchables?' and Sankar says, 'Of course, we are for them'— why, has not the Mahatma adapted an Untouchable?' and somebody cries out again, ' Ah, our religion is going to be desecrated by you youngsters!'and Sankar says, ' Brother, if you have anything to say, please come up to the platform,' and the man says, 'And you will allow me to speak? ' and Sankar says, 'We have no enemies,' and the man is seen coming from the other end of the maidan, a lean, tall man in durbar turban and filigree shawl, and he wears gold-cased rudrakshi beads at his neck, and he goes up the platfonn and says:

'Brothers, you have all heard the injurious attacks against the Government and the Police and many other things. I am a toothless old man and I have seen many a change pass before me, and may I say this: All this is very good, but if the white men shall leave us tomorrow it will not be Rama-rajya we shall have, but the rule of the ten-headed Ravana. What did we have, pray, before the British came — disorder, corruption, and egoism, disorder, corruption, and egoism I say' — he continued, though there were many shouts and booings against him — 'and the British came and they came to protect us, our bones and our dharma. I say dharma and I mean it. For hath not the Lord said in the Gita, Whensoever there is ignorance and corruption I come, for I, says Krishna, am the defender of dharma, and the British came to protect our dharma. And the great Queen Victoria said it when she put the crown of our sacred country on her head and became our Beloved Sovereign. And when she died — may she have a serene journey through the other worlds! — and when she died — you are too young to know, but ask of your grandfathers how many a camphor was lit before the temple gods, and how many a sacrificial fire was created, and how many a voice did rise up to the heavens in incantation. For not only was she a great Queen, a Mother-Queen, but the most courageous defender of our faith. Tell me, did she not protect it better than any Mohomedan prince had ever done? Now, I am an old man. You are all young. Things change. But what I fear for tomorrow is not the disorder in the material world, but the corruption of castes and of the great traditions our ancestors have bequeathed us. When the British rule disappears there will be neither brahmin nor pariah, vaisya nor sudra — nay, neither Mohomedan nor Christian, and our eternal dharma will be squashed like a louse in a child's hair. My young brothers, let not such confusion of castes anger our manes, and let the religion of Vasistha and Manu, Sankara and Vidya-ranya go unmuddied to the Self-created One. Now I have said all I have to say. . . '

But before he has stopped somebody says, 'So you are a Swami's man?' — and the old man says, 'And of course I am, and I have the honour to be.' — ' And the Swami has just received twelve hundred acres of wet land from the Government. Do you know that?' says a youngster. — 'Of course, and pray what else should he do if he is offered a Rajadakshina , a royal gift? ' — and the youngster says, 'So the Swami is a Government man? ' — and the old man says, 'The Swami is neither for the Government nor against it, but he is for all who respect the ancient ways of our race, and not for all this Gandhi and Gindhi who cannot pronounce even a gayathri , and who say there is neither caste nor creed and wc are all equal to one another, while the Swami …' — And somebody cries out, ' Do you know the Swami has been received by the Governor? ' — and Sankar rises up and says, ' No interruptions, please ! ' — and the old man answers, 'And of course, but why not? And do not the dharma sastras say the King is the protector of faith? And I cry out, Long live George the Fifth, Emperor!"' and he hobbled down the platform.

Then came youngster after youngster and said Moorthy was excommunicated by the Swami, for Moorthy was for Gandhiji and the Untouchables, and the Swami was pajd by the British to do their dirty

work. ‘I have grown in the Mutt,’ says one, ‘and I have known what they do. The Mutt, brothers, is the best place for retired High Court judges, Police Inspectors, and God-dedicated concubines, and they are not with us, are they? ’ And Sankar rises up again and says, ‘Now it is better we talk of other things,’ but the young man continues, ‘The whole trouble has been hatched by the Mutt Then Advocate Ranganna gets up and says, ‘And I too have been excommunicated, for I have thrown open the temple to the pariahs,’ and there is a violent ovation, and Ranganna continues, ‘And I know one thing too that few know, and it is time I said it in the open,’ and everybody began to stand up and the Volunteers cried, ‘Sit down, please, sit down ! ’ And when there is silence again, Ranganna continues: ‘Not long ago, I received a visit of a man, and he comes to me and says, “The Swami would like to see you,” and I say, “If the Swami likes to see me, I am indeed most honoured ! ” and straight I go the next morning with fruits and flowers, and the Swami receives me with smiles and blessings and he says, “ I need your help, Ranganna,” and I say, “ Of course, everything is yours, Swamiji,” and the Swami says, “ There is much pollution going on and I want to fight against it,” and I say, “I am for fighting against all pollution,” and the Swami says, “ For some time there has been too much of this pariah business. We are brahmins and not pariahs. When the pariahs will have worn out their karma, and will have risen in the waters of purification, nobody will prevent them from becoming brahmins, even Sages, in their next lives. But this Gandhi, who is no doubt a very fine person, is meddling with the dharma sastras, the writ laws of the ancient sages, and I am not for it. He said he would like to see me, and I saw him and told him what I thought of it. But he said we did not interpret the dharma sastras correctly, and of course it was ridiculous to say that, for who should know better, he or I? But one cannot break the legs of the ignorant. Now, what I have to say is simple: we want to fight against this anti-Untouchable campaign, and I may tell you in confidence, the powers that be, well, they are with the guardians of our trusted traditions.”

‘ “ Swamiji,” I said, “ how can you accept the help of a foreign Government? Do not the dharma sastras themselves call the foreigners mlechas, Untouchables? ” and the Swami said, “ Governments are sent by the Divine Will and we may not question it,” and he added, “And I may say the Government has promised to help us morally and materially,” and at this I got so angry that I rose to go, but the Swami held me by the two hands and said, “ Do take your seat! ” but I said, “ No, I cannot, I cannot,” and it was on that very day I took the vow to open our temple to the pariahs, and that is why I opened it to them…’ There was a long ovation — ‘And therefore, brothers, know for sure what religion is wearing behind its saffron robes. Choose between a saint like Mahatma Gandhi who has given up land and lust and honours and comfort and has dedicated his life to the country, and these fattened brahmins who want to frighten us with their excommunications, once the Government has paid them well.’

At this the Police Inspector comes up and says, ‘ Iput you under arrest ! ’ and Advocate Ranganna answers, ‘Well, on what authority? ’ and the Police Inspector shows him a magistrate’s order, and Ranganna offers himself up to the Police, and there is a huge, hoarse cry, and ovation after ovation rises — 'Gandhi Mahatma ki jai!’ — “Vande Mataram!” — and processions immediately form themselves, and with Volunteers on either side they march through bazaar and street and lane, and women rush to the veranda, and children follow them still muttering the multiplication tables, and as dusk falls and lights flash from house to house, so shrill rises the cry of ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !’ that by the Imperial Bank buildings police cars are already waiting, and the crowd is violently dispersed.

And when the morning came the papers were fullof it, and Rangamma’s Blue paper brought it all to us, and that is how we knew it all. And then we looked at each other and said, ‘So that is how it is with Bhatta’and everybody said, ‘And so it is!’ and Rangamma said, ‘That is why Bade Khan was so often seen with him’ and Nanjamma said, ‘Do you remember, sister, he was nowhere to be seen on that awful night?’ and everybody said, ‘ Yes, surely and fools we were not to have seen it earlier,’ and we all felt the kernel of our hearts bum, for Bhatta had walked our streets a copper pot in hand and we had fed

him. Only Rama- krishnayya said, ‘There is still many a good heart in this world, else the sun would not rise as he does nor the Himavathy flow by the Kenchamma Hill,’ and all looked at the stars and said, ‘ Yea, the stars of the Seven Sages hang above us,’ and as a wall-lizard clucked propitiously, we all beat our knuckles upon the floor and named the Holy Name, and there came with it such peace into our hearts that we walked back home with the light in our souls. And somewhere beyond the Bebbur Mound, somewhere beyond the Bebbur Mound and the Kenchamma Hill, out against the sky that ruses over Karwar, out over the river, there seemed to stand as one might have said, the supple, firm figure of Moorthy, a Gandhi-cap upon his head and a Northern shirt flowing down his waist to the knees. And there was something in his eyes that shone and showed that he had grown even more sorrowful and calm.

And week after week passed, and Rangamma’s Blue paper brought us this news and that news, and Pandit Venkateshia said, ‘Why should I not make it come?’ and he too began to receive it every Saturday evening, and Range Gowda came and said, ‘Rangamma, Rangamma, I do not know how to read, but my little mosquito goes to school and, if he is worth the milk he has drunk, he will read it out to us,’ and he too began to get the paper through Postman Subbayya, and evening after evening we gathered on Rangamma’s veranda, and when Ramakrishnayya hadexplained to us a chapter from the Vedanta sutras , kneading vermicelli or shaping wicks for the festivals, we began to speak about Moorthy, while our men sat at the village gate, rubbing the snuff or chewing the tobacco leaf, and it seems they said many wicked things about the Government.

Then Seenu would sometimes go to Karwar with a Friday cart and come back with a Tuesday-morning cart, and he would tell us about Sankar and Advocate Ranganna and Seetharamu; and Vasudev, too, would sometimes go in a Skeffington Estate lorry, and he would sometimes slip through the evening and tell us about Moorthy and the Case, and everybody said, ‘The Goddess will free him. She will appear before the judges and free him.’ And Rangamma vowed she would offer a Kanchi sari to Kenchamma if he were released, and Ratna said she would have a thousand-and-eight flames ceremony performed, and Nanjamma said she would give the Goddess a silver belt, and Pariah Rachanna said he would walk the holy fire, and all said, ‘The Goddess will never fail us — she will freehim from the clutches of the Red-man But Vasudev, who was a city boy, said, ‘No, sister, they will give him a good six months,’ and we all said, ‘ No, no, never!’ and Vasudev said, ‘Well, think what you will, I know these people,’ and Rangamma then suddenly said, ‘Let me go to the city and sec cousin Seetharamu, he is an advocate and he can tell me something about it,’ and Nanjamma said, ‘I too will come with you, sister, for I have to go to my daughter’s confinement, and now or in three weeks is all the same to me,’ and that is why one Pushya night Kitta put the bulls to the cart, and Rangamma and Nanjamma went down to Karwar to see Moorthy.

And when they had bathed and said their prayers, Rangamma said to Seetharamu, ‘Seetharamu, who is looking after Moorthy’s affair?’ and Seetharamu said, ‘Why, Sankar!’ and she said, ‘Why not go and see him?’ and he said, ‘Of course!’, and he put on the turban and the coat and they went straight to Sankar, and when Sankar saw Rangamma he said, ‘ Aunt, it is a long time since I saw you — how are things with you? ’ and Rangamma answered, ‘ Everything is safe — but I have come to speak about Moorthy,’ and Sankar said, ‘ I love him like a brother, and I have found no better Gandhist,’ and Rangamma said, ‘Why, he is the saint of our village,’ and Sankar said, ‘Some day he will do holy deeds,’ and Rangamma said, ‘Is there nothing to be done to free him from prison?’ and Sankar said, ‘We have done all we can, but the Police say it is he who arranged the assault, the assault of the pariahs on the Police,’ and Rangamma said, ‘Siva ! Siva ! Never such a thing would our Moorthy do,’ and Sankar said, ‘Of course, of course, aunt,’ and Rangamma said, ‘Is there nothing I can do here? ’ and Sankar

said, 'Nothing for the moment. But stay and wait for the results,' and Rangamma said, 'So be it,' and that is why she did not come back even for the harvest reapings.

And when she came back for the Corn-distribution Barber Venkata said, 'And, Mother, what about Moorthappa? ' and Pariah Rachanna took his two measures and said, 'And, Mother, what have the Red- man's Government said about Moorthappa?' and Boatman Sidda said, 'If this Government's people were really sons of their father, they would have asked us to stand and bear witness before them !' and Goldsmith Nanjundia said, 'Oh, let them do what they like. Our Moorthy is like gold— the more you heat it the purer it comes from the crucible,' and the women said, 'Oh, when you strike a cow you will fall into the hell of hells and suffer a million and eight tortures and be born an ass. And if this Government cannot tell the difference between a deer and a panther, well, it will fall into the mouth of the precipice,' and Rice-pounding Rajamma, who had an evil tongue, said, 'May this Government be destroyed!' and she spat three times. And so, from day to day, people said this against the Government and that against the Police, and when our Rang£ Gowda got dismissed from his Patel-ship, they all cried out, 'Oh, this is against the ancient laws — a patel is a pat el from father to son, from son to grandson, and this Government wants to eat up the food of our ancestors,' and everybody, as they passed by the Kcnchamma grove, cried out, 'Goddess, when the demon came to eat our babes and rape our daughters, you came down to destroy him and protect us. Oh, Goddess, destroy this Government,' and when the women went to cut grass for the calves, they made a song, and mowing the grass they sang:

Goddess, Goddess, Goddess Kenchamma,
The Mother-in-law has wicked eyes,
And the Sister-in-law has hungry stomach,
Betel-nuts never become stone.
And a virgin will never become pregnant,
Red is the earth around the Goddess,
For thou hast slain the Red-demon.
Goddess, Goddess,
The Mother-in-law has wicked eyes,
And betel-nuts will never become stone.

And Kanchi Narsamrrra, who had a long tongue, added :

Lean is the brahmin-priest, mother.
And fat is he when he becomes Bhatta, mother.
Fat is he when he becomes Bhatta, mother
And he will take the road to Kashi,
For gold has stuck in his stomach,
And he will take the road to Kashi.
And the Sister-in-law has hungry stomach,
Betel-nuts will never become stone.

To tell you the truth, Bhatta left us after harvest on a pilgrimage to Kashi. But, don't they say, sister, the sinner may go to the ocean but the water will only touch his knees?

And when Rangamma went back after the Corn-distributions, she went straight to Sankar instead of staying with cousin Seetharamu, for she had seen much of Sankar and she had liked him and he had liked her, and he had said to her, ' When you come to Karwar next, come and stay with me, aunt, and

you will help me in my work,' and Rangamma had said, ' I am poor of mind and of little learning, what can I do for you, Sankaru? ', and he had answered, ' That does not matter, aunt — what we need is force and fervour, and I am living with my little daughter and my aged mother, and you may perhaps arrange my papers and look after the Congress correspondence,* and though Rangamma was the humblest of women, she liked this, and she said, 1 If the gods choose me, I will not say " Nay and that's whv she went to stay with Sankaru. And when Waterfall Venkamma heard of this she said, ' Oh ! this widow has now begun to live openly with her men,' and she spat on the house and said this man had her and that man had her, and she began to say she would go to the courts and have back Rangamma's property, for land and lust and wifely loyalty go badly together, like oil and soap and hot water. But she said, 'Let Bhatta come and he will do it for me.'But our Rangamma was as tame as a cow and she only said, 'One cannot stitch up the mouths of others. So let them say what they like.' And as everybody knew, Sankar was an ascetic of a man and had refused marriage after marriage after he had lost his wife, and everybody had said, 'This is not right, Sankaru. You are only twenty-six and you have just put up the Advocate's sign-board, and you will soon begin to earn, and when you have a nine-pillared house you will need a Lakshmi-likc goddess to adorn it,' but Sankar simply forced a smile and said, ' I have had a Lakshmi and I, a sinner, could not even keep her, and she has left me a child and that is enough.' But his old father came and said, ' But, no, Sankaru, you cannot do that. You are our eldest son, and you have to give us at least a grandson so that when we are dead our manes would be satisfied,' but Sankar smiled back again and said, ' If you want the marriage-thread to be tied in an ocean of tears, I shall. But otherwise I will not. I have a daughter and I will bring her up. And you will come and stay with me and we shall have a household running,' and the old mother wept and the old father knit his eyebrows, but Sankar smiled back and said, ' I shall obey you,' but they did not press him further, and they said, ' His wife Usha wassuch a god-like woman. She would never utter a word loud, and never say " nay " toanything. And when she walked the streets, they always said what a holy wife she was and beaming with her wifehood, and never a mother-in-law had a daughter-in-law like her,'and they both said, 'Well, we can understand Sankaru. When one has lost Usha nothing can replace her.' And they never again gave Sankar's horoscope to anyone, and they came to stay with him and look after his sanctum and his child.

And the old father, who was a retired Taluk Office clerk, knew how to write English, and he said he would address envelopes for Congress meetings, and sometimes he went to join Dasappa, who had opened a khadi shop in the town. And when Dasappa was ill or away on Congress duty, it was old Venkataramayya who looked after the shop, measuring out yard after yard of khadi and saying, 'This is from the Badanaval centre, and that is from the pariahs of Siddapura, and this upper cloth is almost the work of the Mahatma, for where do you think it comes from? — Sabarmati itself!' And when a young man came to buy a towel or pair of dhotis he would say, 'He, have you read the latest Young India?' and if he should say 'Nay,' he would tell them they were a set of buffaloes fit to be driven with kick and knout, and thrusting the paper into the young man's hands, he would offer him a chair and say, ' Read this, it is useful,' or 'Skip through this, it is less useful,' and when children came' he gave them pinches and peppermints and told them stories of Tilak and Gandhi and Chittaranjan Das, and such funny stories they were, too, that they called him Gandhi-grandpa. And his wife cooked food for the family and she said, ' One day Sankar will earn as much as Advocate Ranganna, and he will buy a motor car, too,' but Sankar laughed and said, ' Mother, you must forget your dreams. Don't you see I am not a man to make money? ' At which Satamma said this about what Ramachandra had said about Sankar's reputation, and that about Professor Patwardhan's appreciation: 'Your son Sankar, he is a saint,' and when he walked the main bazaar, they used to say, ' Look there, there goes the Ascetic Advocate People sometimes looked at his khadi coat and his rough yarn turban and laughed at this ' walking advocate,' and others said, ' No, no, he follows the principles of the Mahatma — ' And what, pray, are the principles of the

Mahatma? ' — 'Why, don't you know Sankar does not take a single false case, and before he takes a client he says to him, "Swear before me you are not the criminal ! " and the client says this and that, but Sankar always comes back to the point and says, " You know if you do not tell me the whole truth, well, I may be forced to withdraw in the middle of the case," ' and, indeed, as everyone knows, he withdrew in the middle of the case between Shopkeeper Rama Chetty and Contractor Seenappa over false accounts, between Borehalli Nanjunda and Tippayya, and you know how he with- drew in the last criminal case they had in Karwar. You see, this is what really happened. One Rahman Khan was supposed to have tried to murder one Subba Chetty, for Subba Chetty had taken away his mistress Dasi. And everybody said, ' Poor Subba Chetty, poor Subba Chetty !' — and everybody said, 'He will win the case easily.'And Subba Chetty was an old client of Sankar and so he goes to Sankar and tells him the story and swears it is all true, and Sankar says, 'Now this is going to be a criminal case, and if you have hidden a thing small as a hair, you will come to grief, Subba Chetty!' And Subba Chetty sheds many a tear and says he is a good householder and he would never tell a lie and the lingam in his hand is witness to it. And Sankar takes the case and prepares the papers, and he says he will have to see Dasi, but Subba Chetty says, ' Dasi is very ill, Father, but her word is my word and my word is hers,' and Sankar says, ' Bring her before the sessions,' and Subba Chetty says, ' If Siva wills, so it shall be,' and Sankar says, ' Then you may go ' ; and the case is filed and summonses are sent and the hearing arrives, and Subba Chetty is the last to come and says the wheels broke down and the rains, how they poured, and this and that, and when Dasi comes to the bar she is as hale as a first-calved cow, and she turns this way and she turns that way and she does her hair and wipes her eyes and stands up and sits down and bites her sari-fringe, and Subba Chetty gets angry and says, ' Stop this concubine show! ' And when the cross-examination begins it is Advocate Ramanna who begins to heckle her with questions, and Dasi breaks into a fit of sobs and says something and Subba Chetty cries, 'Woman! Woman!' and Dasi runs up to the advocate and falls at his feet and says, 'I know nothing, Father! Nothing!' And when Sankar hears that, he asks the judge for permission to speak to his client, and he says to Subba Chetty, 'On your mother's honour, tell me if you have not concocted the story to pinch Rahman Khan's coconut-garden?' And Subba Chetty trembles and says, 'No, no, Sankarappa !' But Sankar has seen the game and heturns to the magistrate and says, ' I beg to ask your Lordship for an adjournment,' and the magistrate, who knows Sankar's ways, says, 'Well, you have it When Sankar gets back home, he asks Subba Ghetty to speak the truth, and Subba Chetty tells him how he had employed Dasi to go and live with Rahman Khan and to enrage him against Subba Chetty, 'with drink and smoke and lust,' and with drink and smoke and lust Rahman Khan had cried out he would murder that Subba Chetty and had run out with an axe and Subba Chetty had cried out, 'Murder! Murder!' in the middle of the street, and Dasi had run out innocently and tried to calm Rahman Khan, who was so weak that he had rolled upon the earth, an opium lump. And when Sankar heard this he said, 'Go and confess this to the magistrate,' and the next day the magistrate gave him three years' rigorous imprisonment, with one year for Dasi. And in public Sankar had asked pardon of Rahman Khan, who got six months, too.

It is from that day that people said, 'Take care when you go to Sankar; he will never take a false case'. And he took but the lowest fee, and when the clients were poor he said to his clerk, 4 Make an affidavit for Suranna's Dasanna. Stamps, private account, please,' and people began to come to him more and more and never was there a man in Karwar that had risen so quickly in public esteem and legal success as he. But he never bought a car and never dressed in hat and boots and suit, and always smiled at everyone. And when the court was over he did not go like Barrister Sastri and Advocate Ramrao to the Bar Club to have whisky and soda and God knows what, but he went straight to the floor above the khadi shop, where the new Hindi teacher Surya Menon held classes, and when Sankar had time he divided the class into two and gave a lesson to the late-comers. He said Hindi would be the national language of India, and though Kannada is good enough for our province, Hindi must become the

national tongue, and whenever he met a man in the street, he did not say ‘How are you? ’ in Kannada, but took to the northern manner and said, ‘Ram-Ram But what was shameful was the way he began to talk Hindi to his mother, who understood not a word of it, but he said she would learn it one day; and he spoke nothing but Hindi to his daughter, and if by chance he used an English word, as they do in the city, he had a little closed pot, with a slit in the lid, into which he dropped a coin, and every month he opened it and gave it to the Congress fund. And if any of his friends should utter an English word in his house, he would say, ‘Drop me a coin,’and the friends got angry and called him a fanatic; but he said there must be a few fanatics to wash the wheel of law, and he would force his friends to drop the coin and if they refused he dropped one himself.

And he was a fanatic, too, in his dress, you know, sister. When he went to a marriage party he used to say, ‘Everyone must be in khadi or I will not go,’ and they said, ‘Oh, one must have a nice Dharmawar sari for the bride; she cannot look like a street sweeper,’ and he would say, ‘Well, have your Dharmawar saris and send your money to Italian yarn-makers and German colour manufacturers and let our pariahs and peasants starve,’ and when they pleaded, ‘Just one Dharmawar sari?’ he would, ‘ I am not the head of the family, but if you wear anything but khadi I will not go!’ And that is how nobody in their house nor in their cousin’s house had any new Dharmawar saris, and when they went for any kumkum and haldi invitation, they put on their old saris and slipped out through the back door. And he also made the whole family fast — fast on this day because it is the anniversary of the day the Mahatma was imprisoned, fast on that day for the Jallianwalabagh massacre, and on another day in memory of the day of Tilak’s death, and some day he would have made everyone fast for every cough and sneeze of the Mahatma. ‘Fasting is good for the mind, ‘he would say, and even on the days’ he fasted he was in full spirits and went to court and span his three hundred yards of yarn every morning instead of his prayers, and he said the gods would be happy when the hungry stomachs had food.

But what a good expression he had on his face, sister ! He looked a veritable Dharmaraja. And Rangamma told us never a man smiled more and sang more at home than he, and he was always the earliest to rise and the last to go to bed, yet he was always in the best of health. ‘ Lemon water and gymnastics, gymnastics and lemon water, can keep the plague at the doorstep,’ he used to say, and to tell you the truth, never had Rangamma looked so healthy and serene as she did then. She was nearing forty, but she looked hardly thirty-three, and there was not a grey hair on her head. And she could work, too, then, she could talk and write and hold classes and sometimes she even went, they said, to meetings with Sankar. And once Sankar had asked her to say a few words about Moorthy, and she had stood up and spoken of Moorthy the good, Moorthy the religious, and Moorthy the noble, and she had found no more words, and she had come down from the platform and had begun to shiver and tears had come into her eyes. But she said thatwas the first time, but if she had ever to speak again she would have no such fears, and of course we knew she was a tight-jawed person and she could speak like a man.

Rangamma came back from Karwar for the Magh cattle fair, and two days later we heard that the Red- man’s judges had given Moorthy three months’ rigorous imprisonment. The whole afternoon no man left his veranda, and not a mosquito moved in all Kanthapura.

We all fasted. The next day the rain set in and it poured and it plundered all the fields and the woods, and Ramakrishnayya, going to spit over the railings of the veranda, stumbled against a pillar and, falling, lost consciousness, and that very night, without saying a word, without giving a sigh, he closed his eyes forever. And everybody said, ‘The rains have come; oh, what shall we do for the cremations? Oh, what?’ And Pandit Venkatcshia immediately sent for the beadles and asked them to raise a mango pandal on the banks of the Himavathy, and the good pariahs, they worked hour after hour during the night, and when the next morning the body was washed and the corpse tied to the bamboo, the rains suddenly lifted themselves up, and behind the jack-fruit tree the sun rose like a camphor censer alit, and

while the waters were still gurgling in the gutters, the procession hurried on, and and they lighted the pyre in the open, and the head burst but a moment later, and we lifted our eyes to the heavens and muttered, ' He goes the way of the saints.'And Rangamma vowed she would take his bones to Kashi, but all of a sudden the river began to swell and when it came crawling by the pyre, people asked, 'What shall we do? Oh what? but the swell bubbled out by the pyre and Rangamma gave a sigh, and when the body was ashed down whole and only a few cinders lay blinking behind the bones, a huge swell churned round the hill and swept the bones and ashes away. And we all cried out ' Narayan ! Narayan ! ', and that night, sister, as on no other night, no cow would give its milk, and all the night a steady rain kept pattering on the tiles, and the calves pranced about their mothers and groaned. . . . Lord, may such be the path of our outgoing Soul!

8.7.1 Summary of Chapter 10

The festival lights reflect the presence of gods in the physical world, convincing the villagers that their prayers have been answered and Kanthapura is in safe hands. When there is disturbance on that holy day, it indicates a death in the village, but once Venkamma sees a policeman it is clear that the furor is about the Gandhian movement. The police are clearly after Moorthy, but he treats them with an attitude of either Gandhian love or sheer naivety, smiling benevolently at them when they accuse him of participation in the village Congress. The villagers considerMoorthy as "our master,"aggravating the suspicion of the police and extending the parallel betweenMoorthy and Gandhi. Rachanna wants to prove his loyalty toMoorthy and Gandhi by fueling a confrontation.Rachanna's chants nationalist slogans, which imply "Victory for Mahatma Gandhi." The police do not desist from beating nonviolent protestors, even children, confirming that the colonial regime considers Indians to be of little value. Moorthy defies the Police Inspector and continues leading the Gandhians even while under arrest. Kartik lights suddenly go out when the police begin beating the Gandhians indiscriminately. RangèGowda attacks a policeman, violating his oath of nonviolence. He is not a true follower of non-violence. The village brahmins support the Gandhian movement. The police release the nob –violent protesters gradually to instill fear in them. The villagers still turn to the gods for help, seeing the Gandhian lawyers who try to defend Moorthy as evidence of divine providence. Moorthy's insistence on Truth proves to be empty talk, as he neither explains what constitutes this Truth nor recognizes that the colonial legal system pays no heed to it.The villagers consider the Gandhian lawyers who try to defend Moorthy as proof of divine help. Moorthy's insistence on Truth proves to be rather hollow, as he neither explains what Truth means nor recognizes that the colonial legal systemhas no place for it. He foolishly believes that justice will naturally come about if he waits patiently.Sankar, who occupies a higher position in the national movement's power hierarchy, is the only person capable of convincing Moorthy to fight back against his imprisonment. This shows that, despite his belief in equality and love, Moorthy still adheres to the hierarchy within the Gandhian movement. The city Gandhiansidolize Moorthy because he has risked his personal security for his principles and hold him as an ideal for the Gandhian movement. However there are contradictions in views as he speaks about timeless Indian traditions as well as the "disorder, corruption, and egotism" rampant in the traditional way of life. The government's alliance with the region's Brahmins (with the payoff to Swami) proves that the entire caste system has lost its original religious basis, and instead Hinduism has become an expediencey. The Gandhiansare proud to have been excommunicated because it demonstrates that the brahmin-government alliance views them as a legitimate threat. Within their parallel anti-caste form of Hinduism, which follows Gandhi's egalitarian interpretation of the dharma shastras, the Swami never had any legitimacy to begin with. The debate over interpreting the ancient dharma shastras illustrates how texts, far removed from their original contexts, nevertheless determine the structure of society and government in Hindu and colonial contexts alike.The Gandhians are happy to have been excommunicated because it endorsesthat the brahmin-government alliance views them as a legitimate adversary. However the anti-caste Hindus follow

Gandhi's egalitarian interpretation of dharma. In any case, the Swami never had any legitimacy. The debate over interpreting the ancient dharma shastras illustrates how texts are a handy tool in the hands of the Hindu society and government in Hindu and colonial contexts alike. The violent handling by police of the assembly for Moorthy is initially effective, but it only strengthens the Gandhians' cause in the long run. To their chagrin, when the villagers come to know that Bhatta too has been paid off by the Swami, who has in turn been paid off by the government, they realize the nexus and how purity and pollution were essentially an ideology imposed on them to preserve the colonial system and its control over India's resources.Rangamma's newspaper becomes a vital means of translating faraway events into local action, since it brings information about the Gandhian movement to Kanthapura, though the villagers are largely illiterate.Suddenly, Moorthy's arrest in Karwar convertsKanthapura's village-level struggle into a larger issue. But Gandhians fail to find solution to the problems generated by the imperialist masters. RangèGowda is fired from his position as Kanthapura's revenue collector, which incenses the villagers because it means a rejection of local leadership. Kenchamma, a local goddess, is still considered potent enough. With Sankar'shelp Rangamma learns to organize Kanthapura'sGandhians on a larger scale as Sankar is a lawyer trained in the colonial education system but he also embodies the ideal of the noble Gandhian ascetic.Dasappa's flourishingbusiness shows how Indians can operate fairly and successfully, even without British help. Sankar insists on using Truth for justice, but Moorthy's holds that Truth is self-liberatory. Women are more privy to exploitation by the colonial economic system that sides with the caste system in treating women as property. Dasi, Subba's mistress is victimized by all as SubbaChetty manipulates her and the government imprisons her. Sankar'sintegrity pays off, leading him to social esteem and stable work conditions. Sankar's commitment to the idea of India, based on national lingo Hindi, with which people in his part of southwestern India are unfamiliar, seems absurd. Like Moorthy, Sankar's influence changes Rangamma into a better Satyagrahi. Rains bring disease and death. The holy Himavathy river washes away the body of Ramakrishnayya, honouring him by this cremation through water.Achakkawishes that the other villagers will also be integrated into the natural environment.

8.7.2 Short and long Question answers

8.7.2.1 What is the impotancef the month of Kartik for the villagers?

8.7.2.2 Why does the police take action against the villagers?

8.7.2.3 What is the reaction of people towards the atrocity of the police?

8.7.2.4 What is the reaction of Rachanna at Moorthy's arrest?

8.7.2.5 How does the Swami's man portray Gandhi?

8.8 Text of Chapter 11

CHAPTER 11

When ramakrishnayya was dead we all asked, 'And now who will explain to us Vedantic texts, and who will discuss philosophy with us?'And Nanjamma said, 'Why, we shall ask Temple Ranganna!', but we all said, 'Temple Ranganna! well, he can hardly read the texts he repeats morning and evening, and he cannot explain to us about Vidya and Avidya. ', and Rangamma said, 'Why, you know he is also a Bhatta's man; after all, sisters, why should not one of us read the texts and we comment on them ourselves? ' and Nanjamma said, 'No, we shall have someone to read the texts, and you shall lead the commentary,' and Rangamma said, 'Oh yes! why, our Ratna knows how to read and Ratna and my sister are going to come and live with me, now that my mother has gone to my brother, and their house has to be rebuilt,' and we all looked at each other, and we were silent, for never was a girl born in Kanthapura

that had less interest in philosophy than Ratna. But we all knew Rangamma was a good woman and a pious soul, and if Ratna merely read out the texts, well, her tongue would not pollute them, would it?

And so every afternoon Ratna began to read the texts to us, and when it came to discussion, Rangamma would say, 'Sister, if for the thorny pit the illusioned fall into, you put the foreign Government, and for the soul that searches for liberation, you put our India, everything is clear; ' and this way and that she would always bring the British Government into every page and line. And it must have been all due to her stay with Sankara, for never had she spoken thus before, and she told us story after story from the Veda and Purana, and wc all said, ' Why, our Rangamma is becoming a learned person, and she will soon be able to discuss philosophy like Raniakrishnayya,' and the more we listened the more she impressed us, and wc felt there was a new strength come in Rangamma, and wc said to her one day, ' Rangamma, Rangamma, is it the city that gave you all this learning? and Rangamma is silent for a moment and then says, ' No, sisters, it is not only that !' — ' Then what else, sister? ' — and Rangamma says, 1 Why, there is something else ' — ' And what is that, Rangamma?' and Rangamma says ' Why, sisters, I saw Sadhu Narayan.' — ' And what did he say?' asked Nanjamma. — 'Why, he said nothing. He only taught me how to meditate. He said, " You do not know how to practise meditation, and I shall teach it to you," and he taught me the first principles of Yoga, and I sit every morning now, and I take breath through the right nostril and the left nostril like my father did, and strength has been flowing into me.' So Nanjamma said, ' Why not show it to us, sister? you are not the only one who wants to grow saintly,' and we all said, ' Show it to us, Rangamma, show it,' and Rangamma said, ' Well, so be it,' And on the following Thursday, after the clothes were washed and the ablutions over, we sat by the Himavathy, and Rangamma repeated the name of her guru, Sadhu Narayan, and she showed us how to control our breath, and from that day on Nose-scratching Nanjamma, and Post-Office-House Satamma, andGauramma and Vedamma and I, and even Ratna, began to feel stronger and stronger, the eyes stuck brighter in the sockets and the mind deeper in the spirit.

And one day, when we had been practising this for days and days, Rangamma said, ' Now, sisters, I have seen something in the city, and I should like to see it here We all thought she was going to show us some new exercises, but they were no new exercises; she only said we should all get together and stand and obey her, and that when the Mahatma will call us to act, we shall have to go out and fight for him, but wc said, 'Nay, nay, we arc not men, Rangamma!' but Rangamma said, ' In the city there arc groups and groups of young women, girls, married women, and widows, who have joined together and have become Volunteers — Volunteers they call them — and they practise exercises like the Police, and when meetings are held they all get together and maintain order.' And Nose-scratching Nanjamma said, ' Why, I am not a man to fight, sister!' and Rangamma said, 'Why, sister, you need not be a man to fight. Do you know the story of Rani Lakshmi Bai, and do you know how she fought for India? Once upon a time when the English were still not masters of the country, there were many, many kings, and one king could not bear the other. So the English went to this king and said, " We shall help you to rule your people. We shall only collect taxes for you and you shall live in your palace and be a king," and they went to another and said, " Why, you have enemies in the south and the east and the north, and you have to defend yourself against them, and we have a strong army, and we have much power and powder and we can defend you," and the Raja said, "Well, that is a fine thing! " and he gave them titles and land and money. And so the English would go from one Maharaja to the other and one day they would be the kings of India. Now there was an im-prisoned king in India called Tantia Topi, and then there was Rani Lakshmi Bai, and then there were small kings and big kings and many landless kings, and they all said, " We shall throw the Red-man into the sea," and they all waited for the propitious moment. And then, sister, suddenly the army rose against the Red- man, for the Red-man wanted the Hindus to eat cow's flesh and the Mohomcdan to eat pig's flesh, and the army rose and fought against the Red-man — that is why they call it the Soldiers' Revolt, in their language — and this King and that King said, " Now this is

the time to strike the English," and they gathered together, and the worthiest of them was Rani Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi. Why, she rode the horse like a Rajput, and held her army against the British, beating them on the left and on the right, and the British went back and back, but one day they defeated her and she died upon her horse fighting to the last, fighting for her enslaved Mother. This, sister, I have read in books in the city, and Sankar told me many such stories. And know, too, sisters, how the Rajput women fought with their husbands, and if their husbands were defeated and the enemy was going to enter the fortress, they prepared the pyre and all went round it in prayer and finally jumped into the flames, for never a Rajput shall be slave.'

And Nanjamma said, 'Why, that's the story The Red Pyre, in . . . what's that woman? . . . Saradamma, yes, in Saradamma's novel,' and Rangamma said, 'Of course, of course, and we are but unworthy of all these people and of all the people who are in the Congress and who fight with the Congress — Kamaladevi and Sarojini Naidu and Annie Besant all the heroic daughters who fight for the Mother — and we, we think of nothing but the blowpipe and the broom-stick, and the milking of the many cows. We, too, should organize a Volunteer corps, and when Moorthy returns we shall go to meet him like they do in the city.' And we all said, 'That will be beautiful !' and each one said, 'I shall wear the Dharmawar sari and the diamond hair-flower' — 'And I shall wear the sari I wore at Nanjamma's daughter's marriage, that everybody liked so much, and I shall wear the gold belt too,' and those who were widows said, 4 Well, I shall wear only the gold belt and the necklace, now that I cannot wear the bangles,' and Ratna said, 'I shall part my hair to the left, and wear just a tiny kumkum mark and wear the sari till it reaches the toes and it will float and flutter so well' ; and Rangamma said, 'We shall offer him arathi ,' and all our hearts gladdened and we said, 'That will be like a Bridegroom's Welcome ceremony to go and meet Moorthy on the Karwar Road by the Kenchamma Temple,' and we said, 'We shall do as you like, sister,' and that is how we became Volunteers. And Rangamma said, 4 Let us not call ourselves Volunteers — let us call ourselves Sevika Sangha,' and we were called Sevis. . . .

And when our men heard of this, they said : was there nothing left for our women but to vagabond about like soldiers? And every time the milk curdled or a dhoti was not dry, they would say, 'And this is all because of this Sevi business,' and Radhamma's husband beat her on that day he returned from village inspection, though she was seven months pregnant. And Post-Office Satamma's husband would not talk to her: 'Why, soon it will be as if the men will have to wear bangles and cook, so that you women may show yourselves off ! You shall not set your feet in Rangamma's house again ! ' Rangamma goes to him and says, ' So you are not a Gandhi's man. Because Moorthy is in prison you are no more a Gandhi's man,' and Surya- narayana says, 'I am a Gandhi's man, aunt. But if I cannot have my meals as before, I am not a man to starve . . . ' and Rangamma says, 'If you don't have your meals in time, it is not because of our Sevika Sangha. We practise only in the afternoon,' and then Suryanarayana says, 'I do not know, aunt, but I want my wife to look after my comforts and I go out every morning and come home in the evening through rain and dark and storm,' and Rangamma says, 'Of course, Satamma has to look after your comforts. If we are to help others, we must begin with our husbands,' and she tells Satamma, 'Your husband is not against Sevika Sangha. He only wants to eat in time,' Satamma grumbles and swears and says she serves him in time, and it is all false; but Rangamma tells her to be more regular in cooking, and we all say, 'We should do our duty. If not, it is no use belonging to the Gandhi- group.' Rangamma says, 'That is right, sister,' and we say, 'We shall not forget our children and our husbands '. But how can we be like we used to be? Now we hear this story and that story, and we say we too shall organize a foreign-cloth boycott like at Sholapur, we too, shall go picketing cigarette shops and toddy shops, and we say our Kanthapura, too, shall fight for the Mother, and we always see the picture of Rani Lakshmi Bai that Rangamma has on the veranda wall, a queen, sweet and young and bejewelled, riding a white horse and looking out across the narrow river and the hills to where the English armies stand. And what do you think? — one day, Sata's Rangi came running

to us and said, ‘ Aunt, I was playing with Nanju. And I said to him, you shall be the British army, and Ramu will be the Kashi Maharaj and the Oudh Maharaj and the Punjab Maharaj, and I will be Rani Lakshmi Bai, and he says he would be the Rani, and I say, “ But I am the woman,” and he says, “ That does not matter,” and I say, “ I am the woman,” and he says, “ I will not play,” and Rangamma calls the children and says, ‘ You will be Rani Lakshmi Bai once, and you will then put on a turban, and he will put on a kumkum mark on his face and he will be Rani Lakshmi Bai,’ and the children were so happy at this that they went away puffy-cheeked and satisfied.

And sometimes, when we stood in Rangamma’s courtyard, Rangamma would say, ‘Now, if the police should fall on you, you should stand without moving a hair,’ and we would feel a shiver run down our backs, and we would say, ‘No, sister, that is too difficult,’ and Rangamma would say, ‘No, sister, that is not difficult. Does not the Gita say, the sword can split asunder the body, but never the soul? And if we say, we shall not move a hair, we shall not move a hair.’ And one day Nanjamma came and said, ‘Sisters, last night I dreamt my husband was beating me and beating me, and I was crying and my bangles broke and I was saying, “Oh, why docs he beat me with a stick and not with his hands?” and then when I saw him again, it was no more my husband, it was Bade Khan, and I gave sucli a shriek that my husband woke me up. Sister, I cannot fight like that,’ and Rangamma said, ‘Well,’ you will be with us, and if the fight begins, I shall say, “Are you ready to fight with us, sister Nanjamma? Ready to fight without moving a hair?” and if you say “Yes, sister,” you will come with us, and if you say “No,” we shall say, “ That does not matter, our Nanjamma is only afraid,” ’ and we say, ‘That is a fine thing, for we cannot say if we can face the police lathis.’ But Rangamma says, ‘When you and your daughters and your husbands walk the holy fire, does it scorch or not, sisters?’ and we say, ‘No, no, Rangamma’ — ‘When Madanna and Rajanna and Siddayya smite their bodies with swords, when the grace of Kenchamma has touched them, does it cut them, sister?’and we say, ‘ No, no, Rangamma’ — ‘When That-house Srikanta was graced by the goddess every Tuesday and fell flat on the ground in adoration, did you ever see a bruise on his skin, sisters?’, and we say, ‘No, no, Rangamma’ — ‘Well, we shall fight the police for Kenchamma’s sake, and if the rapture of devotion is in you, the lathi will grow as soft as butter and as supple as a silken thread, and you will hymn out the name of the Mahatma.’ And we all grow dumb and mutter ‘Yes, sister, yes,’ and then Venkatalakshmi says, ‘But, sister, there will be Moorthy, too, and he will defend us,’ but Rangamma merely waves her hand and says, ‘We shall see, we shall see. . . .’

And sometimes Seenu or Vasudev would come when we did our exercises, and they would say, ‘We, too, should organize such a corps, but the boys will not come, and Rangamma says, ‘Why in your Pariah School you must have some boys,’ and Seenu says, ‘No, Rangamma. Since the arrest of Moorthy they are all afraid. They say, “We are not all going to sit behind the cage-bars like kraaled elephants,” and when I say, “What does that matter, we are for the Mahatma,” they say, “Yes, yes, learned sir, but our lands will go uncultivated, and there will be neither child nor woman to pull the weeds or direct the canal water,” and I say “We are fighting so that the rents may be lowered and the foreign rule vanish, and you will all live happily,” and they say, “ Oh, father, we cannot hope for Ramarajya in these days; we live in Kaliyuga, learned sir,” and I say, “ So you will not fight for the Mahatma and Moorthy? ” and they say, “ Nay, nay, we shall fight, but we don’t want the prison,” and the women say, “ Oh, it’s good as things are, and we haven’t more holes in the mouth for more morsels,” and with this and that they are growing weaker and weaker. But Range Gowda says “Let the harvests be over, and we shall cane these idiots to follow you,” and I tell Range Gowda he should be with us, and he says “ With whom am I then?” and he gets angry, and I say, “ You are with us of course, Range Gowda,” and some day we, too, shall organize a volunteer corps. But, sister, you can have your eleven volunteers in the courtyard, for you are women. But when Bade Khan sees us, he will fall on us.’ And Vasudev says, ‘In the Estate he spits and beats everyone. Already he has moved down to the hut by the main gate, and he and his dog

and his woman keep guard over' everyone that crosses the stile. But, sister, the fever of the country has got him, too, and he moans heavily from his bed. And his woman is not so bad, you know. When she sees me, she winks and lays her head upon her hand to say "He is asleep," and I slip out like a rat. After all, she is one of us. . . ..'

