Semester II

General English

GE

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Semester II

Chapter - 1

The Bangle Sellers

- Sarojini Naidu

Bangle sellers are we who bear
Our shining loads to the temple fair...

Who will buy these delicate, bright Rainbow-tinted
circles of light?
Lustrous tokens of radiant lives,
For happy daughters and happy wives.

Some are meet for a maiden's wrist,
Silver and blue as the mountain mist,
Some are flushed like the buds that dream.
On the tranquil brow of a woodland stream,
Some are aglow with the bloom that cleaves.
To the limpid glory of newborn leaves

Some are like fields of sunlit corn,
Meet for a bride on her bridal morn,
Some, like the flame of her marriage fire, Or, rich
with the hue of her heart's desire,
Tinkling, luminous, tender, and clear,
Like her bridal laughter and bridal tear.

Some are purple and gold flecked grey
For she who has journeyed through life midway,
Whose hands have cherished, whose love has blest,
And cradled fair sons on her faithful breast,
And serves her household in fruitful pride,
And worships the gods at her husband's side.

Note on Author

Sarojini Naidu who earned her epithet the 'Nightingale of India' was born in a Bengali family in Hyderabad. She was part of Indian National Congress during British rule. She was well-known as poet, a civil rights activist and a women's suffragist. She is also famous as a chief proponent of Civil Rights Movement in India's struggle for Independence. Her notable works include *The Golden Threshold (1905), The Bird of Time: Songs of Life, Death & the Spring (1912), The Broken Wing: Songs of Love, Death & the Spring (1917),* and many more. She began writing from the early age of twelve. Notably, the language opted by her was English and she widely used the lyric form of poetry following the tradition of British Romanticism. She was also famous for her vivid imagination and portrayal of Indian culture. She is celebrated as one of the most powerful female voices in the Indian history.

Note on the Text

The poem Bangle Sellers was published in the anthology called *The Bird of Time* in 1912. Among her other poems, this poem makes use of social message. It not only discusses the socio-cultural lives of Indian women, but also the lives of bangle sellers. The poem explores the different colours of the bangles and the associative meanings of these colours. The poet also makes use of the relationship between bangles and the values attached to them. The main idea of the poem revolves around the various stages of women's life and the celebration of womanhood.

Glossary

- Lustrous – having lustre; shining.
- Radiant – sending out light; shining or glowing brightly.
- Tranquil – free from disturbance; calm
- Cleave – split or sever (something), especially along a natural line or grain.
- Limpid – (of a liquid) completely clear and transparent.
- Morn – literary term for morning

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Chapter - 2

The Landlady

- Roald Dahl

Billy Weaver had traveled down from London on the slow afternoon train, with a change at Reading on the way, and by the time he got to Bath, it was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the moon was coming up out of a clear starry sky over the houses opposite the station entrance. But the air was deadly cold and the wind was like a flat blade of ice on his cheeks.

"Excuse me," he said, "but is there a fairly cheap hotel not too far away from here?"

"Try The Bell and Dragon," the porter answered, pointing down the road. "They might take you in. It's about a quarter of a mile along on the other side."

Billy thanked him and picked up his suitcase and set out to walk the quarter-mile to The Bell and Dragon. He had never been to Bath before. He didn't know anyone who lived there. But Mr. Greenslade at the head office in London had told him it was a splendid town. "Find your own lodgings," he had said, "and then go along and report to the branch manager as soon as you've got yourself settled."

Billy was seventeen years old. He was wearing a new navy-blue overcoat, a new brown trilby hat, and a new brown suit, and he was feeling fine. He walked briskly down the street. He was trying to do everything briskly these days. Briskness, he had decided, was the one common characteristic of all successful businessmen. The big shots up at the head office were absolutely fantastically brisk all the time. They were amazing.

There were no shops on this wide street that he was walking along, only a line of tall houses on each side, all of them identical. They had porches and pillars and four or five steps going up to their front doors, and it was obvious that once upon a time they had been very swanky residences. But now, even in the darkness, he could see that the paint was peeling from the woodwork on their doors and windows and that the handsome white facades were cracked and blotchy from neglect.

Suddenly, in a downstairs window that was brilliantly illuminated by a streetlamp not six yards away, Billy caught sight of a printed notice propped up against the glass in one of the upper panes. It said BED AND BREAKFAST. There was a vase of yellow chrysanthemums, tall and beautiful, standing just underneath the notice.

He stopped walking. He moved a bit closer. Green curtains (some sort of velvety material) were hanging down on either side of the window. The chrysanthemums looked wonderful beside them. He went right up and peered through the glass into the room, and the first thing he saw was a bright fire burning in the hearth. On the carpet in front of the fire, a pretty little dachshund was curled up asleep with its nose tucked into its belly. The room itself, so far as he could see in the half-darkness, was filled with pleasant furniture. There was a baby grand piano and a big sofa and several plump armchairs, and in one corner he spotted a large parrot in a cage. Animals were usually a good sign in a place like this, Billy told himself; and all in all, it looked to him as though it would be a pretty decent house to stay in. Certainly, it would be more comfortable than The Bell and Dragon.

On the other hand, a pub would be more congenial than a boardinghouse. There would be beer and darts in the evenings, and lots of people to talk to, and it would probably be a good bit cheaper, too. He had stayed a couple of nights in a pub once before and he had liked it. He had never stayed in any boardinghouses, and to be perfectly honest, he was a tiny bit frightened of them. The name itself conjured up images of watery cabbage, rapacious landladies, and a powerful smell of kippers in the living room.

After dithering about like this in the cold for two or three minutes, Billy decided that he would walk on and take a look at The Bell and Dragon before making up his mind. He turned to go. And now a queer thing happened to him. He was in the act of stepping back and turning away from the window when all at once his eye was caught and held in the most peculiar manner by the small notice that was there. BED AND BREAKFAST, it said. BED AND BREAKFAST, BED AND BREAKFAST, BED AND BREAKFAST. Each word was like a large black eye staring at him through the glass, holding him, compelling him, forcing him to stay where he was and not to walk away from that house, and the next thing he knew, he was actually moving across from the window to the front door of the house, climbing the steps that led up to it, and reaching for the bell.

He pressed the bell. Far away in a back room he heard it ringing, and then at once —it must have been at once because he hadn’t even had time to take his finger from the bell button—the door swung open and a woman was standing there.

Normally you ring the bell and you have at least a half-minute’s wait before the door opens. But this dame was like a jack-in-the-box. He pressed the bell—and out she popped! It made him

jump.

She was about forty-five or fifty years old, and the moment she saw him, she gave him a warm, welcoming smile.

“Please come in,” she said pleasantly. She stepped aside, holding the door wide open, and Billy found himself automatically starting forward. The compulsion or, more accurately, the desire to follow after her into that house was extraordinarily strong.

“I saw the notice in the window,” he said, holding himself back.

“Yes, I know.”

“I was wondering about a room.”

“It’s all ready for you, my dear,” she said. She had a round pink face and very gentle blue eyes.

“I was on my way to The Bell and Dragon,” Billy told her. “But the notice in your window just happened to catch my eye.”

“My dear boy,” she said, “why don’t you come in out of the cold?”

“How much do you charge?”

“Five and sixpence a night, including breakfast.”

It was fantastically cheap. It was less than half of what he had been willing to pay.

“If that is too much,” she added, “then perhaps I can reduce it just a tiny bit. Do you desire an egg for breakfast? Eggs are expensive at the moment. It would be sixpence less without the egg.”

“Five and sixpence is fine,” he answered. “I should like very much to stay here.”

“I knew you would. Do come in.”

She seemed terribly nice. She looked exactly like the mother of one’s best school friend welcoming one into the house to stay for the Christmas holidays. Billy took off his hat and stepped over the threshold.

“Just hang it there,” she said, “and let me help you with your coat.”

There were no other hats or coats in the hall. There were no umbrellas, no walking sticks—nothing.

“We have it all to ourselves,” she said, smiling at him over her shoulder as she led the way upstairs. “You see, it isn’t very often I have the pleasure of taking a visitor into my little nest.”

The old girl is slightly dotty, Billy told himself. But at five and sixpence a night, who cares about that? “I should’ve thought you’d be simply swamped with applicants,” he said politely.

“Oh, I am, my dear, I am, of course I am. But the trouble is that I’m inclined to be just a teeny-

weeny bit choosy and particular—if you see what I mean."

"Ah, yes."

"But I'm always ready. Everything is always ready day and night in this house just on the off chance that an acceptable young gentleman will come along. And it is such a pleasure, my dear, such a very great pleasure when now and again I open the door and I see someone standing there who is just exactly right." She was halfway up the stairs, and she paused with one hand on the stair rail, turning her head and smiling down at him with pale lips. "Like you," she added, and her blue eyes traveled slowly all the way down the length of Billy's body, to his feet, and then up again.

On the second floor landing she said to him, "This floor is mine."

They climbed up another flight. "And this one is all yours," she said. "Here's your room. I do hope you'll like it." She took him into a small but charming front bedroom, switching on the light as she went in.

"The morning sun comes right in the window, Mr. Perkins. It is Mr. Perkins, isn't it?"

"No," he said. "It's Weaver."

"Mr. Weaver. How nice. I've put a water bottle between the sheets to air them out, Mr. Weaver. It's such a comfort to have a hot-water bottle in a strange bed with clean sheets, don't you agree? And you may light the gas fire at any time if you feel chilly."

"Thank you," Billy said. "Thank you ever so much." He noticed that the bedspread had been taken off the bed and that the bedclothes had been neatly turned back on one side, all ready for someone to get in.

"I'm so glad you appeared," she said, looking earnestly into his face. "I was beginning to get worried."

"That's all right," Billy answered brightly. "You mustn't worry about me." He put his suitcase on the chair and started to open it.

"And what about supper, my dear? Did you manage to get anything to eat before you came here?"

"I'm not a bit hungry, thank you," he said. "I think I'll just go to bed as soon as possible because tomorrow I've got to get up rather early and report to the office."

"Very well, then. I'll leave you now so that you can unpack. But before you go to bed, would you be kind enough to pop into the sitting room on the ground floor and sign the book? Everyone has

to do that because it's the law of the land, and we don't want to go breaking any laws at this stage in the proceedings, do we?" She gave him a little wave of the hand and went quickly out of the room and closed the door.

Now, the fact that his landlady appeared to be slightly off her rocker didn't worry Billy in the least. After all, she not only was harmless—there was no question about that—but she was also quite obviously a kind and generous soul. He guessed that she had probably lost a son in the war, or something like that, and had never gotten over it.

So, a few minutes later, after unpacking his suitcase and washing his hands, he trotted downstairs to the ground floor and entered the living room. His landlady wasn't there, but the fire was glowing in the hearth, and the little dachshund was still sleeping soundly in front of it. The room was wonderfully warm and cozy. I'm a lucky fellow, he thought, rubbing his hands. This is a bit of all right.

He found the guest book lying open on the piano, so he took out his pen and wrote down his name and address. There were only two other entries above his on the page, and as one always does with guest books, he started to read them. One was a Christopher Mulholland from Cardiff. The other was Gregory W. Temple from Bristol.

That's funny, he thought suddenly. Christopher Mulholland. It rings a bell.

Now where on earth had he heard that rather unusual name before?

Was it a boy at school? No. Was it one of his sister's numerous young men, perhaps, or a friend of his father's? No, no, it wasn't any of those. He glanced down again at the book.

Christopher Mulholland

231 Cathedral Road, Cardiff

Gregory W. Temple

27 Sycamore Drive, Bristol

As a matter of fact, now he came to think of it, he wasn't at all sure that the second name didn't have almost as much of a familiar ring about it as the first.

"Gregory Temple?" he said aloud, searching his memory. "Christopher Mulholland? . . ."

"Such charming boys," a voice behind him answered, and he turned and saw his landlady sailing into the room with a large silver tea tray in her hands. She was holding it well out in front of her, and rather high up, as though the tray were a pair of reins on a frisky horse.

"They sound somehow familiar," he said.

“They do? How interesting.”

“I’m almost positive I’ve heard those names before somewhere. Isn’t that odd? Maybe it was in the newspapers. They weren’t famous in any way, were they? I mean famous cricketers7 or footballers or something like that?”

“Famous,” she said, setting the tea tray down on the low table in front of the sofa. “Oh no, I don’t think they were famous. But they were incredibly handsome, both of them, I can promise you that. They were tall and young and handsome, my dear, just exactly like you.”

Once more, Billy glanced down at the book. “Look here,” he said, noticing the dates. “This last entry is over two years old.”

“It is?”

“Yes, indeed. And Christopher Mulholland’s is nearly a year before that—more than three years ago.”

“Dear me,” she said, shaking her head and heaving a dainty little sigh. “I would never have thought it. How time does fly away from us all, doesn’t it, Mr. Wilkins?”

“It’s Weaver,” Billy said. “W-e-a-v-e-r.”

“Oh, of course it is!” she cried, sitting down on the sofa. “How silly of me. I do apologize. In one ear and out the other, that’s me, Mr. Weaver.”

“You know something?” Billy said. “Something that’s really quite extraordinary about all this?”

“No, dear, I don’t.”

“Well, you see, both of these names—Mulholland and Temple—I not only seem to remember each one of them separately, so to speak, but somehow or other, in some peculiar way, they both appear to be sort of connected together as well. As though they were both famous for the same sort of thing, if you see what I mean—like . . . well . . . like Dempsey and Tunney, for example, or Churchill and Roosevelt.”

