

**ENGLISH FOR COMMUNICATION**

**For B.TECH 1<sup>st</sup> Year**

**School of HSSM**

**IIT Bhubaneswar**

## India and Globalisation

*Bimal Jalan*

This is a truly momentous occasion in the life of this Institute, its students, its teachers, and its friends. Let me begin by conveying my heartiest congratulations to the students who are receiving their degrees today. For all of them, it is a culmination of years of hard work, and recognition of their high academic merit.

All the teachers of this great Institute, who have put in so much time and effort to make this day possible, also deserve our gratitude.

I would like to specially welcome the parents of the students, who are present at this Convocation. Without some sacrifice and a good deal of support, successful completion of higher studies by young men and women, who are here today, would not have been possible.

I am personally grateful to the President of the Indian Statistical Institute, Prof. M.G.K. Menon and Director, Prof. K.B. Sinha, for inviting me to be a part of this occasion. A scientist, a scholar and a public figure, Prof. Menon has led this Institute with great distinction. He has been a source of inspiration for all those connected with ISI and its teachers and students. It is a particular privilege and honour to deliver this address in his esteemed presence.

On this important occasion, I would also like to pay homage to the memory of Professor P.C. Mahalanobis, founder of the ISI and the builder of the modern statistical system in India. His technical contribution to the development of statistics as a science are fundamental and well known all over the

world. What was even more remarkable, in a developing country context, was his desire to use statistical methods including sample surveys to understand and solve the problems of an underdeveloped economy, including low productivity agriculture.

The high quality, the depth, and the breadth of research and teaching in statistics and other inter-related subjects at this Institute are tributes to the vision of Prof. Mahalanobis and his confidence in our country's future.

While I am thankful for being here on this occasion, I am also a little daunted by the task of having to say something useful which may be of interest to this varied audience from so many different walks of life. After some reflection, I have chosen to speak to you on "India and Globalisation", or how we in India should look at the process of so-called "globalisation" that the world has been passing through in recent years. I had an occasion to speak on this subject at Mumbai University Convocation a couple of weeks ago. This is a matter of considerable contemporary debate, and I thought some reflection on this may also be of interest here in Kolkata.

There is a debate not only in India but all over the globe about the pros and cons of "globalisation". There is hardly any important global meeting which does not witness vigorous protest marches or picketing by the opponents of the globalisation process.

Equally, on the opposite side, there are those who regard it as panacea for all the world's problems and key to unmixed prosperity and well being for all the countries and all the people. If you take a poll in any assembly, including I am sure this one, you will find some are strongly for and some are strongly against globalisation.

To my mind, neither view—for or against—is correct. The only rational view is to accept it as an emerging and powerful global reality which has a momentum of its own. Our

job as an independent nation / state is to ensure that we maximise the advantage for our country and minimise the risks. It has both pluses and minuses like any other major global economic change—say, the industrial revolution of the 18th century. Some countries gained, some lost - partly because of the then prevailing political circumstances. India, for example, lost because of colonialism and fragmented nature of our polity. U.K., Europe, U.S.—and later Japan prospered. Same is the case with globalisation. One big difference, however, is that unlike the olden days, today our destiny is in our own hands.

Before we look at our opportunities and challenges from globalisation, it is good to be certain of facts—where exactly India is in terms of globalisation. If we look at some of our own debate, it would seem as if we were already well on the way to globalisation, which was shaking up our economy. A most common measure of globalisation is openness to trade and a country's participation in trade. By this measure, the extent of India's globalisation is insignificant—it is one of the lowest in the world. India's share in world trade is a meagre 0.7 per cent or so. If a map of the world were drawn on the scale of a country's participation in trade, India with a population of more than 1,000 million will occupy a smaller area than Singapore with a population of only 3 million. You would need a magnifying glass to locate India on that map!

A second commonly used measure of globalisation is a country's participation in international capital flows, particularly Foreign Direct Investment (FDI). As you know, annual flow of FDI across the globe is more than \$ 1 trillion, i.e., \$ 1,000 billion. Annual FDI inflows into India is \$ 3 - 4 billion only or 0.3 - 0.4 per cent of the total—that is all. Same is true of Foreign Institutional Investment (FII).

Therefore, the first point that I would like to emphasise is that despite all the talk, we are nowhere even close to being

globalised in terms of any commonly used indicator of globalisation. In fact, we are still one of the least globalised among major countries—however we look at it.

An equally important point is that whether the so-called globalisation is considered to be good or bad for a country depends crucially on the sense in which the word is used. The word may be used in a purely descriptive sense to describe a "shrinkage" of distance among nation states due to technological changes in transport and communication and closer integration of product and financial markets across the world.

Another sense in which the word may be used is the effect of such changes on different countries or groups of countries, such as, developed and developing. In yet another sense, the word may also represent a "globalisation of ideas or ideology" and may be used as a synonym for triumph of capitalism or dominance of unfettered markets.

In discussing the issue of globalisation in the Indian context, I propose to confine myself largely to the factual and descriptive sense in which the word is used, i.e. the technological changes, and associated policy changes, that have brought the world economies closer and made them more integrated with each other.

In this particular sense, I believe that the changes that have occurred in the patterns of trade and capital flows in recent years are to India's advantage—although, unfortunately, so far we have not made much use of it. Today, in terms of the potential benefits of globalisation, India is in a very different position than would have been the case 50 or even 20 years ago.

This is because the sources of what economists call "comparative advantage" have changed dramatically in India's favour in the 1990s because of the technological revolution.

of services. As a result, the traditional role of developing countries is also changing—from mere recipients to important providers of long-distance and high value services.

From India's point of view, these developments provide opportunities for substantial growth. For example:

- The fastest growing segment of services is the rapid expansion of knowledge-based services, such as, professional and technical services. India has a tremendous advantage in the supply of such services because of a developed structure of technological and educational institutions, such as this one, and lower labour costs.
- Unlike most other prices, world prices of transport and communication services have fallen dramatically. By 1960, sea transport costs were less than a third of their 1920 level, and they have continued to fall. The cost of a telephone call fell more than ten-fold between 1970 and 2000. Moreover, the cost of communication is also becoming independent of distance. The most dramatic example in this area is, of course, provided by the "Internet". India's geographical distance from several important industrial markets (for instance, North America) is no longer an important element in the cost structure of skill-based services.
- It is now feasible to "unbundle" production of different types of goods and services. India does not necessarily have to be a low-cost producer of certain types of goods (e.g., computers or discs) before it can become an efficient supplier of services embodied in them (e.g., software or music).

At the same time, it must be recognised that the "death of distance" and the growing integration of global product, services and financial markets in recent years have also presented new challenges for management of the national

economy—not only in India but all over the world. The trend towards integration of markets, particularly financial markets, is by no means an unmixed blessing. Unlike the old days, a heavy price may have to be paid by national economies for somnolence, sloth and non-conformity to generally accepted international norms and standards of macro-economic management, disclosure, transparency and financial accountability.

Another consequence of recent global trends is the greater vulnerability of national economies to developments outside their own borders. A crisis in any one or a group of countries, can be transmitted to other countries—including countries which may not have any strong economic linkages with crisis-affected countries. Thus, the 'nineties have been marked by a large number of currency crises (for example, in Mexico, Russia, East Asia and Brazil—and currently Argentina and Turkey); substantial swings in exchange rates (including the exchange rate of three leading currencies—the dollar, the Euro and the Yen); and run ups in asset prices followed by sharp collapse (for example in Japan and East Asia earlier and the United States last year). While the crises initially occur in one or two specific countries, their adverse effects are felt across the world.

While we must be careful, on the whole, in my view,—the death of distance, the services revolution, and the mobility of capital—which characterise globalisation—present unprecedented opportunities for India. The primary source of comparative advantages today are : skills and ability to adapt and change. And, India has the advantage—of skills, of entrepreneurship and of managerial competence in taking advantage of these changes.

If what I have said is correct, then, why are we not jumping with joy and optimism? Why are we so "unglobalised" in terms of our share in trade, investment or communication?

In the old days, comparative advantage was largely determined by "factor endowments", i.e. land, labour and capital. Geographical location and early starts in industry also conferred greater advantages.

Thus, at one time, a country's trade pattern, was determined by its natural resources and the productivity of its land. Leaving aside political and institutional factors, a country's level of income was also largely determined by the global demand for its natural resources and its relative efficiency in exploiting them. The importance of land as a source of comparative advantage, however, changed dramatically after the industrial revolution. Today, it is almost insignificant. Thus, except for the United States, countries accounting for a predominant share of the world GDP have a relatively small share of global land area.