Then Vasudev turns to Rangamma and says, 'Why not start our bhajans again, sister? We shall keep it going as though Moorthy were not in prison,' and Seenu says, 'So we should,' But Moorthy said to Sankar, 'Let them prepare themselves for the fight. But no processions or bhajan lest the police fall on them!' and Vasudev says, 'No, if Moorthy were here he would start the bhajans again ,'and Rangamma says, 'So I think, too ,' and we all say, 'That will be fine,'And on the Saturday that followed, Seenu went and blew the conch from the Promontory, and men rushed to the temple, men and old women and children and all, and we all said, 'Now it is going to be bright again in Kanthapura ,' and we knew not how to hold our hearts within our breasts. Cymbal, conch, and camphor, clapping hands and droning drums, the perfume of the sandal paste, flowers in the hair, and in our eyes Siva's eyes.

Changing he changes not,
Ash-smeared, he's Parvati's sire,
Moon on his head,
And poison in his throat,
Chant, chant, chant the name of Eesh,
Chant the name of Siva Lord!

8.9 Text of Chapter 12

CHAPTER 12

In vaisakh men plough the fields of Kanthapura. The rains have come, the fine, first-footing rains that skip over the bronze mountains, tiptoe the crags, and leaping into the valleys, go splashing and wind-swung, a winnowed pour, and the coconuts and the betel-nuts and the cardamom plants choke with it and hiss back. And there, there it comes over the Bebbur Hill and the Kanthur Hill and begins to paw upon the tiles, and the cattle come running home, their ears stretched back, and the drover lurches behind some bel-tree or pipal-tree, and people leave their querns and rush to the courtyard, and turning towards the Kenchamma Temple, send forth a prayer, saying, ' There, there, the rains have come, Kenchamma; may our houses be white as silver/ and the lightning flashes and the thunder stirs the tiles, and children rush to the gutter- slabs to sail paper boats down to Kashi. And Agent Nanjundia's wife Chennamma and Subba Chetty's Putti are already in the street, filtering the waters for the gold-dust; and Priest Rangappa opens his book bundle and looks into the calendar and says, 'Oh, tomorrow is the rohini star, and people will yoke their bulls to the plough.' And, umbrella in hand, there is Range Gowda, a coconut and betel leaves in his arms, and he goes to Priest Rangappa and says, 'And when, learned sir?' and Rangappa looks this side and that, for the beadles were no more Range Gowda's, and the village was no more Rang£ Gowda's, but the voice, it was for ever Range Gowda's, and so Rangappa looks at the ground and says, 'Why, tomorrow, Range Gowda '. And Range Gowda goes home and swears at the beadles and Beadle Chenna says, 'And when is it, Patel?' — 'Why, tomorrow, you rat of a woman,' and Beadle Chenna goes home and sleeps, and when the frogs have stopped croaking there is Chenna with his drum in his hand crying, ' Oh, Oh, this morning the plough will be blessed,' and people say, 'Oh, this morning already,' and Satanna rises up and says, 'Why, my right eye winks, we shall have a grand harvest,' and Weaver Chennayya rushes up and washes himself, and puts oil on his hair, and his wife goes to the back yard to pick flowers in the garden, and Chandrayya puts on the velvet coat he had made in town, when he won his case against Sidda, and Ramayya opens his eyes wide and looks between the tiles and says,

'Oh, Sun-god, give us a fine harvest this year and I'll pay up Bhatta's 375 rupees, and marry my last daughter and offer to Kenchamma the goat that I promised her for my woman's cure,' and Pariah Timmayya says, 'Oh, why shall I wake? My yoke is without bulls, and my field without grain,' but his wife, strong woman that she is, she says, 'Go, man, the gods are not so unkind,' and Timmayya grumbles and groans, and with neither flower nor caste-mark he goes into the street — while men and boys drive the bulls out, ploughs on their shoulders and whips in their hands, and when they come to the river, they rub the bulls and wash them and tie flowers to their horns, and 'He, he,' they say as they drive them to the temple courtyard.

'He, he,' the rains have sunk into the earth, and Gap-tooth Siddayya drives his stick into the earth and says, 'Why, she has gone four fingers deep,' and they all say, 'Why, it rained as though the goddess had asked for it And then, when the day is all wide and the men and the bulls are all come, there comes Priest Rangappa with his holy jug on his head and his wet clothes in his hands, and says, 'You are all here! hi?'and they answer, 'Yes, learned sir,' and he opens the door, pulls wide the holy .curtain, bathes the goddess and adorns her, and Trumpet Lingayya and Pipe Ramayya are there, and they stand by the champak and they blow the horn to the east and the west and the north and the south, and from the east and the west and the north and the south, in the ringing rain- cleared air, there comes back the rasp and roar of the horn, and people are seen rushing with their ploughs and bulls, and the bells of the yoke go ringing through the temple grove. They are coming, Rachanna and Madanna, and even Potter Ranga and Pariah Sidda and Timmayya's son Bhima, and Mota and Tippa, who had neither bulls nor fields, they, too, come with flowers in their hair. And Priest Rangappa says with his gruff voice, 'And you are all ready, you sons of my woman?' and they all cry out, 'Of course! Of course! '—'And where is he?' and they answer, 'The Patel is coming, there he is! ' and the Patel is seen coming on his horse, his filigree shawl thrown over his shoulders, his durbar turban on his head and his English reins in his hands, and Mada running behind him, as though Collector and Governor could wipe the saliva off their mouths, but never would Range Gowda be anything but Patel in Kanthapura. And when he reaches the Black-serpent's ant-hill he gets down, throws the reins into Mada's hands and walks up unhurriedly to the courtyard. And Priest Rangappa is heard to ring the bell in the sanctum, and all eyes grow dim and the eyelids droop and everyone says, 'There, there the goddess is going to show her face,' and they tremble and press against each other, and when the legs itch they do not scratch, when the waters drip they do not shake, and then suddenly the curtain is drawn, and Mother Kenchamma is there straight, bright and benign, and the candelabras weave their lights around her, and they say, ' Maybe, she has passed a good night !' Then Priest Rangappa lights the camphor and lifts it up to her jewelled face and takes it round her diamond-hands and ruby feet, and then flowers quietly roll down her face, and they all say,'There, she has sent us her blessings. Oh, Kenchamma, give us a fine harvest and no sickness, Kenchamma, Kenchamma, goddess,' and even the bulls stand without waving their tails. And then Rangappa comes with a pot of holy water and splashes it now on this bull and now on that, and they shiver and slouch back, waving their bells to the goddess, and the camphor and the sandal are brought, and men take the camphor and the sandal, and they all look up to see if the sun is visible somewhere, and there, beyond the temple grove over the Horse-head Hill, there is a ruddy streak as wide as a sari hem, and they tremble and fold their hands and whisper. And then Range Gowda whispers to Priest Rangappa and Priest Rangappa to SubbaGowda,'Why, yours are the youngest bulls. You will tie them to the yoke,' and he is so proud, and he comes forward to his three-year-old Amrithamahal bulls, that he had bought at the Santur cattle fair, and the plough is clean and sharp, and everybody looks up again and again for the goddess' vehicle Eagle to show itself, and as Priest Rangappa goes on chanting the hymns and ringing the bell, there he comes from over the temple spire, there he comes, the feather of God, and turns once, twice, thrice round the temple and the men and the bulls, and the horns shout across the grove and the valley to the mountain-tops. And Priest Rangappa breaks a coconut on the rock and they throw flowers

and coloured rice as Subbe Gowda cries out, ‘ he he, he he, ho !,’ and the plough cuts the earth and spatters the clods, and the farther they go the lighter docs it cut. And when the Serpent field and the village common and the tank gardens are done, Subba lifts its straight out, and the bulls run the faster, and they cry, ‘Hoyla ! Hoyla ! ’ and throwing the flowers and splashing the rice, they rush past the Skeffington Estate, and Bhatta’s Devil fields, and the river-bank, and once the temple tank is reached, Subba staggers and swirls round, and going down the mound comes straight into the courtyard, and he stops — and they all stop and cough and wipe away their sweat, while Temple Rangappa breaks a coconut again and offers it to the bulls. And they all throw puffed rice at each other and they offer Rangappa a nickel coin each, and then Rangappa goes in and comes out with a silver pot of holy water, and he throws a handful in each of the eight directions, and they say, ‘Now, we can till the earth,’ and with the sacred flower behind their ears, and their hearts rich with holiness, the women rush back to their homes and men to their fields, crying ‘ Hoye ! Hoye ! Hoyeee-la !’

And Siddanna’s neighbour shouts to Madanna, and Madanna’s neighbour shouts to Rachanna, ‘ He, the dame is soft, he, brother? ’ — ‘Oh yes, soft as a pumpkin’s kernel.’ — ‘ He, the river is rising, brother, do you see the brownish waters? ’ And then there is a grunt and gurgle from over the Blue Mountains, and a fine, swishing rain pours down upon the earth. They stop the bulls, and seated beneath the tamarind trees, they light their bidies, and when the cows are milked, women take them their food. Today there will be sweetmeats and fresh rice. ‘Oh, you prostitute of a wind ! She’s showing her tricks again. Stop, you bitch ! ’ There ! The winds die over the river, and the rain pours on.

O Kenchamma, in a week we shall have ploughed and manured and sowed. Send us rain for three days, dry weather for two days, and rain again, a fine, soft rain, Kenchamma. And when Moorthappa comes, let the rice be fine as filigree and the mangoes yellow as gold, and we shall go out, horn and trumpet and gong before us, and break coconuts at his feet. O Moorthappa, Kenchamma will protect us all. . . .

They say he’ll come, Moorthy, when the winds will have risen.

Then everybody said, ‘ We shall do this for Moorthy’s coming and that for Moorthy’s coming,’ and Rangamma said she would offer a feast at the river, a moonlight feast, and Nanjamma said she would offer a syrup-and-banana libation at the temple, and some said they would spin more and more, and Pariah Lingayya said he would offer Moorthy a red khadi shawl, and Seenu said, ‘Why, I shall make the boys sing, “Oh, such were our men of 1857 But Vasudev said Bade Khan was looking strange lately, and that something must be in his head, but Rangamma said, ‘ Well, so be it, what docs it matter? We are so many now,’ and everybody said, ‘ Well, it will be fine when Moorthy comes’; and Chinnamma’s mother-in-law was so happy that she said, ‘ The rice-eating ceremony of the child, well it will be when Moorthy is our guest Pariah Rachanna says, ‘ Why not build a pandal at the entrance of the village, like we do when the Collector comes?’ And they go to see Rangamma: ‘ Mother Rangamma, when is he coming, our Moorthappa? ’ and Rangamma says, ‘ I do not know, it must be on Saturday or Tuesday,’ and Lingayya says, ‘ Then you’ll tell us poor folk, Mother, and we shall make it bright, and have a pandal and have the camphor lighted to the village-gate goddess,’ and Rangamma feels so happy that she says, ‘ Why, it shalt be grand.’

And that afternoon, Postman Subbayya, who had no fire in his stomach and was red with red and blue with blue, comes running with the Blue paper in his hand and says, ‘ Rangamma, Rangamma, your Moorthy is released,’ and we all say, ‘ Show us that, show us! ’ and Rangamma snatches the paper and reads out that Moorthy has been released from prison, and that he has said this and that, and Sankar had organized a huge meeting to receive him, and we all said, ‘ So he’s coming now, he’s coming,’ and we left our vermicelli paste and cotton wicks and we sang, ‘ The Blue-god he comes, prancing and playing,’ and the pariahs went to the mango grove and tore down young leaves and twigs, and Patel Range Gowda

said, ‘Take two banana trunks from my garden,’ and they slew two banana trunks, and when evening came there swung over the Karwar Road a yellow arch of banana leaves and a green festoon of mango leaves, and the two candelabras stood like Brahma’s guardians of the twin portals, and everybody said, ‘ It will be so fine on Tuesday, it will be like the Swing festival of the Goddess.’

But when Venkamma hears of this she says, ‘Oh, you polluted ones, this is what you are going to do! Well, well ! and she rushes straight to Rangappa to consult him about her daughter’s nuptial date, for young Nanja had come of age a few days before, and she says, ‘ Can it be this Tuesday, Rangappa? ’ and Rangappa finishes his evening prayers, and takes a pinch of snuff and, opening the calendar, he says, ‘Why, it may be ; but they say that fellow Moorthy is coming,’ and she says, ‘It is just that Rangappa — don’t you see? ’, and she sends messengers to Alur to inform her gap-toothed son-in-law of the nuptial ceremony, and the next morning at the river she says, ‘I want my daughter to go to her husband’s house, soon. Tuesday will be the nuptial day, and you are all welcome, sisters, and the invitation will be sent on to you,’ and we all say, ‘ But that’s the day Moorthy is coming,’ and she says, ‘Well, choose between a brahminic feast and a feast for a polluted pig,’ and they say, ‘Why, of course, Moorthy was excommunicated; but how funny that we forgot all about it since he’s been in prison !’, and Venkamma cries out, ‘That’s it, sister. You forget it. But this stomach that has borne eight children cannot forget it. If you had a daughter to marry, you would not forget it, would you? ’ In the evening the invitation rice is sent — it is Priest Rangappa’s wife Lakshamma who brings it, and she says, ‘ In Venkamma’s house there will be a nuptial ceremony on Tuesday. You are all invited,’ and they offer kumkum to her silently in return, and every- body asks, ‘ And now what shall we do? ’ and they speak of it to their husbands and their husbands speak to their aunts, and the aunts say, ‘Why, you cannot refuse a nuptial feast. If there’s no married woman to offer kumkum water to the wife and husband, well, tomorrow you may have your own daughter’s marriage, and she may go unblessed ! ’ and they all say, ‘ Of course ! Of course ! ’ And the next morning everyone is late at the river, and when Rangamma goes up the steps, they all whisper together, ‘ Now we are safe. Now we are safe,’ but as they pass through the Pariahs’ quarter and the Weavers’ quarter and the Potters’ quarter, they see that a mango-leaf garland of welcome hangs at each door and the courtyards are swept and washed and decorated. And at the village gate carts are seen to come up, carts from Alur that bring Venkamma’s son-in-law, and his relations and his relations’ relations. And when they are at the mango grove, they sec Bade Khan coming down the Bebbur Mound, his dog and boots and cummerbund and all. And Nose-scratching Nanjamma turns to Satamma and whispers, ‘ It seems Nanja gets a hundred-and-fifty rupee diamond nose-ring ’. — ‘Oh, probably it’s his first wife’s nose-ring,’ says Satamma sadly.

The cornets are already piping the Song of Welcome on Venkamma’s veranda.

They said Moorthy would come by the blue bus that runs from Kallapuri to Karwar, and we all said ‘ That will be when the sun has passed over the courtyard,’ and we were at the village gate when the cattle had drunk the afternoon rice-water and gone, and the pariahs were already there, with blankets and coconuts and horns, and the weaver folk were there with silk upper-cloths, and the potters with pots and the betel-sellers with betel leaves, and even lazy Rang£ Gowda was there, rubbing his eyes and waving his turban to keep away flies and perspiration — so sultry was the day. And Rangamma and Ratna were in the shade of the pipal-platform, and Satamma’s daughter Ranga and Nanjamma’s daughter Sata were there too. ‘Oh, you need not come to Venkamma’s dinner, children. You are still young, you can go to meet Moorthy,’ they had said, and given them a cold meal and a glass of watered curds. And Ranga and Sata prepared the kumkum water, and they gave us all coloured rice, and we all said, 1 He’ll be here soon — he’s coming, he’s coming,’ and the stones beneath began to scorch us, and someone said, ‘Why, the bus must have met with an accident,’ and everyone said, ‘No, no, speak not of such ill omens,’ and the pariahs scratched their legs and began adjusting the grape-fruit here, the coconut there, and the

mango leaves everywhere on the pandal, and people sat down and opened their betel-bags and snuff-boxes, and some said, ‘Come let us remove these stones,’ and they removed the pebbles from the path.

And suddenly there was a screech and hoot, and we said, ‘Why, that’s the car !’ and we all thought, ‘Now the bus has stopped at the finger-post. Seenu and Vasudev, who are there, will stand, with shut eyes and gaping mouths expectant. Then, he’ll come down to us. First he; then his bundles. And people will say, “Who is he that people wait on him? ” Oh, if only we were there. . . .’

And then he would take the road to Kanthapura, and we said he would be firm and soft- eyed and pilgrim-looking, and we imagined him with this look on his face and that flash in his eyes, and Pariah Lachamma said, ‘ Maybe the goddess will send a wide rainbow and a rain of flowers to welcome him,* and she stood there gaping at the skies and murmuring funny things to the goddess. And hearts began to beat, and yet we saw no Moorthy, and yet no Moorthy, and yet no Moorthy, and yet not a hair of his head was seen, and we were silent as though in the sanctum at the camphor ceremony. Yet no Moorthy, and no Moorthy, and the bus had surely passed by the river, over the bridge and up the Santur valley, and Rangamma got so anxious that she sent Pariah Lingayya to run and see, and Pariah Lingayya ran and ran, and from the top of the road cried out, ‘ No, no,’ and we all looked to this side and that and no Moorthy and no Seenu either was to be seen, and our hearts began to beat like drums, and Ratna said, ‘ I’ll see if he’s come by the mango grove,’ and Ratna ran like a boy, and behind her ran young Chenna, and Chenna was followed by Cowherd Sidda; and then came a voice from the Promontory, it was Seenu’s and he was calling us, and we cried out, ‘ What is it? What? ’ and we rushed with the kumkum water spurting and splashing, and the flower garlands tearing in our hands and the coconuts heavy, and what should we see in the Brahmin Square but a cordon of policemen round Rangamma’s house, and Rangamma says, ‘Oh, what are they doing? ‘ and Seenu answers, ‘ Why, Moorthy is in. They took him out of the bus at Madur and brought him by the Elephant valley and the Bear’s Hill by car,’ and Pariah Ghenna says, ‘And we never heard them come,’ and Pariah Lingayya says, ‘Ah, they’ve been up to tricks again,’ and they speak to one another, and then such a cry came to their tongues that they shrieked out, ‘Vande Mataram !’ and Range Gowda cries out, ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !’ and the Police Inspector comes out of the house and says, ‘No shouting please. Please disperse.’ Pariah Lingayya and Rachanna cry out again, ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !’and the children who wanted to sing, ‘Oh, such were our men of 1857’ began to sing ‘Oh, such were our men of 1857,’ and this boy and that boy takes it up and a shout of songs goes up the evening blaze, while a whirlwind rises and throws dust and sand into our eyes, and still the song rises and rises, and Rangamma comes up the veranda and says, 4 Brothers and sisters, in the name of Moorthy let us disperse,’ and we all stand silent as a jungle. And then Range Gowda says, ‘Let us obey the Mother,’ and he goes towards his street, and Mada follows him, and then Mada’s brat, and then the pariah women and the pariah men, and we slip through our back yards and we stand on our verandas and see the policemen have gathered on Rangamma’s veranda, and Rangamma is listening to them, and Ratna is behind her, and by Ratna is Seenu, but Vasudev is nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he has already slipped back to the Skeffington Coffee Estate. The policemen do not leave Rangamma’s house till the nuptial dinner is over and the hands are washed and the betels chewed and the couple blessed. And as the guests walk back home, their glasses in their hands, they look at Rangamma’s house and say, ‘IThey’ve come again,’ and Nanjamma says, ‘ Oh, they’ll bring us pain again,’ but there was something in the house, something in the very walls, said Nanjamma later, that seemed to shine and send out holy incense. Sister, Moorthy was back home.

At midnight the policemen walked away through the Main Street, and the Pariahs' Street and the Weavers’ Street, but only a young Bade Khan had joined the bearded one, and he too came to live with us, and he too took a hut and a woman and settled down in the Skcffington Coffee Estate.

In the morning we saw Moorthy at the river. Why, sister, he was as ever — as ever. Why, when one goes to prison, one is as ever!

8.9.1 Summary of Chapters 11- 12

As a new development, Rangamma is asked to explain the Vedantas, not thebrahmin priest, Temple Rangappa. Thus the villagers declare a decisive shift towards Gandhism and its casteless form of Hinduism. The widowed Ratna, ostracized under the traditional Hindu caste system in Kanthapura, becomes a prototype of the Gandhian movement. The movement's commitment to equality has changed the social dynamics by giving Rangamma such a significant role. She is now well versed in national politics and Gandhi's movement to assume the role of a leader but she conceals her city leanings as city is symbol of imperial power. She realizes the importance of Gandhian equality which includes equality for women. India, the "enslaved Mother" now has two widows as leaders, namely,Rangamma and Ratna, who would have been inconceivable under the caste system. The women, though they want to honour Moorthy by wearing expensive saris, desist from it as this is against Gandhian tenets of simple living . They opt to wear khadi. Those who have been enjoying entrenched positions are against Gandhian values. So the brahmins oppose Gandhism because it threatens their dominance, men feel threatened by their womenfolk's' independence as it means they will no longer have them as reliable domestic servants. But women work cleverly, adhering to their traditional roles while also protesting for the cause of the Mahatma. Nanjamma's dream shows the identical features of patriarchal and colonial power both of which are based on oppression. Now the women lead the protests thus suberting the ancient mores. They even resort to using RangèGowda's social and coercive power. Now the women take ahead Moorthy's mission. Achakkaagain elaborates the local and indigenous features of the landscape and not the profit which the land can bring. With the arrival of the growing season, the villagers reject the new Patel, declaring RangèGowda as their headman and refusing the colonial government's autocracy to determine their way of life. The goddess Kenchamma is invoked to solve natural and human calamities.Moorthy's release shows that their prayers have been answered. Moorthy, as also Gandhi, are hailed as a reincarnation of the "blue-god", Siva. RangèGowda even sacrifices some of his possessions to honor Moorthy.Venkamma again tries to brew trouble by raising caste versus Gandhism bogey. Whereas people prefer to meet Moorthy than going to the wedding,the police intentionally prevent the villagers from greeting Moorthy in order to stop them from assembling. Rangamma realizes that a protest would prolong and even obstructMoorthy's return and asks the Gandhians to show restraint.

8.9.2 Short and long Question Answers

8.9.2.1: How does the British government use divisive policies?

8.9.2.2: Write about the court proceedings in Moorthy's case?

8.9.2.3: Describe the death of Ramkrishnayya?

8.9.2.4: Why is Range Gowda removed from Patelhood?

8.9.2.5: Who gives discourses on religion after the death of Ramakrishnayya?

8.9.2.6: Write a note on the SevikaSangh?

8.9.2.7: Who leads the village Congress in Moorthy's absence?

8.9.2.8: Describe the atmosphere at the time of Moorthy's return from jail?

8.9.2.9: Write about the changes in the village after Moorthy's return?

8.9.2.10: Why do the Patels resign en masse?

8.10 Text of chapters 13-15

CHAPTER 13

'Now,' said moorthy, 'we are out for action. A cock does not make a morning, nor a single man a revolution, but we'll build a thousand-pillared temple, a temple more firm than any that hath yet been builded, and each one of you be ye pillars in it, and when the temple is built, stone by stone, and man by man, and the bell hung to the roof and the Eagle-tower shaped and planted, we shall invoke the Mother to reside with us in dream and in life. India then will live in a temple of our making. Do you know, brothers and sisters, the Mahatma has left Sabarmati on a long pilgrimage, the last pilgrimage of his life, he says, with but eighty-two of his followers, who all wear khadi and do not drink, and never tell a lie, and thgy go with the Mahatma to the Dandi beach to manufacture salt. Day by day we shall await the news of the Mahatma, and from day to day we shall pray for the success of his pilgrimage, and we shall pray and fast and pour strengthinto ourselves, so that when the real fight begins we shall follow in the wake of the Master.'

'Meanwhile, brothers and sisters, let us get strong. The Congress men will have to swear again to speak Truth, to spin their daily one hundred yards, and put aside the idea of the holy brahmin and the untouchable pariah. You know, brothers and sisters, we are here in a temple, and the temple is the temple of the One, and we arc one with everything that is in the One, and who shall say he is at the head of the One and another at the foot? Brothers, and this too ye shall remember, whether brahmin or bangle-seller, pariah or priest, we are all one, one as the mustard seed in a sack of mustard seeds, equal in shape and hue and all. Brothers, we are yoked to the same plough, and we shall have to press firm the plough-head and the earth will open out, and we shall sow the seeds of our hearts, and the crops will rise God-high. Brothers, that is the vision of the harvests that will rise, and we shall await, clean, with the heart as clean as the threshing-floor, strong as the pivot of the pressing-mill, and we shall offer our first rice and our first ragi to the Goddess Supreme. Pray, brothers, pray, for the Mahatma is on the last pil- grimage of his life, and the drums are beating, and the horns are twirling, and the very sea, where he's going to gather and shape and bring back his salt, seems to march forward to give him the waters of Welcome. Let us be silent for a while and be united in the One.'

Seenu rang the gong, arid the eyes shut themselves in silence, and the brahmin heart and the weaver heart and pariah heart seemed to beat the one beat of Siva dancing.

Strength flowed from the wide heavens into the hearts of all men. And we sent our strength of heaven to the eighty-two pilgrim men of the Mahatma. And we too would start our pilgrimage soon, with Moorthy before us. 'Prepare yourselves for action,' said Moorthy, and Siva knows how, but we forgot the blow-pipe and the child's cradle and the letting-off of the morning cattle, and we would go out with him, Moorthy. What is in him, we ask, that binds our heart so? After all we saw him as a child, sister. And yet. . . . Moorthy told us of the pilgrim path of the Mahatma from day to day; for day after day the Congress Committee sent him information, and day after day he received a White paper from the city, and day after day this boy and that young man came up with the Saturday carts or Tuesday carts, and now that there was a bus, sometimes as we sat kneading the vermicelli or cleaning the rice, we would sec the tall khadi-clad Volunteers coming by the afternoon bus, and they went straight to Rangamma's house, and they were shut up with Moorthy, and when they were gone, Moorthy would ask Secnu to ring the gong for the bhajan, and there he would tell us of the hundred and seventy Patels that had resigned their jobs — a hundred and seventy mind you— and of the thirty-thousand men and women and children who had gathered at the road-side, pots and beds and all, to have the supreme vision of the Mahatma, and then Rangamma says, ' Oh no, the Mahatma need not go as far as the sea. Like Harischandra before he finished his vow, the gods will come down and dissolve his vow, and the Britishers will .eave India, and we shall be free, and we shall pay less taxes, and there will be no

policemen'. But Dore, who hears this, laughs and says ' This is all Ramayana and Mahabharata ; such things never happen in our times,' at which Pariah Rachanna gets angry and says,' It is not for nothing the Mahatma is a Mahatma, and he would not be Mahatma if the gods were riot with him/ and Dore says, 'Maybe, may- be, Rachanna, I do not know,' and wc say,'In five days' time he will be by the sea — in three days time he will be by the sea — poor Mahatma, he must be tired out with this walk. Why should he not take a horse carriage or a motor car? ' But Moorthy repeats, 'No, no, sister, he will not take it. He says he likes our ancient ways, and like the ancients he will make the pilgrimage on foot/ and our hearts gladdened, for no one ever goes like that to far Kashi, do they? And our Nanjamma says, 'Oh yes, when he arrives by the sea, something is surely going to happen,' and everybody says,'Maybe, maybe '.

And when the Monday evening came, wc knew it would be the morrow, it would be at five the next morning that the Mahatma would go out to the sea and manufacture salt and bring it home, and we could not sleep and we could not wake, and all the night we heard the sea conches cry like the announcing cry of the Belur Conch that goes trailing its OM through the winkless night, and people wake and music plays, and with torch and hymn is it sought, and with torch and hymn is it brought from the river below to the temple above, and people lie many a night in fearful fervour for some pointing finger of the Heavens — so did we lie all through that wakeful night, but no shadow ever flew across the stars, and no dreamer ever woke with a pointing dream. And when the morning was still on the other side of the dark we rose one by one, for we would bathe in the river like the Mahatma, at the very hour, at the very minute. Moorthy and Rangamma were at the river already, and just as the morning was colouring the Skeffington Coffee Estate, we all said, men, women, and boys, Seenu, Moorthy, Vasu, Nanju, Ramu, Subbu, Govinda — ' Ganga, Jumna, Saraswathi.' and rising up we dipped again and cried out ' Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ' And Priest Rangappa, coming up, says, ' Oh, you are all earlier than ever today, hmm? and we say, ' Today the Mahatma manufactures salt with his own hands, Rangappa, and we dip with him,' and he laughs and says, ' Is that so? ', and we knew why he said this, for as everybody knew now, Bhatta had been writing to him, and Bhatta had asked him to gather the grains and the hay and the money, arid we said, ' Well, another one is lost for us!'

And when wc had washed and beaten our clothes, we sat for our meditation and we walked back home, with something new within our hearts. And for the midday meal we gave our men paysam and chitranna as though it were Gauri's Festival, and the men were happy. Why would they not be? And in the evening there was bhajan.

And the next day the White papers told us the Mahatma had taken a handful of salt after his ablutions, and he had brought it home, and then everybody went to the sea to prepare salt, and cartloads and cart-loads of it began to be brought back and distributed from house to house with music and clapping of hands. The police do not know what to do, and suddenly they fall on a cartload and the peasants say, 'Take it !Take it !' but the police say, 'You have broken the law,' and the men say, ' But we have broken it long ago, and the Mahatma broke it first,' but the police do not know what to answer, and they drag the men to prison, they drag them and spit on them and would have beaten them had not many and many a white man come to see the pilgrimage of the Mahatma. And so day after day men go out to the sea to make salt, and day after day men are beaten back and put into prison, and yet village after village sends its women and men, and village after village grows empty, for the call of the Mahatma had sung in their hearts, and they were for the Mahatma and not for the Government.

And we said to Moorthy, 'And when shall we start to march like the Mahatma? ' and Moorthy says, ' Why, as soon as I get the orders from the Karwar Congress Committee,' and we say, ' But ask them to send it soon, for ten heads make a herd and one head a cow,' and Moorthy says, ' So it is, but I am a small man in the Congress, and I wait for the orders '. Then Rangamma says, ' If you want to fight,

sisters, let us practise the drill more often, like the men,' and we say, ' Of course ! Of course ! ' and now we stand in Rangamma's courtyard from the time the hands are washed till the time the cattle come home, and we stand straight and hold our hands against our breasts, and Rangamma says, 'Now, imagine the policemen are beating you, and you shall not budge a finger's length,' and we close our eyes and we imagine BadeKhans after Bade Khans, short, bearded, lip-smacking, smoking, spitting, booted Bade Khans, and as we begin to imagine them, we see them rise and become bigger and bigger in the sunshine, and we feel the lathis bang on us, and the bangles break and the hair tear and the lips split, and we say, 'Nay, nay,' and we cannot bear it, and Dora's wife Sundri begins to cry out and she says she is frightened; but Ratna, who is by her, says,'Be strong, sister. When your husband beats you, you do not hit back, do you? You only grumble and weep. The policeman's beatings are the like! ' and we say, ' So they are '. And we begin to get more and more familiar with it. And we say that in a week, in ten days' time, Moorthy will say 'March!' and we shall march behind him, and wc shall do this and we shall do that, and now when we meet Bad& Khan our eyes seek his lathi and wc find it is smaller than we had imagined, and his shoes have less nails, and his lips are less thick. Rangamma says, ' Send out rays of harmony,' and we send out rays of harmony, and we say, ' No, it will not be so bad after all,' and we say too, ' And there is the Mahatma,' and his eyes, benign like Old Ramakrishnayya's, look down on us with strength and affection. Nanjamma says, ' No, sister, I do not imagine the Mahatma like a man or a god, but like the Sahyadri Mountains, blue, high, wide, and the rock of the evening that catches the light of the setting sun,' and I say to myself, ' That's what he is. High and yet secable, firm and yet blue with dusk, and as the pilgrims march up the winding path, march through prickles and boulders, thickets and streams, so shall we march up to the top, we shall thump up and up to the top, and elephants may have left their traces, and the wildfire go blazing around us, and yet we shall know on the top is the temple, and that temple is bright and immense, and when the night is slept through, the gong will sound over the pilgrim lines for the dawn procession of the Mountain- god ' ; and so from that day we said we shall call the Mahatma 'The Mountain,' and we say we are the pilgrims of the Mountain, and whatever thunder may tear through the heavens or the monsoons pour over it, it is always the blue mountain at dusk.

'And what shall we call Moorthy? ' said Radhamma.

'Why, the Small Mountain,' said Rangamma. and we all said ' That is it,' and so from that day we knew there were the Small Mountain and the Big Mountain to protect us.

The Ganges, sister, is bom on the snows of high Kailas. Oh, but when will it come, the call of the Big Mountain, Siva, Siva?

CHAPTER 14

The call of the Big Mountain never came, for one morning, as we were returning from the river, Seenu comes and says the Congress Committee has sent a messenger on bicycle to say the Mahatma was arrested, and wc ask, ' And when shall we begin, when? ' and he answers, 'Next week, sister,' and when we are back home we see Moorthy and Range Gowda and Rangamma and Pariah Rachanna all gathered before the temple, and Moorthy seemed to be all speech and Range Gowda all gestures, and we ask ourselves, ' What are they deciding, what? ' And children gather round them, and one comes from this street, and one from that and there was quite a fair about, and when the kitchen fire is hardly lit, the temple bell goes ringing in the street, and we rush to the veranda and hear Seenu crying out, 'The Mahatma is arrested ! the Mahatma! — and next week Don't-touch-the-Govern- ment campaign. And today everyone will fast, and the Congress Panchayat- will meet, and in the evening bhajan.'

And we said, 'That is fine,' and we poured water over our fires, and wc drank a glass of curds and we dozed the whole afternoon, and every minute people could be heard hurrying about anxious and silent, and when Vasudev is pasing by, Nanjamma says, 'And the Skeffington people, arc they with us?'

and Vasudev says, ‘ Of course, of course, but not many’. Then there is the sound of Moorthy speaking and of Range Gowda shouting, and Pariah Rachanna whispering this and Rangamma saying that, and bicycle after bicycle comes from the city, bicycle after bicycle carrying the orders to the Congress Panchayat, and the Volunteers go straight to Rangamma’s veranda, and they talk to Moorthy. Then for a while there is silence, but Rang£ Gowda starts again and then Rachanna and then Rangamma.

Thus it deliberated, the Congress Panchayat, till the cattle came home, and when we had lit the lamps and had given a cold meal to the children, we took our baths and went to the temple, and there was Sccnu in the sanctum and he would tell us nothing, and when he went up the Promontory and blew the conch, people came — men, women, children — and the pariahs and the weavers and the potters all seemed to feel they were of one caste, one breath. Then Moorthy came himself, straight as an aloe, strong and calm, and we say he looks as though something is passing through him, and when the camphor is lit and the flowers offered, he stands up and says, ‘ Brothers and sisters, the call is come, and men, women, and children will have to begin the Don’t-touch-the-Govemment campaign’. ‘But how is that to be done, Moorthappa? ‘ asks Pariah Rachanna, and Moorthy uplifted and sure speaks in answer, ‘That’s what I am going to explain, brother Rachanna,’ and he talks of the taxes that are not to be paid, ‘even if the Government attaches the lands,’ and of the toddy booths that are to be picketed, ‘for toddy trees are Government trees, and toddy booths are there to exploit the poor and the unhappy,’ and he continues, his voice rising higher, ‘And we shall establish a parallel Government, and it is this Government that will rule and not that, and the first act of our Government is to appoint Range Gowda Patel again,’ and we feel our throats warm, and we look at Range Gowda waving away his hand saying, ‘ Oh, that’s nothing, nothing!’ but Moorthy continues, ‘For the Congress is the people and the Patel is the people’s man and Range Gowda is our man, and if the new Patel comes and says, “Give me the Revenue dues,” you will say,“ I do not know you — you are not our man and we will offer you neither seat nor water,” but never be harsh to them nor wicked, and above all,’ he said, his voice becoming graver, ‘remember each one of you is responsible for the harm done by another, and the first time violence is done against the Police or those that are not with us, we shall stop the Movement and wait for six months and more in penance and in prayer that our sins may be purified. Brothers and sisters, remember we are not out to fight the white man or the white man’s slaves, the Police and the Revenue officials, but against the demoniac corruption that has entered their hearts, and the purer we are the greater will be our victory, for the victory we seek is the victory of the heart. Send out love where there is hatred, and a smile against brute force like unto the waters of the Himavathy that spread over boulder and sand and crematorium earth. Brothers, remember, too, I am but a pebble among the pebbles of the river, and when the floods come, rock by rock may lie buried under, and yet there are some that stand out pointed and dry, and it is they that give you a hold for your slippery, seeking feet. The Police will take away one after another among us, and yet sometimes they may leave the leaders out for fear of disorder and desperation. But my time too will come. And when it comes, brothers and sisters, I ask of you, be not awed by the circumstances but rather follow on and on, follow' the one who follows me, for he is your chief, and the Congress has made him your chief. For who, sisters, but the first daughter milks the cow when the mother is ill? Obey your chief and love your enemy, that is all I ask of you.’

‘And remember alw'ays, the path we follow is the path of the Spirit, and with truth and non-violence and love shall we add to the harmony of the world. For, brothers, we are not soldiers at arms, say I; we seek to be soldier saints.’ And just then Rangamma, who sat by the central pillar, unknowingly began to ring the gong, as though the curtain had fallen and the goddess beheld, and tears came to our eyes, and even our men felt there was something in the air, and they too looked unaware, and there was not a cough nor a sneeze but only the eyelashes quivered and closed, and Moorthy, in-lit and bright, says softly, ‘ You are all with us?’ and we cry out, ‘All! All!’ and ‘You shall harm no one?’ — ‘ None! None!’ — ‘ You shall go to the end fearlessly? ’ — ‘All !All !’ — ‘ And there shall be neither brahmin

nor pariah? ' and the pariahs shout out, ' Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! J and an uncontrollable emotion takes hold of us all, and Moorthy says, 'The Panchayat has decided that it shall be on Friday the seventeenth that we shall begin the fight,' and Pandit Venkateshia says, 'Few days could be more auspicious,' and we say, 'So only three days more,' and Moorthy says, 'Till then pray, purify yourselves and pray,' and we all cry out 'Narayan ! Narayan !' And Horn Nanjappa plays the tunc of blessings and the gongs ring and the drums beat, and as the last carts are creaking round the street, music floats out of the temple, and we clap our hands and sing and our eyes are filled with tears. Why, sister, for no Harikatha have such tears flowed down our cheeks.

Two days later, our sari fringes tied tight to our waists, our jewels hid deep beneath the earth, with men on the right and children beside us, with drum and horn and trumpet and a cart before us all adorned with lotuses and champaks and mango twigs, in which are seated Moorthy and Rangamma and Range Gowda and even Pariah Rachanna, we march on and on, and when we come to the village gate Seenu sounds the conch from the top of the Promontory, and Vasudev, with his twenty-three pariahs from the Skeffington Coffee Estate, breaks a coconut before us, and when the camphor is rising before the God, we all bow down in trembling prkyer, and when the conch blows again we rise, and with the horn shouting and shining over the ripe valley, we turn round Bhatta's empty house and we hurry down to Boranna's toddy grove.

We were a hundred and thirty-nine in all, and we marched out to Boranna's toddy grove.

And men came from Tippur and Subbur and Kanthur, kumkum on their foreheads and flowers in their hair, to see us pass by, and chrysanthemums fell on us, and rice and Bengal gram, and thus we marched out, a hundred and thirty-nine in all, to Boranna's toddy grove, our hearts round and ripe like an April pomegranate. And Puttanna made a song, and we beat our feet and we sang,

At least a toddy-pot, sister,
At least a toddy-leaf, sister,
We'll go to Boranna's Toddy grove,
We'll go to Boranna's Toddy growth.
And procession back at least a toddy-leaf, sister,

and we marched on to Boranna's toddy grove.

And when we were hardly at the Main Road Corner, we saw beyond the mango grove the red horse of the Police Inspector, and our hands began to shiver, and we held our breath beneath our breasts, and we said not a word to one another, and then when Moorthy had seen it too, he got down out of the cart, and Range Gowda followed him and Rangamma and Pariah Rachanna, and the cart stopped and we crossed beside it with Moorthy before us, and as we neared the toddy grove we began to see by the lantana fence policemen after policemen, their lathis tight in their hands, and the Police Inspector going among them and bending down and whispering to this one and that, and the horse wagging its tail and brushing away the summer flies.

And when we were by the Tippur stream bridge, the Police Inspector comes towards us and says, 'You are forbidden to march to the toddy grove,' and Moorthy smiles back and says he knows that but he thanks him all the same for saying so, but that he is following the instructions of the Congress and he would follow unto death if need be. And the Police Inspector says, ' I warn you for a third time, and I say that what you do is against law, and the Government is ready to use all the force it possesses to put you down,' and Moorthy says again 'Thank you' and he moves on; and just as we are near the toddy grove, the morning carts of Santur turn round the Kenchamma Hill Comer, and when they see us and the crowd behind us, they stop and come down to see what is all this procession and Police about, and we

say, ‘Well, there will be some more people with us We begin to count our beads and say Ram-Ram, and the nearer we approach the stiffer become the policemen, and as Moorthy and Range Gowda try to push open the gate of the grove, the police stand before them and push them back, and Pariah Rachanna cries out, ‘ Say Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’ and we all cry out too, ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ’ and we say we too shall enter the toddy grove.