“How amusing,” she said. “But come over here now, dear, and sit down beside me on the sofa and I’ll give you a nice cup of tea and a ginger biscuit before you go to bed.”

“You really shouldn’t bother,” Billy said. “I didn’t mean you to do anything like that.” He stood by the piano, watching her as she fussed about with the cups and saucers. He noticed that she had small, white, quickly moving hands and red fingernails.

“I’m almost positive it was in the newspapers I saw them,” Billy said. “I’ll think of it in a second. I’m sure I will.”

There is nothing more tantalizing than a thing like this that lingers just outside the borders of one's memory. He hated to give up.

"Now wait a minute," he said. "Wait just a minute. Mulholland . . . Christopher Mulholland . . . wasn't that the name of the Eton schoolboy who was on a walking tour through the West Country, and then all of a sudden . . ."

"Milk?" she said. "And sugar?"

"Yes, please. And then all of a sudden . . ."

"Eton schoolboy?" she said. "Oh no, my dear, that can't possibly be right, because my Mr. Mulholland was certainly not an Eton schoolboy when he came to me. He was a Cambridge undergraduate. Come over here now and sit next to me and warm yourself in front of this lovely fire. Come on. Your tea's all ready for you." She patted the empty place beside her on the sofa, and she sat there smiling at Billy and waiting for him to come over.

He crossed the room slowly and sat down on the edge of the sofa. She placed his teacup on the table in front of him.

"There we are," she said. "How nice and cozy this is, isn't it?"

Billy started sipping his tea. She did the same. For half a minute or so, neither of them spoke. But Billy knew that she was looking at him. Her body was half turned toward him, and he could feel her eyes resting on his face, watching him over the rim of her teacup. Now and again, he caught a whiff of a peculiar smell that seemed to emanate directly from her person. It was not in the least unpleasant, and it reminded him—well, he wasn't quite sure what it reminded him of. Pickled walnuts? New leather? Or was it the corridors of a hospital?

At length, she said, "Mr. Mulholland was a great one for his tea. Never in my life have I seen anyone drink as much tea as dear, sweet Mr. Mulholland."

"I suppose he left fairly recently," Billy said. He was still puzzling his head about the two names. He was positive now that he had seen them in the newspapers—in the headlines.

"Left?" she said, arching her brows. "But my dear boy, he never left. He's still here. Mr. Temple is also here. They're on the fourth floor, both of them together."

Billy set his cup down slowly on the table and stared at his landlady. She smiled back at him, and then she put out one of her white hands and patted him comfortingly on the knee. "How old are you, my dear?" she asked.

"Seventeen."

“Seventeen!” she cried. “Oh, it’s the perfect age! Mr. Mulholland was also seventeen. But I think he was a trifle shorter than you are; in fact, I’m sure he was, and his teeth weren’t quite so white. You have the most beautiful teeth, Mr. Weaver, did you know that?”

“They’re not as good as they look,” Billy said. “They’ve got simply masses of fillings in them at the back.”

“Mr. Temple, of course, was a little older,” she said, ignoring his remark. “He was actually twenty-eight. And yet I never would have guessed it if he hadn’t told me, never in my whole life. There wasn’t a blemish on his body.”

“A what?” Billy said.

“His skin was just like a baby’s.”

There was a pause. Billy picked up his teacup and took another sip of his tea; then he set it down again, gently in its saucer. He waited for her to say something else, but she seemed to have lapsed into another of her silences. He sat there staring straight ahead of him into the far corner of the room, biting his lower lip.

“That parrot,” he said at last. “You know something? It had me completely fooled when I first saw it through the window. I could have sworn it was alive.”

“Alas, no longer.”

“It’s most terribly clever the way it’s been done,” he said. “It doesn’t look in the least bit dead. Who did it?”

“I did.”

“You did?”

“Of course,” she said. “And have you met my little Basil as well?” She nodded toward the dachshund curled up so comfortably in front of the fire. Billy looked at it. And suddenly, he realized that this animal had all the time been just as silent and motionless as the parrot. He put out a hand and touched it gently on the top of its back. The back was hard and cold, and when he pushed the hair to one side with his fingers, he could see the skin underneath, grayish black and dry and perfectly preserved.

“Good gracious me,” he said. “How absolutely fascinating.” He turned away from the dog and stared with deep admiration at the little woman beside him on the sofa. “It must be most awfully difficult to do a thing like that.”

“Not in the least,” she said. “I stuff all my little pets myself when they pass away. Will you have

another cup of tea?"

"No, thank you," Billy said. The tea tasted faintly of bitter almonds, and he didn't much care for it.

"You did sign the book, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"That's good. Because later on, if I happen to forget what you were called, then I could always come down here and look it up. I still do that almost every day with Mr. Mulholland and Mr. . . . Mr….. "

"Temple," Billy said, "Gregory Temple. Excuse my asking, but haven't there been any other guests here except them in the last two or three years?"

Holding her teacup high in one hand, inclining her head slightly to the left, she looked up at him out of the corners of her eyes and gave him another gentle little smile.

"No, my dear," she said. "Only you."

Note on the Author

Roald Dahl was born in 1916 in Wales. His father, a wealthy shipbroker, had immigrated to UK, and settled in Cardiff. His first language was Norwegian, and he wrote short stories, poems, and screenplays. He was also known as one of the greatest storytellers for children. Roald Dahl was a fighter pilot and enlisted in the RAF during World War II. While he primarily aimed at writing stories for children, Dahl's works had a darkly comic nature, frequently including suspense and death.

Note on the Text

The Landlady is a short story written by Roald Dahl, which appeared in The New Yorker in 1959. It is a story about the seventeen-year lad called Billy traveling to the city of Bath on a business trip. He was looking for an accommodation in an unfamiliar place and ended up in a mysterious boarding-house run by an old unnamed landlady. With the use of suspense, the setting of the story is exposed, thereby leading to an open-ended, shocking ending. The main themes of the story revolve around Appearance and Reality, Anonymity vs Community and Adulthood vs Innocence.

Glossary

- Bath – a spa town in England
- Trilby – a narrow-brimmed felt hat.
- Brisk – full of liveliness and activity
- Porches – a covered entrance to a building
- Swanky – elegant
- Facades – a deceptive or insincere
- Blotchy – having spots.
- Chrysanthemums – a flower
- Peered – to look.
- Dachshund – a certain breed of dog
- Congenial – pleasing.
- Darts – an indoor game played with the use of pointed missiles.
- Rapacious – voracious; aggressive
- Dithering – indecisive
- Queer – weird
- Dotty – eccentric
- Swamped - overflowing.
- Emanate – to give out, manifest.

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Chapter – 3

I am not that Woman

- Kishwar Naheed

I am not that woman
Selling you socks and shoes!
Remember me, I am the one you hid
In your walls of stone, while you roamed
Free as the breeze, not knowing
That my voice cannot be smothered by stones,
I am the one you crushed
With the weight of custom and tradition
Not knowing
That light cannot be hidden in darkness.
Remember me,
I am the one in whose lap
You picked flowers
And planted thorns and embers
Not knowing
That chains cannot smother my fragrance
I am the woman
Whom you bought and sold
In the name of my own chastity
Not knowing
That I can walk on water
When I am drowning.
I am the one you married off
To get rid of a burden
Not knowing
That a nation of captive minds
Cannot be free.
I am the commodity you traded in,
My chastity, my motherhood, my loyalty.
Now it is time for me to flower free.
The woman on that poster, half-naked, selling socks and shoes-
No, no, I am not that woman!

Note on the Poet

Kishwar Naheed (Sitara-e-Imtiaz) is a renowed Pakistani Urdu poet and writer known for her feminist poetry. Kishwar was born in 1940 to a Syed family in Bulandshahr, Uttar Pradesh, British India. She was spectator to the violence (including rape and abduction of women) associated with partition before moving to Pakistan with her family in 1949.She has penned sevaral poetry collection and known for her bold views on women and strong stand against religious fundamentalism. Between 1969 and 1990, Kishwar published twelve poetry collections. Her poetry has been translated into English and Spanish, and her famous poem, 'We Sinful Women' inspired the title of a groundbreaking anthology of contemporary Urdu feminist poetry translated and edited by Rukhsana Ahmad, which was published in London in 1991 by The Women's Press. Naheed is awarded with Adamjee Literature Prize on Lab-e-goya (1969).Dais Dais Ki Kahanian won the UNESCO Prize for Children's Literature, as well as the Columbia University Mandela Prize for Best Translation (1997) and Sitara-e-Imtiaz (2000) (One of the highest honors bestowed by the Pakistan government).

Note on the Poem

This poem is about the empowerment of women. This poem shows the stereotyping of women in a patriarchal society. Through an examination of the treatment of women in many eastern cultures, Naheed concludes that women are oppressed and deserve to be respected. The poem contrasts the overt and covert ways in which women are oppressed in society. Naheed makes the point that women deserve respect and should not be treated as commodities.

Glossary:

- Smothered: Suffocate, Strangle
- Chastity: Celibacy, Purity
- Commodity: Product, Object
- Drowning: die through submersion in and inhalation of water.
- Embers: a small piece of burning or glowing coal or wood in a dying fire.

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Chapter – 4

Things: The Throw-Away Society

- Alvin Toffler

"Barbie," a twelve-inch plastic teen-ager, is the best-known and best-selling doll in history. Since its introduction in 1959, the Barbie doll population of the world has grown to 12,000,000—more than the human population of Los Angeles or London or Paris. Little girls adore Barbie because she is highly realistic and eminently dress upable. Mattel, Inc., makers of Barbie, also sells a complete wardrobe for her, including clothes for ordinary daytime wear, clothes for formal party wear, clothes for swimming and skiing.

Recently Mattel announced a new improved Barbie doll. The new version has a slimmer figure, "real" eyelashes, and a twist-and-turn waist that makes her more humanoid than ever. Moreover, Mattel announced that, for the first time, any young lady wishing to purchase a new Barbie would receive a trade-in allowance for her old one.

What Mattel did not announce was that by trading in her old doll for a technologically improved model, the little girl of today, citizen of tomorrow's super industrial world, would learn a fundamental lesson about the new society: that man's relationships with things are increasingly temporary.

The ocean of man-made physical objects that surrounds us is set within a larger ocean of natural objects. But increasingly, it is the technologically produced environment that matters for the individual. The texture of plastic or concrete, the iridescent glisten of an automobile under a streetlight, the staggering vision of a cityscape seen from the window of a jet—these are the intimate realities of his existence. Man-made things enter into and colour his consciousness. Their number is expanding with explosive force, both absolutely and relative to the natural environment. This will be even more true in super-industrial society than it is today.

Anti-materialists tend to deride the importance of "things." Yet things are highly significant, not merely because of their functional utility, but also because of their psychological impact. We develop relationships with things. Things affect our sense of continuity or discontinuity. They play a role in the structure of situations and the foreshortening of our relationships with things accelerates the pace of life.

Moreover, our attitudes toward things reflect basic value judgments. Nothing could be more dramatic than the difference between the new breed of little girls who cheerfully turn in their Barbies for the new improved model and those who, like their mothers and grandmothers before

them, clutch lingeringly and lovingly to the same doll until it disintegrates from sheer age. In this difference lies the contrast between past and future, between societies based on permanence, and the new, fast forming society based on transience.

THE PAPER WEDDING GOWN

That man-thing relationships are growing more and more temporary may be illustrated by examining the culture surrounding the little girl who trades in her doll. This child soon learns that Barbie dolls are by no means the only physical objects that pass into and out of her young life at a rapid clip. Diapers, bibs, paper napkins, Kleenex, towels, non-returnable soda bottles—all are used up quickly in her home and ruthlessly eliminated. Corn muffins come in baking tins that are thrown away after one use. Spinach is encased in plastic sacks that can bedropped into a pan of boiling water for heating, and then thrown away. TV dinners are cooked and often served on throw-away trays. Her home is a large processing machine through which objects flow, entering and leaving, at a faster and faster rate of speed. From birth on, she is inextricably embedded in a throw-away culture.

The idea of using a product once or for a brief period and then replacing it, runs counter to the grain of societies or individuals steeped in a heritage of poverty. Not long-ago Uriel Rone, a market researcher for the French advertising agency Publicis, told me: "The French housewife is not used to disposable products. She likes to keep things, even old things, rather than throw them away. We represented one company that wanted to introduce a kind of plastic throw-away curtain. We did a marketing study for them and found the resistance too strong." This resistance, however, is dying all over the developed world.

Thus, a writer, Edward Maze, has pointed out that many Americans visiting Sweden in the early 1950's were astounded by its cleanliness. "We were almost awed by the fact that there were no beer and soft drink bottles by the roadsides, as, much to our shame, there were in America. But by the 1960's, lo and behold, bottles were suddenly blooming along Swedish highways ... What happened? Sweden had become a buy, use and throw-away society, following the American pattern." In Japan today throw-away tissues are so universal that cloth handkerchiefs are regarded as old fashioned, not to say unsanitary. In England for sixpence, one may buy a "Dentamatic throw-away toothbrush" which comes already coated with toothpaste for its one-time use. And even in France, disposable cigarette lighters are commonplace. From cardboard milk containers to the rockets that power space vehicles, products created for short-term or one-time use are becoming more numerous and crucial to our way of life.