After the industrial revolution, the availability of "capital" or investible resources became the most dominant source of comparative advantage. At this Institute, established by the great Prof. P.C. Mahalanobis, I hardly need to elaborate on the importance that was attached to domestic capital accumulation in early development economics. In fact, scarcity of capital and low domestic savings were considered to be, and rightly so, as principal causes of a country's underdevelopment.

Today, availability of capital and productivity are still crucial in determining a country's growth rate. However, there has been a dramatic change in the global mobility of capital, and national boundaries are no longer important determinants of sources and uses of capital. A dramatic illustration of this is the fact that the most developed country in the world, which enjoyed unprecedented growth during the 1990s, is actually a capital-importing country, i.e. the United States. Similarly, the capital-importing developing country, i.e. China, is one of the largest recipients of capital from outside.

Similarly, labour is no longer an important element in cost of production and in determining a country's comparative advantage. In most manufacturing industries in the world, it is no higher than 1/8th of total costs. In India, it may be somewhat higher because of our domestic laws, but the important fact to note is that India no longer needs to specialise only in the production of labour-intensive plantation crops or primary commodities.

A related development which is linked to the above changes, is the "Services Revolution". The focus of attention in conventional economics, was on production of goods—manufactured products and agricultural commodities. It was, of course, recognised that the services sector (which includes transport, communication, trade, banking, construction and public administration, etc.) was an important source of income and employment in most economies. However, overall, the growth of services was perceived at best as a by-product of developments in the primary and secondary sectors, and at worst as a drag on the prospects for long-term economic growth.

In the last few years, there has been a phenomenal change in the conventional view of services and their role in the economy. This change has been facilitated by unprecedented and unforeseen advances in computer and communication technology. As a result, the development of certain services is now regarded as one of the preconditions of economic growth, and not as one of its consequences.

The boundary between goods and services is also disappearing. Many industrial products are not only manufactured, but they are also researched, designed, marketed, advertised, distributed, leased and serviced.

An important aspect of the "services revolution" is that geography and levels of industrialisation are no longer the primary determinants of the location of facilities for production

Transition from a closed to a vibrant, open and a more globally dominant economy will certainly take time and will not be painless.

As of now, we also have much greater tolerance for waste, non-work and survival of the inefficient, and the self-seeking than other fast growing countries. Somehow to make this transition—from a less productive and less challenging economy to a more work-oriented and competitive economy—is the real challenge of globalisation.

If we continue in our old ways, I see real social problems and inequalities emerging in our society. We will have islands of prosperity and excellence—IT, beauty parades and media entertainment amidst growing disparity, rising unemployment and immiserisation. And as has happened in several countries in the 1990s, including Turkey and Argentina—just now, those who are with us today will be the first to leave.

The principal lesson of recent economic and technological developments, and growing tensions and inequalities within and across countries, is that our fate is in our hands. Our public policies have to respond to our own requirements rather than to any fixed global ideology or a pre-determined and internationally prescribed model of economic progress. In my view, this is the real lesson of the 1990s.

My fervent hope is that as you—the best and the brightest of our country—go out and face a “globalising” world, you will keep India’s interest, its integrity, its indivisibility and its future potential close to your hearts and your minds. I have no doubt that, with your help, India of 2025 will be a very different place, and a much more dominant force in the world economy, than was the case twenty five years ago or at the beginning of the new millennium.

(Thirty sixth Convocation Address of the Indian Statistical Institute, Kolkata on January 15, 2002)

Governor, Reserve Bank of India





## 2. Glossary and Notes

<b>momentous</b>	: historic; significant
<b>culmination</b>	: result; height; peak
<b>ISI</b>	: Indian Statistical Institute
<b>P. C. Mahalanobis</b>	: Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis (1893-1972) was an Indian scientist and applied statistician. He is best remembered for the Mahalanobis distance, a statistical measure. He did pioneering work on anthropometric variation in India. He founded the Indian Statistical Institute, and contributed to large scale sample surveys
<b>panacea</b>	: cure; solution
<b>daunted</b>	: overwhelmed; intimidated
<b>momentum</b>	: impetus; drive; thrust
<b>shrinkage</b>	: decrease in the size or amount of something; contraction
<b>3. Comprehension</b>	
1.	Who is P.C. Mahalanobis ? What is his contribution to Statistics ?
2.	Do you think that globalisation holds the key to unmixed prosperity and well being ?
3.	What is our job as an independent nation ?
4.	Why couldn't India gain from industrial revolution ?
5.	Why does the author say that the extent of India's globalisation is insignificant ?
<b>6.</b>	How does the author view Foreign Direct Investment inflow into India ?
<b>7.</b>	Why does the author say that we are one of the least globalised country ?
<b>8.</b>	What does the author mean when he says that the sources of comparative advantage have changed in India's favour ?
<b>9.</b>	How has a country's trade pattern changed over the years ?
<b>10.</b>	What do you understand by services revolution ?
<b>4. Composition</b>	
1.	Write a note of globalisation.
2.	What is Jalan's advice to the students of the Indian Statistical Institute ?
<b>5. Exercises</b>	
A.	Use the following words in sentences :
	momentus, culmination, deserve, panacea, shrinkage
B.	Give the antonyms of the following words :
	Possible, grateful, remarkable, daunted, maximise
C.	Fill in the blanks with appropriate prepositions :
(i)	It is the culmination——years of hard work.
(ii)	They have put——so much time and effort to make this day possible.
(iii)	I am personally grateful——the President of the organisation.
(iv)	He has been a source——inspiration for all of us.
(v)	I would like to pay homage——the memory of the leader.

(vi) His contribution——the development of science is enormous.

(vii) A most common measure of globalisation is openness——trade and a country's participation —— trade.

(viii) I want to confine myself——this task.

(ix) In the last few years, there has been a phenomenal change——the conventional view of services.

(x) Our fate is——our hands.

#### D. Identify the principal and subordinate clauses :

(i) All the teachers of this great Institute, who have put in so much time and effort to make this day possible, also deserve our gratitude.

(ii) Without their sacrifice and support, successful completion of higher studies by young men and women, who are here today, would not have been possible.

(iii) If you take a poll in any assembly, you will find some are strongly for and some are strongly against globalisation.

(iv) If a map of the world were drawn on the scale of a country's participation in trade, India with a population of more than 1,000 million will occupy a smaller area than Singapore with a population of only 3 million.

(v) I believe that the changes that have occurred in the patterns of trade and capital flows in recent years are to India's advantage.

## 13. The Dangerous Customer

### 1. Background Information

**Shep Hyken**, CSP is a professional speaker and author, who works with companies to develop loyal relationships with customers and employees. His articles on customer service have been widely appreciated. He is the author of *Moments of Magic* and *The Loyal Customer*. He is also the creator of *The Customer Focus* programme, which helps clients develop a customer service culture and loyalty mindset. In 1983, he founded Shepard Presentations and since then has worked with hundreds of companies and associations. Some of his clients include American Airlines, Aetna, AAA, Anheuser-Busch, AT&T, Abbott Laboratories, AIG, American Express and Fortune 100. His articles combine useful information with humor. Besides, he speaks on customer loyalty, customer service, internal service, business relationships and a number of other topics.

CSP stands for Certified Speaking Professional, and it is a designation awarded by the National Speakers Association (America) to individuals for certain achievements in speaking profession.

### 2. Glossary and Notes

customer	: purchaser; consumer; shopper
satisfied	: contented
restaurant	: café; eating place
vulnerability	: susceptibility; exposure
amenities	: facilities; services
satisfactory	: somewhat acceptable, a deliberate understatement

## 1. Mr Know-All

### Somerset Maugham

British novelist, playwright, short-story writer William Somerset Maugham (1874–1965) was born in Paris. He learned French as his native tongue. At the age of ten Maugham was orphaned and sent to England to live with his uncle. Educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Heidelberg University, Maugham studied medicine in London. He qualified in 1897 as a doctor from St Thomas's Medical School but abandoned medicine after the success of his first novels and plays. Maugham's breakthrough novel was the semi-autobiographical *Of Human Bondage* (1915), which is usually considered his outstanding achievement. His other successful novels are *Cakes and Ale*, *The Razor's Edge*, *The Circle* and *The Breadwinner*. He is a successful short story writer and exhibits great skill in creating situations and characters.