But the men were before us and the children huddled between us, and the Police surrounded our men and tried to push them back, and suddenly Pariah Rachanna slipped out and ran and we all turned to see where he was going when he jumped across the lantana fence — with one leap he had crossed the ditch and the lantana fence — and he fell and he rose, and as he rushed to climb a toddy tree the police made towards him, but he was already half-way up the tree when the lathis banged against his legs. And the cart men, who had gathered round us, began to shout, and we cried out ‘Vande Mataram!’ and somebody began to clap hands and push forward, and we all clapped hands too and began to sing, and the Police began to push us this way and that, when Pariah Rachanna was tom down from the toddy tree, our hearts began to beat so fast that we cried out ‘ Hoye-Hoye !’ and we pushed forward with the men. And the Police Inspector this time shouted out ‘Attack!’, and they lifted the lathis and bang-bang they brought them down on us, and the lathis caught our hair and rebounded from our backs, and Pariah Ningamrna beat her mouth and wailed, ‘ Oh, he’s gone, he’s gone, he’s gone,’ and we say to ourselves ‘ Oh ! how unauspicious ! ’ and we shout out Mataram Vande! with all our breath, and the children are so frightened now that they take it up and shout and shout and shout, and the Police break through us and, one here and one there, they catch the children by the hair and by the ear and by the jacket, and the mothers sob behind them and the cart men cry out 4 Shame, shame,’ and the lathis still shower down upon us. Then suddenly there is a cry, and we raise our heads and see the red horse of the Police Inspector charging upon the cart men, and the cart men spit and howl and rush for their lives to the mango grove, and there is another cry, and somebody says Pariah Lingayya has jumped over the fence, too, and the Police leave us and rush at him and more and more men jump over and they tear down the lantana fence. And the Police Inspector gallops across the road and brings down Chandrayya and Ramayya with the knob of his cane, and they roll over and fall into the ditch, and we say, ‘ Now, Rangamma, we’ll go forward,’ and just then, as though in answer, Moorthy shrieks out across the fence, 4 Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! * and we see his lips split and four policemen around him, and somehow our eyes turn all to the Kenchamma Hill and as we say ‘ goddess, goddess ' we see the scattered crowd of children rushing here, rushing there, and mothers, aunts, sisters, grandmothers rushing behind them. And Rangamma cries out, ‘Now, sisters, forward !' and we all cry out, ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’ and we deafen ourselves before the onslaught, and we rush and we crawl, and swaying and bending and crouching and rising,we move on and on, and the lathis rain on us, and the cart men have come back again and they feel so angry that they, too, cry out, ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !’ and they, too, rush behind us, and we feel a new force in us and we say we shall enter the toddy grove and tear out at least a toddy branch and break at least a toddy-pot. And there are shrieks and shouts and cries and sobs, and the more we are beaten the more we get used to it and we say, ‘After all it is not bad — after all it is not so bad/ and our bangles break and our saris tear and yet we huddle and move on. Then once again Rangamma shouts,‘ Gandhi Mahatma ki jai !’ and we all rush forward and the crowd rushes behind us and the gate creaks and breaks and we all rush towards the trees, one to this and one to that, to saplings and twisted trees and arched trees and ant- hills crumble beneath our feet, and the leaves tear and crunch, and the lathis break on our backs and hands and heads. And stones are thrown at the tree-trunks and pots break and spatter down and someone cries out ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’ and wc rise with it, and we see up there on the top of the toddy tree is someone, and he is cutting down branch after branch of the toddy tree and men after men gather them like sanctified flowers and women slip in here and crouch along there, and policeman after policeman tries to climb the tree, and one falls and

everybody laughs, and another goes up proudly and he slips down again, and the Police Inspector says, ‘ Moti Khan, you’d better try, and as he is trying to go up the other policemen fall on us again, and we rush to this side and that, while somebody pulls down Moti Khan and the man on the top spits down on him, and a wave of laughter whirls up the toddy grove. But we never saw what came of it, for one by one they took us to the road, and there we stood huddled together between policemen, and we said the work of the day is done, and wives searched for their husbands and mothers for their sons, and brother searched for brother and sister-in-law for sister-in-law. And when the calm had flowed back to our hearts, we touched our bones and our knuckles and our joints, feeling the wounds fresh as burns, and when we saw all the people gathered to see us, there was something in us that said, ‘ You’ve done something big,’ and we felt as though we had walked the holy fire at the Harvest Festival, and, policeman on the right and policeman on the left, we marched down to the Santur Police Outpost.

There they took only Pariah Rachanna and Lingayya and Potter Siddayya, and when we all thought, ‘Now we are free — we can go,’ they drove us into lorries, one lorry, two lorries, three lorries, men in one and young women in another and old women in another again, and they took each in a different direction, and when the night fell, they left us on the Beda Ghats and others on the Karwar Road and yet others again on the Blue Mountain Road, and when we were on the highway we all began to tremble and we said, ‘ Oh, we are in the middle of the jungle ! ’ and our knees shook and our hair stood on end, and the whole forest seemed to rise up a wall of a thousand voices, and the road hissed this way and that, and tongued over a rill, and shot up the mountains to the seven-hooded skies and all the serpent-eyes of the sky looked down bright and bitter upon us — and at last it was Rangamma who said, ‘Don’t be afraid, sisters. Tell me, how many are you?’ And we huddled together in the middle of the road and said, ‘We are twenty-two in all’ and Rangamma said, ‘Form a line,’ and we formed a line, and she said, ‘Now march, singing,’ and we said, ‘Let us sing loud so that the panthers and the porcupines may be frightened away,’ and we sang, ‘Wheresoever we look you are there, my Lord ! ’

And we sing it louder and louder and we march fast and fearful until we are wet with perspiration and we forget the wounds on the thigh or the bruises on the face or the ache in the bones. And at last, when we had gone God knows how long, there on the top of the hill we see the dangling light of a cart, and the dust seems dust and the hand seems a hand and the trees, oh, nothing but trees, and after all we are not afraid, are we? — and the nearer comes the cart the louder we sing, and when it is in front of us Rangamma cries out, ‘From what town, brother? ’ — ‘Why, from Rachapura,’ says he, and then he gets down, and the bulls ring their bells and yawn. And Rangamma tells him we are women and Satyagrahis and we are hungry, and he says he had heard about us in Kanthapura and that the Police are still there, and Nose-scratching Nanjamma can bear no more and she says, ‘We are hungry, Rangamma — we .have not had a meal since morning ’ ; and Rangamma says to the cart man, ‘Perhaps you’ve something to eat? ’ and he says, ‘Why, I’ve copra,’ and Nanjamma says, ‘Anything. Anything,’ and he lets down the yoke and he opens a sack and he gives us copra, one copra each, and Rangamma says, Are there no more carts coming behind you? ’ and he says, ‘ Yes, there are,’ — ‘ And can you not take us to Kanthapura? We shall pay you two rupees a cart,’ and he says, ‘ We shall see when the other carts come And we seat ourselves in the middle of the road, and now we can hear the jackals wail and the twitching trill of the jungle insects, and now and again the bulls shake their heads and the clanging of bells goes tearing down the mountain path and trailing up to the sturdy heights, and then the creak of the carts is heard, and carts after carts come down the hill and the cart men say, ‘ All right, we’ll take you to Kanthapura,’ and we say ‘ How much? ’ and they say, ‘Ask the waters of the Himavathy! ’ and we say, ‘ No, no ! ’ and one of them says, ‘ He, sisters, I’ve been to the city, to the big city, to Bombay, and I have been a weaver there, and I have seen the Red- man and the man that fights the Red-man, the Mahatma, and I say, “ If we touch but the dirt of a coin, we’ll be bom in a million hells What do you say to that, brothers? ’ And the cart men say, ‘As you like, Timmayya?’, bat he spits on them and calls them sluts

and says, ‘The Mahatma is born once and not twice, and if ye be such hang-lip hagglers, I’ll go up and come down once, twice, thrice, a hundred times, taking these sisters to Kanthapura,’ and they all turn their carts, and they say, ‘You are a funny fellow — but you say there’s a Mahatma, and maybe his ire will be upon us.’ And they say, ‘Hoye-Hoye ’ and we climb into the carts, and hardly in, head against head and arm against arm, we lean over one another, and we doze and doze and snore and snore, and we groan up the hills and we grind down them, and when we have passed over a rattling river bridge, there's the familiar noise of dogs barking and doors creaking, and people are heard washing their hands after dinner, and Rangamma says, ‘Stop the carts, brother,’ and we wake up and get down, for we are in Santhapura and Rangamma’s cousin Subbayya is land-holder there, and he says to the cart men, ‘You can go now, I’ll take them home,’ and they get a coconut and betel-leaf good-bye.

And we all sit in the hall, and Subbayya’s wife, Satamma, says, ‘Oh, take only this much milk, aunt ! — Oh, only this banana, aunt! — Just this handful of puffed rice!’, and we are so tired that we say ‘Yes, yes ’. And people come from the Potters’ quarter and the Weavers’ quarter and say, ‘We came to give you welcome. So it’s you who fought the Police!’, and an old woman comes to the door and says, ‘ Learned sir, I hear there are some pilgrims come, and I have a new calved cow, and I can offer fresh milk to the pilgrims,’ and this way and that, milk and syrup and puffed rice and coconuts are offered and we tell them each our story and they say, ‘Oh, poor mother — oh, poor mother,’ and we get courageous and say, ‘But that is what we should do to drive the British out ! ’ Then, when we get up to go, lanterns after lanterns are seen in the courtyard, and everybody says, ‘We shall follow you up to Kanthapura. One never knows these days. Why, only this morning we found elephant dung at the Temple Comer.’ And they gave us new carts, and beadles walked in front of us, lanterns in their hands, and before them walked Iron-shop Imam Khan, gun in hand and fire in his eyes, and our carts clattered and creaked through the dense, droning night, by the Gold-mine Hill and Siva’s Gorge and up the Menu Crag and down again to the valleys of the Himavathy, where lies Kanthapura curled like a child on its mother’s lap. And when the carts had waded through the still, purring waters of the river and thebulls crunched over the sands of the other bank, we said, ‘Here we are,’ and mother and wife and widow- god-mother went up to their lighted, lizard-clucking homes. And when the wounds were washed and the bandages tied, wc lay upon our beds, and it seemed as though the whole air was filled with some pouring presence, and high up, from somewhere over the Skeffington Coffee Estate and the Kenchamma Hill and the Himavathy, night opened its eyes to let gods peep through the tiles of Kanthapura. Sister, when Rama-krishnayya and Satamma returned from their pilgrimage, what did they say? They said, in Kashi, when the night fell, gods seemed to rise from the caverns of the Ganges, to rise sheer over the river, each one with his consort, and each one with his bull or peacock or flower throne, and peep into the hearts of pilgrim men. May our hearts be touched by their light! May Kenchamma protect us!

The next morning, with bell and camphor and trumpet wc planted our trophies before the temple. Five twigs of toddy trees were there, and a toddy-pot. Venkamma of course said, ‘ Look, look, a toddy god have they made of a Moon-crowned god,’ and she spat on us and called us the toddy people. Yes, yes, sister, we are toddy people! But we don’t marry our daughters to gap-toothed sons-in-law. Nor like Bhatta do we go on Kashi-pilgrimage with toddy contract money. Do we?

CHAPTER 15

The following Tuesday was market-day in Kanthapura, and we had risen early and lit the kitchen fires early and. had cooked the meals early and we had finished our prayers early, and when the food was eaten and the vessels washed and the children sent with the cattle — for this time they wouldn’t come with us — we all gathered at the temple, and when Seenu had blown the conch and lit the camphor, we all marched towards the Kenchamma grove, and the cattle sellers stopped their cows and calves to see us, and the oil women put down their oil-jugs and asked, ‘Where are you going, brothers and sisters?’,

and old Nanjamma who could never hold her tongue says, 'Why, to picket toddy shops' and Moorthy cries out, ' Silence ! Silence !' and the cart men pull aside the bulls and jump out of the carts to see the procession pass by, and when we are by the Skeffington Coffee Estate, Betel Lakshamma, who sells flowers for the Kenchamma worship, is there and she says to Moorthy,'And you are the soldiers of the Mahatma? And it's you who defied the Police? ', and Moorthy smiles and says, 'Yes, mother,' and she says, 'Then you'll free us from the Revenue Collector? ', and Moorthy says, 'What Revenue Collector?' — 'Why, Raghavayya, the one who takes bribes and beats his wife and sends his servants to beat us,' — and Moorthy does not know what to answer and he says, 'We are against all tyrants,' and she says, 'Why, then, come to our village, son, and free us from this childless monster,' and Moorthy says, 'We shall see,' and she says, 'We ask you to come,' and Moorthy says, ' I shall write to the Congress and if they say " Yes ", I shall come,' and then old Lakshamma, who is a very clever woman, she says, ' Let us garland you,' and Moorthy cries out ' No, no,' but she says this and that, and garlands him and says, 'You are my Lord, and though I saw you like a rat on your mother's lap, I knew you'd do great deeds and bring a good name to the Himavathy And when old Madanna of the banana shops sees this, he stops his bulls and tears a few bananas from the banana bunch and he offers them to Moorthy and Moorthy says, 'May the country bless you, Madanna.'

And we march on and on, winding up the Karwar Road to the Kenchamma grove, and at every step there are corn-people and puffed-rice and Bengal gram people and bangle sellers and buttermilk people and betel-leaf people, and they stop us and say, 'Take this, take this, Mahatma's men !' And then suddenly a car comes hooting down the valley and they say, 'Per- haps the Taluk magistrate?' — 'Perhaps the Collector Sahib?' — 'Perhaps the planter Sahib?' — and they are so frightened that they jump over the gutters and slip behind the trees and the car rushes past us and we see a Red-man's face and a Red-man's beard and a Red-man's hat, and people say, 'Why, that's the good Solpur Padre! ' and Ratna says, 'No, no,' but Moorthy cries out, 'Silence, please,' and we grow dumb. And the nearer we come to the fair the larger is the crowd behind us, and our hearts beat hard, and when we are by the Kenchamma grove, Moorthy says, 'One man or woman at every arm's length,' and seventy-seven in all we stand by the Kenchamma grove and up the Skeffington Road, one man or woman at every arm's length, and Moorthy stood over the Monkey's bridge, with Ratna and Rangamma beside him, and across the rivulet, on the dry meadow crouched the toddy booth, but the Police were already there.

We had never stepped upon the Coffee Estate Road, and each time the cart passed by the Kenchamma grove in secret fear we would never look towards it. And we imagined the Sahib standing here, standing there, by the Buxom pipal-tree, by the Ramanna well, and we thought there he's looking for a woman, he's behind the aloes there. And the leaves would flutter and there would be a cough or sneeze, and our limbs would tremble and we would look away to the Kenchamma grove, and sometimes, when on a morning a cow or a calf strayed over the Skeffington Road, we cried out ' Hey-Hey ' from the Main Road and we waited for a pariah to come and we sent him to driveit home. And today, as we stood on the Skeflington Road, broad and bright with the margosa trees that lined it to the iron gate, where two giant banyans hovered from cither side, as we looked up the hill, up the twisted road and past the trees to the porch and the stables and the bamboo nettings of the bungalow, a shiver ran down our backs, and we all wondered howMoorthy could stand so near the gate. And yet Moorthy was calm and talking away, waiting for the first coolie to come out, the first coolie who would come out with his week's earnings at his waist, and go straight to the toddy booth; and we waited and waited. Vasudev had told us it was Pariah Siddayya who would lead them out, and we looked this side and that, and we said, 'They're coming! they're coming! ' and we looked at the Estate trees, high and lean and protective, and the little coffee shrubs beneath, and there were birds in them and wind and darkness, and as the sky was growing cloud-covered, we said, ' Now it is going to rain and the people will not come out,' and yawning and perspiring we look away towards the market where people are hurriedly putting up their shops, the pegs

are hammered in and the tents stretched out and the carts are emptied and the bulls wave their heads and flap their cars to drive away the flies, and then one by one they kneel and flop down for a comfortablemunch — and donkeys bray and pigs snort and the Padre's voice comes curling up the tamarind tree with pancake smoke from Puttamma's frying-pan, and there is music with the Padre's voice and it is tambourin music and band music, and the cymbals beat, and people gather and the Padr£ sings on and on in Harikatha , while carts come round the Kenchamma Hill and people conic behind them, and when they see us they come near us and they talk to Moorthy, and Moorthy explains to them why we are here and they say, laughing, 'Why, you will never stop a man drinking !' and others say, ' Ah, you arc like that Padre there talking of drink and sin Yet others say, ' You are right, learned sir, but if you put a dog on the throne, he'll jump down on the sight of dirt; thus we are,' but Moorthy says, ' No, no, you cannot straighten a dog's tail but you can straighten a man's heart.'

But suddenly he leaves them and runs forward and we say something is the matter, and Moorthy stops on the bridge and looks towards the Skeffington Estate gate, and we all look towards it, too, and we only hear the wind whistling before the rain patters on the trees, and the cawing of a crow or two; and we say to ourselves, so there's nothing the matter, nothing. Then we hear a sputter of leaves and see dark shapes behind the leaves and we hold our breath and say, ' There they are; they're coming,' and when the gateway opens, there's a seesaw lightning and we hide our faces behind the saris and we are afraid; and when we look up at the gate, it's not the coolies we see but the maistri, in white, clean-washed clothes, and he stands and looks at us and drives away the flies from his pock-marked face. Then he goes in and Moorthy says, 'March forward!', and trembling and thumping over the earth we move forward, and we say something is going to happen, and nothing but the wind that rises from the Coffee Estate is heard, and we look away across the streamlet to the fields that widen out into the valley and the russet crops under the clouds. Then the Police Inspector saunters up to the Skeffington gate, and he opens it and one coolie and two coolies and three coolies come out, their faces dark as mops and their blue skin black under the clouded heavens, and perspiration flows down their bodies and their eyes seem fixed to the earth — one coolie and two coolies and three coolies and four and five come out, eyes fixed to the earth, their stomachs black and clammy and bulging, and they march to- wards the toddy booth; and then suddenly more coolies come out, more and more and more like clogged bulls clattering down the byre steps they come out, and thewomen come behind them, their sari fringes drawn over their faces and their eyes fixed on the earth, and policemen walk beside them, they walk beside the coolies with bulging stomachs and bamboo legs, coolies of the Godaveri banks, and they are marched on to the toddy, booth, to Boranna's toddy booth to drink and to beat the drum and to clap hands and sing — they go, the coolies, their money tied to their waists and their eyes fixed on the earth, and Moorthy looks at them and we all look at them, and we, too, move towards the toddy booth; and then a drop of rain falls, more drops of rain fall, and the coolies are still marching towards the toddy booth; and we look at them and they look at us, goat-cycd arid dumb and their legs shuffling over the earth, and we say, ' What will Moorthy do now? What?' Then Moorthy says, 'Squat down before the toddy booth,' and we rush and we stumble, and we rise and we duck, and we all go squatting before the toddy booth, and the coolies are marching behind us and the policemen tighten round the booth, and then, quick and strong, the rain patters on the leaves and the thatch and the earth. Maybe that's the blessing of the gods!

With the rain came the shower of lathi blows, with the rain splashing on our hair came the bang-bang of the lathis, and we began to cry and to scream, and the policemen began to beat the coolies forward, but they would not walk over us, and they would not fall on us, and from the toddy booth came the voice of Boranna, and he shouted and he spat and he said he would give the brahmins a toddy libation, while the crowd shouted back at him and called him a life-drag and a nail-witch and a scorpion, and the Police Inspector, more furious than ever, took his cane and drove at the crowd, and the crowd thinned out shrieking and moaning, and then Upmarket people, when they heard the noise covered their

heads with gunny bags and ran towards us, and the crowd clamoured all the more, and somebody shouted ‘ Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ’ and the whole crowd shouted ‘Jai Mahatma! ’ and they pushed on towards us — and the Police frightened, caned and caned the coolies till they pushed themselves over us; and they put their feet here and they put their hands there, but Rangamma shouted, ‘Vande Mataram! Lie down, brothers and sisters,’ and we all lay down so that not a palm-width of space lay bare, and the coolies would not move, and we held to their hands and we held to their feet and we held to their saris and dhotis and all, while the rain poured on and on. And the Police got nervous and they began to kick us in our backs and stomachs, and the crowd shouted ‘ Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ’ and someone took a kerosene tin and began to beat it, and someone took a cattle-bell and began to ring it, and they tried, ‘ With them, brothers, with them ! ’ and they leaped and they ducked and they came down to lie beside us, and we shouted ‘ Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! Mahatma Gandhi ki jai ! ’

Then the Police Inspector rushed at the coolies and whipped them till they began to search their way again among us, but we began to call out to them, ‘Oh don’t go, brother! — Don’t go, sister! — Oh, don't go, in the name of the Mahatma! — Oh, don’t go in the name of Kcnchamma! ’ and our men pulled the coolies down, and one after another the coolies fell over and they too blocked the way, and the Police, feeling there was no way out, caught hold of us by the hair to lift us up, and we struggled and we would not raise; and when Rangamma was made to sit the Police Inspector gave her such a kick in the back that she fell down unconscious, and Ratna cried out, ‘Oh, you dogs,’ and the Police Inspector spat in her face and gave her a slap that brought blood out of her mouth. But Moorthy said, ‘No swearing, please. Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’, and we all cried out ‘Jai Mahatma!’ and such a crowd had now gathered around us that we felt a secret exaltation growing in us, and we shouted out, ‘Vande Mataram!’ — and everybody cried ‘Vande Mataram!’ and somebody remembered, ‘ And at least a toddy leaf, sister,’ and we sang back, ‘And at least a toddy-pot, sister,’ while the rain poured on and on, a thunderless rain, and the streamlets began to trickle beneath us and our hair was caught in the mire and our hands and our backs and our mouths bled, and then, when we lifted ourselves up a little, we saw one, two, three coolies entering the toddy booth. And Moorthy shouted out again ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ’ and a blow gagged his mouth, and he could not shout again. And then Seetharam and old Nanjamma and all of us said, ‘He’s fallen, Moorthy. He’s dead, Moorthy. Oh, you butchers!’ And we shouted, as though to defend him, ‘Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !’ and old Nanjamma cried ‘Narayan ! Narayan ! ’, and what with the oaths and cries and the ‘Narayan ! Narayan ! ’ and the thuds of the lathi and the ringings of the cattle-bells and the rain on the earth and the shouts of the market people and the kerosene tin that still beat, we all felt as though the mountains had split and the earth wailed, and the goddess danced over the corpse of the Red- demon. And when the Police Inspector gave an order, we all pressed our heads tight to the earth to wait a lathi shower, but the Police gathered together and charged on the crowd and dispersed it and we could hear the tents falling and the clash of vessels and bells and benches, and with hardly a policeman about us, the coolies rushed again towards us, and called upon us, ‘ Sister, sister; brother, brother,’ and we said, ‘Do not drink, do not drink, in the name of the Mahatma,’ and they said, ‘By Kenchamma’s name we shall not,’ and when they see this the policemen leave the market people and rush again upon us, and they drag the pariahs by the leg and beat them, and we rise up and we say ‘ Beat us,’ and they say, ‘ Here is one for you,’ and we get a kick on the stomach, and we lie flat upon the earth. Then the Police Inspector says, ‘Throw water on them,’ and the Police go to the toddy booth and come out with pots and pots in their, hands, and they dip the pots in the side gutters and potfuls and potfuls of water are thrown at us, and they open our mouths and they pour it in and they lift up our saris and throw it at unnameable places, and the water trickles down our limbs and drips down to the earth,, and with more beating and more beating and more beating we fall back one by one against the earth, one by one we fall by the coolies of the Godavari, and the rain still pours on.

We wake up in a lorry and we are put on our legs by the Promontory and we march back home, sixty- seven in all, for Siddayya and my Seenu and Vasudev and Nanjamma's husband Subbu and Range Gowda are taken to prison. But Moorthy they would not take, and God left him still with us.

The next morning we woke up to find that the Pariah Street was filled with new huts and new fires and new faces and we knew that over three and thirty or more of the coolies of the Godaveri had come to live with us. And men on foot and horse and cart came from Kanthur and Subbur and Tippur and Bebbur to see Moorthy and join us. And we all said, 'The army of the Mahatma is an increasing garland. May our hearts be pure as the morning flowers and may He accept them!' For, after all, sister, when one has a light on the forehead one can march a thousand leagues. Siva is poison-throated, and yet He is the Three-eyed. May the Three-eyed Siva protect us. . . .

8.11 Summary of Chapters 13- 15

Moorthy exhorts the villagers to strengthen their efforts and follow movements such as the Salt March.The debate persists between the traditional, caste-based Hinduism and the religious thought which binds all Indians. The religious metaphor remains central. Moorthyisseen as an ignorant child far from pragmatic views. However he assumes an important role as the intermediary between the Congress Committee which sends orders in private documents for Moorthy, and the villagers to whom he explains the broader vision. In order to show support with the Mahatma'sDandi March, the villagers take up their own pilgrimage to the holy Himavathy in order to feel connected to the national movement. With the widening impact of the movement, the police grow more repressive. The villagers are now mentally prepared. To them Gandhi is a symbol of strength and perseverance. The Sahib convinces the coolies at the Skeffington Estate to drink away all their wages, leaving them with nothing. Even the policemen collude in this matter, but the Gandhians oppose it.Rachanna trespasses into the toddy grove and is apprehended by the police as the primary duty of police in India is to protect British property. The women comrades climb the trees and the police are at their wits' end how to catch them. The British punish the protestors by displacing them and dispersing them to unfamiliar territory.

As a mode of protest, the villagers sing and chant to show protest. This display of opposition recon solidates their positin before the government through an oral tradition in which everyone can participate. They are considered pilgrims fighting a worthy battle. The protest is successful as violence can subdue the body not the mind. Marching through the western ghats, Kanthapura's villagers keep canvassing Gandhi's ideas. However, Moorthy'smeeting with Betel Lakshammaconvinces him that he can do little about individual cases and the ideology of nonviolence cannot relieve her of her financial issues such as debts. Many others like Betel Lakshamma give up personal interests and join the movement. The shopkeepers make fun of the principled stand of the Gandhians. The British Sahib manipulates the coolies making them drink and waste all their earnings. Consequently the decision of the coolies to join the protestors is a tactic to oppose the Sahib who has been using toddy to control and beguile them. On the other hand, Boranna offers special treatment to the Brahmins, rewarding them for containing and restraining the lower-caste Indians. The police take recourse to greater violence and Moorthy keeps up his chants. When he stops talking altogether the villagers think that they have lost the protest. Even when it is raining, the police throw water at them. There is sexual violence expressed through forced drinking by the protesters at the behest of the police. The police perpetrate atrocities on the villagers but others join in and offer food and livelihood to the oppressed lot.

8.12 Keywords: Revolution, Gong, Wakeful, Quiver, Hammer.

8.13 Short and Long Questions

8.13.1: How does the salt movement unite the entire country?
8.13.2: Write about the 'Don't Touch the Government' campaign?
8.13.3: Why is the visit to the jungle metaphorically called a pilgrimage?
8.13.4: What is the relevance of picketing the toddy shop?
8.13.5: Who are jailed after Toddy Grove Picketing?

8.14 MCQs

8.14.1 According to religious mythology of Kanthapura, who kills the demon?

(a) Rangamma (b) Kamalamma
(c) Kenchamma (d) Rachanna

Ans: (c) Kenchamma

8.14.2 From which disease did the villagers of Kanthapua suffer?

(a) Dengue (b) Malaria
(c) Smallpox (d) HIV

Ans: (c) Smallpox

8.14.3 Who is the Patwari of Kanthapura?

(a) Nanjundia (b) Shubba Chatty
(c) Rama Chatty (d) Moorthy

Ans: (a) Najundia

8.14.4 Which festival is celebrated by the villagers on the emergence of linga?

(a) Sankara Jayanti (b) Dasssara Jayanti
(c) Ganesha Jayanti (d) Kartik

Ans: (a) Sankara Jayanti

8.14.5 Who asks if Brahmins spin?

(a) Nanjamma (b) Venkemma
(c) Rangamma (d) Ratna

Ans: (a) Nanjamma

8.14.6 Who is the second Brahmin?

(a) Rammana (b) Bhatta
(c) Moorthy (d) Swami

Ans: (a) Rammana

8.14.7 Who calls Narsamma "a Pariah" and "the polluted" one?

(a) Rangamma (b) Ratna
(c) Waterfall Venkamma (d) Suraanana

Ans: (c) Waterfall Vankamma

8.14.8 Why did Moorthy decide to visit the Skeffington Coffee Estate?

(a) To teach the Pariahs (b) To humiliate the Pariahs

(d) To scold the Pariahs (d) To inspire the Pariahs

Ans: (a) To tech the Pariahs

8.14.9 Who is Suryanaryan's wife?

(a) Akkamma (b) Achakka

(c) Nanjamma (d) Venkamma

Ans: (a) Akkamma

8.14.10 What does Moorthy eat and drink during his three-day fasting?

(a) Only Bannanas (b) Only Sweets

(c) Only three cups of salted water a day (d) Only water

Ans: (c) Only three cups of salted water a day

8.14.11 Which month has been called, "a month of lights"?

(a) Kartik (b) Saawan

(c) Aashad (d) Magh

Ans: (a) Kartik

8.14.12 Who are Swami's followers?

(a) Bhatta (b) Sadhu Narayan

(c) Both (a) & (b) (d) None

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

8.14.13 Which two British monarchs have been introduced in the novel?

(a) Queen Victoria (b) George the Fifth

(c) Both (a) & (b) (d) None

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

8.14.14 Who openly favours British Emperors?

(a) Sadhu Narayan (b) Bhatta

(c) Swami (d) Sankar

Ans: (a) Sadhu Narayan

8.14.15 Why does Rangamma visit Sankar in city?

(a) To seek help for Moorthy's release
(b) To seek help for herself
(c) To seek help for villagers
(d) To help Sankar

Ans: (a) To seek help for Moorthy's release

8.14.16 Who is Vankat Rammiyya?

(a) Sankar's father
(b) Moorthy's father
(c) Bhatta's Father
(d) Seenu's father

Ans: (a)Sankar's father

8.14.17 Who publishes Blue Papers?

(a) Rangamma
(b) Ratna
(c) Achakka
(d) Narsamma

Ans: (a) Rangamma

8.14.18 How do the villagers celebrate Kartik month?

(a) by Fasting
(b) by dancing
(c) by lighting earthen and brass pots
(d) by reciting bhajans

Ans: (c) By lighting earthen and brass pots

8.14.19 What does the term 'Red-men' mean?

(a) A colloquial term for British colonists
(b) It refers to Japaneese
(c) It refers to Indians
(d) It refers to barbarians

Ans: (a) A colloquial term for British colonists

8.14.20 What does the term "Coolies" mean?

(a) A term for indentured servants in British colonies
(b) A term used for owners
(c) A term used for bounded laboreres
(d) A term for shopkeepers

Ans: (a) A term for indentured servants in British colonies

8.14.21 What do you know about Sthala-Purana?

(a) It is an oral tradition of telling traditional stories
(b) legendary history
(c) Both (a) & (b)
(d) None

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

8.14.22 What is a Dhoti?

(a) A kind of knee-length, cloth pant traditionally worn by Hindu men

(b) An Indian traditional wear

(c) Both (a) & (b) (d) None

Ans: (a) A kind of Knee-length, cloth pant traditionally worn by Hindu men

8.14.23 How would you define Khadi?

(a) Refers to hand-woven Indian cloth (b) Refers to British cloth

(c) Refers to foreign cloth (d) Refers to a sort of insect

Ans: (a) Refers to hand-woven Indian cloth

8.14.24 What do you know about the term Caste?

(a) A traditional Hindu system of social stratification

(b) Traditional division of people into separate communities

(c) Both (a) & (b) (d) None of the above

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

8.14.25 How would you define the caste Brahmin?

(a) The traditionally highest and most powerful caste, composed of priests and teachers.

(b) A low caste

(c) None of the above (d) All of the above

Ans: (a)The traditionally highest and most powerful caste, composed of priests and teachers.

8.14.26 What do you know about the caste Shudra?

(a) A low caste of manual laborers (b) a high caste of teachers

(c) a middle class (d) All of them

Ans: (a) A low caste of manual laborers

8.14.27 Who are Pariahs / Outcaste?

(a) People who live beneath the caste system and are therefore considered unworthy of interaction with people from other castes

(b) The outcaste people who does the work of cremating dead bodies

(c) Both (a) & (b)

(d) None of the above

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

8.14.28 How is the term Untouchables used in Kanthapura?

(a) A more common and non-regionally specific term for outcastes like Kanthapura's pariahs

(b) Brahmins are outcastes

(c) Both of the above (d) None of the above

Ans: (a) A more common and non-regionally specific term for outcastes like Kanthapura's pariahs

8.14.29 What is Linga?

(a) A small idol that abstractly represents the Hindu god Siva

(b) An ironic situation

(c) An idol of the god Vishnu (d) None

Ans: (a) A small idol that abstractly represents the Hindu god Siva

8.14.30 Who is worshipped in Sankara-jayanthi?

(a) A prayer ritual for Adi Shankara, the 8thcentury philosopher

(b) God Shiva is worshipped

(c) God Vishnu is worshipped (d) None of the above

Ans: (a) A prayer ritual for Adi Shankara, the 8th century philosopher

UNIT - 9

9.1 Objective

The objective of this Unit is to give a brief analysis of the following:

- The exploitative nature of British Government's dealings
- Gandhiji's self purification ideals leading to a curb on toddy drinking
- Struggle between police and women of Kanthapura
- Displacement and migration from one village to another
- A positive conclusion

9.2 Structure

This unit 9 will comprise of five chapters of the novel from **15 to 19.** It will also include the text, summary and analysis of each chapter and at the end there will also be suggested short and long questions. The salient themes of this unit are the anti-toddy campaign, atrocities against women including rape and victim shaming, the issue of migration and destruction of the village and the levying of discriminatory taxes on the villagers. There is a ray of hope for a better future and a promising tomorrow at the end of the novel.

9.3 Introduction

The fifteenth chapter pertains to the scuffle between the British authorities and the protesting villagers who resist toddy drinking. In the sixteenth chapter, themessage against social evils spreads far and wide. In the seventeenth chapter, a graphic picture of crimes against women has been depicted. In the nineteenth chapter, an element of nostalgia and the collection of time spent at Kanthapura has been traced. However, the hope for better time is alive with people awaiting the return of Moorthy from jail.

9.4 Elaboration of points given in the structure

The salient themes mentioned in 9.2 get elaborated in this part of the novel.A campaign is startedby the villagers protesting against the inhuman policies of the British, who encourage the poorly paid coolies to splurge on toddy drinking. There is financial exploitation of the villagers as discriminatory land revenue tax is imposed on them. The theme of exploitation of women by denying them their rights and illegal confinement has also been discussed.The issue of migration has been dealt with from different perspectives, with some people not willing to leave and others ready to make a new beginning.

9.5 Check your progress questions

9.5.1 What happens to the coolies protesting against toddy drinking?

9.5.2 How does Ratna deal with the suffocating situation in the sanctum of temple?

9.5.3 Why is an auction declared in the village?

9.5.4 Who locks the females in the temple?

9.5.5 What is the role of city boys in the support of the women?

9.6 Answers to the check your progress questions

9.6.1 They are convicted and put behind bars.

9.6.2 Ratna encourages her fellows by giving speech about renowned females from Indian history.

9.6.3 The auction is an act of punishment perpetrated on the villagers by the police. The villagers of Kanthapura are levied with a new tax and when they do not pay it, thier lands are put to be auctioned.

9.6.4 A policeman locks them in the temple.

9.6.5 The city boys, who are the messengers of Gandhian ideaology, come to rescue of females of Kanthapura in a crucial situation.

9.7 Summary of the lesson/Unit

9.7.1 Text of Chapter 15

CHAPTER 15

The following Tuesday was market-day in Kanthapura, and we had risen early and lit the kitchen fires early and had cooked the meals early and we had finished our prayers early, and when the food was eaten and the vessels washed and the children sent with the cattle — for this time they wouldn't come with us — we all gathered at the temple, and when Seenu had blown the conch and lit the camphor, we all marched towards the Kenchamma grove, and the cattle sellers stopped their cows and calves to see us, and the oil women put down their oil-jugs and asked, 'Where are you going, brothers and sisters?', and old Nanjamma who could never hold her tongue says, 'Why, to picket toddy shops' and Moorthy cries out, ' Silence ! Silence !' and the cart men pull aside the bulls and jump out of the carts to see the procession pass by, and when wc are by the Skeffington Coffee Estate, Betel Lakshamma, who sells flowers for the Kenchamma worship, is there and she says to Moorthy, 'And you are the soldiers of the Mahatma? And it's you who defied the Police? ', and Moorthy smiles and says, 'Yes, mother,'and she says ,'Then you'll free us from the Revenue Collector? ', and Moorthy says, 'What Revenue Collector?' — 'Why, Raghavayya, the one who takes bribes and beats his wife and sends his servants to beat us,' — and Moorthy does not know what to answer and he says, 'We are against all tyrants,' and she says, 'Why, then, come to our village, son, and free us from this childless monster,' and Moorthy says, 'We shall see,' and she says, 'We ask you to come,' and Moorthy says, ' I shall write to the Congress and if they say " Yes ", I shall come,' and then old Lakshamma, who is a very clever woman, she says, ' Let us garland you,' and Moorthy cries out ' No, no,' but she says this and that, and garlands him and says, 'You are my Lord, and though I saw you like a rat on your mother's lap, I knew you'd do great deeds and bring a good name to the Himavathy And when old Madanna of the banana shops sees this, he stops his bulls and tears a few bananas from the banana bunch and he offers them to Moorthy and Moorthy says, 'May the country bless you, Madanna.'

And we march on and on, winding up the Karwar Road to the Kenchamma grove, and at every step there are corn-people and puffed-rice and Bengal gram people and bangle sellers and buttermilk people and betel-leaf people, and they stop us and say, 'Take this, take this, Mahatma's men !' And then suddenly a car comes hooting down the valley and they say, 'Per- haps the Taluk magistrate?' — 'Perhaps the Collector Sahib?' — 'Perhaps the planter Sahib?' — and they are so frightened that they jump over the gutters and slip behind the trees and the car rushes past us and we see a Red-man's face and a Red-man's beard and a Red-man's hat, and people say, 'Why, that's the good Solpur Padre! ' and Ratna says, 'No, no,' but Moorthy cries out, 'Silence, please,' and we grow dumb. And the nearer we come to the fair the

larger is the crowd behind us, and our hearts beat hard, and when we are by the Kenchamma grove, Moorthy says, ‘One man or woman at every arm’s length,’ and seventy-seven in all we stand by the Kenchamma grove and up the Skeffington Road, one man or woman at every arm’s length, and Moorthy stood over the Monkey’s bridge, with Ratna and Rangamma beside him, and across the rivulet, on the dry meadow crouched the toddy booth, but the Police were already there.

We had never stepped upon the Coffee Estate Road, and each time the cart passed by the Kenchamma grove in secret fear we would never look towards it. And we imagined the Sahib standing here, standing there, by the Buxom pipal-trce, by the Ramanna well, and we thought there he’s looking for a woman, he's behind the aloes there. And the leaves would flutter and there would be a cough or sneeze, and our limbs would tremble and we would look away to the Kenchamma grove, and sometimes, when on a morning a cow or a calf strayed over the Skeffington Road, we cried out ‘ Hey-Hey ‘ from the Main Road and we waited for a pariah to come and we sent him to driveit home. And today, as we stood on the Skeflington Road, broad and bright with the margosa trees that lined it to the iron gate, where two giant banyans hovered from cither side, as wc looked up the hill, up the twisted road and past the trees to the porch and the stables and the bamboo nettings of the bungalow, a shiver ran down our backs, and we all wondered howMoorthy could stand so near the gate. And yet Moorthy was calm and talking away, waiting for the first coolie to come out, the first coolie who would come out with his week’s earnings at his waist, and go straight to the toddy booth; and we waited and waited. Vasudev had told us it was Pariah Siddayya who would lead them out, and we looked this side and that, and we said, ‘They’re coming! they’re coming! ’ and we looked at the Estate trees, high and lean and protective, and the little coffee shrubs beneath, and there were birds in them and wind and darkness, and as the sky was growing cloud-covered, we said, ‘ Now it is going to rain and the people will not come out,’ and yawning and perspiring we look away towards the market where people are hurriedly putting up their shops, the pegs are hammered in and the tents stretched out and the carts are emptied and the bulls wave their heads and flap their cars to drive away the flies, and then one by one they kneel and flop down for a comfortablemunch — and donkeys bray and pigs snort and the Padre’s voice comes curling up the tamarind tree with pancake smoke from Puttamma’s frying-pan, and there is music with the Padre’s voice and it is tambourin music and band music, and the cymbals beat, and people gather and the Padr£ sings on and on in Harikatha , while carts come round the Kenchamma Hill and people conic behind them, and when they see us they come near us and they talk to Moorthy, and Moorthy explains to them why we are here and they say, laughing, ‘Why, you will never stop a man drinking !’ and others say, ‘Ah, you arc like that Padre there talking of drink and sin Yet others say, ‘ You are right, learned sir, but if you put a dog on the throne, he’ll jump down on the sight of dirt; thus we are,’ but Moorthy says, ‘No, no, you cannot straighten a dog’s tail but you can straighten a man’s heart.’

But suddenly he leaves them and runs forward and we say something is the matter, and Moorthy stops on the bridge and looks towards the Skeffington Estate gate, and we all look towards it, too, and we only hear the wind whistling before the rain patters on the trees, and the cawing of a crow or two; and we say to ourselves, so there’s nothing the matter, nothing. Then we hear a sputter of leaves and see dark shapes behind the leaves and we hold our breath and say, ‘ There they are; they’re coming,’ and when the gateway opens, there’s a seesaw lightning and we hide our faces behind the saris and we are afraid; and when we look up at the gate, it’s not the coolies we see but the maistri, in white, clean-washed clothes, and he stands and looks at us and drives away the flies from his pock-marked face. Then he goes in and Moorthy says, ‘March forward!’, and trembling and thumping over the earth we move forward, and we say something is going to happen, and nothing but the wind that rises from the Coffee Estate is heard, and we look away across the streamlet to the fields that widen out into the valley and the russet crops under the clouds. Then the Police Inspector saunters up to the Skeffington gate, and he opens it and one coolie and two coolies and three coolies come out, their faces dark as mops and their

blue skin black under the clouded heavens, and perspiration flows down their bodies and their eyes seem fixed to the earth — one coolie and two coolies and three coolies and four and five come out, eyes fixed to the earth, their stomachs black and clammy and bulging, and they march to- wards the toddy booth; and then suddenly more coolies come out, more and more and more like clogged bulls clattering down the byre steps they come out, and thewomen come behind them, their sari fringes drawn over their faces and their eyes fixed on the earth, and policemen walk beside them, they walk beside the coolies with bulging stomachs and bamboo legs, coolies of the Godaveri banks, and they are marched on to the toddy, booth, to Boranna's toddy booth to drink and to beat the drum and to clap hands and sing — they go, the coolies, their money tied to their waists and their eyes fixed on the earth, and Moorthy looks at them and we all look at them, and we, too, move towards the toddy booth; and then a drop of rain falls, more drops of rain fall, and the coolies are still marching towards the toddy booth; and we look at them and they look at us, goat-cycd arid dumb and their legs shuffling over the earth, and we say, ' What will Moorthy do now? What?' Then Moorthy says, 'Squat down before the toddy booth,' and we rush and we stumble, and we rise and we duck, and we all go squatting before the toddy booth, and the coolies are marching behind us and the policemen tighten round the booth, and then, quick and strong, the rain patters on the leaves and the thatch and the earth. Maybe that's the blessing of the gods!

With the rain came the shower of lathi blows, with the rain splashing on our hair came the bang-bang of the lathis, and we began to cry and to scream, and the policemen began to beat the coolies forward, but they would not walk over us, and they would not fall on us, and from the toddy booth came the voice of Boranna, and he shouted and he spat and he said he would give the brahmins a toddy libation, while the crowd shouted back at him and called him a life-drag and a nail-witch and a scorpion, and the Police Inspector, more furious than ever, took his cane and drove at the crowd, and the crowd thinned out shrieking and moaning, and then Upmarket people, when they heard the noise covered their heads with gunny bags and ran towards us, and the crowd clamoured all the more, and somebody shouted ' Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ' and the whole crowd shouted 'Jai Mahatma! ' and they pushed on towards us — and the Police frightened, caned and caned the coolies till they pushed themselves over us; and they put their feet here and they put their hands there, but Rangamma shouted, 'Vande Mataram! Lie down, brothers and sisters,' and we all lay down so that not a palm-width of space lay bare, and the coolies would not move, and we held to their hands and we held to their feet and we held to their saris and dhotis and all, while the rain poured on and on. And the Police got nervous and they began to kick us in our backs and stomachs, and the crowd shouted ' Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ' and someone took a kerosene tin and began to beat it, and someone took a cattle-bell and began to ring it, and they tried, 'With them, brothers, with them ! ' and they leaped and they ducked and they came down to lie beside us, and we shouted ' Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! Mahatma Gandhi ki jai ! '

Then the Police Inspector rushed at the coolies and whipped them till they began to search their way again among us, but we began to call out to them, 'Oh don't go, brother! — Don't go, sister! — Oh, don't go, in the name of the Mahatma! — Oh, don't go in the name of Kcnchamma! ' and our men pulled the coolies down, and one after another the coolies fell over and they too blocked the way, and the Police, feeling there was no way out, caught hold of us by the hair to lift us up, and we struggled and we would not raise; and when Rangamma was made to sit the Police Inspector gave her such a kick in the back that she fell down unconscious, and Ratna cried out, 'Oh, you dogs,' and the Police Inspector spat in her face and gave her a slap that brought blood out of her mouth. But Moorthy said, 'No swearing, please. Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!', and we all cried out 'Jai Mahatma!' and such a crowd had now gathered around us that we felt a secret exaltation growing in us, and we shouted out, 'Vande Mataram!' — and everybody cried 'Vande Mataram!' and somebody remembered, ' And at least a toddy leaf, sister,' and we sang back, 'And at least a toddy-pot, sister,' while the rain poured on and on, a thunderless rain, and the streamlets began to trickle beneath us and our hair was caught in the mire and

our hands and our backs and our mouths bled, and then, when we lifted ourselves up a little, we saw one, two, three coolies entering the toddy booth. And Moorthy shouted out again 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' and a blow gagged his mouth, and he could not shout again. And then Seetharam and old Nanjamma and all of us said, 'He's fallen, Moorthy. He's dead, Moorthy. Oh, you butchers!' And we shouted, as though to defend him, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !' and old Nanjamma cried 'Narayan ! Narayan ! ', and what with the oaths and cries and the 'Narayan !Narayan ! ' and the thuds of the lathi and the ringings of the cattle-bells and the rain on the earth and the shouts of the market people and the kerosene tin that still beat, we all felt as though the mountains had split and the earth wailed, and the goddess danced over the corpse of the Red- demon. And when the Police Inspector gave an order, we all pressed our heads tight to the earth to wait a lathi shower, but the Police gathered together and charged on the crowd and dispersed it and we could hear the tents falling and the clash of vessels and bells and benches, and with hardly a policeman about us, the coolies rushed again towards us, and called upon us, ' Sister, sister; brother, brother,' and we said, 'Do not drink, do not drink, in the name of the Mahatma,' and they said, 'By Kenchamma's name we shall not,' and when they see this the policemen leave the market people and rush again upon us, and they drag the pariahs by the leg and beat them, and we rise up and we say 'Beat us,' and they say, ' Here is one for you,' and we get a kick on the stomach, and we lie flat upon the earth. Then the Police Inspector says, 'Throw water on them,' and the Police go to the toddy booth and come out with pots and pots in their, hands, and they dip the pots in the side gutters and potfuls and potfuls of water are thrown at us, and they open our mouths and they pour it in and they lift up our saris and throw it at unnameable places, and the water trickles down our limbs and drips down to the earth, and with more beating and more beating and more beating we fall back one by one against the earth, one by one we fall by the coolies of the Godavari, and the rain still pours on.