The recent introduction of paper and quasi-paper clothing carried the trend toward disposability a step further. Fashionable boutiques and working-class clothing stores have sprouted whole departments devoted to gaily colored and imaginatively designed paper apparel. Fashion magazines display breathtakingly sumptuous gowns, coats, pajamas, even wedding dresses made of paper. The bride pictured in one of these wears a long white train of lace-like paper that, the caption writer notes, will make "great kitchen curtains" after the ceremony.

Paper clothes are particularly suitable for children. Writes one fashion expert: "Little girls will soon be able to spill ice cream, draw pictures and make cutouts on their clothes while their mothers smile benignly at their creativity." And for adults who want to express their own creativity, there is even a "paint-yourself-dress" complete with brushes. Price: $2.00.

Price, of course, is a critical factor behind the paper explosion. Thus, a department store features simple A-line dresses made of what it calls "devil-may-care cellulose fiber and nylon." At $1.29 each, it is almost cheaper for the consumer to buy and discard a new one than to send an ordinary dress to the cleaners. Soon it will be. But more than economics is involved, for the extension of the throw-away culture has important psychological consequences.

We develop a throw-away mentality to match our throw-away products. This mentality produces, among other things, a set of radically altered values with respect to property. But the spread of disposability through the society also implies decreased durations in man-thing relationships. Instead of being linked with a single object over a relatively long span of time, we are linked for brief periods with the succession of objects that supplant it.

THE MISSING SUPERMARKET

The shift toward transience is even manifest in architecture—precisely that part of the physical environment that in the past contributed mostly heavily to man's sense of permanence. The child who trades in her Barbie doll cannot but also recognize the transience of buildings and other large structures that surround her. We raze landmarks. We tear down whole streets and cities and put new ones up at a mind-numbing rate.

"The average age of dwellings has steadily declined," writes E. F. Carter of the Stanford Research Institute, "from being virtually infinite in the days of caves to ... approximately a hundred years for houses built in United States colonial days, to about forty years at present." And Michael Wood, an English writer comments: The American "... made his world yesterday, and he knows exactly how fragile, how shifting it is. Buildings in New York literally disappear overnight, and the face of a city can change completely in a year."

Novelist Louis Auchincloss complains angrily that "The horror of living in New York is living in a city without a history ... All eight of my great-grandparents lived in the city ... and only one of the houses they lived in ... is still standing. That's what I mean by the vanishing past." Less patrician New Yorkers, whose ancestors landed in America more recently, arriving there from the barrios of Puerto Rico, the villages of Eastern Europe or the plantations of the South, might voice their feelings quite differently. Yet the "Vanishing past" is a real phenomenon, and it is likely to become far more widespread, engulfing even many of the history-drenched cities of Europe.

Buckminster Fuller, the designer-philosopher, once described New York as a "continual evolutionary process of evacuations, demolitions, removals, temporarily vacant lots, new installations and repeat. This process is identical in principle to the annual rotation of crops in farm acreage—ploughing, planting the new seed, harvesting, ploughing under, and putting in another type of crop ... Most people look upon the building operations blocking New York's streets ... as temporary annoyances, soon to disappear in a static peace. They still think of permanence as normal, a hangover from the Newtonian view of the universe. But those who have lived in and with New York since the beginning of the century have literally experienced living with Einsteinian relativity."

That children, in fact, internalize this "Einsteinian relativity" was brought home to me forcibly by a personal experience. Some time ago my wife sent my daughter, then twelve, to a supermarket a few blocks from our Manhattan apartment. Our little girl had been there only once or twice before. Half an hour later she returned perplexed. "It must have been torn down," she said, "I couldn't find it." It hadn't been. New to the neighborhood, Karen had merely looked on the wrong block. But she is a child of the Age of Transience, and her immediate assumption—that the building had been razed and replaced—was a natural one for a twelve-year-old growing up in the United States at this time. Such an idea would probably never have occurred to a child faced with a similar predicament even half a century ago. The physical environment was far more durable, our links with it less transient.

THE ECONOMICS OF IMPERMANENCE

In the past, permanence was the ideal. Whether engaged in handcrafting a pair of boots or in constructing a cathedral, all man's creative and productive energies went toward maximizing the durability of the product. Man built to last. He had to. As long as the society around him was relatively unchanging each object had clearly defined functions, and economic logic dictated the policy of permanence. Even if they had to be repaired now and then, the boots that cost fifty dollars and lasted ten years were less expensive than those that cost ten dollars and lasted only a year. As the general rate of change in society accelerates, however, the economics of permanence are—and must be—replaced by the economics of transience.

First, advancing technology tends to lower the costs of manufacture much more rapidly than the costs of repair work. The one is automated, the other remains largely a handcraft operation. This means that it often becomes cheaper to replace than to repair. It is economically sensible to build cheap, unrepairable, throwaway objects, even though they may not last as long as repairable objects.

Second, advancing technology makes it possible to improve the object as time goes by. The second-generation computer is better than the first, and the third is better than the second. Since

we can anticipate further technological advance, more improvements coming at ever shorter intervals, it often makes hard economic sense to build for the short term rather than the long. David Lewis, an architect and city planner with Urban Design Associates in Pittsburgh, tells of certain apartment houses in Miami that are torn down after only ten years of existence. Improved air conditioning systems in newer buildings hurt the rentability of these "old" buildings. All things considered; it becomes cheaper to tear down the ten-year-old buildings than to modify them.

Third, as change accelerates and reaches into more and more remote corners of the society, uncertainty about future needs increases. Recognizing the inevitability of change, but unsure as to the demands it will impose on us, we hesitate to commit large resources for rigidly fixed objects intended to serve unchanging purposes. Avoiding commitment to fixed forms and functions, we build for short-term use or, alternatively, attempt to make the product itself adaptable. We "play it cool" technologically. The rise of disposability—the spread of the throw-away culture—is a response to these powerful pressures. As change accelerates and complexities multiply, we can expect to see further extensions of the principle of disposability, further curtailment of man's relationships with things.

THE PORTABLE PLAYGROUND

There are other responses besides disposability that also lead to the same psychological effect. For example, we are now witnessing the wholesale creation of objects designed to serve a series of short-term purposes instead of a single one. These are not throw-away items. They are usually too big and expensive to discard. But they are so constructed that they may be dismantled, if necessary, and relocated after each use.

Thus, the board of education of Los Angeles has decided that fully 25 percent of that city’s classrooms will, in the future, be temporary structures that can be moved around as needed. Every major United States school district today uses some temporary classrooms. More are on the way. Indeed, temporary classrooms are to the school construction industry what paper dresses are to the clothing industry—a foretaste of the future.

The purpose of temporary classrooms is to help school systems cope with rapidly shifting population densities. But temporary classrooms, like disposable clothes, imply mending relationships of shorter duration than in the past. Thus, the temporary classroom teaches something even in the absence of a teacher. Like the Barbie doll, it provides the child with a vivid lesson in the impermanence of her surroundings. No sooner does the child internalize a thorough knowledge of the classroom—the way it fits into the surrounding architecture, the way the desks feel on a hot day, the way sound reverberates in it, all the subtle smells and textures that individualize any structure and lend it reality—than the structure itself may be physically removed from her environment to serve other children in another place.

Nor are mobile classrooms a purely American phenomenon. In England, architect Cedric Price has designed what he calls a "thinkbelt"—an entirely mobile university intended to serve 20,000 students in North Staffordshire. "It will," he says, "rely on temporary buildings rather than permanent ones." It will make "great use of mobile and variable physical enclosures"—classrooms, for example, built inside railroad cars so that they may be shunted anywhere along the four-mile campus. Geodesic domes to house expositions, air-inflated plastic bubbles for use as command posts or construction headquarters, a whole array of pick-up-and-move temporary structures are flowing from the drawing boards of engineers and architects. In New York City, the Department of Parks has decided to build twelve “portable playgrounds"—small, temporary playgrounds to be installed on vacant city lots until other uses are found for the land, at which time the playgrounds can be dismounted and moved elsewhere. There was a time when a playground was a reasonably permanent fixture in a neighborhood, when one's children and even, perhaps, one's children's children might, each in their turn, experience it in roughly the same way. Super-industrial playgrounds, however, refuse to stay put. They are temporary by design.

THE MODULAR "FUN PALACE"

The reduction in the duration of man-thing relationships brought about by the proliferation of throw-away items and temporary structures is further intensified by the rapid spread of "modularism." Modularism may be defined as the attempt to lend whole structures greater permanence at the cost of making their sub-structures less permanent. Thus, Cedric Price's "thinkbelt" plan proposes that faculty and student apartments consist of pressed-steel modules that can be hoisted by crane and plugged into building frames. The frames become the only relatively permanent parts of the structure. The apartment modules can be shifted around as needed, or even, in theory, completely discarded and replaced.

It needs to be emphasized here that the distinction between disposability and mobility is, from the point of view of the duration of relationships, a thin one. Even when modules are not discarded, but merely rearranged, the result is a new configuration, a new entity. It is as if one physical structure had, in reality, been discarded and a new one created, even though some or all of the components remain the same. Even many supposedly "permanent" buildings today are constructed on a modular plan so that interior walls and partitions may be shifted at will to form new enclosure patterns inside. The mobile partition, indeed, might well serve as a symbol of the transient society. One scarcely ever enters a large office today without tripping over a crew of workers busily moving desks and rearranging interior space by reorganizing the partitions. In Sweden a new triumph of modularism has recently been achieved: in a model apartment house in Uppsala all walls and closets are movable. The tenant needs only a screwdriver to transform his living space completely, to create, in effect, a new apartment.

Sometimes, however, modularity is directly combined with disposability. The simple, ubiquitous ballpoint pen provides an example. The original goose-quill pen had a long-life expectancy. Barring accident, it lasted a long time and could be resharpened (i.e., repaired) from time to time to extend its life. The fountain pen, however, was a great technological advance because it gave the user mobility. It provided a writing tool that carried its own inkwell, thus vastly increasing its range of usefulness. The invention of the ball point consolidated and extended this advance. It provided a pen that carried its own ink supply, but that, in addition, was so cheap it could be thrown away when empty. The first truly disposable pen-and ink combination had been created.

We have, however, not yet outgrown the psychological attitudes that accompany scarcity. Thus, there are still many people today who feel a twinge of guilt at discarding even a spent ball-point pen. The response of the pen industry to this psychological reality was the creation of a ball-point pen built on the modular principle—an outer frame that the user could keep, and an inner ink module or cartridge that he could throw away and replace. By making the ink cartridge expendable, the whole structure is given extended life at the expense of the sub structure. There are, however, more parts than wholes. And whether he is shifting them around to create new wholes or discarding and replacing them, the user experiences a more rapid through-put of things through his life, a generalized decline in the average duration of his relationship with things. The result is a new fluidity, mobility and transience.

One of the most extreme examples of architecture designed to embody these principles was the plan put forward by the English theatrical producer Joan Littlewood with the help of Frank Newby, a structural engineer, Gordon Pask, a systems consultant, and Cedric Price, the "thinkbelt" architect. Miss Littlewood wanted a theater in which versatility might be maximized, in which she might present anything from an ordinary play to a political rally, from a performance of dance to a wrestling match—preferably all at the same time. She wanted, as the critic Reyner Banham has put it, a "zone of total probability." The result was a fantastic plan for "The Fun Palace," otherwise known as the "First Giant Space Mobile in the World." The plan calls not for a multi-purpose building, but for what is, in effect, a larger than life-sized Erector Set, a collection of modular parts that can be hung together in an almost infinite variety of ways. More or less "permanent" vertical towers house various services—such as toilets and electronic control units—and are topped by gantry cranes that lift the modules into position and assemble them to form any temporary configuration desired. After an evening’s entertainment, the cranes come out, disassemble the auditoria, exhibition halls and restaurants, and store them away.

Here is the way Reyner Banham describes it: "... the Fun Palace is a piece of ten year expendable urban equipment ... Day by day this giant neo-Futurist machine will stir and reshuffle its movable parts—walls and floors, ramps and walks, steerable escalators, seating and roofing, stages and movie screens, lighting and sound systems—sometimes with only a small part walled in, but with the public poking about the exposed walks and stairs, pressing buttons to make things happen themselves.

"This, when it happens (and it is on the cards that it will, somewhere, soon) will be indeterminacy raised to a new power: no permanent monumental interior space or heroic silhouette against the sky will survive for posterity ... For the only permanently visible elements of the Fun Palace will be the 'life-support' structure on which the transient architecture will be parasitic."

Proponents of what has become known as "plug-in" or "clip-on" architecture have designed whole cities based on the idea of "transient architecture." Extending the concepts on which the Fun Palace plan is based, they propose the construction of different types of modules which would be assigned different life expectancies. Thus, the core of a "building" might be engineered to last twenty-five years, while the plug-in room modules are built to last only three years. Letting their imaginations roam still further, they have conjured up mobile skyscrapers that rest not on fixed foundations but on gigantic "ground effect" machines or hovercraft. The ultimate is an entire urban agglomeration freed of fixed position, floating on a cushion of air, powered by nuclear energy, and changing its inner shape even more rapidly than New York does today.

Whether or not precisely these visions become reality, the fact is that society is moving in this direction. The extension of the throw-away culture, the creation of more and more temporary structures, the spread of modularism is proceeding apace, and they all conspire toward the same psychological end: the ephemeralization of man's links with the things that surround him.