1 I was prepared to dislike Max Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just finished and the passenger traffic in the ocean-going liners was heavy. Accommodation was very hard to get and you had to put up with whatever the agents chose to offer you. You could not hope for a cabin to yourself and I was thankful to be given one in which there were only two berths. But when I was told the name of my companion my heart sank. It suggested closed port-holes and the night air rigidly excluded. It was bad enough to share a cabin for fourteen days with anyone (I was going from San Francisco to Yokohama), but I should have looked upon it with less dismay if my fellow-passenger's name had been Smith or Brown.

2 When I went on board I found Mr Kelada's luggage already below. I did not like the look of it; there were too many labels on the suitcases, and the wardrobe trunk was too big. He had unpacked his toilet things, and I observed that he was a patron of the excellent Monsieur Coy; for I saw on the washing-stand his scent, his hair-wash, and his brilliantine. Mr Kelada's brushes, ebony with his monogram in gold, would have been all the better for a scrub. I did not at all like Mr Kelada. I made my way into the smoking-room. I called for a pack of cards and began to play patience. I had scarcely started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right in thinking my name was so-and-so.

3 'I am Mr Kelada,' he added, with a smile that showed a row of flashing teeth, and sat down.  
'Oh, yes, we're sharing a cabin, I think.'  
'Bit of luck, I call it. You never know who you're going to be put in with.  
I was jolly glad when I heard you were English. I'm all for us English sticking together when we're abroad, if you understand what I mean.'

I blinked.

'Are you English?' I asked, perhaps tactlessly.

'Rather. You don't think I look an American, do you? British to the backbone, that's what I am.'

4 To prove it, Mr Kelada took out of his pocket a passport and airily waved it under my nose. King George has many strange subjects. Mr Kelada was short and of a sturdy build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned, with a fleshy, hooked nose and very large, lustrous and liquid eyes. His long black hair was sleek and curly. He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and his gestures were exuberant. I felt pretty sure that a closer inspection of that British passport would have betrayed the fact that Mr Kelada was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England.

'What will you have?' he asked me.

5 I looked at him doubtfully. Prohibition was in force and to all appearances the ship was bone-dry. When I am not thirsty I do not know which I dislike more, ginger-ale or lemon-squash. But Mr Kelada flashed an oriental smile at me.

'Whisky and soda or a dry Martini, you have only to say the word.'

6 From each of his hip-pockets he fished a flask and laid them on the table before me. I chose the Martini, and calling the steward he ordered a tumbler of ice and a couple of glasses.

'A very good cocktail,' I said.

'Well, there are plenty more where that came from, and if you've got any friends on board, you tell them you've got a pal who's got all the liquor in the world.'

7 Mr Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and politics. He was patriotic. The Union Jack is an impressive piece of drapery, but when it is flourished by a gentleman from Alexandria or Beirut, I cannot but feel that it loses somewhat in dignity. Mr Kelada was familiar. I do not wish to put on airs, but I cannot help feeling that it is seemly in a total stranger to put mister before my name when he addresses me. Mr Kelada, doubtless to set me at my ease, used no such formality. I did not like Mr Kelada. I had put aside the cards when he sat down, but now, thinking that for this first occasion our conversation had lasted long enough, I went on with my game.

8 'The three on the four,' said Mr Kelada.

11 Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed

There is nothing more exasperating when you are playing patience than to be told where to put the card you have turned up before you have had a chance to look for yourself.

'It's coming out, it's coming out,' he cried. 'The ten on the knave.' With rage and hatred in my heart I finished. Then he seized the pack.

'Do you like card tricks?'

'No, I hate card tricks,' I answered.

'Well, I'll just show you this one.'

9 He showed me three. Then I said I would go down to the dining-room and get my seat at table.

'Oh, that's all right,' he said. 'I've already taken a seat for you. I thought that as we were in the same state-room we might just as well sit at the same table.'

I did not like Mr Kelada.

10 I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I could not walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face without the suspicion dawning on him that he was not a welcome visitor. He was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He managed the sweeps, conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, got up quoit and golf matches, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. For the better part of an hour then he had us at his mercy. He was hearty, jovial, loquacious and argumentative. He knew everything better than anybody else, and it was an affront to his overweening vanity that you should disagree with him. He would not drop a subject, however unimportant, till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him. He was the chap who knew. We sat at the doctor's table. Mr Kelada would certainly have had it all his own way, for the doctor was lazy and I was frigidly indifferent, except for a man called Ramsay who sat there also. He was as dogmatic as Mr Kelada and resented bitterly the Levantine's cocksureness. The discussions they had were acrimonious and interminable.

16 Mrs Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped the chair inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile.

8 'The three on the four,' said Mr Kelada.

*Levantine's cocksureness. The discussions they had were acrimonious and interminable.*

11 Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow from the Middle West, with loose fat under a tight skin, and he bulged out of his ready-made clothes. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs Ramsay was a very pretty little thing, with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. The Consular Service is ill paid, and she was dressed always very simply; but she knew how to wear her clothes. She achieved an effect of quiet distinction. I should not have paid any particular attention to her but that she possessed a quality that may be common enough in women, but nowadays is not obvious in their demeanour. You could not look at her without being struck by her modesty. It shone in her like a flower on a coat.

12 One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There had been in the papers a good deal of talk about the culture pearls which the cunning Japanese were making, and the doctor remarked that they must inevitably diminish the value of real ones. They were very good already; they would soon be perfect. Mr Kelada, as was his habit, rushed the new topic. He told us all that was to be known about pearls. I do not believe Ramsay knew anything about them at all, but he could not resist the opportunity to have a fling at the Levantine, and in five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I had seen Mr Kelada vehement and voluble before, but never so voluble and vehement as now. At last something that Ramsay said stung him, for he thumped the table and shouted:

13 'Well, I ought to know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade and there's not a man in it who won't tell you that what I say about pearls goes. I know all the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing.'

14 Here was news for us, for Mr Kelada, with all his loquacity, had never told anyone what his business was. We only knew vaguely that he was going to Japan on some commercial errand. He looked round the table triumphantly.

15 'They'll never be able to get a culture pearl that an expert like me can't tell with half an eye.' He pointed to a chain that Mrs Ramsay wore. 'You take my word for it, Mrs Ramsay, that chain you're wearing will never be worth a cent less than it is now.'

16 Mrs Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped a chain inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile flickered in his eyes.

'That's a pretty chain of Mrs Ramsay's, isn't it?'  
'I noticed it at once,' answered Mr Kelada. 'Gee, I said to myself, those are pearls all right.'

'I didn't buy it myself, of course. I'd be interested to know how much you think it cost.'

'Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue I shouldn't be surprised to hear that anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it.' Ramsay smiled grimly.

17 'You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs Ramsay bought that string at a department store the day before we left New York, for eighteen dollars.' Mr Kelada flushed.

'Rot. It's not only real, but it's as fine a string for its size as I've ever seen.'

'Will you bet on it? I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation.'

'Done.'

18 'Oh Elmer, you can't bet on a certainty,' said Mrs Ramsay. She had a little smile on her lips and her tone was gently deprecating.

'Can't I? If I get a chance of easy money like that I should be all sorts of a fool not to take it.'

'But how can it be proved?' she continued. 'It's only my word against Mr Kelada's.'

19 'Let me look at the chain, and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars,' said Mr Kelada.

'Take it off, dear. Let the gentleman look at it as much as he wants.' Mrs Ramsay hesitated a moment. She put her hands to the clasp.

'I can't undo it,' she said. 'Mr Kelada will just have to take my word for it.'

20 I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to occur, but I could think of nothing to say.

Ramsay jumped up.

'I'll undo it.'

21 He handed the chain to Mr Kelada. The Levantine took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his smooth and swarthy face. He handed back the chain. He was about to speak. Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as though she were about to faint. She was staring

at him with wide and terrified eyes. They held a desperate appeal; it was so clear that I wondered why her husband did not see it.

22 Mr Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself.

'I was mistaken,' he said. 'It's a very good imitation, but of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw that it wasn't real. I think eighteen dollars is just about as much as the damned thing's worth.'

23 He took out his pocket-book and from it a hundred-dollar note. He handed it to Ramsay without a word.

'Perhaps that'll teach you not to be so cocksure another time, my young friend,' said Ramsay as he took the note.

I noticed that Mr Kelada's hands were trembling.

24 The story spread over the ship as stories do, and he had to put up with a good deal of chaff that evening. It was a fine joke that Mr Know-all had been caught out. But Mrs Ramsay retired to her state-room with a headache.

25 Next morning I got up and began to shave. Mr Kelada lay on his bed smoking a cigarette. Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Max Kelada. The name was written in block letters. I handed it to him.

26 'Who's this from?' He opened it. 'Oh!'