We wake up in a lorry and we are put on our legs by the Promontory and we march back home, sixty- seven in all, for Siddayya and my Seenu and Vasudev and Nanjamma's husband Subbu and Range Gowda are taken to prison. But Moorthy they would not take, and God left him still with us.

The next morning we woke up to find that the Pariah Street was filled with new huts and new fires and new faces and we knew that over three and thirty or more of the coolies of the Godaveri had come to live with us. And men on foot and horse and cart came from Kanthur and Subbur and Tippur and Bebbur to see Moorthy and join us. And we all said, 'The army of the Mahatma is an increasing garland. May our hearts be pure as the morning flowers and may He accept them!' For, after all, sister, when one has a light on the forehead one can march a thousand leagues. Siva is poison-throated, and yet He is the Three-eyed. May the Three-eyed Siva protect us. . . .

9.7.2 Summary of Chapter 15

The next Tuesday, the villagers gather in the temple and again march to picket the toddy shops. Along their way, various people ask about their purposes; at the Skeffington Estate, they encounter Betel Lakshamma, who asks if Moorthy and his "soldiers of the Mahatma" will free her from the Revenue Collector. "We are against all tyrants," declares Moorthy, who simply says that "we shall see" about helping Lakshamma with the Revenue Collector. She calls him "my Lord" and believes that he will "bring a good name to the Himavathy."

Kanthapura's villagers continue to spread Gandhi's ideas as they march through the Western Ghats, much like Moorthy saw meditation as a means to spread positive energy. However, Moorthy's encounter with Betel Lakshamma again shows the limits of his politics: despite her faith in him, he realizes that he can do little about individual cases like her own, and that his own nonviolent resistance likely cannot relieve her of her debts.

Down the Karwar Road, vendors of every sort offer the Gandhians free goods and shout the names of the colonial agents and sympathizers who are oppressing them. The crowd grows as they approach the toddy booth, where the police are waiting for them. Although they had not gone to the Coffee Estate Road, they feared that each passing cart was the Sahib; this day, they were afraid and surprised to see Moorthy standing calmly at the gate, waiting for the coolies to come out for the toddy booth.

Like Betel Lakshamma, the people whom the villagers encounter initially want Gandhism to solve their own personal problems but soon decide to join the movement. The villagers anxiously wait for the police to attack them, for they know that this is the government's only available tactic.

The shops in Kanthapura close up (it is market day), and the shopkeepers' stop by the Gandhians in their carts and meet them on the road. The shopkeepers laugh, suggesting that the protestors "will never stop a man drinking!"

By ridiculing the Gandhians, the shopkeepers reveal that they both see immediate pleasure as naturally preferable to principled action, and do not understand how drinking keeps the coolies economically enslaved to the Sahib.

Moorthy suddenly runs back towards the Skeffington Estate gate as it begins to rain and the maistri comes out of the trees. Moorthy and the Gandhians march forward, and the Police Inspector comes to open the Skeffington gate for a flood of exhausted coolies who come out "like clogged bulls," followed by policemen and their women, and head for Boranna's toddy booth.

Again, the environment foreshadows danger and injury through rain. The expressions of the coolies demonstrate how the Sahib strategically makes their work conditions horrible in order to force them to cope by drinking away their wages.

Moorthy tells the Gandhians to squat in front of the toddy booth, and as the rain begins to pick up the policemen begin to beat the protestors down and "beat the coolies forward" with their lathis. From his toddy booth, Boranna shouts that he will give all the brahmins free drinks, and the shopkeepers join the policemen in rushing at the protestors. The protestors lay down and the coolies stop moving before deciding to lie down as well, all the while shouting "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!"

By "beat[ing] the coolies forward," the policemen make it clear that they are there to enforce the Sahib's will on the coolies by forcing them to the toddy stand, rather than protecting the coolies who decide to drink from the protestors. Therefore, the coolies' decision to join the protestors is a way of opposing the Sahib, replacing the toddy as a coping mechanism. In offering brahmins special treatment, Boranna reflects how the colonial government rewards brahmins for keeping lower-caste Indians far from power.

The police and the Gandhians fight for the coolies' loyalty with whips and shouts, respectively. The police try to lift up the protestors by their hair—one kicks Rangamma so hard that she passes out, and another slaps Ratna until her mouth is bloodied. When Moorthy's calls of "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!" stop because a policeman has hit him in the mouth, the villagers believe he is dead.

The police become more violent than during the last protest, and they begin to attack with means besides their lathis. Moorthy's continuous chants remind the group of their goals as well as his physical position at the head of the march, so his silence frightens the villagers who think their movement has suddenly lost its leader.

The police keep beating the protestors, who continue to lay on the ground and tell the coolies "do not drink, in the name of the Mahatma." The coolies agree not to drink, and the Police Inspector orders

his men to throw pots of water at the protestors. They pour it in their mouths and up their dresses as the rain continues to pour down.

The police throw water on the protestors while it is already raining. They literally force the Gandhians to drink when the coolies refuse to do so. The imagery here foreshadows the sexual violence during the book's final protest.

Sixty-seven of the villagers wake up to the police kicking them out of yet another truck, and they march back to Kanthapura. When they arrive, they discover that a few dozen of the coolies have moved into their village's Pariah Street, and people from all around are converging to meet Moorthy and join the "army of Mahatma."

The police have beaten the villagers so hard that they have gone unconscious. Their punishment is the same as before, and so is their reward; despite their injuries, their nonviolent methods and dedication to Gandhi's cause have inspired others (this time, the coolies) to join their cause. The Gandhians literally liberate the coolies from the Skeffington Estate by offering them a place to live and do meaningful work (spinning cloth and working for the Congress).

9.7.2.1 Short and Long Questions and Answers

9.7.2.1.1 What kind of words are exchanged between Betel Lakshamma and Moorthy at the beginning of the chapter?

9.7.2.1.2 How would you explain picketing of the toddy shop?

9.7.2.1.3 What are the different brutal strategies used by the police to stop the protest at toddy shop?

9.7.2.1.4 How does drinking toddy cause destruction to villagers of Kanthapura?

9.7.3 Text of chapter 16

CHAPTER 16

Then the people in Rampur picketed the Rampur Toll-Gate toddy booth, and the people of Siddapur the Siddapur Tea-Estate toddy booth, and the people of Maddur the Maddur-Fair toddy shop, and men and women and children would go to the toddy booths and call to the drinkers 'Brothers and sisters and friends, do not drink in the name of the Mahatma! The Mahatma is a man of God; in his name do not drink and bring sin upon yourself and upon your community ! ' And songs were made by the people,

The toddy tree is a crooked tree,
And the toddy milk a scorpion milk,
And who is it that uses the scorpion milk, sister?
And who uses the scorpion milk, sister?
Why, the wandering witches of the marshes;
Say, sister, say the wandering witches of the marshes.
And the witch has a turban and a lathi stick,
O King, O King, why won't you come?

and people sang it on the river path and behind the temple, and washing the thresholds and rinsing the vessels and plastering the walls with dung-cakes did they sing, and women sang this to their men, and sons sang this to their fathers, and when somebody said in Bombay and Lahore did people gather at dawn to go singing through the streets, women in Rampur said, 'We, too, shall do it,' and they, too, rose up at dawn and gathered at the temple, and they, too? went singing through the twilit streets and stood before house after house and sang,

Our King, he was born on a wattle-mat,
He's not the King of the velvet bed,
He's small and he's round and he's bright and he's sacred,
O, Mahatma, Mahatma, you're our king, and wc arc your
slaves.
White is the froth of the toddy, toddy,
And the Mahatma will turn poison into nectar clear,
White will become blue and black will become white,
Brothers, sisters, friends and all,
The toddy-tree is a crooked tree,
And the toddy milk is scorpion milk,
O King, O King, when will you come?

And some who were intelligent, like the city boys, would say, 'Oh, brothers, in the name of the Mahatma do not drink, for drinking is bad and the Government profits by your vice and the usurer profits by your debt and your wife goes unclothed and your children unfed and never again will you see a hut and hearth,' and so on; and some, too, would come to fetch a pariah or a potter from Kanthapura to help them in their fight, and Moorthy would say 'Go, go with him,' and through the night they would wade across the river by the Kenchamma Hill, where no policeman could catch them, and off they would go through the cactus growth and the cardamom gardens and the tamarind grove to picket the toddy shops, and when they came back they told us this about their wounded and that about their women; and when Potter Ramayya came back from Santur he said that in house after house they had a picture of Moorthy, in house after house a picture of our Moorthy taken from city papers, and it seems they said, ' Tell us something about this big man?' and Potter Ramayya would weave out story after story and they would say, 'You are a happy people to have a man like that, 'And we were so proud that we said we would bear the lathi blows and the prisons and we would follow our great Moorthy, and day after day we said, ' What next, Moorthy?,' and day after day he would say, 'Today fast, for Vasudev is going on hunger strike,' or, ' Today you will offer a feast for the liberation of Potter Chandrayya And when the feast was ready we went, trumpet and horn before us, to receive Chandrayya, and he told us of the knuckle- beatings and back-canings. 'Bend down and hold your toes,' they were told, and when they bent down, a Red-man would come with canes kept in oil and — bang-bang — he would beat them on their buttocks and on their knees and on their thighs. And then he would say 'Salute,' and they would say 'Salute what?' and he would say, 'The Government flag' ; and someone would cry out ' Vande Maiaram!' and everyone would take it up, and shout out 'Mataram Vande!' and there would be showers of lathi blows. And he told us, too, of the city boy who, while the lathi blows fell, rushed across the courtyard, clambered up the drain-pipe and the guava tree and the roof and hoisted high the National flag, and he was dragged down and kicked and caned and given a solitary cell, and he could not speak a word, and they gave him only this water as lentil soup and that washed paddy as rice, and he would shout and say, ' Take it away,' and the jailer would bang the door behind him, and with the caning ceremony again, the food would be thrust into his mouth and pushed in with their fingers; and at every shriek came a swish of the cane, and then he would vomit all and lie in troubled sleep.

'And yet he bore it all,' said Chandrayya. 'And though he was a brahmin, he ate with us and slept by us and worked with us and said, " brahmin or no brahmin, for the same stomach hungers in all men," and he spoke of the Hammer-and-Sickle country, and always and always of the Hammcr-and-Sickle country, and so we called him the Hammcr-and-Sickle boy. But they gave him a pair of fetters again and a solitary cell, and we never saw him again.'

But it was Scetharamu who came out of prison and told us the most terrible story. He said he had the great fever three days after he had been in prison, and they ordered him to get out as usual and grind the oil-seed, and though he said he was too weak the warders cried, 'Ass !Pig !Badmash!' and beat him with their canes and drove him to the yoke; and there they put him to a mill and, whip in hand, they cried, 'Hoy-hoy' as though he were a bull, and made him run round and round the oil-mill until he had ground three maunds of peanut oil. Then suddenly he could run no more and gasping he fell on the floor and nothing but blood came out of his mouth, blood and nothing but blood, and so they released him and he lay in Ratnamma's house for a fortnight and more. And Moorthy said, 'That is how you should be. Bear all as though your Karma willed it and everything will be borne And we said 'So be it! If Seetharamu and Pariah Lingayya and Chandrayya and Ratnamma's husband Shamu can bear it, why not we?' and we said, 'Let it come and we shall do this for Moorthy and that for Moorthy,' and day after day we went out to picket this toddy shop and that, and Boranna said, 'Now, I am not going to keep a shop where there's no sale,' and he closed it, and Satanna closed his shop and said, 'I am not going to bear in this life and in all lives to come the sin of women being beaten,' and Madayya said, 'Why, I am but a servant of the toddy contractor, and why should I see the Police beat our women and men?', and he joined us, and the Blue paper said there were four and twenty shops closed in Kanthapura hobli and we said, 'That is a greatthing.'

And then we turned to Moorthy and said, 'And what now?' and Moorthy said, 'Why, the June assessments are going to begin and there will be much trouble,' and we said, 'Then that's good,' and we bandaged our wounds and put on our bangles and we lived on as before, and the peasants went into the ripening fields and led water here and led water there, and weeded and raked and built boundary-walls and they turned to Kenchamma and said, 'O you protector of water and field, protect this!' But day after day Revenue notices fell yellow into our hands, and we said, 'Let them do what they will, we shall not pay our revenues.' And the new Patel came, and behind the Patel came the policeman and behind the policeman the landlord's agent, and we said, 'Do what you will, we shall not pay'. And the policemen would shake their fists at us and say, 'Take care, take care. Things are not as before. You pay or the Government will squeeze water out of stone. You will have to pay,' and we would stand Reside the threshold and say, 'We shall see.' And then we would rush through the back yard to see Rangamma or Moorthy, and they would say, ' Don't worry, sister, don't worry ' ; and the Police would go to the Pariah quarter and beat Rachanna's wife because her husband was in prison, and Madanna's old mother because she was speaking to Rachanna's wife, and Siddanna's two daughters because they squatted behind the garden wall and sang,

There's one Government, sister,
There's one Government, sister,
And that's the Government of the Mahatma.

And they beat Puttamma's father because he had spaton the false Patel, and Motanna's young son Sidda, for the policemen had made eyes at his sister and he had thrown dung in their faces. And the policemen had tied him to a pillar and beat him before all, and when they went out, down came a shower of old slippers and old broomsticks and rags and dung and stone, and, swearing and threatening, the policemen left the quarter. And but for Priest Rangappa, who paid for Bhatta, and Waterfall Venkanima, who had lands wide as a loin-cloth, and Postmaster Suryanarayana and Shopkeeper Subba Chetty and of course Agent Nanjundia, and the terror-stricken Devaru the school-master who owed only two rupees and five annas for his Belfield, and Concubihe Chinna, for she said she knew neither Government nor Mahatma and she paid for those who look after her lands as they paid her for what she gave them — it's only these one, two, three, four, five, six, seven families that paid the Revenue dues; and Moorthy said, 'That is great; we shall win. We shall win the battle and we shall defeat the Government' and day after

day we woke up and said, 'Today they'll come to attach our property. Today they'll take away our vessels and our sacks,' and we dug the earth and hid our jewels and we dragged down the vessels and threw them into the wells and we thrust rice sacks and jaggery sacks and lentil sacks behind the bath fuel, and we said, 'Well, let them find it, we shall see But no policeman ever came again to our houses, though one heavy morning all the roads and lanes and paths and cattle-tracks were barricaded, by Kenchamma Hill and Devil's field and Bebbur Mound and the River path and the Pariah lane and the Skeffington path — stones upon stones were piled on the road and tree upon tree was slain and laid beside them, and canal-banks were dug and the water let through, and thorns were laid- where cactuses grew and earth was poured over it all, and one, two, three, four, five, six policemen stood behind them, bayonets and bugles in their hands, and for chief had they a tall white man.

That afternoon there was a beating of drums and we slipped behind our doors and we peeped between the chinks and we heard a new beadle cry out, with long ' aas ' and long 'gaas ' as though he had never drunk the waters of the Himavathy, that if the revenues were not paid and the laws obeyed, every man, woman and child above six in Kanthapura would pay one rupee and three pice, one rupee and three pice as punitive tax, for new policemen were there to protect us 'and new money had to be paid for them, and the Government would rule the country and thetroublesome ones, one after another, would be sent to prison. And when the night fell, through the bathroom came a soft tap-tap like a lizard spitting, and when we went, lantern in hand and trembling, and said, 'Who may that be?' a voice came and it was Moorthy's, and we opened the door and said, 'Come in, come in, Moorthy,' and he said, ' No, no, sister, I've come to say the fight has really begun. And if the Patel or policeman or agent should enter the house, take the sanctum bell and ring, and we shall know they are there and we shall be there before you have swallowed your spittle thrice,' and he said, 'I am going, sister,' and then the footsteps died away over the backyard gravel. So, Rangamma and Ratna and Moorthy went from house to house to speak of the sanctum bell that should ring, and we kept our lights and we thrust logs against the doors, and we kept our eyes open all through that empty night, and not even a fair cart ever passed by the streets of Kanthapura. Only the cattle chewed the cud and the rats squeaked through the granaries, and when a lizard clucked we said, 'Krishna, Krishna,' and with dawn came sleep.

9.7.3.1. Summary of chapter 16

People throughout India picket toddy booths near their towns, and all day and night they sing songs about the evil of drinking and their allegiance to Gandhi, "our king." Some educated "city boys" express this in rational arguement and others ask lower-caste villagers from Kanthapura to sneak out in the night and help them protest elsewhere.

The protests by Kanthapura villagers are representative of similar events across India. Achakka portrays the village as a center of such resistance. People of different caste and educational backgrounds all help with the movement in ways suited to their character and experience, from protesting on the ground to helping theorize Indian independence.

After Potter Ramayya comes back from one such trip, he says that in "house after house" people pasted newspaper pictures of Moorthy on the walls and asked for stories about his campaign. The villagers become proud to "bear the lathi blows and the prisons" and every day there is a new mission.

The pictures of Moorthy reveal how a colonial means of documenting and distributing information—newspapers—can be turned against the government by serving to venerate anticolonial leaders.

One day, the villagers threw a homecoming welcome feast for Potter Chandrayya, who told of being beaten with canes dipped in hot oil and then with lathis when they refused to salute the

Government flag. One protestor climbed the building and raised the national flag; the police put him in solitary confinement and he was never seen again.

Again, the brutality of state violence is both a badge of honor for dedicated Gandhians and evidence that the colonial regime must be overthrown. Directly claiming independence by raising the national flag is the most dangerous challenge a Gandhian can make to the government.

Seetharamu has "the most terrible story" from prison. He came down with fever but the police forced him to continue working, beating him before binding him in a yoke, like a bull, and making him run around the mill until "nothing but blood" came from his mouth and they were forced to release him. Moorthy praises Seetharamu's endurance and will, and this inspires the rest.

By forcing Seetharamu to work like an animal, the colonial government took the everyday exploitation of Indian laborers to its logical extreme, nearly killing a man whose life loses value to them when he cannot work.

The villagers continue to picket toddy shops, and 24 of them close down in the area nearby, including Boranna's. Some of the toddy sellers even join the Gandhians.

The protests finally begin to concretely effect change by shutting down businesses that oppress Indians and even converting some of Gandhi's enemies.

The new Patel tries to collect revenues, but the villagers refuse despite the government's threats. The police go around town, finding reasons to beat up whomever they wish. Only the few remaining pro-government brahmins pay their dues; the rest hide their jewels, sacks of food and other valuables in the ground. The policemen do not come to their houses, but they barricade every road out of Kanthapura.

The villagers do not acknowledge the false Patel named by the British; this officially brings the entire village outside the law, depriving the villagers of any legal rights at all.

Later, the police march a beadle through Kanthapura, and he announces that everyone who did not pay owns a fine "as punitive tax" to pay for the new policemen who would come "to protect" the villagers from "the troublesome ones." Moorthy comes to Achakka's house in the night, saying that "the fight has really begun" and warning her to ring a bell if the police come into her house. With Rangamma and Ratna's help, he managed to inform everyone in the village that night, and everyone stayed up in fear until dawn.

The government doubles down on its demand for tax revenue, arbitrarily imposing a punitive tax but holding out hope that the villagers will finally back down. The empty rhetoric of police "protection" reflects the more broadly farcical nature of the Indian colonial police system, which acts in the name of the public but only truly protects the wealthy (almost entirely British) minority.

9.7.3.1.1 Short and Long Questions and Answers

9.7.3.1.1.1 What is the significance of the song about the toddy drink?

9.7.3.1.1.2 Why is a new tax introduced in Kanthapura?

9.7.3.1.1.3 How is the Revenue Patel treated in Kanthapura?

9.7.3.1.1.4 What kind of experiences of life are shared by people after drinking toddy ?

9.7.3.1.1.5 What are the consequences of picketing of toddy shop in Kanthapura?

9.7.4 Text of Chapter 17

CHAPTER 17

The next morning, when the thresholds were adorned and the cows worshipped and wc went to sweep the street-fronts, what should we see by the Temple Corner but the slow-moving procession of coolies — the blue, pot-bellied, half-naked coolies, tied hand to hand and arm to arm — boys, old men, fathers, brothers, bridegrooms, coolies of the Skeffington Coffee Estate who had come to live with us and to work with us and to fight with us — they marched over the bouldered streets, their blue bodies violet in the glittering sun, and with one policeman to every two men and one armed soldier at the back and one armed soldier at the front, they marched through the Brahmin Street and the Weavers' Street, and the Potters' Street, and children ran shrieking into the houses and women who were drawing water went empty-handed, and now and again one could hear the flip-flap of the whip anda cry and a yelp— the coolies of the Skeffington Coffee Estate were marched bent-headed through our streets to show who our true masters were, and we knew they would be driven over the Bebbur Mound and the Bear's Hill and the Tippur Stream, and two by two they would be pushed behind the gates, for the white master wanted them. And our hearts curdled and we cried ' Oh, what shall we do? What?' and the sanctum bell did not ring, nor the conch blow, and something in us said, ' Moorthy, where is Moorthy? ' and our hearts beat like the wings of bats, and we clenched our hands, and we rushed in, swirled round, and fell prostrate before the sanctum gods, and yet no call came. But out of the flapping silence suddenly there came from over the Promontory a shout and a cry and shrickings and weepings and bellowings, and we rose and slipped by the cactus fence and the lantana growths, and through the plantain plantation of Nanjamma, to the temple, and from the top we saw below the pariah women and the pariah girls and the pariah kids and the pariah grandmothers, beating their mouths and shouting, tight squatting on the path to stop the march of the coolies, shouting and swaying and clapping hands and lamenting,

He'll never come again, He'll never come again,
He'll never come again, Moorthappa.
The God of death has sent for him,
Buffalo and rope and all,
They stoic him from us, they lassoed him at night,
He's gone. He's gone, He's gone, Moorthappa,

and Rachanna's wife, indignant and dishevelled, cried out,

He, leave us our men, He, leave us our souls,
He, leave us our King of the veranda scat,
But say, sisters, He's gone, He's gone, Moorthappa,
He's gone, He's gone. He's gone, Moorthappa,

and they clapped hands again, and they wiped the tears out of their eyes, and more and more women flowed out of the Pariah Street and the Potters' Street and the Weavers' Street, and they beat the mouths the louder, and the children ran behind the fences and slipped into the gutters and threw stones at the Police, and a soldier got a stone on his face and the Police rushed this side and that and caught this girl and that. And the women stopped sobbing and when Rachanna's grandson called out, 'Catch me if you can,' — they caught him and held him leg up and head down and — flap-flap-flap — they beat him on the buttocks and head and spine and knee, and they threw him on the grass edge. And the women stopped their sobbing, and one here and one there they rushed towards the child and they laid him on

their laps and wiped the blood from his mouth and they said, ‘ Rangappa, Rangappa, wake up Rangappa!’, but only slobber flowed from his mouth, and all of a sudden a tearing, gasping yell came from the women again, while the coolies marched blinking and blank before them and even the voice of God seemed to have died out of their tongues.

But we who were on the Promontory could bear the sight no more, what with Rachanna gone and Rachanna’s grandson gone and Moorthy gone, too, and we shouted out, ‘Butchers, butchers, dung-eating curs! ’ And the Police rushed at us, and we slipped away by the temple yard and the cactus growth, but they saw us, and stones flew at us and sticks, and the swing of the whip, and they whipped us and kicked us and spat on us, and when Puttamma shouted ‘Cur !Cur !’ a policeman flings his lathi at her legs and down she falls and, smacking his lips and holding her breasts, he says, ‘Take care, my dove, you know what I would do with you,’ and we who are trying to run away, slip round and say, ‘No, no, we must not run away,’ and we run round and round the mango-tree and the lantana bushes, and we think of Puttamma and her husband and her child and her mother-in-law, and we think of God, and the yell of the pariah women still comes rolling across the Promontory, and we feel like mad elephants and we do not know where to go. And then there is a loud cry, ‘Ayoo-Ayoo,’ and it’s Puttamma’s, and vve rush towards her creeping and crawling beneath the lantana bushes, and then, when we are on the path again, we see a policeman upon her, and we feel our limbs earth-like and wc want to pull him up, and Puttamma is all black in her cheek and her mouth gagged, and we cry out ‘ Help! Help!,’ but from the Main Street and the Pariah Street we hear nothing but shouts and lamentations, and we rush away to get help, and we sec street after street filled with policemen-policemen on the veranda and by the granary and on the threshold and over the byre; and when we enter there’s nothing to be seen but uniformed policemen. The shrieks of the pariah women are still shrill in the air, and where shall we find someone, where? And we run to the back yard and the Police are behind us. And Puttamma?

Seethamma goes to her neighbour Lingamma, for Lingamma is an old woman and she has done nothing, but the Police are already there, and when they see Seethamma they say, ‘ Ah, you’ve come, my bitch, and your husband is in prison and you need some cooling down,’ and she shrieks out and she rushes to find refuge somewhere — and Kanthamma and Nanjamma and Vedamma and I are there, and as we ask, ‘ What is it, daughter?’ a lathi bangs on her head and she fallsdown as flat as a sack, and from the byre-wall comes the voice of a policeman, 1 Ah, you’re out for a moon- light partv, are you? ‘We rush towards the temple, and shrieks come from the Brahmin Street and the Weavers’ Street and the cattle began to moo and moan, and the flap-flap of the whips is still heard from the mango grove beyond the Promontory, for the coolies were still being marched on — and we think neither of Puttamma nor Scethamma nor Moorthy nor the Mahatma, but the whole world seems a jungle in battle, trees rumbling, lions roaring, jackals wailing, parrots piping, panthers screeching, monkeys jabbering, jeering, chatter-chattering, black monkeys and white monkeys and the long-tailed ones, and the flame of forest angry around us, and if Mother Earth had opened herself and said, ‘Come in, children,’ we should have walked down the steps and the great rock would have closed itself upon us — and yet the sun was frying-hot.

And we ran here and we ran there to seek refuge, and in Satamma’s house and Post-Officc-House and Nine-pillared House, man after man had been taken away during the night, while we had slept the sleep of asses, and the women who had their husbands taken away were tied to the pillars and their mouths gagged, and those who said, ‘No, no,’ were asked not to leave their houses till midday, and that was why there were so few women at the Promontory and no Rangamma either.

And then we said, stopping, ‘Oh, what has become of Puttamma and Seethamma? ’ and we rushed from back yard to back yard; and zinc sheets were removed and sanctum gods and pickle-pots and bell-metal vessels were thrown across the streets, and the byres were empty, and bulls and buffaloes and cows and calves had rushed into the kitchen gardens and the granaries; and our hearts were burning

with anger, as we turned to thisrside and that and we said there is but one safe place and that is the temple sanctum, and as we skirted Rajamma's house, what should we see on Rangamma's veranda — a crouching elephant, and a crowd around it, and the mahout poking its ears and kicking it, and it roared and it rose, and it wailed, and it dashed against the door, the crowd of policemen cheering it on and on, and we heard the door creak and crash, and a loud shout of ' Well done! ' arose. But a policeman had seen us, and we had seen him, and we cried 'Ayoo-Ayoo' and jumped across the broken wall, and the sparrows rose like a tree from their booty of rice, and we asked ourselves, 'Which way shall we go — which way?' And we hurried through the central hall, and we rushed to the veranda to sec Seethamma's courtyard, where beds and bells and broomsticks lay strewn everywhere, and across the byre-walls children were heard weeping; and we said, 'Let's slip past Ratnamma's vegetable garden,' and we jumped across the fence and from behind the jack-fruit tree, where we stand to take breath, we see the barricades of the Karwar Road, with one man and two men and three men and four men around and a white officer beside them. And from the Pariah quarter there comes a yell, and we look to this side and that and we see nothing, and then suddenly on the Bcbbur Mound we see the coolies still marching, bent-headed coolies still marching up, and the 'pariah women, tired, still yelp but with broken breath, and we say, 'Oh, what about Radhamma, Ramayya's Radhamma, who is ill,' and Kanakkmma, who was with us, says she passed by Radhamma's door and she heard the second child crying, and a bundle of hay lay at her door, and we say we should one of us go there, and Timmamma says she would go and she was old and nobody would notice her. But suddenly we see ten or twelve women hurrying round the Temple Comer, and the Police whips swishing, and children following them screaming, and there's Radhamma among them and Radhamma is trying to run, too, and we say, ' Shout to her to come up to this garden,' but Timmamma says, 'No shouting,' and slips down the lantana growth and she sees Radhamma and Radhamma secs her and they all rush towards us, and we say, 'This is not safe, let us run to Nanjamma's back yard,' and Radhamma is behind us and Timmamma is leading her by the hand, and suddenly Radhamma gives a cry and falls and she twists her body about and screams and wc gather round her, and we say, 'Perhaps the moment is come,' but Timmamma says, 'It's only seven months, no, no, it's not that,' but it was that indeed, and the child comes yelling out and Timmamma tears the navel-string with her sari fringe and the dirt is thrown into the earth, but the mother is still moaning and shrieking and crying. And then there's a cry in the Post-Office-House, and we ask, 'Oh, what? Oh, what? ', and Timmamma says, 'Go and see, sisters,' and we duck down and run, and the nearer we are the surer is the voice and it is the voice of Ratna, and we enter by the bathroom, where the fire is still burning and the calf still munching the straw, and we rush to the kitchen to see Ratna fallen on the floor, her legs tied ankle to ankle and her bodice tom, and the policeman, when he sees us, slips away over the wall, and Ratna, sobbing and hugging us, told us how she had fallen on her stomach again and again and had spat and had screamed and had beat him with her hands, and we were so happy we had come in time, and we bent down and loosened the strings, and as no policeman was near us, we said, ' Now we shall stay here for a breath,'and little Vedamma went to bring Radhamma and her child, and wc all sat in the kitchen, our eyes groping.

Then when Ratna is up and washed and could speak, she says, 'Now, sisters, this is no safe place; let us find a refuge,' and somehow we said there's the voice of Rangamma in her speech, the voice of Moorthy, and she was no more the child we had known, nor the slip of a widow we had cursed, and Timmamma turns to her and says, 'Oh, where shall we go, daughter, with this new mother and child?' and Kamalamma says, 'Why, to the temple,' and Ratna says, 'Wait, I shall go and see if the path is safe,' and when she is at the bathroom door, she comes running back shouting, 'Fire, fire, Bhatta's house is on fire ! Surely it is the pariah women,' and we all rush to the bathroom door and we see the eaves taking fire and the white flame rising silk-like in the sun, and the pillars creak and the byre spits out jets and jets of stifled smoke that curls over the ripening fields and the ruddy canal, and moves up the Bebbur

Mound, and we hear the mahouts cry, ‘Ahe, Ahe,’ and the heavy hurried thumps of the elephant moving up the street, and from over the Promontory still comes the shriek of the pariah women and the pariah children.

And the shouting grows shriller, and we say, ‘Surely there’s a new attack,’ and we say, ‘Now we must run to the temple,’ and Timmamma gives her hand to Radhamma, and Ratna takes the new child in her sarifringe, and Vedamma and Satamma and Ningamma and Kanakamma and I walk through Seetharam’s back yard, by the well and round the tulsi platform, and we slip beneath the lantana growth, and we say, ‘ Nowwe are safe,’ and we crawl towards the back of the temple. And there is a sudden crash and one of Bhatta’s veranda roofs smashes to the earth and the air is filled with hissing sparks, and there is a loud cry, and even from the temple we could hear the swish of water being thrown, and the banging of the Police lathis on the rising fire, and Satamma says, ‘And my house too may catch fire,’ and she says she would like to go and see, but Timmamma says, ‘Stay, Satamma, the Police are there, and what will you do but hold your head and weep? ’ but she speaks of the hay and the rice and the beds and the only roof she had over her head, and Ratna says, ‘You arc a Satyagrahi, sister, be patient,’ and then she goes skirting the temple, while Timmamma carries the child, and holding to the wall she enters the temple veranda and she says there’s no one in the temple and she rushes back and says, ‘Come ! ’ and we run behind her, and Timmamma and the child in her arms and Vedamma and the new mother beside her, and we all stand trembling before the unadorned god, and we all beat our cheeks and say, ‘Siva, Siva, protect us! Siva, Siva, protect us!’ and each one made a vow of banana libation or butter-lamps or clothes or jewels for the goddess, and each one said may her husband or brother or son be safe in the prisons.

And as we turned towards the god and goddess in prayer, there is heard another crash from Bhatta’s burning house, and the lathis still beat upon it and the water still swishes over it, and now that the elephant has arrived, they give buckets and buckets full of water into its trunk, and the mahout says, ‘Ahe, Ahe,’ and groaning and grunting the elephant struggles forward. But half-way it swings round and runs for the gate, while the fire rises as high as the coconut-trees, and the rice granary catches alight and the popped rice splashes out flower-like into the air, and the fire flows down the cattle-shed and the hayrick and we all say, ‘Well done, well done; it is not for nothing Bhatta lent us money at 18 per cent and 20 per cent interest, and made us bleed,’ and Ratna says, ‘Say not such things, sisters, we are all Satyagrahis,’ and Satamma says ‘Satyagrahis or not, he has starved our stomachs and killed our children,’ and we all say again, ‘Welldone, well done’

And from the foot of the Bear’s Hill there is a long cry again, for the coolies of the Skefhngton Coffee Estate, who had not been able to join us, have raised a clamour to receive the coolies that were being dragged in, and white dhotis are squashed by khaki clothes, and shouts and cries come, and from the Tippur stream rises the sound of the horn; and we turn towards Tippur and we say, ‘They are coming to our rescue, they are coming to help us,’ and there are white figures moving forward, and from the Santur grove comes the noise of drums, and we say, ‘They’re coming,’ and we look once to the god and once to the east, and once to the god and once to the north-east, and we look once to the god and once to the north-west, and we say all these men, all these men and women and children of the Himavathy are with us, and they’ll all come with drum and trumpet and horn to free us. And then suddenly Vedamma says she has the fever and she trembles and moans, and Ratna says she will go back to Seetharamu’s house to fetch blankets, and when we say, ‘ No, no,’ Ratna says, ‘ Oh, don’t be a woman,’ but hardly is she beyond the threshold than a policeman has seen her and begins to run up the Promontory, and Ratna rushes in and bangs the sanctum door and the bar is drawn and the latch slipped, and he beats and beats against the door and we all stand shoulder to breast, and breast to arm, and arm to back, pressing against the door, and he gets so tired that he puts the lock and turns the key, and another policeman comes along

and says something about sealing, and we cry out hoarse behind the door, and we cry and moan and beg and weep and bang and kick and lament, but there's no answer — and at,last as the afternoon drew on, and our stomachs began to beat like drums and our tongues became dry, at every sound we said, 'The people of Tippur arc coming to free us, the people of Rampur are coming to free us.' But as we put our ears to the door we hear but the crunch of military boots, the mooing of a calf, or the rasping creak of a palm-tree, or suddenly there would rise from the village gate the tired, hoarse sobbings of the pariah women, and the last crashing crackle of Bhatta's fire. And Ratna said, 'Now, we will never know when they will rescue us from here. Let us light the sacred flame and make bhajan, so that someone may know we are here,' and we searched for the matches and the oil-lamp, and we lighted the sacred flame, and our mouths bitter, we clapped our hands and we sang,

Siva, Siva of the Meru Mount,
Siva, Siva of the Ganges-head,
Siva, Siva of the Crescent-moon,
Siva, Siva of the Crematorium-dance,
Siva, Siva of the unillusioned heart,
Siva, Sira, Siva. . . .

And when our breath was gone and our tongues dry, Ratna would say, 'Now, I'll tell you stories like Rangamma,' and she told us of the women of Bombay who were beaten and beaten, and yet would not move till their brothers were freed, and the flag that they hoisted and the carts and the cars and the trains they stopped, and the wires that the white men sent to the Queen to free them, and the women of Sholapur who, hand in hand, had marched through the streets, for twenty-five of their men had been shot, and the policemen would not work and the soldiers guarded the streets, but the women said, ' We are behind our men, 'and they cried,'Vande Mataram! ' and they said, 'Give us back our men ! ' and not a tear they shed, for they worked for the Mahatma and the Mother. And so story after story she told us, of Chittagong and Lahore, of Dandi and Benares, and we each put our heads against another's shoulder and some snored, too, and dozed away, and Radhamma's chill went down and the fever rose and we pressed closer and closer around her, and we put our sari-fringes and our bodice-clothes upon her, and the child lay uporr Timmamma's lap, white and quiet.

And we would be roused again and again with the champak-like light shining and wavering on the dark round Siva, and with the holiness of the sanctum with- in our hearts we lifted our voices and sang, and we forgot the pariahs and the policemen and Moorthy and the Mahatma, and wc felt as though we were some secret brotherhood in some Himalayan cave. And one by one we put our heads against a neighbour's shoulder and tired and hungry we yawned back to sleep. But someone would be chanting away, and clapping away, and through half wakened eyes Siva would be seen, staring and weird, and such terror would come over us that we would rub our eyes and sing again. Then the light went down and the sanctum's hooded darkness thrust itself over us, and we woke each other up, and we banged the door, we kicked and screamed and moaned and we banged the solid door. And yet no voice ever came in reply, but only the squeaks of the bats and the swish of the twisting river. We slept and we banged and we slept and we kicked, and at last with the cawing of crows came a hurried step, and we woke each other up, and when the door opened we saw Pariah Rachanna's wife Rachi at the threshold. She had heard the screamings and moanings through the sleepless night, and with dawn she had slipped to the Patel's house and the women gave her a key and she had jumped over Satamma's wall and Temple Rangappa's fence, and falling on the Main Street, she had rushed up to the temple and unlocked it. We slowly rose up on our clayey legs, and when the morn- ing light threw itself upon us we felt as though a corpse had smiled upon a burning pyre.

How empty looked the Karwar Road, Bhatta's house burnt down!

Through the morning we ploughed back home.

That very morning we heard of Puttamma. She was in bed and ill and wailing. She had fits and fears and tearing angers. She asked for her child and pressed it to her heart and threw it over the bed, saying, 'Iam not your mother, the earth is your mother, your father is your father — I have sinned.' The father, poor man, was ignorant of this, and in prison. But she said, 'There he is, there, behind the sanctum door, and he will throw me into the well ' But we said, 'No, no, Puttamma, the gods will forgive you,' but she broke into sobs, and her mother-in-law came and threw water over her face, and cooled her down. And when we went to the door and asked, 'What happened, Nanjamma?' Nanjamma told us of Pariah Siddayya who was in the lantana growth, and he had seen Puttamma and the policeman on her, and he had fallen upon the policeman and tom his moustache and banged and banged his head against a tree, and had brought Puttamma back from back yard to back yard, and men helped him in this back yard and that, for many were there that were hid in the lantana growth, and that was what we heard and saw, and that was how, when night came, rice and pickles and pancakes went up into the lantana growths. And when the beds were laid and the eyelids wanted to shut, we said, 'Let them shut,' for we knew our men were not far and their eyelids did not shut.

9.7.4.1 Summary of Chapter 17

The next morning, the villagers see a "slow-moving procession of coolies" tied together at the hands, marched through Kanthapura by policemen "to show who our true masters were." The villagers know they must find Moorthy but cannot, and suddenly they hear a shout from the temple. They rush there and see all the pariah women and children trying to stop the coolies' march with their bodies, singing that Moorthy has been taken away in the night and shall never return.

Moorthy's final disappearance happens in secret, just like his reentry into the village after his first arrest. While his second arrest is invisible, the coolies, marched through Kanthapura like slaves, are hyper-visible. The fact that the pariahs shout from the temple (which they were never allowed to enter) demonstrates the complete inversion of caste in Kanthapura that has occurred.

As the adults clap and cry, the children throw stones at the police—one hits its mark, and the police start to round up the children. They beat Rachanna's grandson "on the buttocks and head and spine and knee" and throw him down on the grass, and the women rush to him, but he does not speak.

One child breaks the Gandhian prohibition on violence, which leads the police to justify punishing all of the children with the severest forms of violence and cruelty they can muster.

The Gandhians call the police "butchers, butchers, dung-eating curs!" The police begin to chase the villagers, who cannot run fast enough—one beats a woman named Puttamma and tells her, "you know what I would do with you." The others run away but think of her and feel they have to return, and when they do they see the policeman on top of her and yell for help. But nobody comes and all they can see in Kanthapura are policemen everywhere.

By raping Puttamma, the police continue to escalate their cruelty against the villagers, moving from mere beatings that the Gandhians can stand to more terrifying and egregious crimes that could never be justified as a means of breaking up a protest.

Another policeman threatens a village woman who goes to visit her elderly neighbor and knocks her down just as Achakka and a few of the other women arrive. He then chases them all out of the house.

Even innocent villagers become guilty by association, and for the first time in the book Achakka herself becomes a significant part of the narrative.

Achakka and the others hear shrieks from every corner of the village, and "the whole world seems a jungle in battle" as every imaginable animal screeches from the forest. They run from house to house seeking a place to hide, but in each "man after man had been taken away during the night, while we had slept the sleep of asses," and their women were gagged and tied to pillars. Rangamma has also gone missing.

The animals around Kanthapura mirror its residents' sense of terror, which suggests that the land remains deeply tied to the village's people, as the natural world continues to feel their pain. Rangamma's disappearance leaves the Gandhian movement without a clear leader of any sort, making it truly equal for the first time.

They decide that there is only one safe place in Kanthapura: the temple sanctum. On Rangamma's veranda, they see an elephant crouching, wailing, surrounded by a crowd as its driver kicks it to rise. Some policemen see Achakka and the other women and chase them to the edge of town, where they see a police barricade on the Karwar Road and the coolies marching up the Bebbur Mound above the town.

As the heart of Kanthapura, the temple provides the women with both spiritual and physical security. The police abuse the elephant, forcing it to help them enforce the colonial law against its will, which reflects their cruelty toward the villagers.

They decide to go to the house of a sick (actually pregnant) woman named Radhamma, but on the way see her running through town from the police. Radhamma sees them and rushes over; they decide to go to Nanjamma's back yard, but on the way Radhamma falls to the ground and begins to scream. "It's only seven months," another older village woman named Timmamma assures her, but Radhamma's baby comes out and Timmamma cuts its umbilical cord with the fringe of her sari.

Radhamma's child is born suddenly and prematurely, as though torn from her by the terror imposed by the colonial police. Nevertheless, the women save her baby as they hide from the police, recalling their insistence on balancing their traditional obligations as mothers and wives with their dedication to the Gandhian campaign.