THE RENTAL REVOLUTION

Still another development is drastically altering the man-thing nexus: the rental revolution. The spread of rentalism, a characteristic of societies rocketing toward super-industrialism, is intimately connected with all the tendencies described above. The link between Hertz cars, disposable diapers, and Joan Littlewood's "Fun Palace," may seem obscure at first glance, but closer inspection reveals strong inner similarities. For rentalism, too, intensifies transience.

During the depression, when millions were jobless and homeless, the yearning for a home of one's own was one of the most powerful economic motivations in capitalist societies. In the United States today the desire for home ownership is still strong, but ever since the end of World War II the percentage of new housing devoted to rental apartments has been soaring. As late as 1955 apartments accounted for only 8 percent of new housing starts. By 1961 it reached 24 percent. By 1969, for the first time in the United States, more building permits were being issued for apartment construction than for private homes. Apartment living, for a variety of reasons, is "in." It is particularly in among young people who, in the words of MIT Professor Burnham Kelly, want "minimum-involvement housing."

Minimum involvement is precisely what the user of a throw-away product gets for his money. It is also what temporary structures and modular components foster. Commitments to apartments are, almost by definition, shorter term commitments than those made by a homeowner to his home. The trend toward residential renting thus underscores the tendency toward ever-briefer relationships with the physical environment.

More striking than this, however, has been the recent upsurge of rental activity in fields in which it was all but unknown in the past. David Riesman has written: "People are fond of their cars; they like to talk about them—something that comes out very clearly in interviews—but their affection for any one in particular rarely reaches enough intensity to become long-term." This is reflected in the fact that the average car owner in the United States keeps his automobile only three and a half years; many of the more affluent trade in their automobiles every year or two. In turn, this accounts for the existence of a twenty billion-dollar used car business in the United States. It was the automotive industry that first succeeded in destroying the traditional notion that a major purchase had to be a permanent commitment. The annual model changeover, high-powered advertising, backed by the industry's willingness to offer trade-in allowances, made the purchase of a new (or new used) car a relatively frequent occurrence in the life of the average American male. In effect, it shortened the interval between purchases, thereby shortening the duration of the relationship between an owner and any one vehicle.

In recent years, however, a spectacular new force has emerged to challenge many of the most deeply ingrained patterns of the automotive industry. This is the auto rental business. Today in the United States millions of motorists rent automobiles from time to time for periods of a few hours up to several months. Many big-city dwellers, especially in New York where parking is a nightmare, refuse to own a car, preferring to rent one for weekend trips to the country, or even for in-town trips that are inconvenient by public transit. Autos today can be rented with a minimum of red tape at almost any US airport, railroad station or hotel.

Moreover, Americans have carried the rental habit abroad with them. Nearly half a million of them rent cars while overseas each year. This figure is expected to rise to nearly a million by 1975, and the big American rental companies, operating now in some fifty countries around the globe, are beginning to run into foreign competitors. Simultaneously, European motorists are beginning to emulate the Americans. A cartoon in Paris Match shows a creature from outer space standing next to his flying saucer and asking a gendarme where he can rent an auto. The idea is catching on.

The rise of auto rentals, meanwhile, has been paralleled by the emergence in the United States of a new kind of general store—one which sells nothing but rents everything. There are now some 9000 such stores in the United States with an annual rental volume on the order of one billion dollars and a growth rate of from 10 to 20 percent per year. Virtually 50 percent of these stores were not in business five years ago. Today, there is scarcely a product that cannot be rented, from ladders and lawn equipment to mink coats and originals Rouault’s. In Los Angeles, rental firms

provide live shrubs and trees for real estate developers who wish to landscape model homes temporarily. "Plants enhance—rent living plants," says the sign on the side of a truck in San Francisco. In Philadelphia one may rent shirts. Elsewhere, Americans now rent everything from gowns, crutches, jewels, TV sets, camping equipment, air conditioners, wheelchairs, linens, skis, tape recorders, champagne fountains, and silverware. A West Coast men's club rented a human skeleton for a demonstration, and an ad in the Wall Street Journal even urges: "Rent-a-Cow."

Not long ago the Swedish women's magazine Svensk Damtidning ran a five-part series about the world of 1985. Among other things, it suggested that by then "we will sleep in built-in sleeping furniture with buttons for when we eat breakfast or read, or else we will rent a bed at the same place that we rent the table and the paintings and the washing machine." Impatient Americans are not waiting for 1985. Indeed, one of the most significant aspects of the booming rental business is the rise of furniture rental. Some manufacturers and many rental firms will now furnish entire small apartments for as little as twenty to fifty dollars per month, down to the drapes, rugs and ashtrays. "You arrive in town in the morning," says one airline stewardess, "and by evening you've got a swinging pad." Says a Canadian transferred to New York: "It's new, it's colorful, and I don't have to worry about carting it all over the world when I'm transferred."

William James once wrote that "lives based on having are less free than lives based either on doing or on being." The rise of rentalism is a move away from lives based on having and it reflects the increase in doing and being. If the people of the future live faster than the people of the past, they must also be far more flexible. They are like broken field runners— and it is hard to sidestep a tackle when loaded down with possessions. They want the advantage of affluence and the latest that technology has to offer, but not the responsibility that has, until now, accompanied the accumulation of possessions. They recognize that to survive among the uncertainties of rapid change they must learn to travel light.

Whatever its broader effects, however, rentalism shortens still further the duration of the relationships between man and the things that he uses. This is made clear by asking a simple question: How many cars—rented, borrowed or owned—pass through the hands of the average American male in a lifetime? The answer for car owners might be in the range of twenty to fifty. For active car renters, however, the figure might run as high as 200 or more. While the buyer's average relationship with a particular vehicle extends over many months or years, the renter's average link with any one particular car is extremely short-lived.

Renting has the net effect of multiplying the number of people with successive relationships to the same object, and thus reducing, on average, the duration of such relationships. When we extend this principle to a very wide range of products, it becomes clear that the rise of rentalism parallels and reinforces the impact of throw away items, temporary structures and modularism.

TEMPORARY NEEDS

It is important here to turn for a moment to the notion of obsolescence. For the fear of product obsolescence drives businessmen to innovation at the same time that it impels the consumer toward rented, disposable or temporary products. The very idea of obsolescence is disturbing to people bred on the ideal of permanence, and it is particularly upsetting when thought to be planned. Planned obsolescence has been the target of so much recent social criticism that the unwary reader might be led to regard it as the primary or even exclusive cause of the trend toward shorter relational durations.

There is no doubt that some businessmen conspire to shorten the useful life of their products in order to guarantee replacement sales. There is, similarly, no doubt that many of the annual model changes with which American (and other) consumers are increasingly familiar are not technologically substantive. Detroit's autos today deliver no more mileage per gallon of gasoline than they did ten model changes back, and the oil companies, for all the additives about which they boast, still put a turtle, not a tiger, in the tank. Moreover, it is incontestable that Madison Avenue frequently exaggerates the importance of new features and encourages consumers to dispose of partially worn-out goods to make way for the new.

It is therefore true that the consumer is sometimes caught in a carefully engineered trap—an old product whose death has been deliberately hastened by its manufacturer, and the simultaneous appearance of a "new improved" model advertised as the latest heaven-sent triumph of advanced technology.

Nevertheless, these reasons by themselves cannot begin to account for the fantastic rate of turnover of the products in our lives. Rapid obsolescence is an integral part of the entire accelerative process—a process involving not merely the life span of sparkplugs, but of whole societies. Bound up with the rise of science and the speed up in the acquisition of knowledge, this historic process can hardly be attributed to the evil design of a few contemporary hucksters.

Clearly, obsolescence occurs with or without "planning." With respect to things, obsolescence occurs under three conditions. It occurs when a product literally deteriorates to the point at which it can no longer fulfil its functions—bearings burn out, fabrics tear, pipes rust. Assuming the same functions still need to be performed for the consumer, the failure of a product to perform these functions marks the point at which its replacement is required. This is obsolescence due to functional failure.

Obsolescence also occurs when some new product arrives on the scene to perform these functions more effectively than the old product could. The new antibiotics do a more effective job of curing infection than the old. The new computers are infinitely faster and cheaper to operate than the antique models of the early 1960's. This is obsolescence due to substantive technological advance.

But obsolescence also occurs when the needs of the consumer change, when the functions to be performed by the product are themselves altered. These needs are not as simply described as the critics of planned obsolescence sometimes assume. An object, whether a car or a can opener, may be evaluated along many different parameters. A car, for example, is more than a conveyance. It is an expression of the personality of the user, a symbol of status, a source of that pleasure associated with speed, a source of a wide variety of sensory stimuli—tactile, olfactory, visual, etc. The satisfaction a consumer gains from such factors may, depending upon his values, outweigh the satisfaction he might receive from improved gas consumption or pickup power.
The traditional notion that each object has a single easily definable function clashes with all that we now know about human psychology, about the role of values in decision-making, and with ordinary common sense as well. All products are multi-functional. An excellent illustration of this occurred not long ago when I watched a little boy purchase half a dozen pink erasers at a little stationery store. Curious as to why he wanted so many of them, I picked one up for closer examination. "Do they erase well?" I asked the boy. "I don't know," he said, "but they sure smell good!" And, indeed, they did. They had been heavily perfumed by the Japanese manufacturer perhaps to mask an unpleasant chemical odour. In short, the needs filled by products vary by purchaser and through time.

In a society of scarcity, needs are relatively universal and unchanging because they are starkly related to the "gut" functions. As affluence rises, however, human needs become less directly linked to biological survival and more highly individuated. Moreover, in a society caught up in complex, high-speed change, the needs of the individual—which arise out of his interaction with the external environment—also change at relatively high speed. The more rapidly changing the society, the more temporary the needs. Given the general affluence of the new society, he can indulge many of these short-term needs.

Often, without even having a clear idea of what needs he wants served, the consumer has a vague feeling that he wants a change. Advertising encourages and capitalizes on this feeling, but it can hardly be credited with having created it single-handedly. The tendency toward shorter relational durations is thus built more deeply into the social structure than arguments over planned obsolescence or the manipulative effectiveness of Madison Avenue would suggest.

The rapidity with which consumers' needs shift is reflected in the alacrity with which buyers abandon product and brand loyalty. If Assistant Attorney General Donald F. Turner, a leading critic of advertising, is correct, one of the primary purposes of advertising is to create "durable preferences." If so, it is failing, for brand-switching is so frequent and common that it has become, in the words of one food industry publication, "one of the national advertiser's major headaches."

Many brands drop out of existence. Among brands that continue to exist there is a continual reshuffling of position. According to Henry M. Schachte, "In almost no major consumer goods category ... is there a brand on top today which held that position ten years ago." Thus, among ten leading American cigarettes, only one, Pall Mall, maintained in 1966 the same share of the

market that it held in 1956. Camels plunged from 18 to 9 percent of the market; Lucky Strike declined even more sharply, from 14 to 6 percent. Other brands moved up, with Salem, for example, rising from 1 to 9 percent. Additional fluctuations have occurred since this survey.

However insignificant these shifts may be from the long-run view of the historian, this continual shuffling and reshuffling, influenced but not independently controlled by advertising, introduces into the short-run, everyday life of the individual a dazzling dynamism. It heightens still further the sense of speed, turmoil and impermanence in society.

THE FAD MACHINE

Fast-shifting preferences, flowing out of and interacting with high-speed technological change, not only lead to frequent changes in the popularity of products and brands, but also shorten the life cycle of products. Automation expert John Diebold never wearies of pointing out to businessmen that they must begin to think in terms of shorter life spans for their goods. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops, Calumet Baking Soda and Ivory Soap, have become American institutions by virtue of their long reign in the market place. In the days ahead, he suggests, few products will enjoy such longevity. Every consumer has had the experience of going to the supermarket or department store to replace some item, only to find that he cannot locate the same brand or product. In 1966 some 7000 new products turned up in American supermarkets. Fully 55 percent of all the items now sold there did not exist ten years ago. And of the products available then, 42 percent have faded away altogether. Each year the process repeats itself in more extreme form. Thus 1968 saw 9,500 new items in the consumer packaged-goods field alone, with only one in five meeting its sales target. A silent but rapid attrition kills off the old, and new products sweep in like a ride. "Products that used to sell for twenty-five years," writes economist Robert Theobald, "now often count on no more than five. In the volatile pharmaceutical and electronic fields, the period is often as short as six months." As the pace of change accelerates further, corporations may create new products knowing full well that they will remain on the market for only a matter of a few weeks.

Here, too, the present already provides us with a foretaste of the future. It lies in an unexpected quarter: the fads now sweeping over the high technology societies in wave after wave. In the past few years alone, in the United States, Western Europe and Japan, we have witnessed the sudden rise or collapse in popularity of "Bardot hairdos," the "Cleopatra look," James Bond, and Batman, not to speak of Tiffany lampshades, Super-Balls, iron crosses, pop sunglasses, badges and buttons with protest slogans or pornographic jokes, posters of Allen Ginsberg or Humphrey Bogart, false eyelashes, and innumerable other gimcracks and oddities that reflect— are tuned into—the rapidly changing pop culture.