He took out of the envelope, not a letter, but a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and again he reddened. He tore the envelope into little bits and gave them to me.

'Do you mind just throwing them out of the port-hole?'

I did as he asked, and even I looked at him with a smile.

'No one likes being made to look a perfect damned fool,' he said.

'Were the pearls real?'

27 'If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe,' said he.

At that moment I did not entirely dislike Mr Kelada. He reached out for his pocket-book and carefully put in it the hundred-dollar note.

## Glossary

1	<i>ocean-going liners</i>	large ships that carry passengers
	<i>dismay</i>	sad feeling after an unpleasant surprise
2	<i>patron</i>	a person who uses a particular shop, store etc.
	<i>Monsieur Cory</i>	a well-known brand name for cosmetics
	<i>brillantine</i>	perfumed cream for the hair
	<i>patience</i>	a game of cards for one player
3	<i>jolly glad</i>	very glad
4	<i>lustrous</i>	soft and shining
	<i>exuberant</i>	full of excitement
5	<i>sleek</i>	smooth and shiny
	<i>bone-dry</i>	perfectly dry; here it means that alcoholic drinks were not allowed on the ship
	<i>oriental</i>	connected with the eastern part of the world
	<i>dry Martini</i>	an alcoholic drink that is not sweet or fruity in taste
6	<i>fished a flask</i>	to search with the hands for a flask
	<i>cocktail</i>	a drink made from a mixture of one or more alcoholic drinks and fruit juice
7	<i>drapery</i>	fabric or clothing hanging in loose folds
	<i>seemly</i>	according to good social conduct
10	<i>snub</i>	to ignore or refuse
	<i>the sweeps</i>	a kind of lottery
	<i>quoit</i>	a game played with rings
	<i>jovial</i>	very cheerful and friendly
	<i>loquacious</i>	who likes to talk a lot
	<i>affront</i>	a remark that insults
	<i>overweening vanity</i>	showing too much confidence or pride
	<i>frigidly</i>	not showing any sign of friendliness
	<i>dogmatic</i>	holding very strong beliefs
	<i>the Levantine</i>	an inhabitant of Levant, the eastern part of the Mediterranean
	<i>cocksureness</i>	very confident in an annoying way
	<i>acrimonious</i>	bitter in manner or language
	<i>interminable</i>	endless or unstoppable, especially used with something uninteresting
12	<i>demeanour</i>	manner or behaviour
	<i>diminish</i>	decrease
	<i>rush</i>	to try to capture
	<i>to have a fling</i>	to say something in an aggressive way, especially because you are angry

*vehement*

*volatile*

14     *errand*

showing strong feelings  
talking a lot (often derogatory)

a short journey made in order to get or do  
something

18     *deprecating*

expressing strong disapproval

21     *swarthy*

dark-skinned

24     *chaff*

here, means good-natured teasing  
the action or unpleasant sound of one thing

25     *scraping*

rubbing roughly against another

### Comprehension and Interpretation

- At the beginning of the story the narrator was 'prepared to dislike' Max Kelada. What was the reason? Did he know Mr Kelada before?
- How many times did the narrator say that he did not like Mr Kelada? What is the effect it creates in the story?
- List the reasons for which the narrator does not like Mr Kelada. Are there also any suggestions in the story that shows that the narrator might not dislike Kelada altogether?
- Describe the differences between the narrator and Mr Kelada as you understand from the story.
- Mr Kelada did not mind but took it as a compliment when people called him 'Mr Know All'. What does this reflect about him?
- Why did Mrs Ramsay look terrified? Why does the narrator say ' ... I wondered why her husband did not see it'?
- Who do you think pushed the envelope under the door? Was Kelada happy to get his money? Why?

### Language Work

- The words listed below are taken from the story *Mr Know-All* to describe the appearance of Mr Kelada:

built	<i>short, sturdy</i>
face	<i>clean-shaven</i>
nose	<i>fleshy, hooked</i>
eyes	<i>large, lustrous, liquid</i>
skin colour	<i>dark-skinned</i>
hair	<i>long, black, sleek, curly</i>
gestures	<i>exuberant</i>

Now here are some more words used to describe people's appearance.

height and build

*plump, stout, overweight, well-built, stocky, slim, obese* (note that *fat, obese, overweight* may sound impolite)

*thin, round, chubby, with moustache and beard*

*straight, silky, wavy, rough, receding hair, bald*

Group activity:

Describe the appearance of someone without disclosing his/her name. It should be a person whom the rest of the group knows. Let the others find out the person.

- Note the use of some phrasal verbs with *put* in the text.
  - Accommodation was very hard and you had to *put up with* whatever the agents chose to offer.
  - You never know who you're going to be *put in with*.
  - I do not wish to *put on airs*.
  - I had *put aside* the cards when he sat down.

Now use the following phrasal verbs to form sentences of your own.

*put forward put away put out put off to put your mind to*

### Writing Tasks

- Many of us are prejudiced about other people or other races. Do you think it is justified? Write a short paragraph to express your point of view.
- Write a letter to your friend telling him/her about what kind of people you like and dislike and why.

- g. You look tired; you should go home and .....  
 h. I found him ..... and ill at ease.  
 i. The ..... day eventually arrived and India became independent.  
 j. You might call me superstitious but I believe in .....

2. Make opposites from the following words by adding prefixes and use them in your own sentences.

*partial, logical, reversible, reliable, just, respect, correct, legal, rational, fair, own, mature*

Herman Wouk (1915— ) was born in America. His parents were Jewish immigrants from Russia. He started his writing career as a radio scriptwriter. He has written essays, novels and plays which have brought him worldwide acclaim. In 1951 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, which was followed by a play, *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*.

The present piece voices Herman Wouk's genuine fears and doubts about today's prospering business of advertising. He points out very rightly the pitfalls and the deceptions of advertising that have made it more of a racket than a business. He also condemns the misuse of language in it.

Marquis, while you were talking I looked around this table and saw that (nearly) everyone here wins subsistence through the activity called advertising. Now, I realise that you invited me in the absence, enforced by your sedentary ways, of stuffed tiger heads or other trophies on your walls, a live artist being the equivalent of a dead beast as a social ornament. I will not question your motive because it has given me a chance to do a beautiful and good thing. I should like to entreat all these gentlemen to redeem the strange, bittersweet miracle of their lives, while there is yet time, by giving up the advertising business at once.

Has it ever occurred to any of you gentlemen to examine the peculiar fact that you find bread in your mouths daily? How does this happen? Who is it that you have persuaded to feed you? The obvious answer is that you buy your food, but this just states the question in another, less clear way, because money is nothing but an exchange token. Drop the confusing element of money from the whole process, and the question I've posed must confront you bleakly. What is it that you do, that entitles you to eat?

## A Talk on Advertising

*Herman Wouk*

A shoemaker gives shoes for his bread. Well. A singer sings for her supper. Well. A capitalist leads a large enterprise. Well. A pilot flies, a coal-miner digs, a sailor moves things, a minister preaches, an author tells stories, a laundryman washes, an auto worker makes cars, a painter makes pictures, a street car conductor moves people, a stenographer writes down words, a lumberjack saws, and a tailor sews. The people with the victuals appreciate these services and cheerfully feed the performers. But what does an advertising man do?

He induces human beings to want things they don't want.

Now, I will be deeply obliged if you will tell me by what links of logic anybody can be convinced that your activity—the creation of want where want does not exist—is a useful one and should be rewarded with food. Doesn't it seem, rather, the worst sort of mischief, deserving to be starved into extinction?

None of you, however, is anything but well-fed; yet I am sure that until this moment it has never occurred to you on what a dubious basis your feeding is accomplished. I shall tell you exactly how you eat. You induce people to use more things than they naturally desire—the more useless and undesirable the article, the greater the advertising effort needed to dispose of it—and in all the profit from that unnatural purchasing, you share. You are fed by the makers of undesired things, who exchange these things for food by means of your arts and give you your share of the haul.

Lest you think I oversimplify, I give you an obvious illustration. People naturally crave meat; so the advertising of meat is on a negligible scale. However, nobody is born craving tobacco, and even its slaves instinctively loathe it. So the advertising of tobacco is the largest item of expense in its distribution. It follows, of course, that advertising men thrive most richly in the service of

or in a field where there is a hopeless plethora of goods, such as soap or whisky.

But the great evil of advertising is not that it is unproductive and wasteful; were it so, it would be no worse than idleness. No. Advertising blasts everything that is good and beautiful in this land with a horrid spreading mildew. It has tarnished Creation. What is sweet to any of you in this world? Love? Nature? Art? Language? Youth? Behold them all, yoked by advertising in the harness of commerce.