They hear a yell in the post office and find Ratna laying on the ground there as a police officer runs off. Ratna tells the women how she fought off the policemen, and it turns out that they came just in time to stop him. They rest in the post office kitchen and Ratna washes up. Ratna tells them that "this is no safe place" and they must find refuge elsewhere, and Achakka hears "the voice of Rangamma in her speech, the voice of Moorthy." Before they head to the temple, Ratna looks outside and brings the others to watch Bhatta's house burning down. They hear the pariah women's shouts grow louder and shriller, and they run toward the temple. They hear Bhatta's roof fall and Satamma worries that her own house will burn down, but Ratna encourages her to be patient and they take refuge in the temple, where they call Siva to protect them and make offerings to the god.

Achakka feels Ratna expressing the same energy as Kanthapura's wise Gandhian leaders, who have already been arrested the previous night. Ratna quickly begins to take charge among the women Volunteers, stepping in as the leader of the entire movement even though she started out as a widowed pariah girl. There is some poetic justice in the fact that Bhatta's house burns first, since he was Kanthapura's main representative of the colonial viewpoint and resistance to Gandhism. The women pray to Siva, who is associated with Gandhi and India as a whole, rather than their local goddess Kenchamma. This reflects their shift from an identity based on their village to one based on the nation for whose independence they struggle.

They hear “another crash from Bhatta’s burning house” and then the elephant spraying water onto it. But then the elephant runs for the town gates and the fire rises, bringing down the buildings where rice, cattle, and hay are kept. The women cheer, for “it is not for nothing Bhatta lent us money at 18 per cent and 20 per cent interest, and made us bleed.”

The police try to save the loyalist Bhatta’s house, but the elephant manages to escape, extending the metaphorical relationship between it and the protestors. Bhatta’s sizable house represents the wealth he squeezed out of the other villagers while pretending to defend their interests; thus, when it burns down, the villagers see the main symbol of their economic oppression fall.

They hear another “long cry” across town, this time from the Skeffington Estate coolies, who “raised a clamour to receive the coolies that were being dragged in” and seem to be coming to help the people of Kanthapura, too.

The coolies come to the Volunteers’ rescue, fully recognizing their shared interests with the villagers who were similarly (although less directly) impoverished by the colonial economic structure.

One woman feels feverish, and Ratna offers to fetch a blanket. Although the others protest, a policeman sees her as soon as she leaves the temple. She runs back in and the women barricade the door from inside as the policeman beats on it until he gives up and locks them inside. All afternoon, the women “cry and moan and beg and weep and bang and kick and lament” inside, but nobody comes for them and they hear nobody through the door. In the temple, they light the sacred flame and sing a bhajan for Lord Siva.

Ratna’s desire to help the sick woman ends up revealing the Volunteers’ position to the policeman, but together they find a strength superior to his. The women end up trapped inside the temple that serves at the core of their village’s collective and religious life, and now as both sanctuary and prison.

When the women can sing no more, Ratna tells the rest stories about women who marched for Gandhi in cities around India. They turned back to chanting and “forgot the pariahs and the policemen and Moorthy and the Mahatma” before dozing off to sleep, but started to see Siva and suddenly awake in terror, waking one another up and banging on the temple door until the morning, when Rachi, Pariah Rachanna’s wife, finally opens it and lets them back out into Kanthapura.

Ratna takes over the previous Congress leaders’ most distinctive job: telling stories to motivate the others and contextualize their struggles within the broader movement for independence. By focusing on the role of women in Gandhian politics, she demonstrates how women’s struggle for independence has also given them a freedom from their former social subservience in societies across India. Indeed, it is Rachi—a pariah woman at the bottom of the formal caste system—who liberates them from their imprisonment in the temple.

Puttamma, who Achakka and the other women saw the policeman assault in the bushes the previous day, is crying to her child in bed and lamenting that she has sinned. She thinks her husband will throw her into a well, but in fact he has been arrested. Pariah Siddayya had found the policeman with her and brought her to his backyard.

Puttamma fears that she was sexually polluted, as it were, when the policeman raped her. Although the women find strength and freedom among themselves, they recognize that they remain embedded in a patriarchal society that objectifies and evaluates them based on factors they can’t control.

That night, the women do not sleep, “for we knew our men were not far and their eyelids did not shut.”

In addition to staying vigilant, the women stay awake to remember, honor, and empathize with their disappeared loved ones. This parallels the way Achakka preserves and honors the story of her disappeared village by remembering the stories recorded in this book.

9.7.4.1.1 Short and long Questions

9.7.4.1.1.1 Why does the police attack the women more fiercely?

9.7.4.1.1.2 Why does Putamma feel guilty after being raped by a policeman?

9.7.4.1.1.3 What is Ratna's role while she is locked and entrapped in the sanctum of the temple with other females?

9.7.4.1.1.4 How do the women of Kanthapura struggle with the police?

9.7.4.1.1.5 Why do women of Kanthapura remain restless all the night?

9.7.5 Text of chapter 18

CHAPTER 18

Three days later, when we were just beginning to say Ram-Ram after the rice had been thrown back into the rice granary, the cradle hung back to the roof, and the cauldron put back on the bath fire, and the gods put back in their sanctum, and all the houses washed and swept and adorned and sanctified, and when one by one our men were slipping in and hurrying back to their jungle retreats, what should we see on that Saturday — for it was a Saturday — but one, two, three cars going up the Bebbur Mound, one, two, three crawling cars going up the Bebbur Mound like a marriage procession, and we all said, 'Why, whose marriage now, when we arc beating our mouths and crying?' And we saw men in European clothes get down one by one under the dizzy sun, and soldier after soldier would go towards them and stand at a distance and salute them, and then the Sahib-looking people went down the Mound and by this paddy-field and that, and they would lift this hand and show that way and lift that hand and show this way. Then more horns hooted from the Kenchamma Hill, and this time they were open cars, open cars like those of the Skeffington Coffee Estate, and in them were pariah-looking people, and we said, 'They, too, bring theircoolies But something in us said, 'Now things are going wrong', and Rachanna's wife rushed to Madamma and Madamma went to sec Seethamma and Vedamma, and Vedamma and Secthamma said, 'Come, we'll go and see Ratna, for she is our chief now.'

Then suddenly there was a drum-beat and we all rushed behind our doors and the drummer stood at the Temple Square with policemen on the left and policemen on the right, and he said something about the supreme Government and the no-taxer and the rebels, and then we heard the name of this field and that, and we put our ears against the door and we heard of Rangamma's coconut-field and Satanna's triangular field and Pandit Venkateshia's tank-field and Bebbur field, and Sectharamu's plantation-field, and then, when he came to Range Gowda's big field, we said,'Even the big field,' and we knew there was nothing more to do; and we saw sand and water and empty stomachs, and suddenly we knew why these men had come in their cars, and why the cars were followed by open cars, and we all had tears in our eyes. And we rushed down the back yards and jumped over the hedges, and we met Satamma who was standing by her well, her bundle and children beside her; and she said the drummer was saying the village would be sacked again, and she said she had seen enough and she would go away to the town, and she said she had done nothing and she was not a Gandhi person, and it was all this Moorthy, this Moorthy who had brought all this misery upon us. And we asked, 'Where will you go now? The policemen are not your uncle's sons, are they? Come, Satamma, come, we will go to Ratna; for Ratna is our chief now and she will lead us out of it.' But Satamma says, 'What, to that bangled widow? She will lead us all to prostitution, and I am not going to have my daughters violated,' and she said this and that and then she said, 'All right, I'll come,' for she knew there were barricades and policemen at every footpath and cattle-path. So we hurried this way and that to Sami's house where Ratna now lived (for

Rangamma's house was under lock and seal), and we knock at the door and somebody comes and says, 'Who is there?' and I say, 'The goat has two teats at the neck and two at the stomach and the stomach teats are we, Vande Mataram,' and they know it is us, and they open the door, and when we enter we find Nanjamma's daughter Seethu and Post-Office- House Lakshmi and Pandit Venkateshia's daughter Papamma, and Sata and Veda and Chandramma, and Rachanna's wife and Madanna's wife and many a pariah woman, and Bangle-seller Ningamma is there too, and they are all looking at the hall door behind which somebody is surely speaking. And we all turn towards them and ask, 'Who? ' and they whisper back, 'Why, they!' — 'Who are they?' — 'Why, the boys.' — 'What boys? Moorthy? ' — 'No no, the Mahatma's boys,' and then like a flash came the idea. Yes, Moorthy had told us, hadn't he? The city boys would come to our relief. And we all said, 'Well, there are all these city people to help us,' and we felt our hearts beat lighter, and when we heard the drummer beat the drum we felt nothing sinister could happen to us, now these boys were there, and they would win us back our harvests.

And more and more women joined us, and children followed them, and old men followed the children, and there was a close silence, and everybody sat looking at the tight hall door, when suddenly it opened, and there was Ratna, and she said something to Seethu and Seethu said something to her neighbour and the neighbour said something to us, and we all gathered our sarifringes and we waited, and the door opened again, and one of the boys came out, and with him was Pariah Madanna, and we said, 'So, he's back, he?' and we looked at each other and we looked at Madanna's wife and Madanna's wife smiled back at us knowingly, and we said, 'So, he, too, was only in the jungles ', and we said surely there are many others that have come back, and our stomachs heaved with joy. And more men came out of the hall, and there they were Puttanna and Chandrayya and Seethanna and Borappa and Potter Sidda — and the city boys, they were like princes, fair and smiling and firm, and one of the Volunteers, the one with a square face and a shaking head, he stood by the threshold, and said 'Sisters, there is nothing to be frightened about. We knew the Government would auction the lands today, and ourmen are going to come from the city, hundreds and hundreds of men are going to come from the city, for we have decided to hold a Satyanarayana Puja , and it will be held in this house, and our men will escape from all the policemen the Government can send and all the soldiers the Government can send, and yet men will come from the city, and they will come for the Satyanarayana Puja , and no land will ever be sold, for the Government is afraid of us,' and Nanjamma says, 'No, no,' But the Volunteers goes on, 'Yes, sister, yes, the Government is afraid of us, for in Karwar the courts are closed and the banks closed and the Collector never goes out, and there are policemen at his door and at his gate and beneath his bedroom window, and every white man in Karwar has a policeman beside him, and every white man in Siddapur and Sholapur and Matgi and Malur has a policeman beside him, and it is the same from Kailas to Kanyakumari and from Karachi to Kachar, and shops are closed and bonfires lit, and khadi is the only thing that is sold, while processions and songs and flag-salutations go through the streets, picketings and prabhat pheris, and the Police will beat and the soldiers open fire, and millions and millions of our brothers and sisters be thrown into prison, and yet go and ask them, who is our King? They will say, "Congress, Congress, Congress and the Mahatma.' and hand in hand they go, shouting "Victory, victory to the Mahatma.' Brothels are picketed and toddy booths and opium booths and courts are set up and men tried and condemned, and money set in circulation, the money of the Mahatma, and the salt of the sea sold, and the money sent to whom? to the Congress; and it is the same by the Ganges and the Jumna and the Godaveri, by Indus and by Kaveri, in Agra and Ankola, Lucknow and Maunpuri, in Madras, Patna and Lahore, in Calcutta, Peshawar and Puri, in Poona and in Benares — everywhere; and millions and millions of our brothers and sisters have gone to prison, and when the father comes back, the son is taken, and when the daughter is arrested, the mother comes out of prison, and yet there is but one law our people will obey, it is the law of the Congress. Listen, the Government is afraid of us. There is a big city in the north called Peshawar, and there the Government has always thousands and thousands of

military men, and our brothers, the Mohomedans, one and all have conquered the city, and no white man will ever come into it. And they have conquered, sisters, without a gun-shot, for all are Satyagrahis and disciples of the Mahatma. They bared their breasts and marched towards the machine-guns, ten thousand in all, and bullets went through them, and a hundred and twenty-five were shot through and through, and yet they went up and conquered the city. And when our soldiers were sent to shoot them, they would not shoot them. For after all, sisters, these soldiers, too, are Indians, and men like us, and they, too, have wives and children and stomachs to fill as we.'

'Monsters, monsters,' Rachanna's wife cries out. And the Volunteers replies, 'Monsters, monsters, yes, they may be, but we are out to convert them, the Mahatma says we should convert them, and we shall convert them; our hearts shall convert them. Our will and our love will convert them. And now let us be silent for a while, and in prayer send out our love that no hatred may live within our breasts. And, brothers and sisters, the battle, we will win. . .'

And we all closed our eyes and said our prayers, but our eyes would quiver, and we saw cars go up the Bebbur Mound and the Bel-field and the Tank-field and the Big Field, filled with these pariah-looking coolies, and soldiers were at our doors and policemen in our sanctums, and vessels lay broken on the streets, pickle-pots and gods and winnowing pales. And we say, 'No, no — this will not do, this will not do,' and Ratna says angrily, 'Then you are not for the Mahatma!' and we say, 'We are, we are! — But we have only a loin-cloth wide of land and that is to be sold away, and who will give us a morsel to eat — who?' and Ratna says, 'Oh, don't you be frightened — the Congress will look after it. Why, the Congress is ours, and much money is there in the Congress, and many a man has sent sacks and sacks of rice, and there are camps in Seethapur and camps in Subbapur, and camps, too, across the Mysore border in Shikaripur and Somapur and Puttapur . . But we said, 'That is not enough, Ratna, apd we are not cattle to leave ourhomes and our fires and the sacred banks of the Himavathy.'

But Ratna was already away and she was saying something to the boys inside, and we all went back home to light our fires and to put something into ourstomachs; but the bath fire would not take and the sanctum clothes were not dry, and when we went to the back yard we could see the cars still shining like Brahma's gates on the Bebbur Mound, and the harvest simmering with the north-cast wind that came from the Himavathy bend, and rising up the Kenchamma grove and the Bears Hill went shaking the trees of the Skeffington Coffee Estate, and we felt we could tear our saris to pieces and slice our heads into a million morsels and offer them up to some ten-headed ogre. Of what use all this Satyanarayana Puja — and all these Moorthy's prayers — and that widowed Ratna's commands? Prayers never paid Revenue dues. Nor would the rice creep back to the granaries. Nor fireconsume Bhatta's promissory notes. Mad we were, daughters, mad to follow Moorthy. When did Kenchamma ever refuse our three, morsels of rice — or the Himavathy the ten handfuls of water? . . . But some strange fever rushed up from the feet, it rushed up and with it our hair stood on end and our ears grew hot and something powerful shook us from head to foot, like Shamoo when the goddess had taken hold of him; and on that beating, bursting day, with the palms and the champaks and the lantana and the silent well about us, such a terror took hold of us, that we put the water-jugs on our hips, and we rushed back home, trembling and gasping with the anger of the gods. . . Moorthy forgive us! Mahatma forgive us! Ken- chamma forgive us! We shall go. Oh, we shall go to the end of the pilgrimage like the two hundred and fifty thousand women of Bombay. We will go like them, we will go . . .!

Men will come from the city, after all, to protect us! We will go . . .!

We drew two carts across Sami's courtyard so that nobody could see the procession we were preparing and flowers were brought, and sandal and banana trunks, and Ratna went and brought a picture of Satyanarayana and stuck it in the middle, and somebody put a Gandhi at his feet and set a flower upon it, and even sajji was being made in the kitchen, and butter and banana and syrup, and when

camphor trays and kumkum trays were decorated and the wicks sharpened, Ratna says somebody will blow the conch from the Promontory at dusk-fall, and the men who would be lying hidden in the jungle and by the river, and village men and city men would rush from this side and that and, with the Satyanarayana procession in front of us, we would go through the Brahmin Street and the Pariah Street to the village gate and across the lanes and the pastures and the canal to do field- Satyagraha.

And now and again, when we heard footsteps, we all rushed back into the byre for fear we should be seen, and then Seethamma, who was plucking flowers in the back yard, came and said, 'Sisters, sisters, do you know more buses have come and more men have come from the city for the auctions?' and we all said, 'Only a pariah looks at the teeth of dead cows. What is lost is lost, and we shall never again look upon ourfields and harvests.' And then someone comes running in and says, 'Why, there are women there, too,' and we could not stop our fears and we rushed to see who these bitches could be, and Timmamma, who had keen eyes, says, ' Why, they are our women; cannot you see? Agent Nanjundia's wife Subbamma Is there, and there is Kamalamma's Kanchi sari too,' and we all say, 'Well, one soul lost for us.' Then Timmamma says, 'Why, there is Venkatalakshamma too — Venkatalakshamma who fed Moorthy. Why, sister, a woman who could have starved her stepchildren so, could never be a Gandhi woman,' and Seethamma says, 'And there is Priest Rangappa's wife Lakshamma too, I think — 'To buy off for Bhatta, surely,' cried Ratna. And we sought to make out who this woman was and who that woman was, but we could hardly see, for the evening was drawing near. And then suddenly there arose the clamour of the pariah women and the sudra women, for a white man stood there on one of those lorries, and he was turning to this side and saying something, and turning to that side and saying something, and hands were thrust up, and people pressed against one another, and voices shot across the valley as clear and near as though they came frofn the other side of the Brahmin quarter, and the pariah women shrieked and shrieked, they beat their mouths and shrieked, and the children joined them, and ourhearts began to give way, and Ratna said, ' Now, no more of this — nobody wants to sec a drowning person,' and we all rushed back to the Satyanarayana procession-throne.

But the clamour still rises from beneath the Pro- montory and we can hear Timmi, Timmayya's Timmi, cry out, 'Oh! The Bel-field! May your house be destroyed — may your wife die childless — I'll sleep with your mother !' And the lamentations begin and lathis strike and the shriekings die down; and then we turn back to see suddenly that there is a city man at the byre door, and Ratna says, 'Why, that's Sankaru, and we say, 'Why, the Sankaru, the Sankaru,' and we feel a holy presence among us, and behind him are more men, more boys from the city, and he walks silently towards us and sees our throne ready and says, 'Thatis good,' and Ratna is trembling with joy and she says, 'Why, when did you come?' and he says, ' Nevermind. Is everything ready, for soon must the conch be blown,' and we all say, 'Who will blow it? Who?'

And with the coming of the evening, we hear the last shouts from the Bebbur Mound, and dogs bark and bats flap about, and then there is such a cry again from the Sudra lines and the Pariah lines that Ratna rushes to the back yard, and we all rush behind her, and from beneath the giant mango by the well we see the pariah-looking men of the Bebbur Mound go down crowd by crowd, sickle and scythe in hand, crowd by crowd to the Big field and the Bebbur field and Lin- gayya's field and Madanna's field and Rangamma's field and Satanna's triangular field, and then the cars start, and one by one the cars go down and sail away beyond the Kenchamma Hill, and we say, 'It's lost, it's lost, but they are not going to reap tonight, and it shall be ours one night more But from inside the lorries they take out big, strong gas-lights of the city, and like a veritable marriage-procession they bring the lights down — coolie behind coolie brings them down. Dusk falls and night comes and all our fields lie glimmering under the pale' yellow lights of the city. Then Sankaru rushes, in and cries out, 'Now, Ratnablow the conch!'

Ratna blew the conch from the top of the Promontory, and with the blowing of the conch rose the Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai! Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai! from Sami's courtyard, and the throne was lifted up, and wc marched through the Brahmin Street and the Potters' Street and the Pariah Street and the Weavers' Street, and doors creaked and children ran down the steps, and trays were in their hands, and the camphor was lit and the coconuts broken and the fruits offered, and one by one behind the children came theirmothers, and behind their mothers their grandmothers and grandaunts, and people said, 'Sister, let me hold the torch. Sister, let me hold the sacred fan.' And shoulder after shoulder changed beneath the procession-throne, and the cries of 4 Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai ! Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai! ' leapt into the air. And somebody said, 'Let us sing, "The Road to the City of Love",' and we said 'That's beautiful,"and we clapped our hands and we sang, 'The road to the City of Love is hard, brother.' And hardly were we by the Temple Comer than policeman upon policeman was seen by the village gate, and they were coming, their lathis raised up, and when they saw itwas a religious procession they stopped, and we shoutedall the louder to show it was indeed a religious song we were singing, and we came nearer. 'It's a religious procession, he, take care !' says one of them, and Ratna says, "Oh yes, we'll take care,' and the policemen walked beside us, twisting their moustaches and swearing and spitting and blustering, and Ratna stopped every hundred steps and blew the conch three times, and camphors were lit again, and the coconuts broken, and ' Satyanatayan Maharaj ki jai!' 'was shouted out into the night air. And the Police turned to Lingamma and said, 'Where are you going? ', and Lingamma said, 'I do not know '. And they turned to Madamma and said, 'Where are you going? ', and Madamma said, 'The gods know, not I,' and they went this side and that and tried to threaten Lakkamma and Madamma and Seethamma and Vedamma, but they shouted out, '*Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai*!'

And at last the Police Inspector came, and this time he was on foot, and a policeman followed him lantern in hand, and he stops the procession and Ratna blows the conch three times and says, 'Stop !', and we stop, and he says to Ratna, 'Where do you go? ', and Ratna says, 'head up, 'Where the gods will,' and he says, 'Which way do your gods will?' and he twists his face and laughs at his own joke, and Ratna says, 'Where evil haunts .'— 'You will get a nice two years, my nice lady.' — 'So be it. And now, Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai!'and she gave three long blasts with her conch.

And as we began to march, it was not 'SatyanarayanMaharaj ki jai! ' that came to our throats but 'Vande Mataram!', and we shouted out 'Vande Mataram — Mataram Vande!' ; and then suddenly from the darkened Brahmin Street and the Pariah Street and the Weavers' Street and the lantana growths came back the cry 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai !', and the police were so infuriated that they rushed this side and that, and from this courtyard and that garden, from behind this door and that byre, and from the tops of champak-trees and pipal-trees and tamarind-trees, from beneath horse-carts and bullock-carts, men in white jumped out, men at last from the city, boys, young men, house-holders, peasants, Mohomedans with dhotis to the knees, and city boys with floating shirts and Gandhi caps, and they swarmed around us like veritable mother elephants round their young. And we felt so happy that we cried out 'Vande. Mataram! ', and with the groan of the boys and the cry of children under the lathi blows, from the Karwar Road to the Kcnchamma Hill voices upon voices rose, and from hill to hill like wild-fires blared 'Mataram Vande !' And some near us stamped the earth and cried, 'Inquilab Zindabad — Inquilab Zindabad!' And 'Inquilab , Inquilab , Inquilab ' rapped out someone clear and fierce through the star-lit air, and 'Zindabad ' we roared back, and such a roar swept through the streets and the valley that wc said there are more men still, tens and tens of thousands of men, and the policemen's curses were lost in the ringing of bells and the blast of the conch. And then somebody behind us blew the long horn, and it twirled up and swung forth and clattered against the trees of the Skeffington Coffee Estate, and another and another curled up, and yet another that arched over the Kenchamma Hill and the Bebbur Mound and trailed away snaking up to the Blue Mountain tops. And we said more and more men will know of our fight, and more and more of them will come, and we clapped our hands and we stamped the earth and

we marched on, and we shouted ‘Inquilab, Inquilab Zindabad!’ and between two shouts we asked the city boys, ‘Where are we going, where? ’, and the city boys said, ‘Why, to the barricades.’ — ‘And what barricades?’ — ‘Why, the Skeffington barricades,’ and a neighbour would pinch us and say, ‘Say Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’and we cried out ‘ Gandhi Mahatma ki jai! ’ and the city boys would say, ‘We’ll take it, sister, we will. In Peshawar the whole city . . .’ and lathi blows fell on us, but ‘Inquilab Zindabad! ’ was the only answer we gave.

And suddenly, across the Bebbur Mound, we saw shapes crawl along and duck down and rise up, and we said, ‘Perhaps soldiers — soldiers,’ but ‘In Pesha- war,’ says the city boy, " you know they would not shoot,’ and we said we too are soldiers, and we are the soldiers of the Mahatma, and this country' is ours, and the soldiers are ours and the English they are not ours, and we said to ourselves, a day will come, a day when hut after hut will have a light at dusk, and flowers will be put on the idols, and camphors lit, and as the last Red-man leaps into his boat, and the earth pushes him away, through our thatches will a song rise like a thread of gold, and from the lotus navel of India’s earth the Mahatma will speak of love to all men. — ‘Say Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!’ — ‘Inquilab Zindabad, Inquilab Zindabad! ’ — and the Police’s lathis showered on us, and the procession-throne fell, and the gods fell and the flowers fell and the candelabras fell, and yet the gods were in the air, brother, and not a cry nor lamentation rose, and when we reached the village gate, suddenly from the top of the pipal someone swings down and he has a flag in hand, and he cries out,

Lift the flag high,
O, Lift the flag high,
Brothers, sisters, friends and mothers,
This is the flag of the Revolution,

and the Police rush at him, and he slips in here and he slips out there and the boys have taken the flag, and the flag flutters and leaps from hand to hand, and with it the song is clapped out:

O lift the flag high,
Lift it high like in 1857 again,
And the Lakshmi of Jhansi,
And the Moghul of Delhi,
Will be ours again,

and there is a long cry, ‘ Down the hedge, here’, and we rush down the Aloe lane, and the Police find they are too few, and they begin to throw stones at the crowd and the crowd gets angry, but the boys shut them up and sing:

O fire, O soul,
Give us the spark of God-eternal,
That friend to friend and friend to foe,
One shall we stand before Him.

And suddenly there is an opening in the hedge and the gas-lights and the coolies and the barricades are seen, long barricades that lie like an elephant’s carcass under the starlight, and men stand by them, and be- hind them the lorries, and behind the lorries the wide- eyed lantern of the Skeffington bungalow, and down below, in Satanna’s triangular field men are still working, the coolies from the city are still reaping. And' all of a sudden we cry out, ‘Gandhi Mahatma ki jai! ’,and they look at us and stop their work but they do not reply, and we shout the louder, ‘Vande Mataram !Inquilab Zindabad! Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ’, and the Police, seeing the crowd out of their hands, kick and twist the limbs and bang

more fiercely, and Seethamma is thrown upon the cactuses and Vedamma and Kanakamma after her, and we could hear theirwailings, and we run to them and pull them up, and we run down the lane and the field bunds and we come to the canal, and the women cry out, 'We cannot go! We cannot go ! ' and the men drag them and the Police push them in, and the pebbles slip under our feet, and saying 'Ganga, Jumna, Saraswathi!' we look up into the wide, starry sky, and there is something in the air resonant like the temple bell, and the bell rings on and on, and we wade through the canal and we sing, 'That friend to friend and friend to foe', and the procession still moves on — and suddenly, by Rangamma's Coconut-garden field, from behind the waving, brown paddy harvest, there is a cry sharp and clear, then a rasping hiss as though a thousand porcupines had suddenly bristled up, and we sec rising from behind the ridge, ten, twenty, thirty, forty soldiers heads down and bayonets thrust forth. We whirl in shrieks and shouts and yells, and we leap into the harvests. And a first shot is shot into the air.

And there was a shuddered silence, like the silence of a jungle after the tiger has roared over the evening river, and then, like a jungle cry of crickets and frogs and hyenas and bison and jackals, we all groaned and shrieked and sobbed, and we rushed this side to the canal-bund and that side to the Coconut-garden, and this side to the sugar-cane field and that side to the Bel-field bund, and we fell and we rose, and we crouched and we rose, and we ducked beneath the rice harvests and we rose, and we fell over stones and we rose again, over field-bunds and canal-bunds and garden-bunds did we rush, and the children held to oursaris and some held to our breasts and the night-blind held to our hands; and we could hear the splash of the canal water and the trundling of the gun-carts, and from behind a tree or stone or bund, we could see before us, there, beneath the Bebbur Mound, the white city boys grouped like a plantain grove, and women round them and behind them, and the flag still flying over them. And the soldiers shouted, 'Disperse or we fire,' but the boys answered, 'Brothers, we are non- violent,' and the soldiers said, 'Non-violent or not, you cannot march this side of the fields,' and the boys answered, 'The fields are ours,' and the soldiers said, 'I say the fields are bought, you pigs '. And a peasant voice from the back says, 'It's we who have put the plough to the earth and fed her with water,' and the soldiers say, 'He, stop that, you village kid,' and the boys say, 'Brother, the earth is ours, and you are ours too, brown like this earth is your skin and mine,' and a soldier shouts out, ' Oh, no more of this Panchayat — we ask you again, disperse, and do not force us to fire!' Then, it is Ratna's voice that says, 'Forward, brothers, in the name of the Mahatma!,' and everybody takes it up and shouts, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!,'and marches forward. And a shower of shots suddenly bursts into the air, and we close our eyes, and when we open them again there is not a cry nor shout and the boys are still marching forward, and the soldiers are retreating, and we say, ' So that was false firing.' But the city boys will not stop, and the crowd moves on and on, and beneath the stars there is a veritable moving mound of them from the Bebbur field to the canal field.

And we say, 'Let us rush behind Bhatta's sugar-canes there they cannot catch us, for if they come to one row, we will slip into another,' and we stumble and rise again, and we hold to our children and the night-blind, and we duck and we rise again, and, our eyes fixed on the soldiers, we rush towards Bhatta's sugarcane field. And when we are there, Satamma says, 'The snakes, the snakes !' and we say, 'If our karma is that, may it be so,' and we huddle behind the sugar-cane reeds and we lie along the sugar-cane ditches, and we peep across the dark, watery fields, and the children begin to say, 'I am afraid, I am afraid,' and we say, 'Wait a moment, wait, and it will be over soon.' And, our hearts tied up in our sari fringes, we gaze beyond the dead harvest growth, and the crowd still moves forward towards the gas-lights, and by the gas-lights the coolies still bend their heads and cut the harvest, and a man is there, crying out, swearing away — their maistri. And the nearer the crowd comes to the coolies the louder is the shout 'Gandhi Mahatma ki jai! Inquilab Zindabad! Inquilab Zindabad!' And suddenly we see shadows moving in the Skeffington Coffee Estate, shadows moving like buffaloes on a harvest night, and not a voice comes from them, and we say, 'Surely, they are not our men,' and yet we say, 'The

Skeffington coolies will not let us down.'And then, as the pumpkin moon is just rising over the Beda Ghats, there comes a sudden cry from the top of the Bebbur Mound, and we jump to our feet and we ask, 'Oh, what can it be, what?,' and a flag is seen moving in the hands of a white-clad man, and the Police boots are crunching upon the sand, and we say somebody is running to- wards the barricades — but who? And the crowd is still by the Bebbur field, and the -flag is still there, and there is a furious cry coming from the Bebbur Mound gate and a crash is heard, and we hear the coolies rushing at the barricades and they, too, have a flag in their hands and they blow a trumpet and shout out, 'Vande Mataram! Mataram Vande!,' and there is an answer from the crowd below, ' Inquilab Zindabad! Inquiab Zindabad!,' and between them is Range Gowda's Big field and the Bebbur field and the triangular field.

And of a sudden the coolies of the city stop work and at a command the lights are all put out, and there is nothing but the rising moon and a rag of cloud here and there and all the stars of night and the shining dome of tfie Kenchamma Temple, and the winking lantern from the Skeffington bungalow. And the Skeffington coolies, black with their white dhotis, tumble and rush down, and there is another shot in the air, and this time we see the flag of the coolies flutter as they advance towards the crouching barricades; and a white officer is there, and there is surely a horse beneath him, for he is here, he is there, he is every- where, and one of the soldiers cries out something from the barricades, and the coolies answer one and all, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!,' and then someone lights a dhoti and throws it at the soldiers, and there is a long, confused cry like that of children, and we see lathis rising and falling, darting and dipping like fishes, and the coolies shout out, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai ! To the fields! To the barricades, brothers!' And the crowd below, wading through the harvests, shouts back, 'Say, brother, Inquilab Zindabad! Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' And they seem so near the Skeffington coolies that they have just to jump and they will be at the top of the Mound and the Skeffington coolies have just to jump down and they will be with the crowd, and between them stand the city coolies, white and bearded and motionless. And when the Skeffington coolies shout again, 'Inquilab Zindabad! Inquilab Zindabad! Say, brother, Inquilab Zindabad! ' a volley spits into the air, and in the silence that follows, there is a voice that shouts out, 'Stop, or we shoot — 'Shoot !' answers one of the coolies, and a shot burstsstraight at him, and another and yet another, and there are cries and gasps, and people, beat their mouths and lament, and the crowd below feels so furious that, shouting, 'Inquilab Zindabad!,' they run forward, and the Police can stop them no more, and they jump over field-bunds and tumble against gas-lights and fall over rocks and sheafs, sickles, and scythes, three thousand men in all, and from the top of the Mound soldiers open fire.

And there follows a long tilting silence, and then yells and moans and groans again. And we say, 'No, we can see this no more, we, too, shall be with them.'But Lingamma says she is feeling like doing something, and Lakshamma says her heart is fainting, and Nanjamma says, 'I'll be with the children.' So Vedamma and Seethamma and Lakshamma and I, we go up behind the crowd, and the bullets scream through the air, like flying snakes taken fire, they wheeze and hiss and slash against the trees, or fall hissing into the canal, and Vedamma gets a bullet in the left leg, and we put her on the field-bund, and we tear up a little paddy and we lay her on it and she says, 'Rama-Rama, I'm dying — Rama-Rama, I'm dying,' and we say, 'No, it's only the leg,' but she says, 'No, no,' but we know it is well, and there is such a cry, such a lamentation from the crowd, that our hearts are squeezed like a wet cloth, and we say, 'Vedamma, Vedamma, stop here and we will get some help'. And already in the Big field men are being bandaged, and we say, 'Brother, brother, there is a woman wounded,' and somebody says, 'Ramu, go and see her And a Volunteer hurries torch in hand 'to bandage' Vedamma, and we see already, two, three, four stretchers bearing away the wounded, and they say the Congress ambulance is there, that it had slipped through swamp and jungle, and the wounded would be carried to it. And we say, 'How are things going, brother? ' and the Volunteer says, 'They are resisting,' and we ask, 'And women, are there some women? ' and he says, 'Why, there are many.'— ' And you are a city boy?' we ask. — 'Yes, yes,

sister,' he says, and we say, ' We'll follow you,' and he says, 'Come,' and we run behind him, and the shots fall here and fall there, and in the darkness we can see a white group of men moving up, a white group of city boys, and behind them are women, and behind the women the crowd again, and the wounded shriek from this field and from that, voices of men and boys and old women, and above it all rises from the front. ranks the song:

And the flame of Jatin,
And the fire of Bhagath,
And the love of the Mahatma in all,
O, lift the flag high,
Lift the flag high,
This is the flag of the Revolution.

And the Skeffington coolies cry out, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! and the coolies of the harvest take it up and shout 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!' and we are near them and they are near us, and they say something to us and we do not understand what they mutter, and we say, 'Mahatma , Mahatma , Gandhi Mahatma!'and they put their mouths to our ears and say, 'Gandhi Mahatma ki jai!,' and 'Punjab, Punjab !' But ourears are turned to the firing and we strain our eyes to see the coolies on the Mound, the coolies of the Skeffington Coffee Estate, but all we hear are shouts and shrieks and yells. Then suddenly, from the Himavathy bend there is such a rush of more coolies that the soldiers do not know which way to turn, for the city boys are still marching up, and women are behind them, and the crowd behind the women, and there are the coolies across the barricades; and there is such joy that a wild cry of 'Vande! . . . Mataram! ..'gushes from the valley to the mountain-tops and all the moon- lit sky above us. And the white man shouts a command and all the soldiers open fire and all the soldiers charge — they come rushing towards us, their turbans trembling and their bayonets shining under the bright moon, and our men lie flat on the fields, the city boys and the women, and the soldiers dash upon us and trample over us, and bang their rifle-butts against our heads. There are cries and shrieks and moans and groans, and men fly to the left and to the right, and they howl and they yell and they fall and they rise and we rise, too, to fly, but the soldiers have seen us, and one of them rushes toward us, and we are felled and twisted, we are felled and we are kicked, we are felled and the bayonets waved over our faces — and a long time passes before we wake and we find Satamma fainted beside us, and Madamma and I, who were soaking in a ditch, crawl past her. And then there is a shot, and a fleeing man near by is shot in the chest and he fallsover us, and the moon splashes on his moustached face, his peasant-blanket soaked in blood, and he slowly lets down his head, crying 'Amma, mother! Amm — Amm !' and we wipe the saliva from his mouth, and we put our mouths to his ear and say, ' Narayan, Narayan,' but he is already dead. There is no more charging now, but a continuous firing comes down from the Bebbur Mound. The moon still shines and with it the winking light of the Skeffington Coffee Estate.

There is a long silence.

We're in the Big field. Where is Ratna? Where is Venkateshia's wife Lakshamma? And Nosescratching Nanjamma?And Seethamma and Vedamma and Chinnamma and all?' How are you, Madamma?' I ask. 'Hush !' says someone in front of us, hid beneath the harvest, and as we raise our heads, we see men hid behind this ridge and that, in this field and that, and their white clothes and their tufts and braids. And there is Kanthapura, too, across the canal and the Aloe lane, and there's not a light, and the streets are milk-splashed under the moon. There's Rangamma's veranda and Nanjamma's mango-well, and Sami's courtyard with its carts, yokes on the earth and backs in the air; the dustbin is by the Main Street Square, and the Corner-House coconut-tree is dark and high. There seems to be not a beating pulse in all Kanthapura.

Now, there's the gruff voice of the white officer and the whispered counsels of the soldiers. Soon they'll begin the attack again.

The attack began not from their side but ours, for someone broke open the gas cylinders of the city lights, and they made such a roar that the officer thought it was a gun-shot, and immediately there was a charge, and the soldiers came grunting and grovelling at us, bayonets thrust forward, and shot after shot burst through the night, and we knew this time there would be no mercy, and we rose and we ran; and someone from the Bebbur Mound had run up to the barricades where there was neither soldier nor officer, and had tried to hoist the National flag, and the coolies rushed behind him, and the coolies from the Himavathy bend rushed towards them, and there was a long 'Vande Mataram !' and the soldiers, fiercer, dashed behind us, and man after man gasped and cried and fell, and those that were tying bandages to them, they, too, got bayonet thrusts in the thighs and arms and chest, and we spread over field and bund and garden, and when we came to the canal there were so many of us to wade through, that the boys said, 'Go ahead, go ahead, sisters,' and they stood there, holding hand to hand and arm to arm, one long aloe-hedge of city boys, their faces turned to the Bebbur Mound. And the soldiers rush at them, but one goes forward and says, 'Brother, we are non-violent, do not fire on innocent men,' and the white officer says, 'Stop,' and he says to the soldier, 'What does he say?' and the soldiers laugh, 'They say they're innocent,' and the officer says, 'Then ask them if they will be loyal to the Government,' and the boys ask, 'What Government?' and the officer answers, 'The British Government,' and the boys say, 'We know only one Government and that is the Government of the Mahatma,' and the officer says, 'But ours is an Indian Government,' and he says to a soldier, 'Plant this flag here,' and we who are on the other side of the canal, we lie behind the bund, and we look at the flag being planted just between Satamma's boundary stone and the Bel-tree, and the moon is stiB there and the fields fretful with a mountain wind. And the officer says, 'Salute, and march past the flag, and you will be free,' and then he says, 'Gome out,' and the boys cry in answer, 'Inquilab Zindabad! Inquilab Zindabad! ' and the boys at the batk begin,

O fire, O soul,
Give us the spark of God-eternal,
That friend to friend and friend to foe,
One shall we stand before HIM.
And the flame of Jatin,
And the fire of Bhagath,
And the love of the Mahatma in all,
O, lift the flag high,
Lift the flag high.
This is the flag of the Revolution.

And suddenly a boy rushes to the flag and a host of bayonets are thrust at him, and another boy rushes up behind him, and at him the officer aims his pistol, and then others cry and shout and rush at the flag, and the parrots and the bats and the crows come screeching out of the bel-tree ; and the coolies are now running down the Bebbur Mound, and there is a hand-to-hand fight, and some, frightened, fall into the canal, and others go rushing this side and that, but the city boys, they squat down, they plop on the harvests and they squat down. But someone has hit the officer and he falls, and then curses and bayonets fly, and the coolies of the Bebbur Mound have arrived, and they are holding the gas-light boxes in front of them, and some carry gas-cylinders on their heads, and they carry sickles and lathis in their hands. But a voice is heard saying, 'No violence, in the name of the Mahatma,' and we know it is Ratna's voice — but, where is she? Where? And the coolies answer back, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! Say, brother,

Gandhi Mahatma ki jai!', and the soldiers rush towards them and fall on them, and the coolies fall on the soldiers, and the city boys cry, 'Stop, stop/ but bayonets are thrust at them too, and there is such a confusion that men grip men and men crush men and men bite men and men tear men, and moans on moans rise and groans on groans die out, while the ambulance men are still at work and men are bandaged, and shots after shots ring out and man after man falls like an empty sack, and the women take up the lamentation: 'He's gone — he's gone — he's gone, sister!,' they beat their mouths and shout, 4 He's gone — he's gone — he's gone, Moorthappa ! ', and somebody adds, 'He's gone — he's gone — he's gone, Rachanna ! ', and over the moans and the groans rises the sing-song lamentation, 'Oh, Ammayya, he's gone — he's gone — he's gone, Rachanna ! '

And men are kicked and, legs tied to hands and hands tied to legs, are they rolled into the canal, and the waters splash and yells rise up, 'Help, help, Ammayya!' And the coolies rush up and some shout 'Mahatma Gandhi ki jai! ' and others shout back 'Vande Mataram! ', and a bayonet is thrust at one and he falls; and again through the night rises the lamentation ' Ammayya — he's gone — he's gone — he's gone, Moorthappa,' and it whirls and laments over the canal and the sugarcane field and the Bebbur Mound and Skeffington Coffee Estate and the mango grove of the Kenchamma Temple — and crouching, we creep back through the village lane, behind lantana and aloe and cactus, looking at the Bebbur Mound, where the Gandhi flag is still flying beneath the full-bosomed moon, and the Canal-bund beyond which three thousand men are shrieking and slaying, weeping, wounding, groaning, crawling, swooning, vomiting, bellowing,

moaning, raving, gasping . . . and at the village gate there's Satamma and Nanjamma and Rachamma and Madamma, and Yenki and Nanju and Pariah Tippa and old Mota and Beadle Timmayya and Bora and Venkata, and the children are there, too, and old men from the city, and the coolies of the fields who said, 'Punjab, Punjab.' And we ask ourselves,' Who will ever set foot again in this village? and Madanna's wife Madi says, 'Even if you want to, the Police are not your uncle's sons, are they? For every house and byre is now attached.' And then more and more men crawl up, and more wounded are brought up, on shoulders and arms and stretchers are they brought up, naked, half covered, earth-covered are they brought up, with dangling legs, dangling hands and bleeding hands, and with bleeding mouths and bleeding foreheads and backs are they brought up, city boys and peasant boys are they, young and bright as banana trunks, city men and peasant men, lean-ribbed, long-toed, with cut moustaches and long whiskers — peasant women and city women are they, widows, mothers, daughters, stepdaughters — and some speak in free voices and some in breathless sputters, and some can do no more than wallow and wail. And women walk behind them, beating their mouths and singing, ' Oh, he's gone — he's gone, Cart-Man Rudrappa; Hi y said he to his bulls, and h£, hd y said he to his cart, he y he , hd y said he to the wicked whip; he's gone — he's gone — he's gone, Rudrappa,' and another woman adds, 'He'sgone, Potter Siddayya .