Backed by mass media promotion and sophisticated marketing, such fads now explode on the scene virtually overnight—and vanish just as quickly. Sophisticates in the fad business prepare in advance for shorter and shorter product life cycles. Thus, there is in San Gabriel, California, a

company entitled, with a kind of cornball relish, Wham-O Manufacturing Company. Wham-O specializes in fad products, having introduced the hula hoop in the fifties and the so-called Super-Ball more recently. The latter—a high-bouncing rubber ball— quickly became so popular with adults as well as children that astonished visitors saw several of them bouncing merrily on the floor of the Pacific Coast Stock Exchange. Wall Street executives gave them away to friends and one high broadcasting official complained that "All our executives are out in the halls with their Super-Balls." Wham-O, and other companies like it, however, are not disconcerted when sudden death overtakes their product; they anticipate it. They are specialists in the design and manufacture of "temporary" products.

The fact that fads are generated artificially, to a large extent, merely underscores their significance. Even engineered fads are not new to history. But never before have they come fleeting across the consciousness in such rapid-fire profusion, and never has there been such smooth coordination between those who originate the fad, mass media eager to popularize it, and companies geared for its instantaneous exploitation.

A well-oiled machinery for the creation and diffusion of fads is now an entrenched part of the modern economy. Its methods will increasingly be adopted by others as they recognize the inevitability of the ever-shorter product cycle. The line between "fad" and ordinary product will progressively blur. We are moving swiftly into the era of the temporary product, made by temporary methods, to serve temporary needs.

The turnover of things in our lives thus grows even more frenetic. We face a rising flood of throw-away items, impermanent architecture, mobile and modular products, rented goods and commodities designed for almost instant death. From all these directions, strong pressures converge toward the same end: the inescapable ephemeralization of the man-thing relationship.

The foreshortening of our ties with the physical environment, the stepped-up turnover of things, however, is only a small part of a much larger context. Let us, therefore, press ahead in our exploration of life in high transience society.

Note On the Writer

Alvin Toffler was an American writer and futurist, known for his works discussing the digital revolution, communications revolution, corporate revolution and technological singularity. A former associate editor of Fortune magazine, his early work focused on technology and its impact (through effects like information overload. Accenture, the management consultancy, has dubbed him the third most influential voice among business leaders, after Bill Gates and Peter Drucker. He has also been

described in the Financial Times as the "world's most famous futurologist". People's Daily classes him among the 50 foreigners that shaped modern China.

Note On the Essay

The Throw Away Society is a generalized description of human social concept strongly influenced by consumerism, whereby society tends to use item once only, from disposable packaging to consumer products which are not designed for reuse or lifetime use. The relationship that new society has with things are becoming more and more temporary. The barbie doll in the essay becomes an extended metaphor of this throw away culture.

Glossary

- Iridescent: showing luminous colours that seem to change when seen from different angles. /ˌɪrɪˈdɛs(ə)nt/
- Deride: express contempt for; ridicule. /dɪˈrʌɪd/
- Transience: the state or fact of lasting only for a short time; transitoriness. /ˈtranzɪəns/
- Bib: a piece of cloth or plastic fastened round a child's neck to keep its clothes clean while eating. /bɪb/
- Sumptuous: splendid and expensive-looking. /ˈsʌm(p)tjʊəs/
- Benignly: in a way that is pleasant and kind or not harmful. /bɪˈnaɪm.li/ • Acreage: an area of land, typically when used for agricultural purposes, but not necessarily measured in acres. /ˈeɪk(ə)rɪdʒ/
- Curtailment: the action or fact of reducing or restricting something.
- Ephemeralization: a term coined by R. Buckminster Fuller in 1938, is the ability of technological advancement to do "more and more with less and less until eventually you can do everything with nothing," that is, an accelerating increase in the efficiency of achieving the same or more output while requiring less input.

♦♦♦♦♦

Chapter - 5

Flea

- John Donne

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,

Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?

Yet thou triumph’st, and say'st that thou

Find’st not thy self, nor me the weaker now;

’Tis true; then learn how false, fears be:

Just so much honor, when thou yield’st to me,

Will waste, as this flea’s death took life from thee.

Note On the Poet

John Donne (1572 –1631) was a seventeenth century English poet writing in the metaphysical tradition of poetry. Donne's writing came in the literary discussions through Dr Samuel Johnson's phenomenal biographical work Lives of the Poets (1781) where he refers to the beginning of the seventeenth century in which there "appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets". Dr. Johnson went on to say that "The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and, to show their learning was their whole endeavour". This work unearthed the metaphysical tradition of writing and John Donne, who would later, in the twentieth century be regarded as the high priest of metaphysical poetry. John Dryden, the first poet laureate of England, commented on John Donne's poetry as "He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love. In this...Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault." Thus, Donne's poetry was received as a much-coveted intellectual writing. His well-known works are Holy Sonnets, and Collected Poems, a posthumous collection.

The metaphysical tradition of writing is understood today as a highly intellectual philosophical style of writing with the use of wit and conceit. A metaphysical conceit is an extended metaphor which creates an unconventional comparison between two very dissimilar things. The metaphysical poetry of John Donne deals with eroticism, sexuality, religion and spirituality.

Note On the Poem

The Flea is an erotic metaphysical philosophical poem of John Donne, published posthumously in 1633 where Donne uses the metaphysical conceit of a flea, which has sucked blood from the male speaker (the lover) and his female lover (the beloved) and thus serves as an extended metaphor of union between the lover and the beloved. The speaker uses the carpe diem (seize the day) motif to coax his coy beloved to engage in sexual union since the lover understands the blood-sucked by the flea from each of them has already consummated their union within the body of the flea and therefore they have become one entity. This is a characteristic metaphysical element as the imagery erases the physical reality and transports it to a philosophical realm. The lover proceeds to make references to sexual union through metaphysical conceits.

Donne, known for his ingenuity and the way the flea has been used as a metaphor asserts the same. The lover refrains from the usual approaches towards love-making, he doesn't glorify the beloved nor seems to confirm to perceived notions of virginity. Instead, for the lover the sexual union embodied in the flea is not "a sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead," therefore, he makes a plea to the beloved not to murder the flea since the flea has now caesed to be a single entity but it "three lives in one flea". The lover cleverly persuades the beloved saying "This flea is you and I, and this/Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;". For Donne, the physical union will lead to a spiritual union. The lover stops the beloved from killing the flea would since the act would be not only murder but committing suicide as well. As the beloved proceeds to kill the flea "Purpled thy nail", the lover says her act is 'cruel'. The lover's calm demeanor changes to a vehement but clever rejection of her act of killing the flea saying "Wherein could this flea guilty be, /Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?" and that just as she has lost little life in the death of the flea which sucked her blood, so she may also loose her 'honor' in yielding herself to him. The lover thus seizes the moment strategically to persuade his beloved for sexual union.

The poem has a rhyme scheme of aabbcc, or couplets. Each stanza finishes with a triplet. The lines alternate between 8 and 10 syllables, or iambic tetrameter and iambic pentameter. Each stanza contains 9 lines.

Glossary

- flea- an insect
- mingled- mixed
- maidenhead- virginity
- cloistered - enclosed
- sacrilege- violation or misuse of what is regarded as sacred triumph’s - a great victory or achievement.

♦♦♦♦♦

Chapter – 6

On Running after One's Hat

- G.K. Chesterton

I feel an almost savage envy on hearing that London has been flooded in my absence, while I am in the mere country. My own Battersea has been, I understand, particularly favoured as a meeting of the waters. Battersea was already, as I need hardly say, the most beautiful of human localities. Now that it has the additional splendour of great sheets of water, there must be something quite incomparable in the landscape (or waterscape) of my own romantic town. Battersea must be a vision of Venice. The boat that brought the meat from the butcher's must have shot along those lanes of rippling silver with the strange smoothness of the gondola. The greengrocer who brought cabbages to the corner of the Latchmere Road must have leant upon the oar with the unearthly grace of the gondolier. There is nothing so perfectly poetical as an island; and when a district is flooded it becomes an archipelago.

Some consider such romantic views of flood or fire slightly lacking in reality. But really this romantic view of such inconveniences is quite as practical as the other. The true optimist who sees in such things an opportunity for enjoyment is quite as logical and much more sensible than the ordinary "Indignant Ratepayer" who sees in them an opportunity for grumbling. Real pain, as in the case of being burnt at Smithfield or having a toothache, is a positive thing; it can be supported, but scarcely enjoyed. But, after all, our toothaches are the exception, and as for being burnt at Smithfield, it only happens to us at the very longest intervals. And most of the inconveniences that make men swear or women cry are really sentimental or imaginative inconveniences–things altogether of the mind. For instance, we often hear grown-up people complaining of having to hang about a railway station and wait for a train. Did you ever hear a small boy complain of having to hang about a railway station and wait for a train? No; for to him to be inside a railway station is to be inside a cavern of wonder and a palace of poetical pleasures. Because to him the red light and the green light on the signal are like a new sun and a new moon. Because to him when the wooden arm of the signal falls down suddenly, it is as if a great king had thrown down his staff as a signal and started a shrieking tournament of trains. I myself am of little boys' habit in this matter. They also serve who only stand and wait for the two fifteen. Their meditations may be full of rich and fruitful things. Many of the most purple hours of my life have been passed at Clapham Junction, which is now, I suppose, underwater. I have been there in many moods so fixed and mystical that the water might well have come up to my waist before I noticed it particularly. But in the case of all such annoyances, as I have said, everything depends upon the emotional point of view. You can safely apply the test to almost every one of the things that are currently talked of as the typical nuisance of daily life.

For instance, there is a current impression that it is unpleasant to have to run after one's hat. Why should it be unpleasant to the well-ordered and pious mind? Not merely because it is running, and running exhausts one. The same people run much faster in games and sports. The same people run much more eagerly after an uninteresting; little leather ball than they will after a nice silk hat. There is an idea that it is humiliating to run after one's hat; and when people say it is humiliating they mean that it is comic. It certainly is comic; but man is a very comic creature, and most of the things he does are comic–eating, for instance. And the most comic things of all are exactly the things that are most worth doing–such as making love. A man running after a hat is not half so ridiculous as a man running after a wife.

Now a man could, if he felt rightly in the matter, run after his hat with the manliest ardour and the most sacred joy. He might regard himself as a jolly huntsman pursuing a wild animal, for certainly no animal could be wilder. In fact, I am inclined to believe that hat-hunting on windy days will be the sport of the upper classes in the future. There will be a meet of ladies and gentlemen on some high ground on a gusty morning. They will be told that the professional attendants have started a hat in such-and-such a thicket, or whatever be the technical term. Notice that this employment will in the fullest degree combine sport with humanitarianism. The hunters would feel that they were not inflicting pain. Nay, they would feel that they were inflicting pleasure, rich, almost riotous pleasure, upon the people who were looking on. When last I saw an old gentleman running after his hat in Hyde Park, I told him that a heart so benevolent as his ought to be filled with peace and thanks at the thought of how much unaffected pleasure his every gesture and bodily attitude were at that moment giving to the crowd.

The same principle can be applied to every other typical domestic worry. A gentleman trying to get a fly out of the milk or a piece of cork out of his glass of wine often imagines himself to be irritated. Let him think for a moment of the patience of anglers sitting by dark pools, and let his soul be immediately irradiated with gratification and repose. Again, I have known some people of very modern views driven by their distress to the use of theological terms to which they attached no doctrinal significance, merely because a drawer was jammed tight and they could not pull it out. A friend of mine was particularly afflicted in this way. Every day his drawer was jammed, and every day in consequence it was something else that rhymes to it. But I pointed out to him that this sense of wrong was really subjective and relative; it rested entirely upon the assumption that the drawer could, should, and would come out easily. "But if," I said, "you picture to yourself that you are pulling against some powerful and oppressive enemy, the struggle will become merely exciting and not exasperating. Imagine that you are tugging up a lifeboat out of the sea. Imagine that you are roping up a fellow-creature out of an Alpine crevass. Imagine even that you are a boy again and engaged in a tug-of-war between French and English." Shortly after saying this I left him; but I have no doubt at all that my words bore the best possible fruit. I have no doubt that every day of his life he hangs on to the handle of that drawer with a flushed face and eyes bright

with battle, uttering encouraging shouts to himself, and seeming to hear all round him the roar of an applauding ring.

So I do not think that it is altogether fanciful or incredible to suppose that even the floods in London may be accepted and enjoyed poetically. Nothing beyond inconvenience seems really to have been caused by them; and inconvenience, as I have said, is only one aspect, and that the most unimaginative and accidental aspect of a really romantic situation. An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered. An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered. The water that girdled the houses and shops of London must, if anything, have only increased their previous witchery and wonder. For as the Roman Catholic priest in the story said: "Wine is good with everything except water," and on a similar principle, water is good with everything except wine.

Note On the Author

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936) was an English essayist, philosopher, theologian, literary critic, thinker and an apologist. He began his education at St Paul's School, and later went on to study art at the Slade School, and literature at University College in London. Chesterton was a prolific writer and held opinions about everything as an essayist; he wrote a great deal of poetry, as well as works of social and literary criticism. His most notable books are *The Man Who Was Thursday*, a metaphysical thriller, and *The Everlasting Man*, a history of humankind's spiritual progress. He wrote a hundred books, contributions to 200 more, hundreds of poems, including the epic *Ballad of the White Horse*, five plays, five novels, and some two hundred short stories.
However, Chesterton considered himself primarily a journalist. He wrote over 4,000 newspaper essays, including 30 years' worth of weekly columns for the Illustrated London News, and 13 years of weekly columns for the Daily News. He also edited his own newspaper, G.K.'s Weekly. His work has an unmistakable wit, laden with satire, paradoxes to the extent that he was called the 'prince of paradox'.