*Aurora Dawn!* Has any of you enough of an ear for English to realise what a crime against the language is that (trade) name? Aurora is the dawn. The redundancy should assail your ears like the shriek of a bad hinge. But you are so numbed by habit that it conveys no offence. So it is with all your barbarities. Shakespeare used the rhyming of 'double' and 'bubble' to create two immortal lines in *Macbeth*. You use it to help sell your Dub-Bub Shampoo, and you have no slightest sense of doing anything wrong. Should someone tell you that language is the Promethean fire that lifts man above the animals and that you are smothering the flame in mud, you would stare. You are staring. Let me tell you without images, then, that you are cheapening speech until it is ceasing to be an honest method of exchange, and that the people, not knowing that the English in a radio commercial is meant to be a lie and the English in the President's speech which follows, a truth, will in the end fall into a paralysing scepticism in which all utterance will be disbelieved.

God made a great green wonderland when he spread out the span of the United States. Where is the square mile inhabited by men wherein advertising has not drowned out the land's meek hymn with the blare of billboards? By what right do you turn Nature into a painted hag crying 'Come buy?' *A few haven't taught the world in each generation to use less, 3mm adit, like to, see, un-a-a-n pates,*

be tempted with gold. Has advertising scrupled to buy up the holiest of these gifts and set them to work peddling?

And the traffic in lovely youth! By the Lord, gentlemen, I would close every advertising agency in the country tomorrow, if only to head off the droves of silly girls, sufficiently cursed with beauty, who troop into the cities each month, most of them to be stained and scarred, a few to find ashy success in the hardening life of a model! When will a strong voice call a halt to this dismal pilgrimage, this Children's Crusade to the Unholy Land? When will someone denounce the snaring allurements of the picture magazines? When will someone tell these babies that for each girl who grins on a magazine cover a hundred weep in back rooms, and that even the grin is a bought and forced thing that fades with the flash of the photograph's bulb, leaving a face grim with scheming or heartbreak?

To what end is all this lying, vandalism, and misuse? You are trying to Sell; never mind what, never mind how, never mind to whom—just Sell, Sell, Sell! Small wonder that in good old American slang 'sell' means 'fraud'! Come now! Do you hesitate to promise required love to miserable girls, triumph to failures, virility to weaklings, even prowess to little children, for the price of a mouth wash or a breakfast food? Does it ever occur to you to be ashamed to live by preying on the myriad little tragedies of unfulfilment which make your methods pay so well?

I trust that I am offending everybody very deeply. An artist has the privileges of the court fool, you know. I paint because I see with a seeing eye, an eye that familiarity never glazes. Advertising strikes me as it would a man from Mars and as it undoubtedly appears to the angels: an occupation the aim of which is subtle prevarication for gain, and the effect of which is the blighting of everything fair and pleasant in our time with the garish fungus of greed. If I have made all of you, or just one of you, repent of

this career and determine to seek decent work, I will not have breathed in vain today.

### Glossary

<i>sedentary:</i>	(work) done while sitting down at a desk
<i>stuff:</i>	(here) fill out the skin of a dead animal with material to retain its natural form and appearance for display
<i>redeem:</i>	recover; get back both peasant and painful
<i>bittersweet:</i>	Christian priest
<i>minister:</i>	public vehicle on rails running regularly along city streets
<i>street car:</i>	
<i>lumberjack:</i>	one who cuts and prepares timber
<i>induce:</i>	persuade
<i>extinction:</i>	total abolition
<i>obvious:</i>	doubtful
<i>haul:</i>	amount gained
<i>loathe:</i>	hate
<i>thrive:</i>	prosper
<i>plethora:</i>	excess; overabundance
<i>mildew:</i>	destructive growth of minute fungi on plants, leather, food etc.
<i>tarnish:</i>	diminish or destroy the purity of
<i>yoke:</i>	join
<i>harness of commerce:</i>	control of business
<i>Aurora:</i>	In Roman mythology, goddess of the dawn (here, <i>Dawn</i> is superfluous)
<i>numbed:</i>	be deprived of sensation
<i>hurt</i>	hurt
<i>barbarity:</i>	savage cruelty
<i>Promethean:</i>	daring or inventive (from Prometheus, a mortal punished by the Greek gods for stealing fire)
<i>smother:</i>	extinguish by covering
<i>blare:</i>	loud noise
<i>billboard:</i>	large outdoor advertising hoarding
<i>bag:</i>	ugly old woman
<i>scrupled:</i>	hesitated owing to uneasiness of conscience
<i>peddle:</i>	go from place to place with goods for sale
<i>traffic:</i>	(here) trade

<i>head (something) off</i>	prevent a difficult or unpleasant situation from happening
<i>drove:</i>	moving crowd
<i>troop:</i>	come together
<i>stained and scarred:</i>	(here) be dishonoured
<i>ashy success:</i>	hardly any success
<i>heartbreak:</i>	overwhelming distress
<i>vandalism:</i>	deliberate destruction or damage of private or public property
<i>require:</i>	give in return
<i>virility:</i>	strength or power
<i>prowess:</i>	exceptional ability, skill, or strength
<i>prey on:</i>	to hurt or deceive those who are weak
<i>myriad:</i>	innumerable
<i>court fool:</i>	clown in a king's court
<i>prevaricate:</i>	speak falsely
<i>blighting:</i>	spoiling due to growth of fungi; (here) harming

### Comprehension

#### 1. Objective type questions

Tick [ ✓ ] in the appropriate option:

- a. How does Wouk designate (call) money?
  - (i) a necessary evil
  - (ii) a means of trade
  - (iii) an exchange token
- b. The invitation of the marquis has helped the narrator
  - (i) do a beautiful and good thing
  - (ii) do an essential service to the community
  - (iii) do a routine chore
- c. When would advertising be no worse than idleness?
  - (i) if it had been good and beautiful
  - (ii) if it had been unproductive and wasteful
  - (iii) if it had reformist and socialistic

#### 2. Short answer questions

Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

- a. What does Herman Wouk think about the invitation of Marquis?
- b. List the questions he poses in the beginning.
- c. How do persons in the field of advertising earn their livelihood?
- d. What is the extent of advertisement in the United States?

#### 3. Long answer questions

Answer the following questions in your own words in about 150 words each:

- a. How is the work of a person in advertising different from that of others?
- b. Describe, with suitable examples, the misuse of language in advertising. How does falsehood play a role in the advertising business?
- c. How does advertising have an adverse effect on the mind and life of the young?
- d. Explain all the evils of advertising.

### Grammar and usage

#### 1. Synonyms and single-word equivalents

The story has words like these for which we can find single-word equivalents. Write out single-word equivalents for the following words. Use a dictionary if necessary.

- a. subsistence
- b. redundancy
- c. scepticism
- d. allurements
- e. garish
- f. enterprise
- g. virtuous

#### 2. Antonyms

The story contains antonyms of the expressions given below. Locate them in the text and write them down.

- a. stationary
- b. useful
- c. hopeful
- d. better
- e. destruction
- f. faith

#### 3. Fill in the blanks with the appropriate forms of the verbs in brackets.

- a. Who is it that has..... to do this? (agree)
- b. Has it ever ..... that the bridge has fallen down? (happen)
- c. This criticism..... better than praise. (be)
- d. A few people ..... to distant lands to explore different cultures. (travel)
- e. You ..... it to help sell the shampoos and the soaps. (use)

## Part B: Prose

# Education: Indian and American

### Anurag Mathur

Anurag Mathur (b. 1954), novelist, travel writer and journalist, was educated at Scindia School (Gwalior), St. Stephen's College (New Delhi), and the University of Texas (Oklahoma). His first novel, *The Inscrutable Americans* (1991), is a bestseller; nineteen editions of it have been published. He is the author of three more novels, *Making the Minister Smile* (1996), "Are All Women Leg Spinners?", asked *the Stephanian* (1998), and *Scenes from an Executive Life* (2000), all presenting a satirical view of Indian society.

The passage is an extract from *The Inscrutable Americans*, a novel which explores the comic possibilities of the East-West encounter. Gopal is a young student from a small town in India, who has gone to an American university for a year to study chemistry. The America he encounters is very different from the impressions he had gathered through comics and films. He often finds himself lost and bewildered, but his innate optimism and self-confidence come to his rescue.

This extract contrasts the two systems of education—the American system which lays emphasis on original thinking and questioning, and the Indian system which gives importance to learning by rote. Gopal, trained in a system which has provided a strong foundation, finds himself at an advantage, and makes the most of his opportunities.