And old Rachanna's wife Rachi can bear the sight no more, and she says, 'In the name of the goddess, I'll burn this village,' and we say, 'Nay, nay, Rachi,' but she spits once, twice, thrice towards the Bebbur Mound, and once, twice, thrice at the village gate, and she rushes towards the pariah lines, and Lingamma and Madamma and Boramma and Siddamma follow her, crying, 'To the ashes, you wretch of a village !' and they throw their bodices and their sari-fringes on the earth and they raise a bonfire beneath the tamarind-tree, and they light this thatch and that thatch, and we cry out, 'Our houses, our houses,' and they say, 'Go, ye widows, don't ye see the dead and the dying?' and more and more men and women go this side and that and say, 'If the rice is to be lost let it be lost in the ashes,' and granary and byre and hay-lofts are lighted. And then, as the flames rise, there are shots again, and the soldiers rush towards us, and we run and run, with the cows and the bulb and the pigs and the hens bellowing and squawking about us, and bats and rats and crows and dogs squealing behind us. through

Pariah Street and Potters' Street and the Weavers' Street did we rush, and slipping behind Rangamma's backyard, we dodged among tamarind and pipal and lantana and cactus, and Seethamma and Madamma and Boramma and Lingamma and I waded through the Himavathy, and Rachamma and Rachamma's child, and Ningamma and her grand-daughter and her two nephews joined us; and then more and more women and men joined us, wounds in stomachs and wounds in breasts and wounds in faces, with bullets in thighs, and bullets in the toes, bullets in the arms — men carried men, men carried wounded women and yelping children, and they laved them in the river, and they gave them water to drink and when we were twenty-five or thirty in all, one of the city boys said, 'Now we start, and we shall reach Maddur in an hour,' and we rose and woke the children, and they rose with us, and beneath the hushed arching mangoes of the road, stumbling into ruts and groping over boulders, we trudged up the Maddur Mountains, and not a roar came from the jungles and the moon and stars were bright above us.

And in Maddur there were policemen, and they, too, rushed to smite us, and we said, 'We have borne so much, let them,' and they spat and they kicked and they crushed and they banged, and then an old woman from here and a pregnant woman from there, old men, girls and children came running, Maddur women and Maddur old men, and they took us to this veranda and that, and gave us milk and coconut and banana. And they asked this about the fight and that, and of theirsons who were with us, and their fathers and theirhusbands, and of Mota who had a scar on the right eye, and Chenna who was this-much tall, and Betel- seller Madayya, you couldn't mistake him, he was so round, and wc said what we - knew and we were silent over what we knew not, and they said, 'Ah, wait till our men come back, wait!' But we said the Police would not leave us alone and we'd go away but we'd leave our wounded with them. . And we took ourchildren and our old women and our men and we marched up the Kola Pass and the Beda Hills, and, mounting over the Ghats, we slipped into the Santapur jungle-path, and through the clear, rustling, jungle night we walked down to the banks of the Gauvery. Across it was the Mysore State, and as dawn broke over the hissing river and the jungles and the mountains, we dipped in the holy river and rose, and men came to greet us with trumpet and bell and conch, and they marched in front of us and we marched behind them, through the footpaths and the lanes and the streets. And houses came and cattle and dung- smell and coconut shops and children and temple and all. They hung garlands on our necks, and called us the pilgrims of the Mahatma.

Then we ate and we slept, and we spake and we slept, and when they said, 4 Stay here, sisters,' we said, 'We'll stay, sisters,' and tve settled down in Kashipura.

9.7.5.1 Summary of chapter 18

After three days spent repairing and cleaning the village, as the men begin to return home, the villagers see cars heading up the Bebbur Mound "like a marriage procession." They see Europeans marching "pariah-looking people" out, but something seems wrong, and Rachi brings the other women to Ratna, "for she is our chief now."

Ratna officially becomes the leader of the Gandhian movement, which has shifted from following a brahmin man to a pariah woman. But caste still exists elsewhere under colonialism, as evidenced by the villagers' immediate sense that Europeans are marching "pariah-looking people" into town.

A drummer beats in the Temple Square, declaring "something about the supreme Government and the no-taxer and the rebels" before naming various fields around the village, even Rangè Gowda's big field. Suddenly, the villagers realize what is happening and begin to weep. Achakka and the women meet Satamma, who blames Moorthy for "all this misery" and at first refuses to follow them to Ratna, but eventually gives in and joins.

Since the villagers have rejected the legitimacy of the British government, that government has decided to confiscate their lands and sell them to the highest bidder. At the hands of the government, Kanthapura transforms from a village saturated with personal and religious significance for its inhabitants into a massive property to be sold for profit.

They go to Sami's house, where Ratna is staying, and find about a dozen other villagers looking at a door behind which "the Mahatma's boys" are speaking. The women feel relieved, since Moorthy promised that "city people" would come help them, and more people come to join them at Sami's house.

Fortunately, Gandhians from the city have come to stop the colonial government. The villagers' power lies in their newfound network of relations with independence fighters throughout the subcontinent.

The door opens, and Ratna is behind it along with many of the men who had been arrested and a number of city boys, one of whom addresses the audience and explains that hundreds of Volunteers will come from the city to save the village's lands, "for the Government is afraid of us." In Karwar, he explains, all public services have stopped and "every white man" has a policeman for personal protection as Gandhians have taken over and refuse to stop even when millions are beaten and thrown in jail. They only buy khadi cloth and the money in circulation ends up with the Congress, not the government. Gandhians conquered the northern city of Peshawar, he continues, even though hundreds were shot, and eventually the soldiers stopped shooting them altogether because they came to understand their purpose. He believes that Gandhians' love will even convert these soldiers, and the whole group takes a moment for silent prayer.

Elsewhere, the city men promise, the independence movement has succeeded in blocking the colonial government by withdrawing Indians' participation in it. The Gandhian movement seems to be succeeding on a national scale, as police violence, murders, and the threat of arrest do little to deter Indians who have found freedom in their shared commitment to independence. But the Congress still collects taxes and issues national policies, like the colonial government, which suggests that it is impossible to truly devolve such power once it has been centralized.

During the prayers, the women see more and more cars drive through town and suddenly they blurt out, "no, no—this will not do, this will not do." Ratna assures them that the Congress will take care of them, but the women cannot bring themselves to abandon their lands and homes "and the sacred banks of the Himavathy."

The women suddenly lose trust in the national Gandhian movement, which (exactly like the colonial government) seems to void their land of the particular meaning it holds for its particular people.

Ratna had already left, and everyone returns home in frustration as Achakka wonders whether Gandhism has helped them at all. She declares that they were "mad to follow Moorthy." The goddess Kenchamma and river Himavathy never refused their prayers, she laments. But suddenly she feels "some strange fever" inside her and has a change of heart. Achakka begs forgiveness from Moorthy, Gandhi, and Kenchamma, and declares that the women will do their pilgrimage "to the end."

Achakka suddenly experiences a conflict between the traditional and Gandhian sides of herself. After she spends months fighting Gandhi's battles, Achakka suddenly wishes she had rejected the Mahatma's nationalistic ideology and sustained the local religion that bestowed her with her particular identity, even if the colonial government strategically exploited that identity in order to keep Indians economically oppressed. But then she reverts because of a feeling that she cannot shake (like the feelings that moved Moorthy follow to Gandhi throughout the book).

The Gandhians block the police's view of the courtyard with two carts and plan their Satyagraha march. Someone runs into the courtyard and says that women have arrived for the land auction, and Timmamma sees that they are women from their own village, including Kamalamma and Venkatalakshamma and Lakshamma. Ratna hopes that they want to buy out Bhatta's lands. They have trouble discerning who is coming and return to their preparations as pariah women shriek and shriek around the valley.

The Gandhians discover that even former residents of the village have decided to participate in the auction, likely paying the colonial government for what used to be their own lands. Ironically, the brahmins who rejected Gandhi in favor of the caste system have now abandoned their traditional position as religious leaders in order to rule Kanthapura through their wealth.

The police and protestors continue to clash in town, and the Gandhians see Sankar come to the door with a number of city boys in tow. He asks if everything is ready but reveals neither his motives nor who will blow the conch to start their protest. That evening, they hear more commotion in the town and look out to see "pariah-looking men" spread to all the village's fields and the Europeans' cars drive off. They bring out "big, strong gas-lights of the city" and illuminate the fields around the village; when he sees them, Sankar shouts at Ratna to blow the conch.

Although Sankar professes his support for the villagers, Achakka feels as though he is hiding information from them, coopting their struggle to save their own lands for his broader cause. To the villagers' horror, their lands have been turned into a plantation like the Skeffington Estate, and the gas lights show that city technology has come to transform the village's landscape.

The Gandhians immediately begin to march, chanting and singing as the policemen file into town with their lathis raised. But they are singing a religious song and chanting "Satyanarayan Maharaj ki jai!" They tell the police officers they do not know where they are going, but soon the villagers' cries turn back to "Vandè Mataram!" and "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!" as the city boys come out to join them in the streets and march with them in the direction of the barricades outside the Skeffington Estate.

The Gandhians' religious chant gives them plausible deniability, since the colonial government views politics and religion as separate spheres (whereas they are intimately intertwined in Kanthapura). Crucially, they praise Satyanarayan, or "truth as the highest being," which suggests that they have recommitted to Gandhi's cause and emphasis on Truth.

The police beat the marchers once again with their lathis, but at the village gate one Gandhian raises "the flag of the Revolution," singing it and passing it around the protestors as the police try to seize it. The police begin throwing stones at the crowd but are outnumbered by protestors.

By raising the flag, the villagers claim Kanthapura for the Congress of All India's parallel government, and the previous chapter's image of children throwing rocks at the police is inverted as the police throw rocks at the mass of protestors.

The protestors approach the Skeffington Estate's guarded barricades and see the city coolies continue their labor. The police throw one woman on a cactus and run the others down to the canal and then into its waters. From afar, the village women see dozens of new soldiers approaching with rifles and bayonets. They hide amidst the season's harvests as one soldier fires a warning shot and then a deafening silence falls.

The villagers see distinct signs that this confrontation will be still more violent than the last. While the city Gandhians initially helped the villagers outnumber the police, the government quickly calls in reinforcements and signals its willingness to shoot protestors.

From their vantage point above the village, the women see the soldiers surround the city boys and demand that they must lower the flag or else will be shot. When the boys insist that their protest is nonviolent, the police say that this does not allow them to march into the fields. Those are their fields, protest the villagers, for "it's we who have put the plough to the earth and fed her with water," but the soldiers shoo them off and threaten again to shoot.

The women now view Kanthapura from above, a perspective Achakka has never before adopted in relation to her village. This suggests that her relationship to it is changing. Indeed, the villagers and soldiers clash over ideologies of the land: Kanthapura's people claim that their ties to the land through history, religion, and labor supersede the formal property rights through which the colonial government claims it can sell their village.

Ratna drives the protestors forward and they all hear a volley of shots and close their eyes, only to quickly realize that these were more warning shots. Afraid, the villagers hide in Bhatta's sugarcane fields. They see the city coolies begin to cut their harvest as the crowd approaches them, chanting. They see the Skeffington coolies marching a flag down from the Estate to the barricades.

Bhatta used to oppress the villagers with his predatory moneylending, amassing land at their expense; now, the people of Kanthapura have occupied his fields. Similarly, the Skeffington coolies have raised the national flag over the estate where they are indentured, seemingly claiming the land for themselves.

Suddenly, the city coolies in Kanthapura shut off all the lights. The villagers see the police start to beat the Skeffington coolies at the barricade, then fire warning shots and finally shoot one of the coolies. Astonished, the other three thousand coolies leap over the barricades and rush towards the top of the hill where the police stand and begin to open fire.

Just as the Kartik lights go out before the police arrest Rachanna in section 10 of the book, the gas lights go out here just before the police kill the first protestor. But, as in all the book's protests, physical violence initially motivates the Gandhians to fight harder rather than scaring them away.

After "a long tilting silence," the women decide to join the coolies, and Nanjamma stays to watch the children. Achakka goes and sees bullets flying every which way, until one strikes one of the Volunteers with her. A protestor from the city bandages the injured woman and carries her to the Congress ambulance. The others hear the yells of the wounded and, from the front of the march, a song—"O, lift the flag high, / Lift the flag high, / This is the flag of the Revolution."

The police have no qualms about massacring nonviolent, unarmed protestors who have already rejected their government's legitimacy. As she frequently does throughout the book, Achakka narrates this chaotic conflict between the police and Gandhians through the competing sounds she hears: the noise of gunshots and the song of the Revolution.

The city coolies give up the harvest and join in the protests, telling the women "Gandhi Mahatma ki jai!" even though they otherwise do not understand one another. They look for the Skeffington coolies but do not see them, although an enormous crowd of coolies and women comes from the river bend. The soldiers fire and charge at the protestors, trampling them, waving around their bayonets, and hitting them with their rifle butts.

Like the Skeffington Coolies and villagers throughout the Western Ghats in previous protests, the city coolies who have been brought to work the newly bought-out fields join the Gandhians who share their political interest in ending colonial rule. The soldiers' gruesome violence continues to escalate.

Sometime later, the women wake, and a Gandhian immediately gets shot near them and falls over them, dead. In the big field, Achakka wonders where all her fellow Volunteers have gone. She looks up over the fields and sees her village, completely empty: “there seems to be not a beating pulse in all Kanthapura.” She hears the British soldiers plan their next attack.

When they wake up, the women immediately confront the aftermath of the massacre. Achakka again takes in all of Kanthapura at once, seeing it completely evacuated from this new perspective. But, even though the village is empty and there appears to be nothing left to destroy, the British are still planning another attack. Their cruelty extends beyond their particular mission of putting down Kanthapura’s protestors.

The attack starts “not from their side but ours,” since one of the Gandhians broke open one of the city lights and it made a noise so loud that the soldiers mistook it for a gunshot. The soldiers charge at the protestors, shooting and thrusting their bayonets, and the Gandhians flee with the coolies as someone hoists the flag of India. The soldiers begin massacring the protestors.

The protestor’s attack on the city technology of the gas light is interpreted by the soldiers as a violent physical attack, even though they know the Gandhians are unarmed. Attacking colonial objects, like invading colonial property, amounts to an attack on colonialism itself and leads the soldiers to feel that further violence is justified.

One of the protestors tells a soldier “do not fire on innocent men.” The soldiers laugh and ask if the Gandhians are loyal to the British Government, but they say they “know only one Government and that is the Government of the Mahatma.” The soldiers plant a Government flag and demand that the protestors march by it, but again the Gandhians start singing about “the flag of the Revolution.”

The soldiers define disloyalty to the British Empire as a form of criminal guilt, promising safety in exchange for allegiance to the symbol of colonial rule. Again, the Gandhians’ principled rejection of the British government supersedes their concern for their physical safety, even though they appear to be leading themselves into a massacre.

Boys rush at the flag and the soldiers stab them with bayonets, starting another chaotic massacre. Someone strikes one of the officers and Achakka hears Ratna’s voice saying, “no violence, in the name of the Mahatma” but cannot find her anywhere. “Men grip men and men crush men and men bite men and men tear men” in the confusion. Protestor after protestor falls dead, and the villagers cry out for them.

Like Moorthy’s refusal to accept legal help or Sankar’s insistence on speaking Hindi, the protestors’ suicidal proclamation of loyalty to Gandhi seems to cross the line of principled resistance and look like an absurd, blind adherence to the party line in a context that does not justify it.

Achakka and the women “creep back through the village lane,” watching the police slaughter countless men beneath the Gandhian flag. To their relief, many of the villagers are standing at the town gate, but they wonder “who will ever set foot again in this village?” More wounded men return from the hill, bleeding and wailing.

Kanthapura’s sanctity for its inhabitants seems to be violated. As Gandhians are massacred on the Kenchamma Hill, Achakka implies, she begins to lose her deep affinity for the land and her faith in its goddess. Similarly, as the national flag flies over a massacre of Gandhians, Rao seems to imply that their faith in the Mahatma goes too far and undermines the purity of Gandhi’s message.

Rachi declares that “in the name of the goddess, I’ll burn this village.” Against the others’ protests, she spits thrice toward the Bebbur Mound and the village gate before leading four others to

make a bonfire of their clothing and spread the flames throughout their village. They hear gunshots and shrieking animals, and they run out of the village and through the Himavathy river as more and more of the protestors join them, heading toward Maddur.

When Rachi burns the village in Kenchamma's name, she is both destroying the site of the massacre that has devastated Kenchamma's people and leading those people to abandon their goddess and move elsewhere. The clothes she burns are likely domestic khadi-cloth, which suggests that she may be rejecting the Gandhism that led to Kanthapura's destruction and gave the villagers little in return. On their way out of town, the Gandhians cleanse themselves in the holy Himavathy river, which guides them away from Kanthapura toward safety.

In Maddur, more policemen immediately attack the Gandhians, but locals quickly rush to their rescue and tend to their wounded. The able-bodied continue over the Ghats and into the jungle, across into Mysore state, where people come and "hung garlands on our necks and called us the pilgrims of the Mahatma." The people of this town, Kashipura, invite the Gandhians to stay, and they move there permanently.

The further the villagers go from Kanthapura, the more locals around the Ghats support their cause; in abandoning their village, the Gandhians unite with others under the banner of the nation for which they have fought.

9.7.5.1.1 Short and long Questions

9.7.5.1.1.1 Why is an auction is announced in the village?
9.7.5.1.1.2 What is the reaction of Kanthapura's inhabitanats to the announcement of auction?
9.7.5.1.1.3 What is the hidden plan behind Satyanarayan pooja on the day of auction?
9.7.5.1.1.4 What is the reason behind the migration of people of Kanthapura to Kashipura?
9.7.5.1.1.5 Why do the city boys come to Kanthapura?
9.7.5.1.1.6 What is the significance of Rachi's initiative of starting bonfire of clothes?

9.7.6 Text of Chapter 19

CHAPTER 19

This Dasara will make it a year and two months since all this happened and yet things here are as in Kanthapura. Seethamma and her daughter Nanja now live in Malur Shanbhog Chikkanna's house, and they eat with them, and grind with them, and Chikkanna, who has no children, is already searching for a bridegroom for Nanja. 'I'll find her a Mysore B.A.,' he says, and day after day horoscopes come, and he says, ' This one is better, but the other one I haveheard about is better still.'But Nanjamma, Pandit Venkateshia's wife Nanjamma, is alone in Temple Vishvcshvarayya's house, and she says, ' I'm no cook, and yet that's all I do for the Mahatma ! ' That one was never bom to follow the Mahatma, I tell you, she and her tongue and her arms, and her ever-falling sari. And Pariah Rachanna's wife, Rachi, has found a place in Kanthenahalli Patel Chandrayya's house, and shecomes now and again to the brahmin quarters with her pounded rice or her dung-cakes. Her granddaughter Mari is working in Chenna's house, and they say she's already asked for in marriage by Kotwal Kirita's son, the second one, who works with the elephant merchants from the north. And the marriage is to take place as soon as the father is out of prison. And Timmamma and I, we live in Jodidar Seetharamiah's house, and they say always, 'Are your prayers finished, aunt? Are your ablutions finished, aunt?' before every meal 'Aunt, aunt, aunt, they always call us for this and that, and the children say, 1 The Mahatma has sent us his relations. There is the aunt who tells such nice stories/ and that is me, 'and the aunt of the pancakes,' and that's Timmamma, and they all laugh.

In the afternoons we all gather on the veranda pressing cotton wicks and hearing the Upanishads — it's Temple Vishwanath's son Shamu, who's at the Mysore Sanscrit College, that does us the readings. Of course, it can never be like Ramakrishnayya's. They say Rangamma is to be released soon. And maybe mypoor Seenu too, though they have sent him to a Northern jail, for what with his hunger-strikes and Vandt Matarams , he had set fire to the hearts of all around him, and they gave him another six months. But Ratna had only one year, and the other day she came to spend a month with us, and she told us of the beatings and the tortures and the 'Salute the Union Jack * in the prison. That was not for long though, for the Mahatma has made a truce with the Viceroy and the peasants will pay back the revenues, the young men will not boycott the toddy shops, and everything they say, will be as before. No, sister, no, nothing can ever be the same again. You will say we have lost this, you will say we have lost that. Kenchamma forgive us, but there is something that has entered ourhearts, an abundance like the Himavathy on Gauri's night, when lights come floating down the Rampur Comer, lights comer floating down from Rampur and Maddur and Tippur, lights lit on the betel leaves, and with flower and kumkum and song we let them go, and they will go down the Ghats to the morning of the sea, the lights on the betel leaves, and the Mahatma will gather it all, he will gather it by the sea, and he will bless us.

They have burnt our dead, too, by the Himavathy, and their ashes too have gone out to the sea.

You know, sister, Moorthy is no more with us. The other day, when Ratna was here, we asked, 'Whenis Moorthy to be released? ' and she says, 'Why, aunt,' — and how deferential Ratna has become! — 'he'salready freed.' — 'Freed!' we exclaimed, — 'Yes, since the pact with the Viceroy many a prisoner has been released.' — ' Andwhen is he coming here, Ratna?' — 'I don't know, aunt, for he says — well, I'll read to you his letter.' And she read the letter. It said : ' Since I am out of prison, I met this Satyagrahi and that, and we discussed many a problem, and they all say the Mahatma is a noble person, a saint, but the English will know how to cheat him, and he will let himself be cheated. Have faith in your enemy, he says, have faith in him and convert him. But the world of men is hard to move, and once in motion it is wrong to stop till the goal is reached. And yet, what is the goal? Independence? Swaraj? Is there not Swaraj in ourStates, and is there not misery and corruption and cruelty there? Oh no, Ratna, it is the way of the masters that is wrong. And I have come to realize bit by bit, and bit by bit, when I was in prison, that as long as there will be iron gates and barbed wires round the Skeffington Coffee Estate, and city cars that can roll up the Bebbur Mound, and gas-lights and coolie cars, there will always be pariahs and poverty. Ratna, things must change. The youths here say they will change it. Jawaharlal will change it. You knowJawaharlal is like a Bharatha to the Mahatma, and he, too, is for non-violence and he, toa, is a Satyagrahi, but he says in Swaraj there shall be neither the rich nor the poor. And he calls himself an 'equal-distributionist and I am with him and his men. We shall speak of it when you arc here.'

Ratna left us for Bombay the week after. But Rangamma will come out of prison soon. They say Rangamma is all for the Mahatma. We are all for the Mahatma. Pariah Rachanna's wife, Rachi, and Secthamma and Timmamma are all for the Mahatma. They say there arc men in Bombay and men in Punjab, and men and women in Bombay and Bengal and Punjab, who are all for the Mahatma. They say the Mahatma will go to the Red-man's country and he will get us Swaraj. He will bring us Swaraj, the Mahatma. And we shall all be happy. And Rama will come back from exile, and Sita will be with him, for Ravana will be slain and Sita freed, and he will come back with Sita on his right in a chariot of the air, and brother Bharatha will go to meet them with the worshipped sandal of the Master on his head. And as they enter Ayodhya there will be a rain of flowers. Like Bharatha we worship the sandals of the Brother saint.

There was only Ranged Gowda that, ever went back to Kanthapura. She was here, with us, his Lakshmi, and Lakshmi's second daughter the first one was in prison, — and her three grandchildren of

the one, and the seven of the other. She was in Patel Ghenne Gowda's hoikse, for they had heard of Patel Range Gowda, and they had said, 1 Yon are one of our community, come in and stay with us all this life and all the lives to come, sister! ' And she waited for Range Gowda. And one day he came back — and we had gone. to light the evening light of the sanctum, and the ,children came running and said, ' There's a tall man at the door, and he's frightening to look at,' and when we went to see him, it was Range Gowda, and he was now lean as an areca-nut tree, and he said he had just come back from Kanthapura. ' Couldn't leave,' hesaid, ' till I had drunk three handfuls of Himavathy water,' but he had gone, to tell you the truth, to dig out his jewels, and he said the Comer-House was all but fallen, except for the byre, and Rangamma's house was tile-less over the veranda, and Nanjamma's house doorless and roofless and the hearthstones in every comer. 'All said in a knot,' he concluded, 'there'sneither man nor mosquito in Kanthapura, for the men from Bombay have built houses on the Bebbur Mound, houses like in the city, for coolies, and they own this land and that, and even Bhatta has sold all his lands, said Maddur Chennayya, has sold it all to the Bombay men, and the Bombay men paid him well, and he's now gone back to Kashi. "In Kashi, for every hymn and hiccup you get a rupee," he said it seems, and he and his money have gone to Kashi. Waterfall Venkamma, it appears, has gone to stay with her new son-in-law, and Concubine Chinna still remains in Kanthapura to lift her leg to her new customers. I drank three handfuls of Himavathy water, and I said, " Protectus, Mother"to Kenchamma and I said, " Protectus, Father " to the Siva of the Promontory, and I spat three times to the west and three times to the south, and I threw a palmful of dust at the sunken wretch, and I turned away. But to tell you the truth, Mother, my heart it beat like a drum.

9.7.6.1 Summary of chapter 19

Achakka explains that a year and two months have passed since the events at Kanthapura. The villagers have moved in with others in Kashipura, and life continues as usual, with the women cooking and arranging marriages for their sons and daughters. The village's children consider them relations of the Mahatma and listen fondly to their stories. A local student even holds readings of Hindu scripture (but "it can never be like Ramakrishnayya's").

Achakka zooms back out from her narrative to the present, where, although the massacres have ended, unfortunately little has changed in people's everyday lives. Women have returned to their previous role in the domestic sphere and Kashipura, like Kanthapura, is organized around storytelling gatherings—although the most popular story is precisely the one Achakka has told here.

Rangamma and Seenu will supposedly be released from prison soon, and Ratna has already gotten out. When she visited, Ratna told them about "the beatings and the tortures and the 'Salute the Union Jack' in the prison."

The Gandhians continue to suffer from the government's response to their protests. This includes Achakka, who has been separated from her son for over a year.

But the Mahatma and the Viceroy have come to an agreement, compromising many of the pilgrims' initial conditions: Gandhians have to pay revenues and stop boycotting toddy shops, and "everything they say, will be as before." Yet "nothing an ever be the same again," for while they certainly lost something with Kanthapura's destruction, they also gained "an abundance like the Himavathy on Gauri's night" when the lights of their village scattered "down the Ghats to the morning of the sea," where "the Mahatma will gather it all" and bless everyone.

In contrast to the Gandhians' unflinching demand for independence and rejection of the colonial government, Gandhi himself has acquiesced to British demands. It seems that the villagers' efforts were all for naught, although Achakka retains a deep faith that the Mahatma will save India and his disciples from Kanthapura will spread his message in their new homes. Achakka's ambivalence about the

independence movement also reflects the book's circumstances of publication, for Rao wrote Kanthapura early in the Indian independence movement and published it ten years later, but ten years before India was freed from the British.

The dead have been cremated on the Himavathy's banks. Ratna reported that Moorthy has been released, but he never returned to see the other villagers from Kanthapura. In fact, he sent a letter saying that the English will cheat the Mahatma, for he has too much faith in his enemies. "It is the way of the masters that is wrong," writes Moorthy, for "there will always be pariahs and poverty" as long as modern technological progress continues to divide rich from poor. He has decided to follow Jawaharlal Nehru, who favors nonviolence but is also an "equal-distributionist" when it comes to wealth.

Most shockingly of all, the leader of the Gandhian movement that swallowed Kanthapura has abandoned Gandhi. Rao may be suggesting that Moorthy was too naïve a leader, confused or insincere in his Gandhism all along, but Moorthy's newfound support for Nehru may also express Rao's critique of Gandhi. After independence, Indians risk oppressing one another in much the same way unless they prioritize the equal distribution of power and wealth above ideals of moral purity.

Ratna went to Bombay the week after her visit, but Achakka is hopeful about Rangamma's upcoming release, for she still supports Gandhi and "we are all for the Mahatma." Around India, there are people for the Mahatma, and "they say the Mahatma will go to the Red-man's country and he will get us Swaraj. He will bring us Swaraj, the Mahatma. And we shall all be happy." She likens this to the Mahabharata, in which the lord Rama returns from exile to be with his love Sita and defeat the evil demon Ravana.

Like Moorthy, Ratna abandons the other villagers and takes up a modern form of independence politics in the city. But Achakka still believes in Gandhi as a mythical hero, ordained by the gods to save India even through the nonsensical method of going to Britain and "get[ting] us Swaraj." As throughout the legendary history she narrates, Achakka continues to see a world saturated with magic and morality.

Rangè Gowda was the only villager to return to Kanthapura. His wife and daughter went to stay with the Patel in Kishipura and waited for his return. He told them he "couldn't leave" Kanthapura until he had "three handfuls of Himavathy water." In reality, Achakka admits, Rangè Gowda went to dig up the jewels that he hid underground.

Rangè Gowda used to have political control over Kanthapura, and the fact that he is the only villager to return there suggests that its existence has come to be defined by its political and economic relationships to the rest of India, rather than its local inhabitants and landscape. While he professes to have been motivated by religion, Achakka knows that Rangè Gowda really wanted to retrieve the wealth he hid there.

Rangè Gowda reports that most of the houses are destroyed and men from Bombay have taken over the land and built houses for coolies on the hill where the massacre took place. Even Bhatta sold his land to the Bombay men, and even Waterfall Venkamma left town. Rangè Gowda prayed for blessings from Mother Kenchamma and Father Siva before leaving town, but admits that "my heart it beat like a drum."

Ultimately, as with much of India during the 20th century, Kanthapura's history is erased and the village is converted from a locality with deep significance for its inhabitants into mere property to be exploited for the sake of profit. Rangè Gowda's final prayer to Siva cements the villagers' shift from a local to national basis for their collective identity.

9.8 Keywords: Spiritual, Screaming, Narrator, Exemplary, Assemble.

9.9 Short and long questions

9.9.1 Do the people of Kanthapura get well settled in Kashipura or not?

9.9.2 What kind of treatment do the Kanthapura people get in Kashipura village?

9.9.3 What are Ratna's experiences in jail?

9.9.4 What do the villagers think about Moorthy now? Do they blame him for destruction or have an optimistic perception of the events?

9.9.5 Who is described as Bharatha to the Ram (Mahatma Gandhi)?

9.10 MCQs

9.10.1 What are Sankara-Vijayas?

(a) Important biographies of Adi Shankara
(b) legends of lord Shiva
(c) legends of Linga
(d) legends of Brahma

Ans: (a) Important biographies of Adi Shankara

9.10.2 Which elements consist in Harikatha?

(a) A South Indian genre of storytelling with religious themes
(b) It combines poetry, philosophy, song, dance and theatre
(c) Both (a) & (b)
(d) None

Ans: (c) Both (a) & (b)

9.10.3 Who is the Secretary of the Congress Committee in the city of Karwar?

(a) Moorthy
(b) Bhatta
(c) Seenu
(d) Sankar

Ans: (d) Sankar

9.10.4 Who is referred to as the "Acestic Advocate" because of his refusal to drink like the other lawyers or take a case he does not believe in?

(a) Ramrao
(b) Sankara
(c) Shastri
(d) Subramannya

Ans: (b) Sankara

9.10.5 Achakka's descriptions of …… often liken him to an animal.

(a) Moorthy
(b) Bhatta
(c) Range Gowda
(d) Bade Khan

Ans: (d) Bade Khan

9.10.6 Who commits the book's first act of violence when he attacks Moorthy?

(a) Bade Khan
(b) Mistri
(c) Butler
(d) New Sahib

Ans: (a) Bade Khan

9.10.7 Who is the second Satyagrahiof the Village Congress to get arrested, after Moorthy?

(a) Seenu (b) Rachanna

(c) Range Gowda (d) Rangamma

Ans: (b) Rachanna

9.10.8 Who is the first to jump the fence into Boranna's toddy grove to lead the toddy protests?

(a) Rachanna (b) Rangamma

(c) Moorthy (d) Seenu

Ans: (a) Rachanna

9.10.9 Who excommunicates Moorthy for "polluting" the caste system by "mixing with the pariahs"?

(a) Bhatta (b) Swami

(c) Seenu (d) Range Gowda

Ans: (b) Swami

9.10.10 Who tries to frame Rahman Khan in a false case?

(a) Subba Chetty (b) Dasi

(c) Sankar (d) Range Gowda

Ans: (a) Subba Chetty

9.10.11 Who says, "Fasting is good for the mind"?

(a) Moorthy (b) Sankar

(c) Mahatma Gandhi (d) Swami

Ans: (b) Sankar

9.10.12 Who is perceived as a "veritable Dharmaraja"?

(a) Swami (b) Subba Chetty

(c) Moorthy (d) Sankar

Ans: (d) Sankar

9.10.13 Who is Sankar's father?

(a) Dasappa (b) Ranganna

(c) Venkataramayya (d) Ramakrishnayya

Ans: (c) Venkataramayya

9.10.14 To whom does Swami send a man to ask him to visit his *Matt* ?

(a) Advocate Ranganna (b) Advocate Sankar

(c) Moorthy (d) Advocate Ramrao

Ans: (a) Advocate Ranganna

9.10.15 Who says, "Do not the dharma sastras themselves call the foreigners mlechas, Untouchables?"

(a) Ranganna (b) Moorthy

(c) Swami (d) Bhatta

Ans: (a) Ranganna

9.10.16 Who is a "toothless old man"?

(a) Sadhu Narayan (b) Swami

(c) Ramkrishnayys (d) Venkataramayya

Ans: (a) Sadhu Narayan

9.10.17 Who substitutes Ramakrishnayya as the reader and interpreter of vedantic texts respectively?

(a) Ratna & Rangamma (b) Rangamma & Ratna

(c) Seenu & Rangamma (d) Rangamma & Seenu

Ans: (a) Ratna & Rangamma

9.10.18 Who organizes Sevika Sangh of Kanthapura?

(a) Achhka (b) Rangamma

(c) Ratna (d) Venkamma

Ans: (b) Rangamma

9.10.19 Who dreamt of getting beaten up by her husband?

(a) Nanjamma (b) Ratna

(c) Rangamma (d) Radhamma

Ans: (a) Nanjamma

9.10.20 Who is the seven month pregnant woman beaten up by her husband?

(a) Radhamma (b) Satamma

(c) Rangamma (d) Ratna

Ans: (a) Radhamma

9.10.21 Who is the priest performing religious ceremony before going for ploughing the fields?

(a) Rangappa (b) Bhatta

(c) Timmayya (d) Rachanna

Ans: (a) Rangappa

9.10.22 Who has the youngest bulls in Kanthapura?

(a) Subbe Gowda (b) Timmayya

(c) Tippa (d) Bhima

Ans: (a) Subbe Gowda

9.10.23 Who possesses "English Reins" for his horse?

(a) Range Gowda (b) Subbe Gowda

(c) Moorthy (d) Bhatta

Ans: (a) Range Gowda

9.10.24 In which month do the men plough the fields of Kanthapura?

(a) Kartik (b) Vaisakh

(c) Shravan (d) Magh

Ans: (b) Vaisakh

9.10.25 Who stays with Advocate Sankar in Karwar city and learns about the Congress of All India?

(a) Rangamma (b) Moorthy

(c) Ratna (d) Seenu

Ans: (a) Rangamma

9.10.26 Who uses stream-of-consciousness style of narration in the novel Kanthapura?

(a) Achhka (b) Rangamma

(c) Nanjamma (d) Moorthy

Ans: (a) Achhka

9.10.27 During Jayaramchar's story telling, who complains that he is talking "city-nonsense" rather than telling about traditional Hindu gods?

(a) Venkatalakshamma (b) Venkamma

(c) Rangamma (d) Ratna

Ans: (a) Venkatalakshamma

9.10.28 Who argues that “everything foreign makes us poor and pollutes us”?

(a) Moorthy (b) Bhatta

(c) Swami (d) Sankar

Ans: (a) Moorthy

9.10.29 Who is the leader often talked about in the novel but never meets the people?

(a) Mahatma Gandhi (b) Jawaharlal Nehru

(c) Moorthy (d) Swami

Ans: (a) Mahatma Gandhi

9.10.30 What activity do the Kanthapura people perform to express their disgust?

(a) spitting (b) crying

(c) laughing (d) attacking

Ans: (a) spitting

UNIT - 10

This unit consists of 50 marks comprising Questions 3, 4, 5 and 6 respectively.

1 . Question no. 3 will be based on do as directed type questions carrying 20 marks, with sub parts A, B,C,D. Each part will carry 5 marks. Out of 8 questions in each sub part, the student will be required to attempt any 5.

- Sub part A will be based on vocabulary.
- Sub part B will be based on correction of incorrect sentences.
- Sub part C will be based on one word substitution.
- Sub part D will be based on idioms and phrases.

2. Question no. 4 will carry 10 marks and will be based on Précis writing of about 300 words.

3. Question no. 5 will carry 10 marks and will be based on Letter writing.

4. Question no. 6 will carry 10 marks and will be based on Comprehension of an unseen passage.

10. Do as directed:

10.1 Vocabulary

10.1.1 Synonyms :

The word synonym means same meaning. Hence a **synonym** is a word having the same or nearly the ***same meaning*** as another word or a phrase. A list of synonyms is given here.

1. Abate : Moderate, Decrease
2. Abject : Lowly, Servile
3. Abjure: Renounce, Forsake
4. Absolve: Forgive, Pardon
5. Accord: Agree, Harmony
6. Acrimony : Bitterness, Harshness
7. Adamant : Stubborn, Inflexible
8. Admonish : Reprove, Rebuke
9. Adversity : Misfortune, Hardship
10. Allay: Relieve, Pacify
11. Alleviate: Reduce, Lessen
12. Allure : Attract, Lure
13. Apathy : Unconcern, Indifference
14. Authentic : Genuine, Original
15. Awkward : Clumsy, Embarrassing

16. Baffle: Confuse, Confound
17. Benevolent: Kind, Generous
18. Bleak: Gloomy, Desolate
19. Brittle: Fragile, Delicate
20. Brute: Animal, Savage
21. Bustle: Commotion, Activity
22. Calm: Quiet, Peaceful
23. Callous: Uncaring, Indifferent
24. Capable: Able, Competent
25. Capture: Imprison, Arrest
26. Cease: Halt, Pause
27. Charm: Beauty, Influence
28. Chaste: Pure, Virtuous
29. Compassion: Kindness, Empathy
30. Compromise: Reconcile, Agreement
31. Concede: Yield, Permit
32. Conclude: Terminate, Close
33. Consent: Agree, Permit
34. Consequence: Result, Outcome
35. Console: Pacify, Comfort
36. Conspicuous: Visible, Seen
37. Contempt: Disregard, Scorn
38. Contrary: Opposed, Against
39. Daily: Everyday, Quotidian
40. Decay: Decay, Rot
41. Decide: Resolve, Conclude
42. Dedicate: Devote, Commit
43. Defer: Postpone, Delay
44. Definite: Sure, Certain
45. De jure: Legal, Rightful
46. Deliberate: Knowingly, Willfully
47. Delicious: Tasty, Appetizing
48. Demolish: Destroy, Ravage
49. Delude: Mislead, Beguile
50. Deprive: Divest, Strip
51. Desist: Abstain, Refrain
52. Despise: Hate, Detest

53. Depot: Storehouse, Warehouse
54. Disdain: Detest, Despise
55. Docile: Meek, Compliant
56. Dual: Twofold , Double
57. Eccentric: Whimsical, Impulsive
58. Ecstasy: Delight, Exultation
59. Efface: Remove, Destroy
60. Elevate: Raise, Dignify
61. Eliminate: Destroy, End
62. Eloquence: Fluency, Expression
63. Enclose: Attach, Surround
64. Enhance: Increase, Aggravate
65. Enormous: Huge, Big
66. Epitome: Model, Precise
67. Equilibrium: Balance, Calm
68. Erase: Wipe out, Abolish
69. Esteem: Respect, Regard
70. Eternity: Afterlife, Forever
71. Evolve: Develop, Grow
72. Evict: Expel, Remove
73. Fabric: Cloth, Frame
74. Fall: Descend, Collapse
75. Fantastic: Remarkable, Incredible
76. Feeble: Weak, Vague
77. Ferocious: Aggressive, Cruel
78. Fleece: Fur, Cheat
79. Flurry: Swirl, Gust
80. Forgive: Pardon, Excuse
81. Frantic: Panicky, Hurried
82. Frugal: Thrifty, Economical
83. Glory: Fame, Credit
84. Glut: Abundance, Oversupply
85. Gorgeous: Beautiful, Graceful
86. Gracious: Kind, Considerate
87. Grim: Serious, Unhappy
88. Grudge: Complaint, Grouse
89. Guide: Mentor, Escort
90. Hamper: Retard, Prevent
91. Hapless: Helpless, Miserable

92. Harass: Pester, Annoy
93. Haughty: Proud, Vain
94. Hazard: Danger, Risk
95. Hypocrisy: Pretension, Deception
96. Impossible: Infeasible, Hopeless
97. Immense: Massive, Great
98. Immerse: Engross, Involve
99. Imminent: Impending, Near
100. Immunity: Privilege, Safeguard
101. Impair: Spoil, Deteriorate
102. Impediment: Obstacle, Hurdle
103. Impious: Unholy, Profane
104. Impute: Attribute, Ascribe
105. Inclination: Preference, Disposition
106. Inevitable: Certain, Sure
107. Insinuate: Hint, Allude
108. Insipid: Dull, Boring
109. Insolvent: Bankrupt, Destitute
110. Intricate: Complex, Complicated
111. Intrigue: Conspiracy, Connive
112. Intrinsic: Inherent, Inborn
113. Invincible: Indomitable, Unbeatable
114. Jamboree: Conference, Rally
115. Jovial: Cheerful, Friendly
116. Jubilant: Exultant, Triumphant
117. Just: Fair, Impartial
118. Keepsake: Memento, Remembrance
119. Kindred: Dear, Related
120. Knave: Rascal, Crook
121. Knotty: Difficult, Complex
122. Lavish: Sumptuous, Rich
123. Lenient: Tolerant, Sparing
124. Lucid : Clear, Succinct
125. Luxury : Riches, Opulence
126. Miracle: Wonder, Marvel
127. Murky: Dark, Suspicious
128. Mutual: Reciprocal, Complimentary
129. Negligent: Heedless, Irresponsible
130. Novice : Untrained, Newcomer

131. Numerous: Many, Various
132. Obstruct: Impede, Prevent
133. Offensive: Insulting, Hostile
134. Ordain: Order, Prescribe
135. Pamper: Spoil, Indulge
136. Placid: Calm, Still
137. Prodigious: Huge, Mighty
138. Provoke: Instigate, Arouse
139. Quibble: Objection, Grouse
140. Ratify: Approve, Endorse
141. Redeem: Recover, Rescue
142. Remote: Distant, Slight
143. Scanty: Meagre, Limited
144. Sneer: Jeer, Gibe
145. Solicit: Invite, Beckon
146. Taboo: Prohibition, Ban
147. Trivial: Small, Insignificant
148. Uncouth: Uncivilized, Unrefined
149. Valid: Reasonable, Genuine
150. Wicked: Impish, Evil

10.1.2. Antonyms

Antonyms are words that have opposite meanings. The word "antonym" is taken from the Greek language where 'anti' means opposite and 'onym' means name. A list of antonyms is given here.