Chesterton was part of celebrated literary intellectuals of his time like George Bernard Shaw, H.G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Clarence Darrow. Chesterton heavily wrote on and about the common man. He argued on materialism, scientific determinism, moral relativism, and agnosticism. In his works, he defended "the common man" and common sense.
Chesterton was influenced by Catholicism and converted to Catholicism in 1922. He was a significant part of the Catholic Literary Movement and wrote on religious topics. Chesterton is most known for creating the famous priest-detective character Father Brown, who first appeared in *The Innocence of Father Brown*. Chesterton was part of the Detection Club, a society of British mystery authors founded by Anthony Berkeley in 1928. He was elected as the first president and served from 1930 to 1936.

Note On the Essay

The essay from G.K. Chesterton's collection of essays *On Running after One's Hat and Other Whimsies* discusses the importance of positivity in every kind of situation which may be seemingly negative or distasteful or even embarrassing, like Chesterton says, "An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered". unbearable or an inconvenience. The essay is a testimony of Chesterton's use of wit and satire in defending common human life.

Chesterton, as a master craftsman of wit and paradox begins the essay with a mundane event of a situation of flood in London but with an immediate effect of converting the irritating emotion to an attractive poetic idealism that he feels a 'savage envy' that he is not experiencing the flood of London. This subversion of emotion, as Chesterton himself agrees may appear 'slightly lacking in reality' for many, he progresses to say that this is 'practical' and 'logical' in the view of a 'true optimist' since the optimist is aware that no amount of brooding over a situation would likely turn the course of event or situation otherwise.

Glossary:

- Battersea - Battersea is in the London Borough of Wandsworth and stands on the south bank of the River Thames, spanning from Fairfield in the west to Queenstown in the east.
- gondola - light flat-bottomed boat used on Venetian canals, with high pointed ends and worked by one oar at the stern.
- gondolier - a person who propels and steers a gondola.
- optimist- a person who is hopeful and positive about any situation.
- humanitarianism -the promotion of human welfare.

♦♦♦♦♦

Chapter - 7

How do I Love Thee (SONNET 43)

- Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Note On the Poet

Born on March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, England, Elizabeth Barrett Browning was an English poet of the Romantic Movement. The oldest of twelve children, Elizabeth was the first in her family born in England in over two hundred years. For centuries, the Barrett family, who were part Creole, had lived in Jamaica, where they owned sugar plantations and relied on the forced labor of enslaved individuals. In 1826, Elizabeth anonymously published her collection An Essay on Mind and Other Poems. Two years later, her mother passed away. While living on the

sea coast, Elizabeth published her translation of Prometheus Bound (1833), by the Greek dramatist Aeschylus. Political and social themes embody Elizabeth's later work. She expressed her intense sympathy for the struggle for the unification of Italy in Casa Guidi Windows (1848-1851) and Poems Before Congress (1860). In 1857 Browning published her verse novel Aurora Leigh, which portrays male domination of a woman. In her poetry she also addressed the oppression of the Italians by the Austrians, the child labor mines and mills of England, and slavery, among other social injustices. Although this decreased her popularity, Elizabeth was heard and recognized around Europe. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died in Florence on June 29, 1861.

Note On the Poem

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnet 43" is about a woman's love for her husband. She confesses her ending passion. It is one of the most famous and well-known poems ever written in English. In the poem, the speaker says that her love for her beloved will never end. She tells her lover how much she loves him and how much she cares about him.

Glossary

- Thee - Thee is an old-fashioned, poetic, or religious word for 'you' when you are talking to only one person. It is used as the object of a verb or preposition. I miss thee, beloved father.
- Breadth - An extent or piece of something of definite or full width. In the poem, the term is used metaphorically to describe the extent of the speaker's love.
- Strive - To exert oneself vigorously; to try hard.
- Turn - To direct oneself away from a particular direction; to resist or avoid.
- Right- In accordance with what is good, proper, or just; righteousness.

♦♦♦♦♦

Chapter - 8

The Yellow Wallpaper

- Charlotte Perkins Gilman

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity—but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and perhaps—(I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind)—perhaps that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see, he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression—a slight hysterical tendency—what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites—whichever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to "work" until I am well again.

Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it does exhaust me a good deal—having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus—but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a delicious garden! I never saw such a garden—large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and co-heirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid; but I don't care—there is something strange about the house—I can feel it.

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a draught, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself, —before him, at least,—and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he, "and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery, at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playground and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off—the paper—in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate, and provoke study, and when you follow the lame, uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide—plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard-of contradictions.

The color is repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering, unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away,—he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no reason to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able—to dress and entertain, and order things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I cannot be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wallpaper!

At first, he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wallpaper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

“You know the place is doing you good,” he said, “and really, dear, I don’t care to renovate the house just for a three months’ rental.”

“Then do let us go downstairs,” I said, “there are such pretty rooms there.”

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down cellar if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is as airy and comfortable a room as any one need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep-shaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So, I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fire-works in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it knew what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside-down.

I get positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy-store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

The wallpaper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother—they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed, which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit—only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect, and enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely, shaded, winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wallpaper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded, and where the sun is just so, I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to sulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course, I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don’t when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I’m getting really fond of the room in spite of the wallpaper. Perhaps because of the wallpaper.

It dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed—it is nailed down, I believe—and follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we’ll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I will follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principle of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes—a kind of “debased Romanesque” with delirium tremens—go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the cross-lights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation after all,—the interminable grotesques seem to form around a common centre and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap, I guess.

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I must say what I feel and think in some way—it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much.

John says I musn't lose my strength, and has me take cod-liver oil and lots of tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day, and tell him how I wish he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness, I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till it tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let any silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wallpaper.

If we had not used it that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here after all. I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them any more,—I am too wise,—but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder—I begin to think—I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around, just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wallpaper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper did move, and when I came back John was awake.

“What is it, little girl?” he said. “Don’t go walking about like that—you’ll get cold.”

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

“Why darling!” said he, “our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can’t see how to leave before.

“The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better. I feel really much easier about you.”

“I don’t weigh a bit more,” said I, “nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening, when you are here, but it is worse in the morning when you are away.”

“Bless her little heart!” said he with a big hug; “she shall be as sick as she pleases! But now let’s improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning!”

“And you won’t go away?” I asked gloomily.

“Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really, dear, you are better!”

“Better in body perhaps”—I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

“My darling,” said he, “I beg of you, for my sake and for our child’s sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?”

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn’t,—I lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well under way in following, it turns a back somersault and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions,—why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window—I always watch for that first long, straight ray—it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonlight—the moon shines in all night when there is a moon—I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candlelight, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind,—that dim sub-pattern,—but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed, he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit, I am convinced, for, you see, I don't sleep.

And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake,—oh, no!

The fact is, I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis, that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times looking at the paper! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry—asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wallpaper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was because of the wallpaper—he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wallpaper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw—not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper—the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not, the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it—there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad—at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful. I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house—to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the color of the paper! A yellow smell.

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs round the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even smooch, as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round—round and round and round—it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern does move—and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern—it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside-down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why—privately—I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her on that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbors, creeping all around the garden.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don’t blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can’t do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer now, that I don’t want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don’t want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.

And though I always see her she may be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan’t tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don’t like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him!

Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.

It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John is to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me—the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight, and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.

I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of that paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me I declared I would finish it to-day!

We go away to-morrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me—not alive!

She tried to get me out of the room—it was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner—I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs to-night, and take the boat home to-morrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will not move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner—but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to look out of the windows even—there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wallpaper as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope—you don't get me out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don’t want to go outside. I won’t, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why, there’s John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can’t open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he’s crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

“John dear!” said I in the gentlest voice, “the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!”

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said—very quietly indeed, “Open the door, my darling!”

“I can’t,” said I. “The key is down by the front door under a plantain leaf!”

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it, of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

“What is the matter?” he cried. “For God’s sake, what are you doing!”
I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.
“I’ve got out at last,” said I, “in spite of you and Jane! And I’ve pulled off most of the paper, so you can’t put me back!”

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

Note on the Author

Charlotte Perkins Gilman (nee Perkins) was born in Connecticut, United State of America on July 3 1860. By occupation, she was a writer, commercial artist, lecturer, social reformer, novelist, an advocate of human rights and a feminist. She was a utopian feminist, who served as a role model for contemporary and future generations of feminists, thanks to her unorthodox concepts and lifestyle.

Her semi -autobiographical short story, "The Yellow Wallpaper" is her best remembered work. An Unnatural Mother, The Forerunner, The Unexpected, Women and Economics, An Extinct Angel, When I was a Witch are her other read-worthy works. Besides these, her Poetry collections also contain a distinct feminist essence. During her lifetime, Gilman worked to promote woman's suffrage, placing domestic work of women as a profession and the social purity movement. (Which sought to abolish prostitution and establish "age of consent")

She died on 17 August 1935 in California, USA.

Note On the Essay

The Yellow Wallpaper is the short story of a woman in confinity, undergoing "restcure", diagnosed of postpartum psychosis. The protagonist is fixated with the wallpaper in her room, where she is convinced that she has to free the trapped woman behind the yellow wallpaper.

Glossary

- Seldom: Rarely, not often
- Hereditary: Relating to genes, inheritance.
- Romantic felicity: great happiness, the quality of being well chosen or suitable
- hysterical: State of being very excited and unable to control your emotions.
- Phosphate: an effervescent soft drink containing phosphoric acid, soda water and flavoring.
- Congenial: (of a thing) pleasant, friendly, agreeable as it suits one's taste or inclination
- sly: cunning, suggesting that you know something secret
- 8. Piazza: a public square, the common meeting place in this context
- 9. repellent: causing a strong feeling of disgust
- atrocious: extremely bad or unpleasant, cruel
- impertinence: rude and not showing respect, impolite

- Fourth of July: Independence Day in the United States, the annual celebration of nationhood

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Linkers

Linkers are words used to link or connect sentences, clauses to form a structure. In language, linkers are the words that generally connect one sentence or idea with another. They are a way to secure that there is a logical connection in a text. They function to guide the reader or listener. These linkers within and between paragraphs may be single words or phrases; they give your sentences/ paragraphs coherence, unity and demonstrate your writing skills.

On basis of their function in sentences, linkers can be classified into 8 categories:

1. Linkers of cause and effect:

Because/ so/ accordingly/ thus/ hence/ consequently/ therefore/as /as a result/since/due to/ owing to/ on Account of/ thanks to/ for this reason

2. Linkers of comparison:

Similarly / likewise/ equally/ in the same way

3. Linkers of contrast:

But/ however/ yet/ still/ Even though/ after all/ nevertheless/ on the other hand/ otherwise/ in contrast / whereas/ although

4. Linkers of time:

Once/ at once/ meanwhile/ immediately/ at the same time/ in the end/ when/ as/ before that/ suddenly/ in the meantime

5. Linkers of addition:

And/ also/ even/ again/ moreover/ further/ furthermore/ in addition/ as well as

6. Linkers of example:

For example/ such as/ for instance/ in this case/ on this occasion/ in this situation/ in this manner

7. Linkers of sequence:

Firstly/ secondly/ thirdly/ consequently/ next/ then/ now/ at this point/ following/ At this point/ after this/ eventually/ finally/ previously/ subsequently.

8. Linkers of summary:

On the whole/ in brief/ in sum/ to sum up/ thus/ in conclusion/ all in all

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Exercise:

I. Fill in the blanks with the appropriate linking words.

1. ..... their parents opposition, Tom and Ann decided to get married.
2. We'll leave the note on the table.....he can see it.
3. ..... I have a great respect for him, I don´t particularly like him.
4. Tim isn´t suitable for the job. He´s too old. ....., he isn´t interested.
5. ..... there are no more questions to discuss, we can finish the meeting.
6. Brian is leaving the company ..... his age.
7. The sweater was ..... big ..... I couldn't wear it.
8. He worked for the same company all his life ..... he retired.
9. Linkers are quite difficult to learn. ....., they are worth studying.
10. The temperature in Saudi Arabia can reach 50o C. ....., a lot of business is done early in the day.
11. I failed the exam precisely ..... I didn´t have time to study.
12. John, ... you speak French, I wondered if I could ask you some words.
13. Nora eats green vegetables ..... they are good for her health.
14. It was ..... wonderful view ..... we were left speechless.
15. ..... the teacher was out of the class, some pupils wrote a message on the board.
16. There´s time to get a sandwich from the cafeteria..... the next class begins.
17. The president was very unpopular. ....., .his resignation did not come as a surprise.
18. Tim has to go to the dentist ..... an infected tooth.
19. I´ll look after the children ..... you are making dinner.
20. She walked carefully..... the streets were covered in ice.

II. **Fill in the blanks in the passage given with appropriate linkers provided below.**

1. Susan is extremely greedy, especially for cream cakes, and so she is drastically overweight. 1)---------- her doctor's advice to go on a diet, she can't, 2)---------- she's tried hundreds of times. She always start with good intentions, but 3)----------when she sees something she like, she falls into the trap and indulges again. 4)---------- much to her sorrow, her husband has booked her into one of those slimming centres, 5)----------even he thinks she's too fat. Susan doesn't believe they work; friends of hers have tried them and, 6)---------- a fortnight have come out even fatter. He says "you won't know 7)---------- you have tried." 8)----------she has to leave tomorrow, she's decided that today she's going to have a binge. 9)----------her husband is out, making arrangements with the doctor, she's going to her favourite cake shop and to fill her 10)----------I'm sick.