Back in college, Gopal devoted himself to his work. Though he knew it was an illusion, he thought he sensed his mind flower and expand. The Indian system of education had drilled his mind and beaten it until it was a tight, rigid mass laid upon the fundamentals of science that has been dug deep until they sank into his subconscious mind. Now from this unshakeable base, he was able to make sorties that his American colleagues couldn't imagine trying, unsure as they were about the basics.

For the first time he began to learn the joy of analysis rather than retention. Based upon the core of fundamentals that had been hammered into him—often quite literally—he experimented with leaps of logic. Often, he paused uncertainly, as though in mid-air, waiting for someone to admonish him and demand that he return to thinking by the book. Instead he found encouragement. His mind soared. He felt himself flying. For the first time in his life he gloried in studying.

I came out of India at the right time, he felt. He had got the best of an educational system where the early years instilled discipline and the basics, but the subsequent repetition of the same crippled minds that were ready to take off. In America he found that encouragement, yet simultaneously he found that the American students seemed unable to utilise the truly astonishing opportunities that their educational system offered at the higher levels.

He found himself studying late in the library, staying even later in the laboratory, nor because he wanted higher grades, but because he was enjoying it. He felt that his grasp over his subject had become so thorough, that he was able to go back to the fundamentals, to those dragons of his earlier days, and look at them with a new eye. Why were they constructed as they were? What was the intent and what the result? Could they be improved upon? Such questioning would have been heresy to his Indian teachers, a scandal. But they had done their job and Gopal had left them behind. He often considered amusedly with what horror they would react to his questions and the viewpoints he held now. But now he thought of them, the giants of his childhood, as dusty, shrunken old men with barred minds.

Here, he exulted, they loved questions. They didn't care if they were insane, in fact the crazier the better, so long as they were also intelligent. Even the students, amazingly, didn't seem to resent his clearly superior abilities. At least, he amended, most of

them didn't. They said they enjoyed his sallies and they spoke to him, asked to study with him and expressed their admiration to him with a frankness that was staggering, yet deeply touching. Initially, he was so incredulous at their straightforward talk that he suspected they were being sarcastic. But very quickly he realised they were transparently honest.

In India, he sighed with real pain, we could write the definitive book on envy. For centuries outsiders had exploited this fatal flaw, using it to divide and rule. And even today, rumours of a person's success caused demonic leaps of fury in the breasts of nearly everyone who heard about it. The immediate response was to either belittle him, or, if possible, to find ways to actively impede him. Using a simple contrast, Gopal suspected he received more compliments in one month in America on his abilities and his work, than he had received in all his life in India put together.

And then they wonder why there's a brain drain, he thought. It wasn't often any longer out of a desire for a more comfortable life in America—in India an affluent person usually lived better than one in America—but it was also for the sheer bliss of a friendly, supportive, well-equipped, encouraging work environment. It could be to get away from the fierce, eternal, all-encompassing hatred with which colleagues in India battled each other and everybody else, usually for no discernible reason other than habit. Transplanted to America, however, they were transformed into paragons of efficiency and tolerance, mused Gopal.

He closed his book as the lights in the library began to be turned on and off as a sign it was closing. As he stepped out into the night, the wind seemed to have a colder thrust to it than usual. He had hardly walked fifty feet when he felt a soft white dandelion rest on his cheek. He brushed it away and to his surprise it felt cold. He looked up and there were many of them floating gently downward. They looked like the little blossoms of a tree, but when they touched him they turned to water.

Snow, Gopal thought with a shock. Goodness me, they are having snow.

He had never seen snow before except in photographs where it lay like the skin of some dead white beast on the ground. He had not realised that it danced with such joy through the air, with the beauty of a ballet dancer. Its touch upon him was hesitant as a child's. And as Gopal raced under each flake trying to catch it in his mouth, he could have sworn each was alive as it playfully evaded him and settled on his hair or his coat. One enterprising fellow made his way on to the back of his neck and rested there for quite a while.

Gopal ran about, his ungainly legs pumping furiously, trying to swallow as many snowflakes as he could. It wasn't easy. Some bumped into his nose, another on his jaw, but it was exhilarating. He dashed about, his overcoat flapping, sucking in the air so clean and clear that it felt like a miraculous new drink. He snapped at a flake, leaping up for it, and his teeth clicked on themselves. A flake fell on his eye and stung. He blinked, trying to clear it and then brushed his sleeve over the eye.

When he could see again he saw with embarrassment that one of the security guards was sitting nearby on his scooter and had been obviously watching him for some time. He was a burly, cheerful, red-faced man and Gopal wondered what he made of the sight of a foreign student leaping like a deer at midnight on the lawn, attacking snowflakes.

### Glossary

<i>inscrutable</i> :	hard to understand
<i>sorties</i> :	one mission or attack by a single plane
<i>admonish</i> :	to express disapproval; to scold someone
<i>soar</i> :	to rise, fly, or glide high in the air and with little apparent effort
<i>astonish</i> :	to fill with sudden wonder or amazement

*heresy:**exult:**resent:**amend:**safely:**sagacious:**incredulous:**definitive:**envy:**demonic:**humble:**impede:**effluvia:**paragon:**eraula:**wonder:***Comprehension****1. Objective type questions**

Tick [✓] in the appropriate option:

- a. Brain drain implies  
 (i) psychological problems  
 (ii) intellectual barrenness  
 (iii) loss of skilled intellectual and technical labour
- b. According to the author, the Indian education system relies on  
 (i) tradition  
 (ii) analysis  
 (iii) memory
- c. The American education system encourages  
 (i) bookish knowledge  
 (ii) learning by heart  
 (iii) analysis and questioning
- d. Gopal found the atmosphere in America  
 (i) formal  
 (ii) relaxed and informal

**(iii) inappropriate for learning****2. Short answer questions**

Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

- a. How had the Indian education system trained Gopal?  
 b. Why did Gopal find himself better off than his American counterparts?  
 c. What was different about learning in America?  
 d. Why were students' minds "crippled" in India?  
 e. What was the American teachers' attitude towards questioning?
3. Long answer questions
- Answer the following questions in your own words in about 150 words each:
- How does the Indian education system benefit Gopal in America.
  - According to the author, how do Indians react to a person's success?
  - Describe Gopal's reaction to the snowfall.

**Grammar and Usage****1. Antonyms**

The story contains the antonyms of the words given below. Locate them in the text and write them down.

- a. contract .....  
 b. sane .....  
 c. early .....  
 d. opaque .....  
 e. credulous .....  
 f. inferior .....  
 g. sure .....  
 h. hard .....  
 i. discouraging .....  
 j. failure .....

**2. A phrasal verb** in English is a verb followed by one or more particles so that the combination functions as a syntactic and semantic unit. Thus "turn out" is a phrasal verb in the question "How many turned out to vote?"

Fill in the blanks with the phrasal verbs given below. Use the appropriate tense form:

*die down, brush away, live up, turn on, drop out, turn up, drop in, come up, leap up, die off*

- a. ...., the TV. I want to watch the match.
- b. Please ..... the radio. I can't hear the news in the noise they are making.
- c. The controversy will ultimately .....
- d. Pandas are in danger of .....
- e. This topic never ..... during the discussion.
- f. Though he ..... of the management course, yet he became a successful businessman.
- g. .... at my place whenever you wish.
- h. He has ..... to everybody's expectations.
- i. Abdul gently ..... the leaf from his hair.
- j. On hearing the news, all of us ..... with joy and excitement.

Stephen Leacock (1869–1944), Canadian political economist, humorist and short story writer, was born in Swanmore, Hampshire, England. His family moved to Canada in 1876, and settled down on a farm. Leacock was a brilliant student. After obtaining a degree from the University of Toronto, he enrolled at the University of Chicago, and received his Ph.D. in political economy and political science in 1903. He taught at McGill University, Montreal, and retired in 1934.

Leacock began his career as a humorist with the publication of *Literary Lapses* in 1910. He wrote forty-six books, including *Nonsense Novels* (1911), *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* (1912), *My Discovery of England* (1922) and four chapters of an unfinished autobiography, *The Boy I Left Behind Me*, published posthumously in 1946. The Stephen Leacock Association and the T.D. Financial Group has instituted a Stephen Leacock Memorial Medal for Humour, which is presented every year for the best book of humour written by a Canadian.