1.	Articulate	Inarticulate
2.	Attentive	Inattentive
3.	Ascend	Descend
4.	Armed	Unarmed
5.	Barren	Fertile
6.	Benign	Malignant
7.	Bleak	Bright
8.	Befogged	Clearheaded
9.	Boisterous	Placid
10.	Camouflage	Reveal
11.	Credulous	Skeptical
12.	Clandestine	Open/ Transparent
13.	Cunning	Naive
14.	Capable	Incapable
15.	Captivity	Freedom, Liberty
16.	Courtesy	Rudeness

17.	Condemn	Approve
18.	Continue	Terminate
19.	Consolidate	Weaken
20.	Derogatory	Laudatory
21.	Denounce	Defend
22.	Dense	Sparse
23.	Discourage	Encourage
24.	Dismal	Cheerful
25.	Docile	Headstrong
26.	Dwarf	Giant
27.	Dull	Clear, Bright
28.	Dusk	Dawn
29.	Eager	Indifferent
30.	Eclipse	Shine
31.	Ebb	Flow
32.	East	West
33.	Economical	Wasteful
34.	Encourage	Discourage
35.	Entrance	Exit
36.	Frequent	Seldom
37.	Flammable	Nonflammable
38.	Found	Lost
39.	Fresh	Stale
40.	Friend	Enemy
41.	Fortunate	Unfortunate
42.	Frank	Secretive
43.	Full	Empty
44.	Generosity	Stinginess
45.	Genuine	Spurious
46.	Gather	Distribute
47.	Gorgeous	Simple
48.	Gloomy	Cheerful
49.	Giant	Dwarf, Pygmy
50.	Granted	Refused
51.	Great	Small, Little
52.	Hamstrung	Strengthen
53.	Height	Depth
54.	Hero	Coward
55.	Hill	Valley

56.	Horizontal	Vertical
57.	Hinder	Aid, Help
58.	Honest	Dishonest
59.	Humble	Proud
60.	Hunger	Thirst
61.	Imitation	Genuine
62.	Immense	Tiny, Minute
63.	Imprison	Free
64.	Impenitent	Repentant
65.	Impulsive	Cautious
66.	Inhabited	Uninhabited
67.	Infernal	Heavenly
68.	Indifferent	Partial
69.	Intelligent	Unintelligent, Stupid
70.	Intentional	Accidental
71.	Join	Separate
72.	Junior	Senior
73.	Justice	Injustice
74.	King	Subject
75.	Knowledge	Ignorance
76.	Light	Dark, Heavy
77.	Like	Dislike, Unlike
78.	Likely	Unlikely
79.	Leader	Follower
80.	Little	Large, Much, Big
81.	Lofty	Lowly
82.	Long	Short
83.	Loud	Soft
84.	Loss	Win
85.	Low	High
86.	Loyal	Disloyal
87.	Mad	Sane
88.	Magnetize	Demagnetize
89.	Master	Servant
90.	Mature	Immature
91.	Maximum	Minimum
92.	Mandatory	Optional
93.	Merry	Mirthless, Sad
94.	Minority	Majority

95.	Miser	Spendthrift
96.	Misunderstand	Understand
97.	Narrow	Wide
98.	Near	Far, Distant
99.	Neat	Untidy
100.	New	Old
101.	Nimble	Lazy
102.	Noisy	Quiet
103.	Noble	Ignoble
104.	Obedient	Disobedient
105.	Obliging	Obstinate
106.	Offer	Refuse
107.	Open	Shut
108.	Optimist	Pessimist
109.	Ordinary	Rare
110.	Persuade	Dissuade
111.	Perturbed	Calm
112.	Pacify	Irritate
113.	Pretty	Unsightly, Ugly
114.	Prologue	Epilogue
115.	Qualified	Unqualified
116.	Rapidity	Inertia
117.	Regularly	Irregularly
118.	Rebellious	Submissive
119.	Rectify	Falsify
120.	Reluctant	Eager
121.	Restrain	Incite
122.	Scrupulous	Unscrupulous
123.	Sorrow	Joy
124.	Sow	Reap
125.	Startled	Waveringly
126.	Straight	Crooked
127.	Strong	Weak
128.	Sublime	Ridiculous
129.	Sunny	Cloudy
130.	Take	Give
131.	Tall	Short
132.	Tame	Wild
133.	Teacher	Pupil

134.	Terse	Rambling
135.	Tight	Slack, Loose
136.	Thrifty	Extravagant
137.	Transparent	Opaque
138.	Truth	Lie
139.	Union	Discord
140.	Vacant	Occupied
141.	Vain	Modest
142.	Victory	Defeat
143.	Violent	Gentle
144.	Voluntary	Compulsory
145.	Vowel	Consonant
146.	Wax	Wane
147.	Warmth	Coldness
148.	Weal	Woe
149.	Wisdom	Folly
150.	Within	Without

10.1.3. Correction of Incorrect Sentences:

There are various kinds of errors made by native users of English language. These can pertain to articles, verbs, adjectives, conjunctions, phrase, idioms and so on. Some of these have been enlisted as under:

1. I have visited Ooty last weekend
I *visited* Ooty last weekend

2. The woman which works here is from Bihar
The woman *who* works here is from Bihar

3. She is married with a doctor.
She is married *to* a doctor.

4. Although it was raining, but we went to the museum.
Although it was raining, *we* went to the museum.

5. I look forward to meet you.
I look forward to *meeting* you.

6. Where I can find a bank?
Where *can I* find a bank?

7. When I will arrive, I will call you.
When I arrive, I will call you.

8. I have been here since four months.
I have been here *for* four months.

9. You speak English good.
You speak English *well.*

10. You cannot buy all what you like.
You cannot buy all *that* you like.

11. You are very nice, as your brother.
You are very nice, *like* your brother.

12. Me and Satish live here.
Satish and *I* live here.

13. We drive usually to the market.
We *usually drive* to the market.

14. We discussed about the matter.
We *discussed* the matter.

15. We reached at the airport at 9 pm.
We *reached* the airport at 9 pm.

16. The child resembles to its mother.
The child *resembles* its mother.

17. He is angry upon him.
He is angry *with* him.

18. I am pleased at you.
I am pleased *with* you.

19. The snake was killed by a stone.
The snake was killed *with* a stone.

20. I go to school by foot.
I go to school *on* foot.

21. He was first man to stand up.
He was *the* first man to stand up.

22. Poor can be trusted.
The poor can be trusted.

23. Keep to left.
Keep to *the* left.

24. This player is second Dhoni.
This player is *a* second Dhoni.

25. Man is a mortal.
Man is *mortal.*

26. Dinner hosted by them was sumptuous.
The dinner hosted by them was sumptuous.

27. The 1947 was a wonderful year.
1947 was a wonderful year.

28. In the Summer we like to clean the house.
In *Summer* we like to clean the house.

29. We travelled mostly by the night.
We travelled mostly by *night*.

30. Pacific ocean is very vast.
The Pacific ocean is very vast.

31. They did not give us some money.
They did not give us *any* money.

32. Did you pick some flowers?
Did you pick *any* flowers?

33. You can take each side.
You can take *either* side.

34. This is a chair to sit.
This is a chair to sit *on*.

35. This is number five lesson.
This is the lesson number *five*.

36. He lost one pen he had.
He lost *the* one pen he had.

37. You are not junior than her in terms of getting promotion.
You are not junior *to* her in terms of getting promotion.

38. On her next birthday I am going to send her much chocolates.
On her next birthday I am going to send her *many* chocolates.

39. I prefer reading poetry than playing games.
I prefer reading poetry *to* playing games.

40. If I will visit London, I will meet you.
If *I visit* London, I will meet you.

41. I am very much sorry.
I am *very sorry*.

42. She is so poor to pay the dues.
She is *too* poor to pay the dues.

43. The room is enough spacious for us.
The room is spacious *enough* for us.

44. He is now too strong to walk.
He is now strong *enough* to walk.

45. I managed to do it anyhow.
I managed to do it *somehow*.

46. I couldn't help not overhearing their conversation.
I couldn't help *overhearing* their conversation.

47. I felt so lonely.
I felt *very* lonely.

48. Our victory is hardly won.
Our victory is *hard* won.

49. He asked if I am coming.
He asked if I was coming.

50. He behaved cowardly.
He behaved in a *cowardly manner.*

51. Neither she nor her cousins knows how to cook.
Neither she nor her cousins *know* how to cook.

52. Neither of the captains have shown any initiative.
Neither of the captains *has* shown any initiative.

53. Geography is one of my favourite subject.
Geography is one of my favourite *subjects*.

54. Each of my friend call me once a week.
Each of my friend *call*s me once a week.

55. Measles have rather serious side effects at times.
Measles *has* rather serious side effects at times.

56. Many a man were drowned in the mishap.
Many a man *was* drowned in the mishap.

57. The Principal together with the students were watching the match.
The Principal together with the students *was* watching the match.

58. The students together with the Principal was watching the match.
The Principal together with the students *were* watching the match.

59. One of my friends like to cook Chinese food.
One of my friends *likes* to cook Chinese food.

60. Microsoft, MacDonald and Emirates hires the best technical graduates.
Microsoft, MacDonald and Emirates *hire* the best technical graduates.

61. Hardly had I slept than the telephone rang.
Hardly had I slept *when* the telephone rang.

62. Though Satish worked hard still he failed.
Though Satish worked hard *yet* he failed.

63. No sooner did he reach there it began to rain.
No sooner did he reach there *than* it began to rain.

64. Work hard lest you would fail.
Work hard lest you *should* fail.

65. Both Mala as well as Kunjal are good at History.
Both Mala *and* Kunjal are good at History.

66. The reason why he did not go to attend the marriage was because his family refused permission.

67. The reason why he did not go to attend the marriage was *that* his family refused permission.

68. The car either hit against a pillar or a truck .
The car hit against either a pillar or a truck.

69. He enquired that where was the market.
He enquired where the market *was*.

70. He climbed up a tree such as to get a good view of the carnival.
He climbed up a tree *so as to* get a good view of the carnival.

71. I have seen him yesterday.
I *saw* him yesterday.

72. See that you will not do any damage.
See that you *do not* do any damage.

73. He said that he was suffering from cough for three days.
He said that he *had been* suffering from cough for three days.

74. The doctor declared that the man died twelve hours ago.
The doctor declared that the man *had* died twelve hours ago.

75. After he had finished his assignment , he would go to the party.
After he had finished his assignment , he *went* to the party.

76. If the athlete wins the race, it will be representing a remarkable comeback from his disease.
If the athlete wins the race, it *willrepresent* a remarkable comeback from his disease.

77. Our equipment gets damage very often in summer due to frequent power cuts.
Our equipment gets *damaged* very often in summer due to frequent power cuts.

78. I will go for dancing classes tomorrow if I recover from illness.
I will go for dancing classes tomorrow if I *have recovered* from illness.

79. I remember in my youth I was used to go with my father to the barber's shop.
I remember in my youth I *used to* go with my father to the barber's shop.

80. Why does he worry over minor problems is not known to anyone.
Why *he worries* over minor problems is not known to anyone.

81. Tomorrow I think I start my new project.
Tomorrow I think I *shall* start my new project.

82. He corrected it by the end of next week.
He *will have* corrected it by the end of next week.

83. I have wanted to go swimming, but the water was too cold.
I *wanted* to go swimming, but the water was too cold.

84. He claimed that he had never seen that man, but I know that he did.
He claimed that he had never seen that man, but I know that he *had.*

85. She has never called back when someone leaves her a message.
She *never calls* back when someone leaves her a message.

86. He has not smoked for two weeks. He has been trying to give it up.
He has *not been smoking* for two weeks. He *is* trying to give it up.

87. He will help if you will ask him.
He will help if you *ask* him.

88. Did you pack your suitcase yet?
Have you packed your suitcase yet?

89. The earth is moving round the sun.
The earth *moves* round the sun.

90. He broke his arm while he played football.
He broke his arm *while he was playing* football.

91. She is collecting stickers, is she?
She is collecting stickers, *isn't she*?

92. You have cleaned your bike, are you?
You have cleaned your bike, *haven't you*?

93. I'm clever, am I?
I'm clever, *aren't I*?

94. She doesn’t work in the school, don’t she?
She doesn’t work in a school, *does she*?

95. You aren’t her relative, aren’t you?
You aren’t her relative, *are you*?

96. I wish I am not fat.
I wish I *were* not fat.

97. I am knowing all the grammar, but it's difficult to remember.
I *know* all the grammar, but it's difficult to remember.

98. It's time I have a break, I am so tired!
It's time I *had* a break, I am so tired!

99. I am not used to do the housework.
I am not used to *doing* the housework.

100. I went to work with the bus.
I went to work *by* bus.

101. What time it is ?
What time is it?

102. He has said so out of affection, do not take it by heart .
He has said so out of affection, do not take it *to* heart .

103. Amit would have been looked smart in traditional clothes.
Amit *would have* looked smart in traditional clothes.

104. When the meeting ended, they decided to put at a hotel.
When the meeting ended, they decided to *put up* at a hotel.

105. He suggested that we should be bound by a code of conduct, isn't it
He suggested that we should be bound by a code of conduct, *shouldn't we* ?

106. You should avoid to make such silly comments.
You should avoid *making* such silly comments.

107. He did not like me coming so late.
He did not like *my* coming so late.

108. The more they earn, more they spend.
The more they earn, *the* more they spend.

109. Barking dogs always bite.
Barking dogs *seldom* bite.

110. Every cloud has a golden lining.
Every cloud has a *silver* lining.

111. The teacher admitted that an extraordinary high percentage of students fail to gain admission to good higher education institutes.
The teacher admitted that an *extraordinarily* high percentage of students fail to gain admission to good higher education institutes.

112. Wordsworth was one of the first European poet to consider the ordinary folks of society to be subjects for poetry.
Wordsworth was one of the first European *poets* to consider the ordinary folks of society to be subjects for poetry.

113. The biker's tyre caught into the mesh and somersaulted on the cemented road.
The *tyre of the biker* caught into the mesh and *he* somersaulted on the cemented road.

114. The management requires that these papers should be submitted before the end of the financial year.
The management requires that these papers *be* submitted before the end of the financial year.

115. It ought to be her with whom you share your secrets, not I .
It ought to be her with whom you share your secrets, not *me* .

116. Between you and I, I doubt that he will come.
Between you and *me*, I doubt that he will come.

117. They are beginning singing.
They are beginning *to sing*.

118. The teacher doesn't permit to speak in class.
The teacher doesn't permit *speaking* in class,

119. They avoid to visit us.
They avoid *visiting* us.

120. We hope being ready soon.
We hope *to be* ready soon.

121. I have started working as a freelance writer as allows me to work from home.
I have started working as a freelance writer *which* allows me to work from home.

122. Is that the shop that you bought your new laptop?
Is that the shop *where* you bought your new laptop?

123. The weather forecast predicted sunshine for today, and it is raining.
The weather forecast predicted sunshine for today, but it is raining.

124. When she went to the zoo, Lata got to see not only tigers, but bears, rhinoceroses and zebras.
When she went to the zoo, Lata got to see not only tigers, *but also* bears, rhinoceroses and zebras.

125. The mother promised that she would take the children to either the toy store or to the ice cream parlor.
The mother promised that she would take the children *either to* the toy store or to the ice cream parlor.

126. I am going to take my lunch break and then to make some phone calls.
I am going to take my lunch break and then *make* some phone calls.

127. It's very cold today. Do you think it will snow later?
It's very cold today. Do you think it *might* snow later?

128. They will have filled the car with petrol before they started.
They *ought to* have filled the car with petrol before they started.

129. Neha would not have seen me because she walked past without waving her hand.
Neha *could not* have seen me because she walked past without waving her hand.

130. We should have a party if my dad leaves.
We *can* have a party if my dad leaves.

131. The ship floundered during the hurricane.
The ship *foundered* during the hurricane.

132. The neighborhood was accustomed to fowl crimes.
The neighborhood was accustomed to foul crimes.

133. The expedition was frought with danger.
The expedition was *fraught* with danger.

134. Several students were involved in the flay.
Several students were involved in the *fray*.

135. Although they are rich they do not like to flout it.
Although they are rich they do not like to *flaunt* it.

136. We caught only a flying glimpse of the Minister's motorcade.
We caught only a *fleeting* glimpse of the Minister's motorcade.

137. Mirrors give an allusion of more space in a room.
Mirrors give an *illusion* of more space in a room.

138. The teacher made an illusion to the Gita.
The teacher made an *allusion* to the Gita.

139. Prices are raising.
Prices are *rising*.

140. The student did exhausted research before writing the term paper.
The student did *exhaustive* research before writing the term paper.

141. The driver will be questioned about how he came to swear.
The driver will be questioned about how he came to *swerve*.

142. The tailor spoilt my clothes by purpose.
The tailor spoilt my clothes *on* purpose.

143. This would be from far the best choice.
This would be *by far* the best choice.

144. Virtue seems to have gone out for fashion.
Virtue seems to have gone *out of* fashion.

145. The plan has not yet got of the ground.
The plan has not yet got *off* the ground.

146. Please carry to the next page.
Please carry *ove*r to the next page.

147. Columbus invented America.
Columbus *discovered* America.

148. He tied his waistcoat.
He *fastened* his waistcoat.

149. The train will come just now.
The train will *arrive presently*.

150. I feel very sad to sing.
I feel *too* sad to sing.

10.1.4 :

One Word Substitution : When a group of words are represented by a single word/term, it is called one word substitution. A list of one word substitutes is as following:

1. A person interested in collecting, studying and selling of old things Antiquarian
2. A person not sure of the existence of God Agnostic
3. A person who devotes his/her life for the welfare of others Altruist
4. A person who supports or speaks in favour of something Advocate
5. A place where bees are kept Apiary
6. A place where birds are kept Aviary
7. A word composed of the first letters of the words in a phrase Acronym
8. One who resides in a country of which he is not a citizen Alien
9. Place that provide refuge Asylum
10. Something that can be heard Audible
11. Study of mankind Anthropology
12. Someone who is designated to hear both sides of a dispute (and make a judgment) Arbitrator
13. The absence of law and order Anarchy
14. One who does a thing for pleasure and not as a profession Amateur
15. The branch of philosophy concerned with the study of principles of beauty, especially in art Aesthetics
16. The scientific study of the physiology, structure, genetics, ecology, distribution, classification and economic importance of plants Botany
17. The action or offence of speaking sacrilegiously about God or sacred things Blasphemy
18. Obsession with books Bibliomania
19. Fear of depths Bathophobia
20. Practice of having two wives or husbands at a time Bigamy
21. Divided into two branches Bifurcate
22. A broad road bordered with trees Boulevard
23. Emblem of medical profession and US army medical corps Caduceus
24. A medical instrument for tracing heat movements Cardiograph
25. An apparatus used in an internal combustion engine (for charging air with petrol) Carburator
26. Study of the skull and related issues Craniology
27. A roundabout way of speaking Circumlocution

28 One who lives at the same time of another Contemporary

29 A person who writes decoratively Calligrapher

30 A picture of a person or a thing drawn in such a highly exaggerated manner to cause laughter Caricature

31 A place of permanent residence Domicile

32 Art of giving a speech with a lot of feeling Oratory

33 A person chosen to represent another Delegate

34 A song sung at burial Dirge

35 Words inscribed on the grave or the tomb in memory of the dead Epitaph

36 A person who leaves his own country and goes to live in another Emigrant

37 A book that contains information on various subjects Encyclopedia

38 One who is devoted to the pleasure of eating and drinking Epicure

39 Speech without prior preparation Extempore

40 One who spends without care and excessively Extravagant

41 A short journey for fun Excursion

42 An official sent on a diplomatic mission Emissary

43 One who is very selective in one's taste Fastidious

44 Killing of one’s own brother Fratricide

45 One who believes in fate Fatalist

46 One who runs away from justice or the law Fugitive

47 Chief of a group of workmen Foreman

48 The act of killing whole group of people, especially a whole race Genocide

49 Animals who live in herds Gregarious

50 Done or given without charge or fee Gratis

51 A government publication relating to order, notification etc. Gazette

52 Study of Earth Geology

53 A noisy and aggressive speech before a long gathering Harangue

54 Murder of a human being Homicide

55 Animal that feeds on plants Herbivorous

56 Conferred as an honour Honorary

57 A tentative assumption, made to drive a logical conclusion Hypothesis

58 Extreme fear from water Hydrophobia

59 Destructor of art, literature, idols or religious beliefs Iconoclast

60 A person's peculiar habit Idiosyncrasy

61 A handwriting that cannot be read Illegible
62 A person who remains unmoved by other people's opinions Impervious
63 Call upon God or any other power (like law) for help or protection Invocation
64 Chanting of magic spells Incantation
65 Without risk of punishment Impunity
66 Write or carve words on stone or paper Inscribe
67 To play the part of and function as, some other person Impersonate
68 That which cannot be called back Irrevocable
69 Suitable or intended only for young persons Juvenile
70 A body of persons appointed to hear evidence or judge and give their verdict Jury
71 An excessively morbid desire to steal Kleptomania
72 A school for infants and young children Kindergarten
73 One who knows many languages Linguist
74 One who compiles a dictionary Lexicographer
75 One who talks continuously Loquacious
76 A hater of mankind Misanthrope
77 A place where dead bodies are kept for post mortem Mortuary
78 One who hates marriage Misogamist
79 The form of madness which gives a person the idea that his importance is very great Megalomania
80 Government by a king Monarchy
81 Art of working with metals Metallurgy
82 A professional soldier hired to serve in a foreign army Mercenary
83 The first speech delivered by a person Maiden speech
84 Practice of marrying one at a time Monogamy
85 An extravagant comedy in which action is more salient than characterization Melodrama
86 Somebody or something with the same name as somebody or something else Namesake
87 One who is a newcomer to a subject or activity Neophyte
88 An unimportant person Nonentity
89 A person without training or experience in a skill or subject Novice
90 Unfair advantages for members of one's own family Nepotism
91 A thing no longer in use Obsolete
92 Science dealing with study of teeth Odontology
93 All-powerful; possessing complete power and authority Omnipotent

94 One who is present everywhere Omnipresent
95 A person who knows everything Omniscient
96 One who makes an eloquent public speech Orator
97 A place where astronomical observations are made Observatory
98 The study of birds Ornithology
99 A person who is always hopeful and looks upon the brighter side of things Optimist
100 A person who opposes war or use of military force Pacifist
101 A person who loves mankind Philanthropist
102 A person who gambles or bets Punter
103 A child born after death of his father Posthumous
104 To write under a different name Pseudonym
105 Word that reads the same as backward or forward Palindrome
106 Code of diplomatic etiquette and precedence Protocol
107 A woman having more than one husband at the same time Polyandry
108 Murder of father Patricide
109 Animal having four foot Quadruped
110 Formulated series of Questions Questionnaire
111 The art of elegant speech or writing Rhetoric
112 Murder of King or Queen Regicide
113 Amount of money demanded by kidnappers Ransom
114 Practice of submitting a proposal to popular vote `Referendum
115 Too much official formality Red -tapism
116 A person who lives by himself Recluse
117 A place of good climate for invalids Sanatorium
118 A person who brings goods illegally into the country Smuggler
119 A brief or a short stay at a place Sojourn
120 A part of a word that can be pronounced separately Syllable
121 A person who helps even a stranger in difficulty Samaritan
122 A religious discourse Sermon
123 A post with little work but high salary Sinecure
124 Deriving pleasure from inflicting pain on others Sadism
125 Hard working and diligent Sedulous
126 Drug which cause people to sleep early Soporific

127 A person who talks in sleep Somniloquist

128 A person who walks in sleep Somnambulist

129 The last work (literary) of a writer Swan song

130 Murder of sister Sororicide

131 An obviously true or hackneyed statement Truism

132 A written statement about someone's character, usually provided by an employer Testimonial

133 That which lasts for a short time Transitory

134 The art of preserving skin of animals, birds and fish Taxidermy

135 The study of religion and religious ideas and beliefs Theology

136 A person who never takes alcoholic drinks Teetotaler

137 Government by religious principles Theocracy

138 A rough, violent, troublesome person Tartar

139 Found or present everywhere Ubiquitous

140 Decision taken by one side only Unilateral

141 The act of killing one's wife Uxoricide

142 That which is without opposition Unanimous

143 An imaginary perfect social and political system Utopia

144 Repetition of speech or writing word for word Verbatim

145 A person who is greatly respected because of wisdom Venerable

146 Committing murder in revenge Vendetta

147 A person who lives a wandering life Vagabond

148 One who possesses outstanding technical ability in a particular art or field Virtuoso

149 A place where clothes are kept Wardrobe

150 A list of passengers and luggage Waybill

151 A decorative ring of flowers and leaves Wreath

152 Fear of foreigners Xenophobia

10.1.5 Idioms and Phrases

10.1.5.1 Idioms

An idiom is a group of words that gives a specific meaning in a given context. This meaning is different from its literal meaning.

1. A B C (Elementary knowledge) - He does not even know the *ABC* of computer.

2. An axe to grind (to have a selfish motive) Some people always have *an axe to grind* in everything.

3. Add fuel to fire (to make a thing worse) After Ram failed in board exams his classmates *added fuel to fire* by calling him a failure.

4. A piece of cake **(** something very easy)- To crack the IAS exam was *a piece of cake* for Anand.

5. A Cat and dog life (A quarrelsome Life) – Mohan has a quarrelsome wife so he is leading *a cat and dog life.*

6. An Utopian Scheme (a scheme that cannot be implemented). Giving employment to everyone is *an utopian scheme* .

7. A white elephant (A very costly thing without a purpose)- My old bike is a white elephant for me.

8. Apple of one's eye (Dear one) Sohan is an *apple of his mother's eye*.

9. By hook and by crook (By fair and foul means) – Candidates these days want to qualify competitive exams *by hook and by crook.*

10. Bad blood (to have enmity) – The two showroom owners have *bad blood* between them.

11. Blue Blood (Royal descent) - Many leaders of the independence movement were of *blue blood*.

12. Beating around the bush**:**- (Avoiding the main topic)- The Minister was *beating around the bush* when the citizens demanded a reason for the forgery of legal documents.

13. Bed of roses (Easy life) My childhood was *a bed of roses*.

14. Big gun (an impressive man) - Mukesh Ambani is *a big gun* .

15. Bosom Friend (close Friend)- Ram and Shyam are *bosom friends*

16. Breathe one's last (to die) – Mahatama Gandhi *breathed his las*t in 1948.

17. Burning Question (topic of current discussion)- The constant rise in price of petrol and diesel is *a burning question* now a days.

18. Body and soul (completely) They are dedicated to the mission *body and soul.*

19. Break the ice**:** (To initiate a social conversation)- At the start of the lecture, the new professor tried to break the ice by telling a joke.

20. Bone of contention:- (A cause of quarrel or disagreement) - A portion of land is the *bone of contention* between the two families.

21. Bite the dust (to be defeated) Pakistan *bit the dust* in final match with India.

22. By dint of (by mean of) – He got the first class *by dint of* hard work.

23. Cold War (unfriendly behavior) – There is consistent *cold war* between India and China.

24. Close Shave (narrow escape). The passengers in the jeep had *a close shave* when a mine exploded just a few yards away.

25. Chicken hearted (a coward) I do not like *a chicken hearted* fellow.

26. Cock and bull story (to spin a false story). When teacher asked Mohan about the home work he spun a *cock and bull story*.

27. Chip on your shoulder:- (When someone is upset about something that happened a while ago)- He has *a chip on his shoulder* for being abandoned by his parents in his childhood.

28. Cry over spilt milk: (Complaining about a loss or failure from the past) After failing in board exam he realized there was no use *crying over spilt milk* and decided to become more serious about his study.

29. Child's Play (easy Work) To crack IAS exam is not *a child's play.*

30. Crocodile Tears (False tears) Some leaders shed *crocodile tears* to gain sympathy.

31. Come to light (to come to know) – Many cases of corruption *come to light* after a long period.

32. Cut corners (reduce spending) The family had to *cut corners* in order to put food on the table.

33. Call it a day (finish work) Let us *call it a day*. It is time to go home.

34. Cut the rug (dance) I loved this song ! Let us go on the dance floor and *cut the rug*!

35. Dip deep (look hard for information or try hard) Deepak had *to dig deep* to find a solution to the chemistry problem.

36. Dirt cheap (inexpensive) My clothes are *dirt cheap* but they still look fashionable.

37. Dog days (very hot days) The *dog days* of summer are really humid and uncomfortable.

38. To count chickens before they hatch (to plan for something that may not happen)- He started making merry before the result was announced. We asked him not to *count chickens before they hatch*.

39. To drink like a fish (drink a lot) Rahul drinks like a fish when he goes to the club.

40. Drop like flies (accept defeat) The other candidates *dropped like flies* at the end of the local election.

41. Early bird (someone who starts work early) *Early bird* always wins the race.

42. Eat like a horse (eat a lot) *Eating like a horse* is not good for health.

43. Elephant in the room (a sensitive unaddressed issue)- Chinese intrusion into Indian territory many a time seems like *an elephant in the room.*

44. Every cloud has a silver lining (hope amidst despair)- We should not surrender during difficult times because *every cloud has a silver lining*.

45. Face the music (deal with unpleasant consequences) If you break the rules, be ready to *face the music*.

46. Fair-weather friend (a person in only good times) Most of my friends are *fair-weather friends.* They are rather selfish.

47. Fine-tooth comb (in detail) In order to succeed ,we need to analyze things with a *fine-tooth comb*.

48. Fit as a fiddle (good physical health) After workout I feel *fit as a fiddle*.

49. Fit like a glove (fit perfectly) Those clothes *fit him like a glove*.

50. Flesh and blood (close relation) I cannot disinherit my sister. After all she is my own *flesh and blood*.

51. Front runner (favorite to win) He is a is the *front runner* in athletics and it is hard to beat him.

52. Full of beans (energetic) The young soldiers are always *full of beans*.

53. Get a second wind (have new energy after an attempt)- I was exhausted at half the distance but I got a *second wind* after I passed the milestone.

54. Get hitched (get married) We *got hitched* last month and plan to settle abroad.

55. Get into the full swing (be comfortable doing something after some time) It took her a month to *get into the full swing* of things. Now she is the best musician in the group.

56. Get the boot (get fired) Many people *got the boot* due to recession.

57. Give a cold shoulder (to deny or ignore) She gave him *a cold shoulder* when he asked for help.

58. Give a hand or lend a hand (help someone) Can you *give me a hand* with starting the car?

59. Give no quarter (give no mercy) The student asked to take the test again, but the teacher *gave no quarter*.

60. Go downhill (get worse) His health started *to go downhill* when he took to smoking again.

61. Go overboard (do more than needed) Do not *go overboard* in trying to please others.

62. Grey area (vague or unclear) There is a *grey area* between good and bad which creates problems in decision making.

63. Handle with kid gloves(handle delicately) All issues cannot be handled with *kid gloves*.

64. Hang in there (be patient and stay optimistic) It is better to *hang in there* than to give up.

65. Hard nut to crack(difficult to understand or persuade) The criminal was a *hard nut to crack* and refused to reveal his accomplices.

66. Hat trick (three goals by one player) Maradona scored several *hat tricks* in his prime days.

67. Have a card up your sleeve(have a secret plan) I shall not disclose now but I have *a card up my sleeve* .

68. Have your cake and eat it too(want more than you need) He loves his brothers but wants acquire their property also. It is as if he *wants to have his cake and eat it too.*

69. Head over heels (to be deeply in love) Saurabh was *head over heels* in love with his new friend.

70. Hear it through the grapevine(hear a rumor) I *heard it through the grapevine* that you were getting a new car.

71. Hit below the belt(do something that is unfair) You *hit me below the belt* when you lied about me.

72. Hit the nail on the head (to be precisely accurate) You really *hit the nail on the head* when you made the statement.

73. Hold all the aces (expected to win). Our team *held all the aces* but still could not win.

74. Hot potato (a controversial subject) The illicit relations of the film star was like *a hot potato* in the news.

75. Hot shot or big shot (very confident or successful person) All the hot shots in New York live on the Upper East Side.

76. In a nutshell (to sum up.) Just tell me about the incident *in a nutshell.*

77. In the dog house (in trouble) The coach denied me a place in the team. I am *in the dog house.*

78. Jump the gun(begin too soon) Follow rules, do not *jump the gun* .

79. Keep your chin up(stay positive)- Never feel discouraged. *Keep your chin up.*

80. Keep your head above water(try not to fall behind)- It's hard to *keep your head above water* when you are already down by six wickets.

81. Kick the bucket (die) -- I hope I can travel to Europe before I *kick the bucket*.

82. Kill two birds with one stone(accomplish two things at once) He got the property of the boss and also married his daughter. It was *killing two birds with one stone*.

83. Know which way the wind blows(know the end result) In politics people keep on guessing *which way the wind will blow*.

84. Let the cat out of the bag (reveal a secret) He *let the cat out of the bag* when he made the revelation.

85. Let your hair down (relax and have fun) You should let your hair down once in a while.

86. Lion's share (the majority of something) You took *the lion's share* of the money whereas others got a small sum.

87. Make a mountain out of a molehill (to overemphasize small problems) The car only got a small scratch . You are *making a mountain out of a molehill.*

88. To make the cut (chosen to be part of a group) It is difficult to *make the cut* in the Civil Services.

89. My cup of tea (something preferred) Serious movies are not *my cup of tea*.

90. Neck and neck(very close)- The two boxers were *neck and neck* until the end of the bout.

91. No love lost(mutual dislike) There is *no love lost* between India and Pakistan.

92. Off the cuff (impromptu) Your *off the cuff* remarks were very hilarious.

93. On cloud nine (delighted) She was *on cloud nine* when she put on the new dress.

94. On the ball (ready and rearing) I am *on the ball* today. I finished all pending work.

95. Once in a blue moon (rarely)- The sadhu visits our home *once in a blue moon.*

96. Out of the blue (suddenly)- Her parents came to her apartment o*ut of the blue* leaving her in disbelief.

97. Over the hill (old age) You are only fifty. Not *over the hill* yet.

98. Paint the town red (have fun) It's finally holidays! Let us *paint the town red!*

99. Play second fiddle(play a subordinate role) - The junior employee always *plays second fiddle* to his seniors.

100. Pull yourself together (calm down) - You need to *pull yourself together* in this hour of grief.

101. Put all of the eggs in one basket (rely on one thing) He spends all of his time in dancing. If he puts *all of his eggs in one basket,* he may not have an alternative career .

102. Put yourself in my shoes (empathize) Put yourself in the my shoes, then you will understand my position.

103. Raining cats and dogs(raining heavily) It is *raining cats and dogs*. There could be water logging on the streets .

104. Rat race (competitive struggle) I escaped the *rat race* in the office and moved to another country.

105. Ring a bell (cause recollection) That music *rings a bell*, but I still cannot remember the name of the album.

106. Rise and shine(wake up or get out of bed) *Rise and shine*! It is a new day.

107. Rule of thumb (general rule) As a *rule of thumb*, you should have three meals in a day.

108. See eye to eye (agree) My brothers and I do not *see eye to eye.* A fight starts every time we meet.

109. To back up (to support) My parents always *backs me up.*

110. To bear the brunt of (to bear the aftermath) The children had *to bear the brunt* of the dispute of the parents.

111. To burn the candle at both ends (to be extravagant) If you *burn the candle at both ends* , you will have shortage of resources.

112. To bell the cat (to lead in danger) Only a few can *bell the cat*, others stay aloof.

113. To bury the hatchet (to make peace) The two competitors *buried the hatchet* and started a joint venture.

114. The birds and the bees (sex education) I remember learning about *the birds and the bees* during school days.

115. The eleventh hour (last chance to do something) Avoid doing work *at the eleventh hour*.

116. Home stretch (near the end) We are on the *home stretch* now. We shall be there in a few minutes.

117. Under the thumb (under control) The headmaster wants to keep the pupils *under the thumb.*

118. Under the table (concealed) The business man made many *under the table* deals with others.

119. Under the weather (feel sick) I cannot come to work today as I am feeling a bit *under the weather*.

120. Up the creek (in trouble) I shall be *up the creek* if I disobey my parents.

121. Upset the applecart (to create difficulty) Opposition parties try to *upset the applecart* of the opposition.

122. Under lock and key (in safe custody) My mother keeps valuables *under lock and key*.

123. Vale of tears (sorrowful experiences) Life is a *vale of tears*.

124. Weigh one's words (speak carefully) Always *weigh your words* as careless speech can invite trouble.

125. Wet behind the ears(young and inexperienced) The practice session made him feel *wet behind the ears.*

126. Whale of a time (good time) We had *whale of a time* at the picnic.

127. Wild goose chase (lengthy undertaking with little results) Looking for a secure profession nowadays is a wild goose chase.

128. Win hands down (easy victory) The team *won hands down* because their opponents played a horrible game.

129. XYZ reasons (unspecified reasons) I did not attend the get together for *XYZ reasons*.

130. Yellow press (cheap news) There are many news channels that survive on *yellow press journalism.*

131. Yeoman's service (exemplary service) He provided *yeoman's service* during floods.

132. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink(good advice may be given but not necessarily accepted) I always advice my younger brother but he pays no heed. *You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.*

133. You reap what you sow (you get what you give to others) Be good to others because*you reap what you sow.*

134. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours (mutual appreciation) There is a tacit understanding among people. They follow the idiom *you scratch my back and I'll* scratch *yours.*

135. Zero hour (Important time) Most of the socially relevant debates take place at *zero hour.*

136. Zero tolerance (not permitted) There should be *zero tolerance* for crimes against women.

10.1.5.2 Phrases:

Phrase is a group of words that gives a single idea but does not make a complete sentence.

Abide By (Obey) – We must *abide by* the rules.

Accede to (grant) The HOD *acceded to* my request for leave.

Agree on (concede) The committee *agreed on* the course of action.

Account for (explain) You must *account for* your absence from the class.

Act on/upon (follow) He *acted on/upon* my advice.

Answer Back (to Reply) Do not *answer me back*, answer my question.

Ask for (request) In her letter Mrs. Kavita has *asked for* her husband's health.

Bear out (confirm) Your statement is not *borne out* by facts.

Bear up (to be firm) She *bore up* her mother's death bravely.

Bear down (defeat) Mohan *bore down* all his opponents.

Beat the air (useless effort) The leader's speech had no weight , he was merely *beating the air*.

Beat down (to lessen) The government should try *to beat down* the prices.

Break down (to be emotional) He *broke down* while narrating his father's death.

Break into (enter by force) The thieves *broke into* the house.

Break out (spread) Malaria has *broken out* in the city.

Break a word (to break promise) An honest man never *breaks his word*.

Break the news (to give an unpleasant information) Sonu *broke the news* of her husband's death to her.

Bear with (tolerate) One cannot *bear with* your rude behavior.

Bear upon (have connection) His remarks do not *bear upon* the subject at hand.

Blow down (throw down) Many trees were *blown down* by the storm.

Blow out (extinguish) Please *blow the* candle *ou*t.

Call on (go to meet) I shall *call on* you tomorrow.

Call for (demand) The master *called for* the an explanation from the servant .

Call in (to send for) He *called in* the doctor to examine his uncle.

call off (stop) The strike was *called off*.

Call out (summon) Troops have been *called out* to help the civil authorities.

Call upon (invite) I *called upon* him to last evening .

Carry on (to continue) Please *carry on* your duties properly.

Carry out (to execute) I will *carry out* yours orders.

Carry away (to be charmed) He was *carried away* by her beauty.

Carry off (to win) He *carried off* the first prize in the debate.

Carry out (put into practice) The students *carried out* the instructions.

Come about (to happen) How did the accident *come about*?

Come Across (to meet) I *came across* an old friend on my way back home.

Come round (to regain health) He was ill but he is now *coming round*.

Come by (get) How did you *come by* this bag?

Come of (belong to) He *comes of* a noble family.

Come of age (to attain maturity) When she *came of age* , she was married.

Cry up (to praise) Merchants *cry up* their own goods.

Cut down (to reduce) We should *cut down* our expenses.

Cut off (to disconnect) Our electricity supply been *cut off.*

Deal with (pertain to) This book *deals with* the problem of population.

Deal in (trade in) his father *deals in* clothes.

Do away with (abolish) we must *do away with* useless customs.

Do with (would like) I could *do with* a cup of tea.

Do without (manage without) I can *do without* tea.

Draw near (approach) The examinations are *drawing near*.

Draw up (make a written plan) Have you *drawn up* the plan?

Fall out (to quarrel) He has *fallen out* with his family because of property matters.

Fall in (collapse) The roof of the house *fell in* yesterday.

Fall through (fall) All his plans *fell through* for want of money.

Be fed up with (completely bored) I am *fed up with* this job.

Get off (to escape) The culprit *got off* without any punishment .

Get on with (to agree) It is very difficult *to get on with* a faithless person.

Get through (pass) He *gotthrough* the complex questions.

Get over (recover) He is *getting over* his loss .

Hold out (to resist) He *held out* and did not accept defeat.

Keep away (to avoid) students should *keep away* from politics.

Keep up (to maintain) he always tries to *keep up* the reputation of his family.

Keep back (to conceal) Do not *keep back* anything from your parents.

Keep out (shut out) Shut the doors and windows and *keep out* the bad weather.

Lay in (store) She feared shortage of food so she *laid in* a large quantity.

Lay by (save) *Lay by* some money for the rainy day.

Look after (to take care) Parents *look after* their children.

Look down upon (dislike) Do not look *down upon* the poor.

Look up (to search for) Please *look up* this word in the dictionary.

Look into (to investigate) The officer promised *to look into* the matter.

Look at (observed) He *looked at* the clock.

Look for (search) I am *looking for* a new house.

Make off with (take away) The thief *made off* with all the ornaments.

Make up (cook up) He *made up* excuses when he was caught red handed.

Make up for (compensate for) I will have *to make up for* the lost time.

Pass by (to disregard) His claim for promotion has been *passed by* the officer.

Pass away (to die) His father *passed away* last night.

Pick up (to carry) He picked up the child from the street and carried it into the house.

Put aside (save for the future) One should put aside some money for the future.

Put up (to tolerate) I cannot *put up* with her tantrums.

Put off (postpone) Never *put off* till tomorrow what you can do today.

Put down (to write down) Let us *put down* our plan on paper.

Round up (arrest) The police have *rounded up* many suspects.

Run after (pursue) Do not *run after* material goods.

Run out (to come to an end) The year *runs out* in December.

Run over (to be crushed) A calf was *run over* by a car.

See off (to bid farewell) I went to the railway station *to see off* my relative.

Set free (to release) The captive animals were *set free* .

Set aside (to reject) The judgment of the lower court was *set aside* by the high court.

Set in (to begin) The winter season has *set in*.

See about (make inquiries) The organizers *saw about* the arrangement of the function.

See after (take care of) You should *see after* your own interests.

See through (detect) I *saw though* their game and realized that they were after my money.

Set up (achieve) He *set up* a new record in athletics.

Set off (start) We *set off* early in the morning .

Stand by (support) She *stood by* me through thick and thin.

Set up (establish) He has *set up* a business.

Strike off (to remove) His name has been *struck off* the college rolls.

Sit back (relax) Life does not offer too many opportunities to *sit back*.

Stand for (represent) B. A. *stands for* bachelor of Art.

Stand up to (resist) He *stood well up* to his adversary.

Take down (to write down) The clerk *took down* the notes given by the officer.

Take off (to remove) *Take off* your shoes.

Take to (to begin) he has *taken to* Playing tennis.

Take after(look like) She has *taken after* her grandmother.

Take for (to misunderstand) I t*ook him for* a thief.

Take in (cheat) I was *taken in* by a small boy.

Take heart(to show courage) He *took heart* and caught hold of the thief.

Throw away (to waste) He has *thrown away* a fine job.

Throw light (to explain) The speaker *threw light* on the topic.

Throw out (to reject) He was *thrown out* of the building.

Turn down (to reject) His request was *turned down.*

Turn out (to grow into) He *turned out* to be a brave freedom fighter.

Turn against (to become hostile to) The situation *turned against* us.

Wait on (attend) He *waited on* the minister the whole day.

Warts and all (concealing nothing) He knows all about me, *warts and all.*

Wear off (disappear gradually) The colour has started wearing off.

Wear out (become unusable) I do not like *worn out* clothes.

Whistle blower(who reveals certain facts) The *whistle blower* is entitled to protection by the police.

Whole nine yards(the entire thing The mountain range was a tiring one, but I wanted to go *the whole nine yards*.

Wipe out (destroy completely) Pakistan sponsored terrorism will soon be *wiped out*.

Work out (to solve) If one is determined then any problem can be *worked out.*

Work up (to build up gradually) He has *worked up* a reputation for fair play.

Young Turk (a young and impatient person) The *young turks* would not stop at anything but complete change.

10.2 Précis Writing

'Précis' is French word, related to the English word 'Precise' meaning 'exact' or 'definite'. A précis is, thus, a brief summary of a speech or piece of writing, expressing all the main ideas or points contained in the original. Précis writing is, naturally, a difficult intellectual exercise because it demands close concentration, clear thinking and the ability to present the main ideas precisely and effectively.

The importance of précis writing in two fold. First, it enables the reader to gain knowledge about the passage without going through it intensively and thus saves a lot of time and energy. Second, it helps in developing a proper mental discipline as précis writing involves analysis, judgment, and selection of what is important and then expressing concisely and clearly what has been said or spoken in larger number of words.

Characteristics of a Good Précis:

1. In a good précis the main ideas should be arranged in a proper sequence.
2. All the essential points should be organized and well knit.
3. A good précis should contain all the main ideas of the original, elimination the unnecessary details, digressions, examples, etc.