(Despite, but, although, as soon as, however, because, before, while, until, after)

2. The concept of fairness is central to understanding plagiarism. Fairness means being fair both to yourself and others. 1)----------, everybody both gives 2)----------receives their proper due, and nobody has anything to complain about.3)----------, an incident involving unfairness could be taking someone else's work and passing it off as your own.4)----------, the person whose work 5)---------- taken receives no recognition or acknowledgment for their research and thinking.6)----------, writers who plagiarize are not being fair to themselves either 7)--------- they are not developing their own independent academic skills8).----------, students who do their own work with due acknowledgement of the work of others should develop their own academic skills and self-confidence 9)---------- those who merely misuse the work of others.10)---------- in the end one always receives due credit for their work.

(As a result, Moreover, far more than, Furthermore, and, because, has been, therefore, For example, However)

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Essay Writing

The word essay originates from the French term essayer, which means ‘to try’ or ‘to attempt’. In English essay first meant ‘a trial’ or ‘an attempt’. The Frenchman Michel de Montaigne was the first author to describe his work as essays; he used the term to characterize these as ‘attempts’ to put his thoughts into writing. Aldous Huxley, a leading essayist, notes that "the essay is a literary device for saying almost everything about almost anything.”

An essay in today’s context is, generally, a piece of writing that gives the author's own argument.

Essays have traditionally been sub-classified as formal and informal.

• Formal essays are characterized by serious purpose, dignity, logical organization, length.

• Informal essay is characterized by the personal element such as self- revelation, individual tastes and experiences, humour, unconventionality, or novelty of theme.

On basis of classification, essays are divided in four types:

• Narrative essays

• Descriptive essays

• Expository essays

• Persuasive essays

Essays have become a major part of formal education in the form of descriptive questions. Students are taught structured essay formats to improve their writing skills. In both secondary and tertiary education, essays are used to judge the mastery and comprehension of the material. Students are asked to explain, comment on, or assess a topic of study in the form of an essay.

How to structure an essay:

Writing an academic essay means shaping a logical set of ideas into an argument. Because essays are essentially linear, which means they offer one idea at a time. Therefore, the writer must present their ideas in the order that makes most sense to any reader. Successfully structuring an essay means being able to be favourable to readers logic. It dictates the information readers need to know and the order in which they need to receive it. Thus, your essay's structure is necessarily unique to the main claim

you're making. Essays are almost always written in the linear format therefore the ideal structure to be followed would be:

Introduction → Body → Conclusion

The introduction part should briefly introduce the topic and ensure that the attention of the reader is engaged immediately. The body of the essay must focus on what your major ideas are and stick to the topic. The conclusion should be like a summary of what it is that you want to convey to the audience.

How to defend your essay:

Any typical essay contains many kinds of information, often located in specialized parts or sections. Even short essays perform several different operations: introducing the argument, analyzing data, raising counterarguments, concluding. Introductions and conclusions have fixed places, but other parts don't. Counterargument, for example, may appear within a paragraph, as a free-standing section, as part of the beginning, or before the ending. Background material such a historical context or biographical information, a summary of relevant theory or criticism, the definition of a key term, often appears at the beginning of the essay, between the introduction and the first analytical section, but might also appear near the beginning of the specific section to which it's relevant.
In any case if a reader can read your essay and answer it in three essential sets of questions, then one can consider that to be a well-structured and informative essay.
• The primary question to anticipate from a reader is "What is the essay about?"
• A reader will also want to know whether the claims of the essay are true in all cases your writing must clearly describe - "How are you supporting your argument?"
• “Why does your interpretation of a phenomenon matter to anyone beside you?” Your reader will also want to know why your thoughts on the topic matter.
These questions address the larger implications of your opinion. It allows your readers to understand your essay within a larger context. In answering these basic questions, your essay explains its own significance. Although you might gesture at this question in your introduction, the fullest answer to it belongs at your essay's end. If you leave it out, your readers will experience your essay as unfinished or, worse, as pointless.

Mapping an essay:

Structuring your essay according to a reader's logic means examining your thesis and anticipating what a reader needs to know, and in what sequence, to grasp and be convinced by your argument as it unfolds. The easiest way to do this is to map the essay's ideas via a written narrative. Such an account will give you a preliminary record of your ideas and will allow you to remind yourself at every turn of the reader's needs in understanding your idea.

• Read your essay aloud. When we work over sentences, we can sometimes lose sight of the larger picture, of how all the sentences sound when they're read quickly one after the other, as your readers will read them. When you read aloud, your ear will pick up some of the problems your eye might miss.

• Make sure all your words are doing important work in making your argument. Are all of your words and phrases necessary? Or are they just taking up space? Are your sentences tight and sharp, or are they loose and dull?

• Always try to find the perfect words, the most precise and specific language, to say what you mean. Without using concrete, clear language, you can't convey to your readers exactly what you think about a subject. Never choose words whose connotations or usual contexts you don't really understand.

Using language, you're unfamiliar with can lead to more imprecision.

• Beware of inappropriately elevated language, words and phrases that are stilted, pompous, or jargon. Sometimes, in an effort to sound more reliable or authoritative, or more sophisticated, we puff up our writing style with this sort of language.

• Inappropriately elevated language can result from nouns being used as verbs. Most parts of speech function better—more elegantly—when they play the roles they were meant to play; nouns work well as nouns and verbs as verbs. Read the following sentences aloud, and listen to how pompous they sound.

• Try to avoid repetitive sentence structure. Try to vary the rhythm in your sentences. Try to avoid starting all your sentences the same way. Try to write sentences of differing lengths.

• A word to the wise: watch out for clichés. Phrases that we hear all the time have lost their impact and vividness, and you want your readers to feel that they're hearing a fresh voice when they read your essay.

• Avoid sexist language; a sure way to lose your readers is to make them feel that you're not speaking to them, that your essay hasn't been written with them in mind. Using sexist language, even if you don't mean to offend, is certain to alienate people.
• Make sure you're not over-quoting. Try to quote only the most essential, illustrative, or vividly phrased material. Too much quoting obscures your own thinking, while highlighting that of your source. It suggests to your reader that you're leaning heavily on your source because you don't have much to say to yourself.
• Last step is to do a thorough read through - analyse your evidence, organize your ideas, go through by contending with counterarguments, and run spell-check.

Ending the essay:

The end of an essay should convey a sense of completeness and closure. So much is at stake in writing a conclusion. This is, after all, your last chance to persuade your readers to your point of view, to impress yourself upon them as a writer and thinker. And the impression you create in your conclusion will shape the impression that stays with your readers after they've finished the essay. To establish a sense of closure, you might do one or more of the following:
• Conclude by linking the last paragraph to the first, perhaps by reiterating a word or phrase you used at the beginning.
• Conclude with a sentence composed mainly of one-syllable words. Simple language can help create an effect of understated drama.
• Don't simply summarize your essay. A summary of your argument may be useful, especially if your essay is long. But shorter essays tend not to require a restatement of your main ideas.
• Conclude with a sentence that's compound as such sentences can establish a sense of balance or order that may feel just right at the end of a complex discussion.
• Avoid phrases like in conclusion, to conclude, in summary, and to sum up.
• Conclude with a quotation from or reference to a primary or secondary source, one that amplifies your main point or puts it in a different perspective. Conclude by redefining one of the key terms of your argument.

Styles of Essay Writing:

Although in terms of classification essays are broadly classified into four types, there are various styles and tones in which essays are written. This section describes the different forms and styles of essay writing in academic or literary context. These are used by an array of authors, including students, creative writers, technical writers, and professional essayists.

Personal/Autobiographical:

Personal or autobiographical essayists that feel most comfortable in writing based of fragments of reflective autobiography and look at the world through the keyhole of anecdote and description.

Objective/Factual:

Objective essayists do not speak directly of themselves but turn their attention outward to some literary or scientific or political theme. Their art consists of setting forth, passing judgment upon, and drawing general conclusions from the relevant data.

Abstract/Universal:

An abstract essayist does their work in the world of high generalizations, they are never personal and seldom mention the particular facts of experience.

Cause and Effect:

Cause and effect essay are causal chains that connect from a cause to an effect, careful language, and chronological or emphatic order. While using this method one must consider the subject, determine the purpose, and decide on a conclusion in the very beginning.

Compare and Contrast:

Compare and contrast essays are characterized by a basis for comparison, points of comparison, and analogies. The comparison highlights the similarities between two or more similar objects while contrasting highlights the differences between two or more objects.

Dialectic:

In the dialectic form of the essay, which is commonly used in philosophy, the writer makes a thesis and argument, then objects to their own argument using with a counterargument, but then counters the counterargument with a final and novel argument.

Exemplification:

An exemplification essay is characterized by a generalization and relevant, representative, and believable examples including anecdotes. Writers need to consider their subject, determine their purpose, consider their audience, decide on specific examples, and arrange all the parts together when writing an exemplification essay.

Familiar:

An essayist who writes a familiar essay as if speaking to a single reader, is writing about both themselves, and about particular subjects. While critical essays have more brain than the heart, and personal essays have more heart than brain, familiar essays have equal measures of both.

History:

A history essay sometimes referred to as a thesis essay describes an argument or claim about one or more historical events and supports that claim with evidence, arguments, and references. The text makes it clear to the reader why the argument or claim is as such.

Reflective:

A reflective essay is an analytical piece of writing in which the writer describes a real or imaginary scene, event, interaction, passing thought, memory, or form adding a personal reflection on the meaning of the topic in the author's life.

Non-literary essays:

The concept of an "essay" has been extended to other media beyond academic writing. In the non-literary format essays are mostly described in the world of films, music, photography and visual arts.

Film:

From another perspective, an essay film could be defined as a documentary film visual basis combined with a form of commentary that contains elements of self- portrait (rather than autobiography), where the signature (rather than the life story) of the filmmaker is apparent. Cinematic essays often blend documentary, fiction, and experimental film making using tones and editing styles. A film essay or cinematic essay consists of the evolution of a theme or an idea rather than a plot per se, or the film literally being a cinematic accompaniment to a narrator reading an essay.

Photography:

A photographic essay strives to cover a topic with a linked series of photographs. Photo essays range from purely photographic works to photographs with captions or small notes to full-text essays with a few or many accompanying photographs. Photo essays can be sequential in nature, intended to be viewed in a particular order, or they may consist of non-ordered photographs viewed all at once or in an order that the viewer chooses. All photo essays are collections of photographs, but not all collections of photographs are photo essays.

Music:

In the realm of music, composer Samuel Barber wrote a set of "Essays for Orchestra," relying on the form and content of the music to guide the listener's ear, rather than any extra-musical plot or story.

Visual Arts:

In the visual arts, an essay is a preliminary drawing or sketch that forms a basis for a final painting or sculpture, made as a test of the work's composition. This meaning of the term, like several of those following, comes from the word essay's meaning of attempt or trial.

Tips for essay writing:

• Give your essays an interesting and appropriate title. It will help draw the attention of the reader and pique their curiosity.

• Keep it between 300-500 words. This is the ideal length; you can take creative license to increase or decrease it.

• Keep your language simple and crisp. Unnecessarily complicated and difficult words break the flow

of the sentence.

• Do not make grammar mistakes, use correct punctuation and spellings. If this is not done it will distract the reader from the content

• Before beginning the essay organize your thoughts and plot a rough draft. This way you can ensure the story will flow and not be an unorganized mess.

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Reported Speech/ Direct and Indirect Speech

When do we use reported speech?

We use reported speech when we refer to something that was said either by ourselves or by someone else in the past. An example of this might be 'he said that he was going shopping.'

This type of speech is used very frequently during both spoken and written examples of English. It is an important part of the language which any English student will find useful to learn. In this section, we are going to look at types of reported speech as well as how we can use it.

We may report the words of a speaker in two ways:

- We may quote his actual words which is called '**Direct Speech'**.

  We can understand this with following examples:

  Direct Speech: Hari says, "My mother is a doctor."

  Direct Speech: He said**,** "I am ready to go."

There are two parts of Direct Speech:

1. **Reporting Speech**
2. **Reported Speech**

Reporting Speech	**Reported Speech**
Hari says	"My mother is a doctor**."**
He said	"I am ready to go."

Reporting Speech consists of two parts:

1. Speaker 2. Reporting Verb

Speaker	**Reporting Verb**
Hari	Says
He	Said

In direct speech we usually put a comma between the reporting speech and the reported speech. The words of the original speaker are enclosed in inverted commas, either single ('…') or double ("…").

If the reported speech comes first, we put the comma inside the inverted commas:

Direct Speech: "I couldn't sleep last night," he said.

Direct Speech: Rita said, 'I don't need you anymore.'

- We may report what the speaker said without quoting his exact words which is called '**Indirect Speech'** or '**Reported Speech**'.

Indirect Speech: Hari says that his mother is a doctor.

Indirect Speech: He said that he was ready to go.

The spoken part of direct speech is usually one of the following four types of sentences: Assertive, Interrogative, Imperative, and Exclamatory.

When we change these types of sentences into indirect speech, it becomes a statement, no matter what kind of sentence it was.

It is a Reporting Verb that tells us the kind of sentence that is being reported. It tells us whether it is a statement, a suggestion, a command, a request or a question.