"My Financial Career" was first published in *Literary Lapses: A Book of Sketches* in 1910. It recounts the narrator's painfully embarrassing experience in a bank. He goes to open an account, and the way he asks for the bank manager creates the impression that he has a large sum of money to deposit. When it is realised that he has just fifty-six dollars, the bank manager's behaviour changes. The narrator is so nervous by the time he opens his account that he withdraws whatever he had deposited, and his financial career comes to a premature end.

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot. I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

## My Financial Career

**Stephen Leacock**

dollars a month and I tell that the bank was the only place for it.

## 2. A Case of Identity

*Arthur Conan Doyle*

Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930) is a famous writer of detective fiction. His prime detective, Sherlock Holmes is a household name as also Holmes's assistant Dr Watson. It is almost unbelievable to many that Holmes is a fictitious character. So great is his 'aliveness' through Conan Doyle's stories. The stories are basically very fine narrations strewn with suspense, drama and also humour. There is also a keen human element which captivates the reader right through. The story here has a simple plot but it is rich in drama and suspense. The father-daughter relationship is peculiarly placed here and the whole romance of the story comes to an end with the strange discovery at the end.

'My dear fellow,' said Sherlock Holmes as we sat on either side of the fire in his lodgings at Baker Street, 'life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent. We would not dare to conceive the things which are really mere commonplaces of existence. If we could fly out of that window hand in hand, hover over this great city, gently remove the roofs, and peep in at the queer things which are going on, the strange coincidence, the plannings, the cross-purposes, the wonderful chain of events, working through generations, and leading to the most peculiar results, it would make all fiction with its conventionalities and foreseen conclusions most stale and unprofitable.'

'And yet I am not convinced of it,' I answered. 'The cases which come to light in the papers are, as a rule, bald enough, and vulgar enough. We have in our police reports realism pushed to its extreme limits, and yet the result is, it must be confessed, neither fascinating nor artistic.'

'A certain selection and discretion must be used in producing a realistic effect,' remarked Holmes. 'This is wanting in the police report, where more stress is laid, perhaps, upon the platitudes of the magistrate than upon the details, which to an observer contain the vital essence of the whole matter. Depend upon it, there is nothing so unnatural as the commonplace.'

I smiled and shook my head. 'I can quite understand your thinking so,' I said. 'Of course, in your position of unofficial

adviser and helper to everybody who is absolutely puzzled, throughout three continents, you are brought in contact with all that is strange and bizarre. But here—I picked up the morning paper from the ground—"let us put it to a practical test. Here is the first heading upon which I come. "A husband's cruelty to his wife." There is half a column of print, but I know without reading it that it is all perfectly familiar to me. There is, of course, the other woman, the drink, the push, the blow, the bruise, the sympathetic sister or landlady. The crudest of writers could invent nothing more crude.'

'Indeed, your example is an unfortunate one for your argument,' said Holmes, taking the paper and glancing his eye down it. 'This is the Dundas separation case, and, as it happens, I was engaged in clearing up some small points in connection with it. The husband was a teetotaller, there was no other woman, and the conduct complained of was that he had drifted into the habit of winding up every meal by taking out his false teeth and hurling them at his wife, which, you will allow, is not an action likely to occur to the imagination of the average story-teller. Take a pinch of snuff, Doctor, and acknowledge that I have scored over you in your example.'

He held out his snuffbox of old gold, with a great amethyst in the centre of the lid. Its splendour was in such contrast to his homely ways and simple life that I could not help commenting upon it.

'Ah,' said he, 'I forgot that I had not seen you for some weeks. It is a little souvenir from the King of Bohemia in return for my assistance in the case of the Irene Adler papers.'

'And the ring?' I asked, glancing at a remarkable brilliant which sparkled upon his finger.

'It was from the reigning family of Holland, though the matter in which I served them was of such delicacy that I cannot confide it even to you, who have been good enough to chronicle one or two of my little problems.'

'And have you any on hand just now?' I asked with interest.

'Some ten or twelve, but none which present any feature of interest. They are important, you understand, without being

interesting. Indeed, I have found that it is usually in unimportant matters that there is a field for the observation, and for the quick analysis of cause and are apt to be the simpler, for the bigger the crime the more obvious, as a rule, is the motive. In these cases, save for one rather intricate matter which has been referred to me from Marseilles, there is nothing which presents any features of interest. It is possible, however, that I may have something better before very many minutes are over, for this is one of my clients, or I am much mistaken.'

He had risen from his chair and was standing between the parted blinds, gazing down into the dull neutral-tinted London street. Looking over his shoulder, I saw that on the pavement opposite there stood a large woman with a heavy fur boa round her neck, and a large curling red feather in a broad-brimmed hat which was tilted in a coquettish Duchess of Devonshire fashion over her ear. From under this great panoply she peeped up in a nervous, hesitating fashion at our windows, while her body oscillated backward and forward, and her fingers fidgeted with her glove buttons. Suddenly, with a plunge, as of the swimmer who leaves the bank, she hurried across the road, and we heard the sharp clang of the bell.

'I have seen those symptoms before,' said Holmes, throwing his cigarette into the fire. 'Oscillation upon the pavement always means an *affaire de cœur*. She would like advice, but is not sure that the matter is not too delicate for communication. And yet even here we may discriminate. When a woman has been seriously wronged by a man she no longer oscillates, and the usual symptom is a broken bell wire. Here we may take it that there is a love matter, but that the maiden is not so much angry as perplexed, or grieved. But here she comes in person to resolve our doubts.'

As he spoke there was a tap at the door, and the boy in buttons entered to announce Miss Mary Sutherland, while the lady herself loomed behind his small black figure like a full-sailed merchantman behind a tiny pilot boat. Sherlock Holmes welcomed her with the easy courtesy for which he was remarkable and, having closed the door and bowed her into an armchair, he looked her

over in the minute and yet abstracted fashion which was peculiar to him.

'Do you not find,' he said, 'that with your short sight it is a little trying to do so much typewriting?'

'I did at first,' she answered, 'but now I know where the letters are without looking.' Then, suddenly realizing the full purport of his words, she gave a violent start and looked up, with fear and astonishment upon his broad, good-humoured face. 'You've heard about me, Mr Holmes,' she cried, 'else how could you know all that?'

'Never mind,' said Holmes, laughing, 'it is my business to know things. Perhaps I have trained myself to see what others overlook. If not, why should you come to consult me?'

'I came to you, sir, because I heard of you from Mrs Etherege, whose husband you found so easy when the police and everyone had given him up for dead. Oh, Mr Holmes, I wish you would do as much for me. I'm not rich, but still I have a hundred a year in my own right, besides the little that I make by the machine, and I would give it all to know what has become of Mr Hosmer Angel.'

'Why did you come away to consult me in such a hurry?' asked Sherlock Holmes, with his fingertips together and his eyes to the ceiling.

Again a startled look came over the somewhat vacuous face of Miss Mary Sutherland. 'Yes, I did bang out of the house,' she said, 'for it made me angry to see the easy way in which Mr Windibank—that is, my father—took it all. He would not go to the police, and he would not go to you, and so at last, as he would do nothing and kept on saying that there was no harm done, it made me mad, and I just put on with my things and came right away to you.'

'Your father,' said Holmes, 'Your stepfather, surely, since the name is different.'

'Yes, my stepfather. I call him father, though it sounds funny, too, for he is only five years and two months older than myself.'

'And your mother is alive?'

'Oh, yes, mother is alive and well. I wasn't best pleased,

Mr Holmes, when she married again so soon after father's death,

and a man who was nearly fifteen years younger than herself. Father was a plumber in the Tottenham Court Road, and he left a tidy business behind him, which mother carried on with Mr Hardy, the foreman; but when Mr Windibank came he made her sell the business, for he was very superior, being a traveller in wines. They got £4700 for the goodwill and interest, which wasn't near as much as father could have got if he had been alive.'

I had expected to see Sherlock Holmes impatient under this rambling and inconsequential narrative, but, on the contrary, he had listened with the greatest concentration of attention.

'Your own little income,' he asked, 'does it come out of the business?'

'Oh, no, sir. It is quite separate and was left me by my uncle Ned in Auckland. It is in New Zealand stock, paying 4½ per cent. Two thousand five hundred pounds was the amount, but I can only touch the interest.'

'You interest me extremely,' said Holmes. 'And since you draw so large a sum as a hundred a year, with what you earn into the bargain, you no doubt travel a little and indulge yourself in every way. I believe that a single lady can get on very nicely upon an income of about £60.'