Method of Writing a Précis:

1. Read the given passage carefully and try to understand the main ideas clearly. Do not feel discouraged by difficult words. Your objective is to form a general view of the passage rather than explaining it. Try to know the topic and the author's perspective .
2. Segregate important facts from less important details. Write down the main points in the order in which they appear in the original passage.
3. Arrange the main points in a logical sequence and write out a rough draft. Count the number of words you have used in your rough draft.
4. Your rough draft may be a little longer or shorter than the prescribed limit and further deletion or elaboration may be required. You can do so by changing your vocabulary a little. Make a fair draft of your précis stating at the end the exact number of words you have used. While making a fair copy, you should use words l such as 'but', 'and', 'however' etc., to connect the main points so that your précis gives the impression of a continuous paragraph.

Exercise:

1. Water is the basis of all life. Every animal or every plant contains a substantial proportion of free or combined water in its body and no such physical activity is possible in which water does not play an essential part. Water is necessary for animal life, while moisture in the soil is equally imperative for life and growth of plants and trees, though the quantity necessarily varies enormously from plant to plant. The conservation and utilization of water is thus fundamental for human welfare. The main source of water is rainfall or snowfall. Much of Indian agriculture depends on seasonal rainfall and is therefore, very sensitive to any failure or irregularity of the season . During the rainy season large quantities of rain water flow down into the streams and rivers and ultimately find their way to the sea, and are, therefore, lost to the country. The harnessing of our rivers is, therefore, a great national problem to be dealt with. Vast areas of land which at present are mere shrubs could be developed into farm lands, jungles could be turned into fertile and prosperous tracts by harnessing this source of water.

Title: – Conservation and Utilization of Water.

Précis: – Water being so necessary for animal and plant life should be harnessed judiciously. The main source of water is rain. Most of the rain water goes into rivers and is left unutilized. This water must be used for making the barren land fertile. The conservation and utilization of water is, therefore, a great problem to be dealt with concertedly at the national level. (Words 62)

2. Personality is an attribute of one possessed with self- confidence. What is self- confidence? It is a state of mind entirely sure of its own thoughts and actions whether right or wrong. Believe in yourself and in this belief you will grow more and more confident in yourself. Surety invokes the approval of others, the needed encouragement to greater confidence. The most effective and beneficial influence towards this end is the understanding gained by experience of life so that you can see life in its true proportion and realize that it is not enough to be fine; one must be fitting and know that alone is the fittest who takes the least cognizance of what others opinion of him is. It is the fear of others' opinion that binds and imprisons one, while it is fearlessness of that opinion that gives one freedom. If we desire that our life should make a fascinating appeal and be full of charm, we must have a personality. It is not a thing reserved for the gifted. It can be had by any who wills to have it. But the will must be strong enough to endure the most discouraging experiences, for nothing that is worth hearing can be gained with ease, and of all the goals in life, personality is the most difficult to gain precisely as it is the greatest prize to win.

Title: – The Importance of Self- Confidence.

Précis: – Of all the goals in life, personality is the most difficult to gain. For the development of personality, the most important thing is self-confidence. A self-confident person is sure of his own thoughts and actions whether right or wrong. He has a firm belief in himself and is strong enough to endure the most discouraging experiences. He avoids giving undue importance to others' version and is never discouraged. Opinions give him more confidence. This confidence builds up his personality. (Words 80)

3. Books are a delightful society. If you go into a room filled with books even without taking them down from the shelves, they seem to speak to you, seem to welcome you, seem to tell you that they have something inside their covers that will be good for you and that they are willing to impart it to you. Value them and endeavor to turn them to good account. As to the books which you should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. Any good book, that is wiser than yourself, will teach you a great many things directly or indirectly. If your mind be open to ideas, the very wish and curiosity you have to read a book , indicates that you are a person who likes to get good out of it.

Title: – Value of books.

Précis:- Books are good friends. They seem to converse with a book lover. Nothing definite can be said about the choice of books. A book which tells you more than you know will be beneficial for you. If you approach a book with a curious mind, you may get good out of that. (Words 56)

4. The spirit of sportsmanship is what we are lacking today. Sports tell us that we should take defeat or disappointment with a smile. We should not go about insisting on our success in whatever we attempt. It is not possible for every man to succeed in every effort which he makes. There may be ambitions of groups, there may be ambitions of individuals which they set before themselves and they must try, if they are disappointed in the carrying out of their ambitions, to take that disappointment and that defeat with a smile and not take laws in their own hands. What will happen if every individual in the street wishes to go his own particular way without observing the rules of traffic? There will be clashes, there will be accidents. What happens on the road side will also happen in public activities, in the public life of the country.

Title: – Sportsmanship

Précis: – Today we lack the spirit of sportsmanship. This spirit teaches us to accept defeat and disappointments smilingly. One cannot succeed in every desire. If one's ambitions are not fulfilled one should not be disappointed. If everyone wishes to go his own way without caring for others, there would be chaos in our life and in the public life too.

5. Science has become one of the most powerful factors in modern life . The importance of science is a generally accepted and indeed an obvious fact. The proper role of the scientist himself is however, a point on which there is no general agreement. On the one hand are those die hards who, ignoring the changed circumstances of the outside world, contend that, outside the laboratory, personal influence of the scientist should be no more than that of an ordinary citizen. On the other hand are extremists who advocate a stage verging on a technocracy in which scientists would have special privileges and a large measure of control. Those who tend towards the later view are much vociferous than their more conservative and much more numerous colleagues with the unfortunate result that there is a wide-spread impression that scientists generally share these views and wish to claim a far larger share in the control of world affairs than they possess at present.

Title:- The Status of a Scientist

Précis:- People have different opinions about a scientist's role in society. Some people think that outside his laboratory, the scientist is just an ordinary citizen. Others say that scientists should have special privileges. Many scientists also share this view. They wish to have more shares in controlling the world. We should properly assess the status of a scientist.

6. English education and English language have done immense good to India, in spite of some glaring drawbacks. The notions of democracy and self-government are born of English education. Those who fought and died for mother India's freedom were nursed in the cradle of English thought and culture. The West has made contribution to the East. The history of Europe has fired the hearts of our leaders. Our struggle for freedom has been inspired by the struggles for freedom in England, America and France. If our leaders were ignorant of English and if they had not studied this language, how could they have been inspired by these heroic struggles for freedom in other lands? English, therefore, did us great good in the past and if properly studied will do immense good in future. English is spoken throughout the world. For international contact our commerce and trade, for the development of practical ideas, for scientific studies, English is indispensable . English is very rich in literature . Our own literature has been made richer by this foreign language. It will really be a fatal day if we altogether forget Shakespeare, Milton, Keats and Shaw.

Précis: Notwithstanding its various defects English education has done great good to India. The ideas of democracy and self-government are its gifts. Nursed on English education the Indian leaders were inspired by the Western thought, culture and freedom struggles. They fought for and won their motherland's freedom. Being spoken through-out the world English is necessary for international contact, trade, commerce and science. English is rich in literature; its master mind cannot be neglected.

7. When we survey our lives and efforts we soon observe that almost the whole of our actions and desires are bound up with the existence of other human beings. We notice that whole nature resembles that of the social animals. We eat food that others have produced, wear clothes that others have made, live in houses that others have built. The greater part of our knowledge and beliefs has been passed on to us by other people though the medium of a language which others have created. Without language and mental capacities, we would have been poor indeed comparable to higher animals. We have, therefore, to admit that we owe our principal knowledge over the least to the fact of living in human society. The individual if left alone from birth would remain primitive and beast like in his thoughts and feelings to a degree that we can hardly imagine. The individual is what he is and has the significance that he has, not much in virtue of the individuality, but rather as a member of a great human community, which directs his material and spiritual existence from the cradle to grave.

Précis: Being social animals, human beings have their actions and desires bound up with society. In matter of food, clothes, knowledge and belief they are interdependent. They use language created by others. Without language their mental power would not grow. They are superior to beast, because they live in human society. An individual life left alone from birth would grow utterly beast like. So human society and not individuality guides man's material and spiritual existence.

8. Teaching is the noblest of professions. A teacher has a sacred duty to perform. It is he on who rests the responsibility of moulding the character of young children. Apart from developing their intellect, he can inculcate in them qualities of good citizenship, remaining neat and clean, talking decently and sitting properly. These virtues are not easy to be imbibed. Only he who himself leads a life of simplicity, purity and rigid discipline can successfully cultivate these habits in his pupils. Besides a teacher always remains young. He may grow old in age, but not in spite. Perpetual contact with budding youths keeps him happy and cheerful. There are moments when domestic

worries weigh heavily on his mind, but the delightful company of innocent children makes him overcome his transient moods of despair.

Précis: Teaching is the noblest profession. A teacher himself leading a simple, pure and disciplined life can mould the character of the young children and make them neat and good mannered citizens. Besides he remains ever young forgetting his own domestic worries in the constant company of the young.

9. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthy minded people like making money ought to like it and enjoy the sensation of winning it; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay— very properly so and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it. His main mission of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. The clergyman's object is essentially baptize and preach not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees no doubt—ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well- educated the entire object of their lives is not fees. They on the whole, desire to cure the sick and if they are good doctors and the choice were fairly to be given them, would rather cure their patient and lose their fee than kill him and get it. And so with all the other brave people. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthy minded people like making money ought to like it and enjoy the sensation of winning it; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay— very properly so and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—till, his main mission of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. The clergyman's object is essentially baptize and preach not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees no doubt—ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well- educated the entire object to their lives is not fees. They on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and if they are good doctors and the choice were fairly to them, would rather cure their patient and lose their fee than kill him and get it. And so with all the other brave and rightly trained men: their work is first, their fee second—very important always; but still second.

Précis: Money-making is a common attraction in life. But it cannot be the principal aim of well educated, cultured and brave man. A brave soldier prizes honour and victory more than his pay. A good clergyman is more interested in the moral welfare of his people than his returns. A doctor values the care of his patient far more than his fees. Thus with all the well-educated, intellectual persons, their work is first, money next.

10. Home is, for the young, who have known "nothing of the world and who would be forlorn and sad, if thrown upon it." It is providential shelter of the weak and inexperienced, who have to learn as yet to cope with the temptations which lie outside of it. It is the place of training for those who are not only ignorant, but have no yet learnt how to live independently, and who have to be taught by careful individual trail, how to set about profiting by the lessons of a teacher. And it is the school of elementary studies—not of advances, for such studies alone can make master minds. Moreover, it is the shrine of our best affections, the bosom of our fondest recollections, a spell upon our after life, a stay for world weary mind and soul; wherever we are, till the end comes. Such are attributes of home, and similar to these, in one or other sense or measure, are the attributes and offices of a college in a university.

Précis: Home shelters the young who are weak and inexperienced and unable to face the temptations in life. It is a centre of their elementary education and a nursery of sweet affections and pleasant memories. Its magic lasts forever. A weary mind turns to it for rest. Such is the function of a home and in some measure of the university.

10.3 Letter Writing

A Letter is a written message**,** request for assistance **or** employment **or** admission to a school**.** Letters have played and are still playing an important role in communication throughout the world. Paper letters were once the most and at times the only reliable means of communication between two people at different locations. Its format and importance has changed with evolution of technology, especially with advent of email.

Types of Letters

10.3.1 Business Letters:

A Business Letter is a type of letter which serves as a means of communication written for various commercial purposes. These purposes can include a business deal, complaint, warning, notice, invitation, declaration, information, apology and various other corporate matters. Letters of business are the most popular and the most widely written types of letters. Business letters are also the oldest form official correspondence and promoters of mailing system.

Essentials of Business Letter:

Letterhead – A letterhead is topmost heading printed on the letter . The heading consists of name, address generally accompanied by a logo of the organisation. Most professional firms have their own pre-designed letterhead. Pre- printed Letterheads showcase the repute of a company. However smaller firms may not have it. They use their name and address in place of the letterhead.

Date – The date has to written exactly below the letter head. The date is important part of a letter and is used for reference. The date is supposed to be written in full with day, month and year. Example – 31st May 2012 or May 31st, 2012

Recipient – Recipient or receiver's name and address is next part of a business letter. This part includes the name of the receiver, his designation and full address inclusive of phone and email.

Salutation – Salutation is word of greeting used to begin a letter. It is courteous gesture and shows respect to the receiver. Dear Sir / Madam etc. are specifically called opening salutations. .

Body – It is the main part of the letter. The message of the letter is to be clearly mentioned in the first line, itself. The body has the relevant subject matter which is to be divided into a number of paragraphs, as need be. If there are instructions etc. these are to be in a bulleted or numerically listed in separate lines. The Last paragraph should sum up the whole letter and offer any assistance or take a course of action as required or instructed.

Closing (subscription) – Closing refers to the end of the letter. It is courteous and shows a mark of respect towards the recipient. Yours sincerely or sincerely etc. are commonly known as closings.

Signature – Signature follows after a few spaces. If the name is printed , then the signature is placed above it. An electronic signature can also be used. Scanned image of signature can also be used, if it is in accordance with the rules of the organisation.

Sender's Name, title and contact information – If these have not been incorporated in the letterhead, one can include Name, Title, Address, Phone, Email etc. in separate lines.

Enclosure – If some documents have been attached , the word 'Enclosures' should be typed/ written a few lines after the signature of the sender . Thereafter, the number and type of documents attached e.g. 'Enclosures (2): brochure, resume' is to be mentioned.

Examples:

Business Letter for the order of Refrigerators

Malhotra and Sons
123 Marine Drive Road
Mumbai
15 October 2016

Mr. Rakesh Sharma
Customer Service Representative
BPL Electronics, Inc.
987 Akbar Street
Mumbai

Dear Mr. Sharma:

I am writing to you concerning a recent purchase of Refrigerators. Approximately two weeks ago, on October 1, I ordered a total of 50 Refrigerators for my Company via the BPL Electronics webpage. I received an email notification two days later confirming the receipt of payment and the shipment of the Refrigerators. According to your website, shipments should have reached their destination within 3-5 business days of being sent, but I have yet to receive the Refrigerators. Do share if you have any information on what may have happened to cause delay in the shipment or where the shipment currently is.

I have been dealing with your concern for a number of years in the past and have the greatest confidence in your products and customer service. The shipment of refrigerators is required urgently. I hope you might be able to expedite the delivery of the order. Thank you in anticipation.

Sincerely

Raveesh Malhotra
Incharge, Purchase Dept.
Malhotra and Sons

10.3.2 Application/ Formal Letter:

Application or a Formal Letter is a **letter written for a variety of purposes in day to day activities** which can be domestic or professional. It is also a written request when written for assistance, admission, employment, favour, information, permission, service etc. A letter of application is also an accompanying document as and when required. When it does so it is known as Cover Letter. An

application letter is largely a formal type of letter as it follows a predefined format which is applicable to most type of application letters.

Format of Writing an Application:

- **Outline –** Before one begins to write, an outline of the application should be prepared . The agenda should be specified as to what one , which documents need to be attached etc. A list of documents , if required to be attached, needs to be prepared for ready reference.
- **Drafting** – Drafting is a rough copy of the original one. The outline of the letter comes to be useful here. Errors of grammar, punctuation, spelling, sentence structure etc should be meticulously avoided. If one is not sure of any particular format, multiple formats can be created to see which is the best . One can also consult the seniors in this regard.
- **Opening Salutations Rules -** It is unprofessional to use only the First Name of the person unless you have an informal relationship with the addressee, e.g. 'Dear Rajat'
    - Salutation requires a Comma at its end - Dear Mr. Rakesh Bakshi.
    - If there are multiple recipients you have to use 'Dear Sirs/Madams'
    - If there are only two recipients of different Gender, you have to use 'Dear Mr. Sen and Ms. Sen.'
    - If the multiple recipients consist of both gender, use 'Dear Sir(s), Gentlemen and Madam(s)', using the 's' per se.
    - If case the name of the recipient is not available, simply write, 'Dear Sir/Madam'
    - If the last name or the title of the recipient is known, write the same, e.g. – 'Dear Dr. Kaur' or 'Dear Media Manager.'
    - If you do not know the recipient's name or gender, use 'To whom it may concern,' 'Ladies and Gentlemen' or 'Dear Sir or Madam'
    - Use Ms for women unless asked to use Mrs or Miss. 'Miss' is meant for an 'Unmarried Woman', 'Mrs.' is meant for a 'Married Woman' and 'Ms.' is meant for a woman whose marital status is not known to you
- **Brevity:** Come to the point or agenda at hand as the receiver may not have much time to spare. This will also initiate a quick response as the information will be brief and specific. Mention the purpose of the letter in the first paragraph itself. Avoid your comments in the first paragraph. Give information in a serial order .
- **Courtesy** – Courtesy does not mean only writing the salutations, it also means that you consider the recipient worthy of importance. Be reasonable, cordial and use a formal language to address the letter. Do not use any slang or double meaning words.
- **Formal Closing Salutations** - Closing business salutations should match the tone of the letter. A formal salutation is polite, courteous and respectful to the recipient.

Common formal salutations are:

- Sincerely or yours sincerely
- Respectfully Yours
- Faithfully Yours
- Yours Truly

- **Proof reading** – Proof reading a letter means to read the letter to trace any errors. If one misses out any mistake one can rectify it by reading aloud to oneself. Spell check the letter, edit the errors. Some words seem very similar and one can mistakenly write 'oppression" in place of "operation." Editing can be of great use in such cases. Sometimes the American spellings are preferred to the British ones, so 'meter' is considered correct whereas 'metre' is termed wrong.

10.3.2.1 Example:

Business Loan Application Letter

To

Loan Approval Manager,
State Bank of India
Hisar
21st April 2014

Subject: Business loan application letter

Dear Sir,

My name is Vivek Kumar and I hold a savings account with your bank with A/C No: SB 689787689698. This letter is to brief you about the new venture I plan to open up and also to request an amount of loan from your bank so that this concept can actually see the light of the day.

The business concept for which the loan is required is opening up an event management firm. The basic amount required to open up this firm will Rs. 850000. I guarantee to start its repayment after three months of its approval. This is the estimated time in which I think the firm will start making marginal profit and will be in a state to pay back its loans.

As proved from the past records, I have always been an honest customer to the bank with clean record. I hope that my history with the bank will add on to the reasons of an early approval to the loan. I am also attaching a copy of my bank statement and my past three salary slips for your kind perusal. To support my application, I am attaching the copy of my photo identity proof, address proof and my passport size picture. I hope the documents attached will suffice for a successful transaction.

Any other document required will be mailed immediately by me. I shall be very happy to provide it to you. I request you to process this application at the earliest.

Anticipating an early and positive response.

Thanking you,

Vivek Kumar

10.3.2.2 Letter to the Editor:

A letter to the editor is a letter sent to a newspaper editor about the issues of concern from the readers of that particular newspaper. This type of letters can be sent in written form or through electronic mail.

The format of a letter to the editor is as follows –

1. Sender's address: The address and contact details of the sender are written here. E mail and phone number should be included if required or if mentioned in the question.

2. Date: The date is written below the sender's address after leaving one space or line.
3. Receiving editor's address: The address of the recipient of the mail i.e. the editor is written here.
4. Subject of the letter: The main purpose of the letter forms the subject. It must be written in one line. It must convey the matter for which the letter is written.
5. Salutation (Sir / Respected sir / Madam)
6. Body: The matter of the letter is written here. It is divided into 3 paragraphs as follows -

   Paragraph 1: Introduce oneself and the purpose of writing the letter, briefly.

   Paragraph 2: Give a detail of the matter.

   Paragraph 3: Conclude by mentioning what one expects from the editor. (For example, you may want him to highlight the issue in his newspaper / magazine).
7. Complimentary Closing
8. Sender's name, signature and designation (if any)

Example:

Letter to the Editor about the Content of Newspaper Articles

To

The Editor
Times of India

Subject: Content of Newspaper Articles

Dear Mr. Bose

I am an ardent and regular reader of your newspaper and have been reading it for nearly the past twelve years. Initially, I was very happy with the nature of articles you were publishing and your selection of stories. However, of late, I believe the newspaper has changed its objectives, style and preferences. I urge you on behalf of several other readers, to revert back to the earlier format.

Nowadays, the supplements of your newspaper carry a large number of advertisements for high-end brands and meaningless peddling of luxury goods. You have also started highlighting the page three kind of scoops instead of delivering the pragmatic and hard-hitting stories you were once known for.

We as readers of your newspaper beseech you to revert back to your earlier style of journalism based on hard facts and not to cater to whims and fancies.

Thanking you,

Yogesh
16/3 R, Railway Colony
Ahmedabad

10.4 Comprehension of Unseen Passages:

Comprehension of an unseen passage means a complete and thorough understanding of the passage. The main object of comprehension is to test one's ability to grasp the meaning of a given passage properly

and to answer, in one's own words, the questions based on the passage. A variety of questions like short answer type questions, completion of incomplete sentences, filling the blanks with appropriate words and exercises based on vocabulary are set forth for the purpose.

Before attempting to answer the questions on a passage, it is necessary to read the passage again and again so that a general idea of the subject of the passage becomes clear. Once the passage is clear, it is easy to answer the answers of the questions.

Following are some of the rules to attempt questions of unseen passage:

1. Read the passage quickly to have a general idea of the subject matter.
2. Having read it once, underline the important points.
3. Try to find answers to the questions posed at the end.
4. Answer the questions in your own words.
5. Be precise and brief.
6. If asked, explain terms, meanings in your own words.
8. Don't give your own observations or comments.

Read the following passages carefully and answer the questions that follow:

1. There is a story of a man who thought he had a right to do what he liked. One day, this gentleman was walking along a busy road, spinning his walking-stick round and round in his hand, and was trying to look important. A man walking behind him objected.

   "You ought not to spin your walking-stick round and round like that!" he said.

   "I am free to do what I like with my walking-stick," argued the gentleman.

   'Of course you are," said the other man, "but you ought to know that your freedom ends where my nose begins."

The story tells us that we can enjoy our rights and our freedom only if they do not interfere with other people's rights and freedom.

Questions

1. Why was the gentleman on the road moving his walking stick round and round?
2. Who objected to him?
3. What argument did the gentleman give?
4. Was the other satisfied with argument?
5. What did he say in reply?
6. Complete the following statements with the correct options:

   A. The gentleman was walking along a…….

      (i) lonely road.
      (ii) busy road.
      (iii) narrow road.

   B. The gentleman was …….

      (i) running along the road.

(ii) disturbing others on the road.

(iii) spinning his walking-stick round and round.

C. The man who protested was a…….

(i) teacher.

(ii) passer-by.

(iii) policeman.

7. Write True or False against each of the following statements:

(a) The gentleman was spinning the walking-stick round and round in his hand to drive away the dogs.

(b) The gentleman was walking along a busy road.

(c) The man walking behind praised his action.

(d) The gentleman thought that he had a right to do whatever he liked.

(e) We can enjoy our rights and freedom even if it interferes with other people's rights and freedom.

8. Give synonyms of the following words:

(a) Spinning (b) Interfere

Answers:

1. The gentleman on the road was moving his walking stick round and round because he wanted to look important.
2. A man walking behind him objected to him.
3. The gentleman argued that he was free to do what liked with his walking-stick.
4. No, the other man was not satisfied with his argument.
5. The other man said that he ought to know that his (the gentleman's) freedom ends where his (the passer-by's) nose begins.
6. A (ii), B. (iii), C (ii)
7. (a) false, (b) true, (c) false, (d) true, (e) false.
8. (a) Spinning=Moving (b) Interfere=Meddle.

2. Born on Jan 12, 1863 in an affluent Bengali family, Narendra Natha Datta was a precocious child who was what we call nowadays, an all-rounder, excelling in music, studies and athletics. His father Vishwanatha Datta was a well-known attorney. However, he took the spiritual route instead and introduced Hinduism to the world in 1893 when he spoke at the World's Parliament of Religion (probably one of the most epic things any Indian has done abroad!).

The historic speech was given on September 11, 1893 by Swami Vivekananda. Here's the full text of his opening and closing address:

Sisters and Brothers of America,

It fills my heart with joy unspeakable to rise in response to the warm and cordial welcome which

you have given us. I thank you in the name of the most ancient order of monks in the world; I thank you in the name of the mother of religions, and I thank you in the name of millions and millions of Hindu people of all classes and sects.

My thanks, also, to some of the speakers on this platform who, referring to the delegates from the Orient, have told you that these men from far-off nations may well claim the honor of bearing to different lands the idea of toleration. I am proud to belong to a religion which has taught the world both tolerance and universal acceptance.

We believe not only in universal toleration, but we accept all religions as true. I am proud to belong to a nation which has sheltered the persecuted and the refugees of all religions and all nations of the earth. I am proud to tell you that we have gathered in our bosom the purest remnant of the Israelites, who came to Southern India and took refuge with us in the very year in which their holy temple was shattered to pieces by Roman tyranny. I am proud to belong to the religion which has sheltered and is still fostering the remnant of the grand Zoroastrian nation. I will quote to you, brethren, a few lines from a hymn which I remember to have repeated from my earliest boyhood, which is every day repeated by millions of human beings: "As the different streams having their sources in different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to Thee." The present convention, which is one of the most august assemblies ever held, is in itself a vindication, a declaration to the world of the wonderful doctrine preached in the Gita: "Whosoever comes to me, through whatsoever form, I reach him; all men are struggling through paths which in the end lead to me." Sectarianism, bigotry, and its horrible descendant, fanaticism, have long possessed this beautiful earth.

Q1. What was Vishwanatha Datta's profession?

Ans: The passage mentions that he was an attorney.

Q2. Who spoke at the World's Parliament of Religion?

Ans: Swami Vivekananda spoke at the conference

Q3. Give the opposite of the word "Occident" from the second passage of the speech

Ans: "Orient" is the opposite of Occident

Q4. In the phrase: "all lead to Thee", to whom does the word 'Thee' refer?

Ans: It refers to God.

Q5. In the phrase: "I am proud to belong to a nation" – what nation is the speaker referring to?

Ans: The speaker is referring to India

3. "I Have a Dream" is a public speech delivered by American civil rights activist Martin Luther King Jr. during the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom on August 28, 1963, in which he called for an end to racism in the United States and called for civil and economic rights. Delivered to over 250,000 civil rights supporters from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., the speech was a defining moment of the civil rights movement.

Beginning with a reference to the Emancipation Proclamation, which freed millions of slaves in 1863, King observes that: "one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free". Toward the end of the speech, King departed from his prepared text for a partly improvised peroration on the theme "I have a dream", prompted by Mahalia Jackson's cry: "Tell them about the dream, Martin!" In this part of the speech, which most excited the listeners and has now become its most famous, King described his dreams of freedom and equality arising from a land of slavery and hatred. Jon Meacham writes that, "With a single phrase, Martin Luther King Jr. joined Jefferson and Lincoln in the ranks of men who've

shaped modern America". The speech was ranked the top American speech of the 20th century in a 1999 poll of scholars of public address.

Q1. What issues does Martin Luther King's speech address?

Ans: End to racism and civil and economic rights

Q2. What pushes King to speak: "I have a dream"?

Ans: As mentioned in the passage, Mahalia Jackson had prompted him to speak about his dream

Q3. From the last paragraph, give one word for "to leave"

Ans: 'Departed'

Q4. What is the name of martin Luther King's famed speech?

Ans: The Emancipation Proclamation

Q5. In front of whom does King speak?

Ans: The civil rights supporters.

4. Today I, Rabindranath, complete eighty years of my life. As I look back on the vast stretch of years that lie behind me and see in clear perspective the history of my early development, I am struck by the change that has taken place both in my own attitude and in the psychology of my countrymen -- a change that carries within it a cause of profound tragedy.

Our direct contact with the larger world of men was linked up with the contemporary history of the English people whom we came to know in those earlier days. It was mainly through their mighty literature that we formed our ideas with regard to these newcomers to our Indian shores. In those days the type of learning that was served out to us was neither plentiful nor diverse, nor was the spirit of scientific enquiry very much in evidence. Thus their scope being strictly limited, the educated of those days had recourse to English language and literature. Their days and nights were eloquent with the stately declamations of Burke, with Macaulay's long-rolling sentences; discussions centered upon Shakespeare's drama and Byron's poetry and above all upon the large-hearted liberalism of the nineteenth-century English politics.

At the time though tentative attempts were being made to gain our national independence, at heart we had not lost faith in the generosity of the English race. This belief was so firmly rooted in the sentiments of our leaders as to lead them to hope that the victor would of his own grace pave the path of freedom for the vanquished. This belief was based upon the fact that England at the time provided a shelter to all those who had to flee from persecution in their own country. Political martyrs who had suffered for the honour of their people were accorded unreserved welcome at the hands of the English. I was impressed by this evidence of liberal humanity in the character of the English and thus I was led to set them on the pedestal of my highest respect. This generosity in their national character had not yet been vitiated by imperialist pride. About this time, as a boy in England, I had the opportunity of listening to the speeches of John Bright, both in and outside Parliament. The large-hearted, radical liberalism of those speeches, overflowing all narrow national bounds, had made so deep an impression on my mind that something of it lingers even today, even in these days of graceless disillusionment.

Q1. From the first paragraph, give a synonym for 'deep':

Ans: The word 'profound' is similar in meaning to 'deep'

Q2. What helped the Indians to conceive of a notion of the Englishmen?

Ans: English literature helped Indians to shape their ideas about the Englishmen

Q3. Who could read and gain from English literature?

Ans: Only the educated Indians could understand English literature.

Q4. From the third paragraph, give an antonym for 'victorious'

Ans: 'Vanquished' is the antonym, it means defeated

Q5. Whose speeches did Tagore listen to, as a boy?

Ans: Tagore listened to John Bright's speeches, as stated in the last paragraph.

5. Sportsmanship can be conceptualized as an enduring and relatively stable characteristic or disposition such that individuals differ in the way they are generally expected to behave in sports situations. In general, sportsmanship refers to virtues such as fairness, self-control, courage, and persistence, and has been associated with interpersonal concepts of treating others and being treated fairly, maintaining self-control if dealing with others, and respect for both authority and opponents. Sportsmanship is also looked at as being the way one reacts to a sport/game/player.

The four elements of sportsmanship are often shown being good form, the will to win, equity and fairness. All four elements are critical and a balance must be found among all four for true sportsmanship to be illustrated. These elements may also cause conflict, as a person may desire to win more than play in equity and fairness and thus resulting in a clash within the aspects of sportsmanship. This will cause problems as the person believes they are being a good sportsman, but they are defeating the purpose of this idea as they are ignoring two key components of being sportsman like. When athletes become too self-centered, the idea of sportsmanship is dismissed.

Today's sporting culture, in particular the base of elite sport, places great importance on the idea of competition and winning and thus sportsmanship takes a back seat as a result. In most, if not all sports, sportsmen at the elite level make the standards on sportsmanship and no matter whether they like it or not, they are seen as leaders and role models in society.

Since every sport is rule driven, the most common offence of bad sportsmanship is the act of cheating or breaking the rules to gain an unfair advantage. A competitor who exhibits poor sportsmanship after losing a game or contest is often called a "sore loser", while a competitor who exhibits poor sportsmanship after winning is typically called a "bad winner". Sore loser behavior includes blaming others for the loss, not accepting responsibility for personal actions that contributed to the defeat, reacting to the loss in an immature or improper fashion, making excuses for the defeat, and citing unfavorable conditions or other petty issues as reasons for the defeat. A bad winner acts in a shallow fashion after his or her victory, such as by gloating about his or her win, rubbing the win in the face (s) of the opponent (s), and lowering the opponent(s)'s self-esteem by constantly reminding the opponent(s) of "poor" performance in comparison (even if the opponent(s) competed well). Not showing respect to the other team is considered to being a bad sportsman and could lead to demoralizing effects; as Leslie Howe describes: "If a pitcher in baseball decides to pitch not to his maximum ability suggest that the batter is not at an adequate level, [it] could lead to the batter to have low self-confidence or worth.

Q1. Is is necessary to strike a balance between all the four elements of sportsmanship?

A**ns:** Yes, all elements need to be balanced, as pointed out in paragraph two.

Q2. Why has sportsmanship taken a backseat today?

Ans: The stress laid on winning has made sportsmanship take a backseat.

Q3. If one does not accept responsibility for one's defeat, one is called a:

Ans: Not accepting responsibility characterizes a sore loser

Q4. From the last paragraph, give the opposite of the word ‘deep’:

Ans: Shallow

Q5. When does the spirit of sportsmanship die?

Ans: When the sportsman becomes too self-centered

6. Artificial intelligence (AI), sometimes called machine intelligence, is intelligence demonstrated by machines, in contrast to the natural intelligence displayed by humans and other animals. In computer science AI research is defined as the study of "intelligent agents": any device that perceives its environment and takes actions that maximize its chance of successfully achieving its goals. Colloquially, the term "artificial intelligence" is applied when a machine mimics "cognitive" functions that humans associate with other human minds, such as "learning" and "problem solving".

The scope of AI is disputed: as machines become increasingly capable, tasks considered as requiring "intelligence" are often removed from the definition, a phenomenon known as the AI effect, leading to the quip, "AI is whatever hasn't been done yet." For instance, optical character recognition is frequently excluded from "artificial intelligence", having become a routine technology. Capabilities generally classified as AI as of 2017 include successfully understanding human speech, competing at the highest level in strategic game systems (such as chess and Go), autonomous cars, intelligent routing in content delivery network and military simulations.

Artificial intelligence was founded as an academic discipline in 1956, and in the years since has experienced several waves of optimism, followed by disappointment and the loss of funding (known as an "AI winter"), followed by new approaches, success and renewed funding. For most of its history, AI research has been divided into subfields that often fail to communicate with each other. These sub-fields are based on technical considerations, such as particular goals (e.g. "robotics" or "machine learning"), the use of particular tools ("logic" or artificial neural networks), or deep philosophical differences. Subfields have also been based on social factors (particular institutions or the work of particular researchers).

The traditional problems (or goals) of AI research include reasoning, knowledge representation, planning, learning, natural language processing, perception and the ability to move and manipulate objects. General intelligence is among the field's long-term goals. Approaches include statistical methods, computational intelligence, and traditional symbolic AI. Many tools are used in AI, including versions of search and mathematical optimization, artificial neural networks, and methods based on statistics, probability and economics. The AI field draws upon computer science, mathematics, psychology, linguistics, philosophy and many others.

Q1. What is the AI winter?

Ans: Loss of funding for AI projects

Q2. Are sub-fields based only on social factors?

Ans: No

Q3. How can one understand a rough meaning of AI?

Ans: By observing th**e** problem solving done by machines one can understand a rough meaning of AI.

Q4. Areautonomous cars an example of AI?

Ans: As of 2017, they are.

Q5. Does AI only draw on technology and mathematics?

Ans: No there are other fields too, upon which AI draws.

7. Philosophy of Education is a label applied to the study of the purpose, process, nature and ideals of education. It can be considered a branch of both philosophy and education. Education can be defined as the teaching and learning of specific skills, and the imparting of knowledge, judgment and wisdom, and is something broader than the societal institution of education we often speak of.

Many educationalists consider it a weak and woolly field, too far removed from the practical applications of the real world to be useful. But philosophers dating back to Plato and the Ancient Greeks have given the area much thought and emphasis, and there is little doubt that their work has helped shape the practice of education over the millennia.

Plato is the earliest important educational thinker, and education is an essential element in "The Republic" (his most important work on philosophy and political theory, written around 360 B.C.). In it, he advocates some rather extreme methods: removing children from their mothers' care and raising them as wards of the state, and differentiating children suitable to the various castes, the highest receiving the most education, so that they could act as guardians of the city and care for the less able. He believed that education should be holistic, including facts, skills, physical discipline, music and art. Plato believed that talent and intelligence is not distributed genetically and thus is to be found in children born to all classes, although his proposed system of selective public education for an educated minority of the population does not really follow a democratic model.

Aristotle considered human nature, habit and reason to be equally important forces to be cultivated in education, the ultimate aim of which should be to produce good and virtuous citizens. He proposed that teachers lead their students systematically, and that repetition be used as a key tool to develop good habits, unlike Socrates' emphasis on questioning his listeners to bring out their own ideas. He emphasized the balancing of the theoretical and practical aspects of subjects taught, among which he explicitly mentions reading, writing, mathematics, music, physical education, literature, history, and a wide range of sciences, as well as play, which he also considered important.

During the Medieval period, the idea of Perennialism was first formulated by St. Thomas Aquinas in his work "De Magistro". Perennialism holds that one should teach those things deemed to be of everlasting importance to all people everywhere, namely principles and reasoning, not just facts (which are apt to change over time), and that one should teach first about people, not machines or techniques. It was originally religious in nature, and it was only much later that a theory of secular perennialism developed.

During the Renaissance, the French skeptic Michel de Montaigne (1533 - 1592) was one of the first to critically look at education. Unusually for his time, Montaigne was willing to question the conventional wisdom of the period, calling into question the whole edifice of the educational system, and the implicit assumption that university-educated philosophers were necessarily wiser than uneducated farm workers, for example.

Q1. What is the difference between the approaches of Socrates and Aristotle?

Ans: Plato was more stern in his analysis and insisted on training selective population, Aristotle believed that education could refine anyone from any class.

Q2. Why do educationists consider philosophy a ‘weak and woolly’ field?

Ans: Educationists believe that philosophical abstractions are not suitable for practical application.

Q3. What do you understand by the term ‘Perennialism’, in the context of the given comprehension passage?

Ans: The term comes from the root word ‘perennial’ – which means ceaseless.

Q4. Were Plato's beliefs about education democratic?

Ans: Plato's beliefs were democratic but not his suggested practices

Q5. Why did Aquinas propose a model of education which did not lay much emphasis on facts?

Ans: Facts do change with the changing times, hence, they are not of utmost importance when aiming for holistic education.

8. The Indian Space Research Organisation (ISRO) is the space agency of the Government of India headquartered in the city of Bangalore. Its vision is to "harness space technology for national development while pursuing space science research and planetary exploration."

Formed in 1969, ISRO superseded the erstwhile Indian National Committee for Space Research (INCOSPAR) established in 1962 by the efforts of independent India's first Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, and his close aide and scientist Vikram Sarabhai. The establishment of ISRO thus institutionalized space activities in India. It is managed by the Department of Space, which reports to the Prime Minister of India.

ISRO built India's first satellite, Aryabhata, which was launched by the Soviet Union on 19 April 1975. It was named after the Mathematician Aryabhata. In 1980, Rohini became the first satellite to be placed in orbit by an Indian-made launch vehicle, SLV-3. ISRO subsequently developed two other rockets: the Polar Satellite Launch Vehicle (PSLV) for launching satellites into polar orbits and the Geosynchronous Satellite Launch Vehicle (GSLV) for placing satellites into geostationary orbits. These rockets have launched numerous communications satellites and earth observation satellites. Satellite navigation systems like GAGAN and IRNSS have been deployed. In January 2014, ISRO successfully used an indigenous cryogenic engine in a GSLV-D5 launch of the GSAT-14.

ISRO sent a lunar orbiter, Chandrayaan-1, on 22 October 2008 and a Mars orbiter, Mars Orbiter Mission, on 5 November 2013, which successfully entered Mars orbit on 24 September 2014, making India the first nation to succeed on its first attempt to Mars, and ISRO the fourth space agency in the world as well as the first space agency in Asia to successfully reach Mars orbit. On 18 June 2016 ISRO successfully set a record with a launch of 20 satellites in a single payload, one being a satellite from Google. On 15 February 2017, ISRO launched 104 satellites in a single rocket (PSLV-C37) and created a world record. ISRO launched its heaviest rocket, Geosynchronous Satellite Launch Vehicle-Mark III (GSLV-Mk III), on 5 June 2017 and placed a communications satellite GSAT-19 in orbit. With this launch, ISRO became capable of launching 4 ton heavy satellites.

Q1. Is the ISRO a private organization?

Ans: No, it is a government organization

Q2. What are the primary areas of concern for ISRO?

Ans: space and planetary explorations.

Q3. India still uses foreign-made satellite launch vehicles?

Ans: No, only India's first satellite – Aryabhata – was launched by the Soviet union. Others are indigenous.

Q4. From the third paragraph, choose a word which is closest in meaning to 'assistant':

Ans: The word 'aide', it comes from 'aid' – which means, to help.

Q5. Who was Aryabhata, according to the third paragraph**?**

Ans: Aryabhata was a mathematician.

9. The Indian Army is the land-based branch and the largest component of the Indian Armed Forces. The President of India is the Supreme Commander of the Indian Army, and it is commanded by the Chief of Army Staff (COAS), who is a four-star general. Two officers have been conferred with the rank of field marshal, a five-star rank, which is a ceremonial position of great honour. The Indian Army originated from the armies of the East India Company, which eventually became the British Indian Army, and the armies of the princely states, which finally became the national army after independence. The units and regiments of the Indian Army have diverse histories and have participated in a number of battles and campaigns across the world, earning a large number of battles and honours before and after Independence.

The primary mission of the Indian Army is to ensure national security and national unity, defending the nation from external aggression and internal threats, and maintaining peace and security within its borders. It conducts humanitarian rescue operations during natural calamities and other disturbances, like Operation Surya Hope, and can also be requisitioned by the government to cope with internal threats. It is a major component of national power alongside the Indian Navy and the Indian Air Force. The army has been involved in four wars with neighbouring Pakistan and one with China. Other major operations undertaken by the army include: Operation Vijay, Operation Meghdoot and Operation Cactus. Apart from conflicts, the army has conducted large peace time exercises like Operation Brasstacks and Exercise Shoorveer, and it has also been an active participant in numerous United Nations peacekeeping missions including those in: Cyprus, Lebanon, Congo, Angola, Cambodia, Vietnam, Namibia, El Salvador, Liberia, Mozambique and Somalia.

The Indian Army has a regimental system, but is operationally and geographically divided into seven commands, with the basic field formation being a division. It is an all-volunteer force and comprises more than 80% of the country's active defence personnel. It is the 2nd largest standing army in the world, with 1,237,117 active troops and 960,000 reserve troops. The army has embarked on an infantry modernisation program known as Futuristic Infantry Soldier As a System (F-INSAS), and is also upgrading and acquiring new assets for its armoured, artillery and aviation branches

Q1. Is the chief of army a five-star general?

Ans: The chief of army is a four-star general .

Q2. What is the primary mission of the Indian Army?

Ans: Ensuring national security and peace within its borders.

Q3. Is the Indian army involved in any peace-making efforts?

Ans: Yes, it does involve itself in peace-making efforts

Q4. Is the Indian army the only component of national power?

Ans: No, national power is a combination of the army, the navy and the air force.

Q5. Is the Indian army an ‘all-volunteer’ force?

Ans: yes it is.

10. The issue of road rage requires serious attention. Day by day, it is becoming a great concern. Call it the negligence of the government or the rashness of the drivers, the underlying fact is that at the end of the day, the common man is the one who suffers the most. The commoner driving a two-wheeler who is hit by a speeding SUV, even though the former was following the traffic rules, has nowhere to go in order to seek redressal for his grievances or his injury. A recent case in point is the accident caused by the speeding luxury car owned by Hema Malini. A family of four driving a modest Alto was hit by the over speeding car driven by the actress’s driver. It resulted in the death of the youngest child of the

family and several injuries to the other family members. To add insult to injury, Malini posted negative comments on a famous social networking website.

Part of the problem lies with the attitude and mentality of the driver behind the steering wheel. The car is a personal vehicle and one possesses the freedom to drive it independently and at one's own will. But one must understand that the road on which one drives is open to the public. This blurring of the dichotomy between the public and the private leads to reckless behaviour on the roads. Respect for the elderly and pedestrians, so common in countries abroad, is a thing of rarity to be found in our land. A little consideration to road rules and adoption of simple safety measures such as fastening of the seat belt, can go a long way in reducing this menace.

Q1. Suggest a suitable title to the passage**.**

Ans: "Road Rage", "Menace on Indian Roads"

Q2. Why does the common man suffer grievously in instances of road rage?

Ans: Due to the absence of immediate grievance redressal mechanisms.

Q3. What should the driver understand?

Ans: The driver should not overstep the line which separates the public and the private, by respecting others on the road and not blindly giving in to speeding.

Q4. What is the solution to this problem of road rage?

Ans: Inculcating a sense of respect for the elderly and the pedestrians, adopting simple safety measures such as utilizing the seat belt.