General rules for changing Direct Speech into Indirect Speech:

- Remove the inverted commas and add conjunction 'that' after reporting verb.
- Do not change the tense of the reporting verb.
- Change pronouns in first and second person of direct speech into third person.
- Change the reporting verb of direct speech 'say' or 'said' into 'tell' or 'told' if there is an object after it.
- When converting sentences from direct speech to indirect speech, punctuation marks like question marks, exclamatory marks, colons and semi colons should not be carried forward.

Example:

1. **Direct Speech**: Hari says, "My mother is a doctor"
   Indirect Speech: Hari says that his mother is a doctor.
2. **Direct Speech**: He said to me, "I am ready to go."
   Indirect Speech: He told me that he was ready to go.

Rules for Tense change:

When the reporting verb of direct speech is in the Past tense, we change the tense of reported speech in the following ways:

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
Present Simple Tense	Past Simple Tense
Present Continuous Tense	Past Continuous Tense
Present Perfect Tense	Past Perfect Tense
Past Simple Tense	Past Perfect Tense
Past Continuous Tense	Past Perfect Continuous
Past Perfect Tense	Past Perfect Tense

Other Auxiliaries:

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
Can	Could
Could	Could
May	Might
Might	Might
Must	Must/ Had to
Will	Would
Would	Would
Shall	Should
Should	Should

Note: There is no change in the reported speech if **could, would, should, might and ought to** are used in direct speech.

Example:

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
Present Simple: Reena said, “He always wears a coat.”	**Past Simple:** Reena said that he always wore a coat.
Present Continuous : Shyam said, “I am writing a letter.”	**Past Continuous:** Shyam said that he was writing a letter.
Present Perfect: Kiran said, “They have played well.”	**Past Perfect:** Kiran said that they had played well.

Present Perfect Continuous: Rani said, " It has been raining since morning"	**Past Perfect Continuous:** Rani said that it had been raining since morning.
Past Simple: Ram said, "My friend gave me a bar of chocolate."	**Past Perfect:** Ram said that his friend had given him a bar of chocolate.
Past Continuous: Krishna said, "My sister was doing her work."	**Past Perfect Continuous:** Krishna said that his sister had been doing her work."
Past Perfect: He said, "I had passed the examination."	**Past Perfect:** He said that he had passed the examination.
Past Perfect Continuous: Raman said, " Hari had been reading the book since morning."	**Past Perfect Continuous:** Raman said that Hari had been reading the book since morning.

Other Auxiliaries:

Direct Speech	**Indirect Speech**
Will Hari said, "I will finish my report in two days**."**	**Would** Hari said that he would finish his report in two days**."**
Shall Riya said, "I shall do the work.	**Should** Riya said that she should do the work.
May He said, "It may rain in the evening."	**Might** He said that it might rain in the evening.
Can Ramesh said, "I can bake a cake."	**Could** Ramesh said that he could bake a cake.

Must The teacher said, “The boy must work.”	**Must** The teacher said that the boy must work.

If the reporting verb is in **Present Simple Tense, Present Continuous Tense, Present Perfect Tense or Future Tense**, the tenses of the Indirect Speech remain unchanged.

Example:

1. **Direct Speech**: Mohan says, “My father is not at home.”
   Indirect Speech: Mohan says that his father is not at home.
2. **Direct Speech**: He has said, “Kiran will attend the meeting.”
   Indirect Speech: He has said that Kiran will attend the meeting.
3. **Direct Speech**: She is saying, “Rohan is not well.”
   Indirect Speech: She is saying that Rohan is not well.
4. **Direct Speech**: Ram will say, “Jawahar is a good student.”
   Indirect Speech: Ram will say that Jawahar is a good student.

The tenses of the Direct Speech will not change in Reported Speech if the statement is relevant or if it is a universal truth.

Example:

1. **Direct Speech**: The teacher said, “The earth revolves around the sun.”
   Indirect Speech: The teacher said that the earth revolves around the sun.
2. **Direct Speech:** He said, “Dogs bark at strangers.”
   Indirect Speech: He said that dogs bark at strangers.

Rules for Time Change:

Adverbs representing aspects of time undergo changes when converted into reported speech. The following table can be used as a guide during conversion:

Direct Speech	**Indirect Speech**
Now	Then
Here	There
This	That

These	Those
Ago	Before
Thus	So
Today	That day
Tonight	That night
Last Night	The previous night
Yesterday	The previous day/ the day before
Tomorrow	The next day / the following day
Last week	The week before / the previous week
Next week	The week after / the following week
Last month	The month before/ the previous month

In indirect speech personal pronouns need to be changed according to the situation. We need to know the context.

Rules for the change of pronouns in Indirect Speech

Direct Speech	**Indirect speech**	**Examples Direct Speech**	**Examples Indirect Speech**
I	He/She	He said, "**I** like music"	He said that **he** likes music.
WE	They	Mira and Reena said to me, "**We** play hockey."	Mira and Reena told me that **they** played hockey.
You	I/ He/She/ We/ They	John said to me, "**You** are a good boy."	John told me that **I** was a good boy.
They	They	Ram said, "**They** have invited us for the party."	Ram said that **they** had invited them for the party.
He	He	They said, "**He** is an honest boy."	They said that **he** was an honest boy.
She	She	Mohan said, " **She** is reading a book"	Mohan said that **she** was reading a book.

It	It	They said, "**It** has been raining since morning."	They said that **it** had been raining since morning.

Some Examples of Assertive Sentences:

1. **Direct Speech:** The visitor said, "I am very happy to be here this morning."
   Indirect Speech: The visitor said that he was very happy to be there that morning.
2. **Direct Speech:** Mukesh said to me, "I will buy a pen tomorrow."
   Indirect Speech: Mukesh told me that he would buy a pen the following day.
3. **Direct Speech**: Reena said to me, "I could not go to Delhi yesterday."
   Indirect Speech: Reena told me that she could not go to Delhi the previous day.
4. **Direct Speech:** She said, "We are very busy now but we shall have more time next week."
   Indirect Speech: She said that they were very busy then but they would have more time the following week.

Rules for changing Interrogative Sentences:

When we change a question from direct speech into indirect speech, we follow the same kinds of rules as for statements. The only differences are that we need to use a different word to introduce the reported speech, and the word order of the question becomes like that of a statement. We end the sentence with a full stop, not a question mark.

To report a question, we use verbs such as: 'enquire'and 'ask'. Only ask can take an indirect object. For example:

Direct Speech: The teacher said to Sita, "Have you written the letter?"

Indirect Speech: The teacher **asked Sita if** she had written the letter.

If there is no interrogative words, such as, Who, What, Why, When, Where Whom, How etc, we use "**if**" or "**whether**" to introduce a "yes-no question".

Example:

1. **Direct Speech:** Raman said to me, "Did you receive my e-mail?"
   Indirect Speech: Raman asked me **if** I had received his e-mail.

   OR

   Raman asked me **whether** I had received his e-mail.
2. **Direct Speech:** He said to me, "Are you a doctor?"

Indirect Speech: He asked me **if** I was a doctor.

3. **Direct Speech:** Prity said to Shashi, "Will you buy this book?"
   Indirect Speech: Prity asked Akash **If** he would buy that book.
4. **Direct Speech:** Rama said to me, "Do you not know Mohan?"
   Indirect Speech: Rama asked Mohan **whether** I did not know Mohan.

We introduce questions that begin with **who, why, what, how, when, where**… by using the word which begins the question in direct speech.

1. **Direct Speech:** I said to him, "Who are you?"
   Indirect Speech: I asked him **who** he was.
2. **Direct Speech:** Reeta said to Hari, "When will you go back to London?"
   Indirect Speech: *Reeta asked Hari* **when** *he would go back to London.*
3. **Direct Speech:** The teacher said to the student, "Why are you late today?"
   Indirect Speech: The teacher asked the student **why** he was late that day.
4. **Direct Speech:** I said to Kiran, "How will you explain this?"
   Indirect Speech: I asked Kiran **how** she would explain that.

Rules for changing 'Imperative Sentences:

While reporting imperative sentences we use infinitive form instead of the imperative.
Reported Orders, Commands and Requests are formed using the to-infinitive and not to-infinitive.
The reporting verbs for the orders/ commands/ requests are: order, request, shout, demand, warn, beg, command, tell, insist, threaten, implore, ask, propose, suggest, etc.

Examples:

1. **Direct Speech:** I said to him, "Please give me a glass of water."
   Indirect Speech: I requested him **to give** me a glass of water.
2. **Direct Speech**: Arjun said to Rama, "Go away."
   Indirect Speech: Arjun ordered Rama **to go** away.
3. **Direct Speech:** I said to him, "Do not abuse anybody."
   Indirect Speech: I advised him **not to** abuse anybody.
4. **Direct Speech:** He said to them, "Be quiet and listen to my words."
   Indirect Speech: He urged them **to be quiet** and listen to his words.

Rules for changing Exclamatory Sentences:

Exclamation and wishes are reported using verbs expressing exclamation and wishes.

1. **Direct Speech:** He said, "Alas! I am ruined."
   Indirect Speech: He **exclaimed with sorrow** that he was ruined.
2. **Direct Speech**: He said, "Hurrah! We have won the match."
   Indirect Speech: He **exclaimed joyfully** that they had won the match.
3. **Direct Speech:** Alice said, "How smart I am!"
   Indirect Speech: Alice **exclaimed** that she was very smart.
4. **Direct Speech:** The captain said to his team, "Bravo! You have done well."
   Indirect Speech: The captain **applauded his team, saying** that they had done well.

Reporting Mixed Sentences:

Sometimes direct speech may consist of a number of short sentences or questions. These may be joined together as reported speech. If the direct speech consists of statements, questions, request and commands in succession, more than one reporting verb will be needed. Each sentence must be introduced by an appropriate verb.

Example:

1. **Direct Speech:** They said to me, "We have just arrived in the city. Can you tell us the name of a good hotel?"
   Indirect Speech: They told me that they had just arrived in the city and asked me whether I could give them the name of a good hotel.
2. **Direct Speech:** The teacher said, "Mohan, have you finished your work?" Mohan said, "No, sir."
   Indirect Speech: The teacher asked Mohan if he had finished his work. Mohan replied that he had not.
3. **Direct Speech**: I said to him, "I think it is going to rain. Don't you think so? He said, "Yes."
   Indirect Speech: I told him that I thought it was going to rain and asked for his opinion. He agreed with me.
4. **Direct Speech:** Ram said to Hari, "Will you go to school today?"
   Hari said, "No."
   Rama said, "Why?"
   Hari said, "Because I am not feeling well."

Indirect Speech: Ram asked Hari if he would go to school that day. Hari replied that he would not. Then Ram asked him why he would not go.

Hari informed him that he would not go because he was not feeling well.

Indirect to Direct Speech:

The conversion of Indirect to Direct Speech generally presents no special difficulties. We follow all the rules which we learned for changing the Direct to Indirect Speech in reverse for changing Indirect to Direct Speech.

Examples:

- **Indirect**: He enquired whether his name was Ahmed.

  Direct: He said to him, “Is your name Ahmed?"
- **Indirect**: As the stranger entered the town, he was met by a police man who asked him if he was a traveller. He answered carelessly that it would appear so.

  Direct: As the stranger entered the town, he was met by a police man who asked, “Are you a traveller?" “So it would appear", He replied carelessly.

Exercises:

Change the following sentences into Indirect Speech:

1. John said, "I love this town."
2. I always wake up early," he said.
3. He has said, “Ravi was a thief.”
4. My father has remarked, “Mrs Indira Gandhi was a fearless woman.”
5. She said to her mother, “The child will be sleeping.”
6. Ali said to Amar, “The boys went to the station in the evening.”
7. Hari said to Akash, “ Kapil is playing well.”
8. I said, “I will help the old man.”
9. You said to me, “ I shall do it.”
10. She said, “I want to go for a movie today.”
11. Mira said, “My mother is going to New Delhi tomorrow.”
12. Krishna said to them, “An old man died in this village tonight.”
13. He said to her, “You should complete your assignment today.”

14. They said, “We went abroad last year.”
15. The passenger said to the postman, “I lived here for some days.”

Change the following Direct Speech sentences into Indirect Speech:

1. He said, “Are you coming home with me?”
2. “Have you anything to tell me, little bird?” asked Ulysses.
3. The stranger said to me, “Where do you live?”
4. Lakshmi said to her daughter, “Are you sick?”
5. The student said to the teacher, “May I go home?”
6. Ram asked Sunil, “Which is the proper way to answer this question?”
7. “Sit down, boys,’ said the teacher.
8. He said, “My God! I am ruined.”
9. She said, “You had better go on diet.”
10. He said, “Wait until I come.”

Change the following into Reported Speech:

1. Mr Sinha’s secretary told the client, “You have come well in time. Please wait a bit. Mr Sinha is busy now. He will be free very soon. Have you got your documents with you? Let me see them if they are here.”

2. “Friends, where are you coming from and what has brought you to this place?” the villager asked the strangers. The strangers said, “We have come from the neighbouring city and want to start a business in this village.”

3. When Abhishek entered the house, his mother called out angrily, " So you have been hitting Lakhan again.?"

   Abhishek said, " No, I haven't! Who told you about it?

   His mother shouted, "Don't tell lies ! You have."

   Abhishek said sullenly, "I haven't. You ask Lakhan."

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Change the following Indirect Speech into Direct Speech:

1. Rama says that it is raining.
2. He asked if I would go there.
3. Shyam asked her why she was crying.
4. The teacher ordered the boys not to make noise.
5. He exclaimed that he was a great fool.

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