'I could do with much less than that, Mr Holmes, but you understand that as long as I live at home I don't wish to be a burden to them, and so they have the use of the money just while I am staying with them. Of course, that is only just for the time. Mr Windibank draws my interest every quarter and pays it over to mother, and I find that I can do pretty well with what I earn at typewriting. It brings me two pence a sheet, and I can often do from fifteen to twenty sheets in a day.'

'You have made your position very clear to me,' said Holmes.

'This is my friend, Dr Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Kindly tell us now all about your connection with Mr Hosmer Angel.'

A flush stole over Miss Sutherland's face, and she picked nervously at the fringe of her jacket. 'I met him first as the gasfitters' ball,' she said. 'They used to send father tickets when he was alive,

and then afterwards they remembered us, and sent them to mother. Mr Windibank did not wish us to go. He never did wish us to go anywhere. He would get quite mad if I wanted so much as to join a Sunday-school treat. But this time I was set on going, and I would go; for what right had he to prevent? He said the folk were not fit for us to know, when all father's friends were to be there. And he said that I had nothing fit to wear, when I had my purple plush that I had never so much as taken out of the drawer. At last, when nothing else would do, he went off to France upon the business of the firm, but we went, mother and I, with Mr Hardy, who used to be our foreman, and it was there I met Mr Hosmer Angel.'

'I suppose,' said Holmes, 'that when Mr Windibank came back from France he was very annoyed at your having gone to the ball.'

'Oh, well, he was very good about it. He laughed, I remember, and shrugged his shoulders, and said there was no use denying anything to a woman, for she would have her way.'

'I see. Then at the gasfitters' ball you met, as I understand, a gentleman called Mr Hosmer Angel.'

'Yes, sir. I met him that night, and he called next day to ask if we had got home all safe, and after that we met him—that is to say Mr Holmes, I met him twice for walks, but after that father came back again, and Mr Hosmer Angel could not come to the house any more?'

'No?'

'Well, you know, father didn't like anything of the sort. He wouldn't have any visitor if he could help it, and he used to say that a woman should be happy in her own family circle. But then, as I used to say to mother, a woman wants her own circle to begin with, and I had not got mine yet.'

'But how about Mr Hosmer Angel? Did he make no attempt to see you?'

'Well, father was going off to France again in a week, and Hosmer wrote and said that it would be safer and better not to see each other until he had gone. We could write in the meantime, and he used to write every day. I took the letters in the morning, so there was no need for father to know.'

'Were you engaged to the gentleman at this time?'

'Oh, yes, Mr Holmes. We were engaged after the first walk that we took. Hosmer—Mr Angel—was a cashier in an office in Leaden-hall Street—and—'

'What office?'

'That's the worst of it, Mr Holmes, I don't know.'

'Where did he live, then?'

'He slept on the premises.'

'And you don't know his address?'

'No—except that it was Leadenhall Street.'

'Where did you address your letters, then?'

'To the Leadenhall Street post office, to be left till called for. He said that if they were sent to the office he would be chaffed by all the other clerks about having letters from a lady, so I offered to typewrite them, like he did his, but he wouldn't have that, for he said that when I wrote them they seemed to come from me, but when they were typewritten he always felt that the machine had come between us. That will just show you how fond he was of me, Mr Holmes, and the little things that he would think of.'

'It was most suggestive,' said Holmes. 'It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important. Can you remember any other little things about Mr Hosmer Angel?'

'He was a very shy man, Mr Holmes. He would rather walk with me in the evening than in the daylight, for he said that he hated to be conspicuous. Very retiring and gentlemanly he was. Even his voice was gentle. He'd had the quinsy and swollen glands when he was young, he told me, and it had left him with a weak throat, and a hesitating, whispering fashion of speech. He was always well dressed, very neat and plain, but his eyes were weak, just as mine are, and he wore tinted glass against the glare.'

'Well, and what happened when Mr Windibank, your stepfather, returned to France?'

'Mr Hosmer Angel came to the house again and proposed that we should marry before he came back. He was a dear boy.

earnest and made me swear, with my hands on the Testament, that whatever happened I would always be true to him. Mother said he was quite right to make me swear, and that it was a sign of his passion. Mother was all in his favour from the first and was even fonder of him than I was. Then, when they talked of marrying within a week, I began to ask about father; but they both said never to mind about father, but just to tell him afterwards, and mother said she would make it all right with him. I didn't quite like that, Mr Holmes. It seemed funny that I should ask his

leave, as he was only a few years older than me; I didn't want to do anything on sly, so I wrote to father at Bordeaux, where the company has its French offices, but the letter came back to me on the very morning of the wedding.'

'It missed him, then?'

'Yes, sir; for he had started for England just before it arrived! Ha! that was unfortunate. Your wedding was arranged, then, for the Friday. Was it to be in church?'

'Yes, sir, but very quietly. It was to be at St. Saviour's, near King's Cross, and we were to have breakfast afterwards at the St. Pancras Hotel. Hosmer came for us in a hansom, but as there were two of us he put us both into it and stepped himself into a four-wheeler, which happened to be the only other cab in the street. We got to the church first, and when the four-wheeler drove up we waited for him to step out, but he never did, and when the cabman got down from the box and looked there was no one there! The cabman said that he could not imagine what had become of him, for he had seen him get in with his own eyes. That was last Friday, Mr Holmes, and I have never seen or heard anything since then to throw any light upon what became of him.'

'It seems to me that you have been very shamefully treated,' said Holmes.

'Oh, no, sir! He was too good and kind to leave me so. Why, all the morning he was saying to me that, whatever happened, I was to be true; and that even if something quite unforeseen

stepfather returned to France?'

'Thank you. And your address?'

'No. 31 Lyon Place, Camberwell.'

'Most certainly it does. Your own opinion is, then, that some unforeseen catastrophe has occurred to him?'

'He travels for Westhouse & Marbank, the great claret importers of Fenchurch Street.'

'Yes, sir, I believe that he foresaw some danger; or else he would not have talked so. And then I think that what he foresaw happened.'

'But you have no notion as to what it could have been?'

'None.'

'One more question. How did your mother take the matter?'

'She was angry, and said that I was never to speak of the matter again.'

'And your father? Did you tell him?'

'Yes; and he seemed to think, with me, that something had happened, and that I should hear of Hosmer again. As he said, when interest could anyone have in bringing me to the doors of the church, and then leaving me? Now, if he had borrowed my money, or if he had married me and got my money settled on him, there might be some reason, but Hosmer was very independent about money and never would look at a shilling of mine. And yet, what could have happened? And why could he not write? Oh, it drives me half mad to think of it, and I can't sleep a wink at night.' She pulled a little handkerchief out of her muff and began to sob heavily into it.

'I shall glance into the case for you,' said Holmes, rising, 'and I have no doubt that we shall reach some definite result. Let the weight of the matter rest upon me now, and do not let your mind dwell upon it further. Above all, try to let Mr Hosmer Angel vanish from memory, as he has done from your life.'

'Then you don't think I'll see him again?'

'I fear not.'

'Then what has happened to him?'

'You will leave that question in my hands. I should like an accurate description of him and any letters of his which you can spare.'

'I advertised for him in last Saturday's Chronicle,' said she.

'Here is the slip and here are four letters from him.'

I was to be true; and that even if something quite unforeseen happened since gives a meaning to it.'

'Mr Angel's address you never had, I understand. Where is your father's place of business?'

'He travels for Westhouse & Marbank, the great claret importers of Fenchurch Street.'

'Thank you. You have made your statement very clearly. You will leave the papers here, and remember the advice which I have given you. Let the whole incident be a sealed book, and do not allow it to affect your life.'

'You are very kind, Mr Holmes, but I cannot do that. I shall be true to Hosmer. He shall find me ready when he comes back.'

For all the preposterous hat and the vacuous face, there was something noble in the simpler faith of our visitor which compelled our respect. She laid her little bundle of papers upon the table and went her way, with a promise to come again whenever she might be summoned.

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for a few minutes with his finger lips still pressed together, his legs stretched out in front of him, and his gaze directed upward to the ceiling. Then he took down from the rack the old and oily clay pipe, which was to him as a counsellor and, having lit it, he leaned back in his chair, with the thick blue cloud-wreaths spinning up from him, and a look of infinite languor in his face.

'Quite an interesting study, that maiden,' he observed. 'I found her more interesting than her little problem, which by the way, is rather a trite one. You will find parallel cases, if you consult my index, in Andover in '77, and there was something of the sort at The Hague last year. Old as is the idea, however, there were one or two details which were new to me. But the maiden herself was most instructive.'

'You appeared to read a good deal upon her which was quite invisible to me,' I remarked.

'Not invisible but unnoticed, Watson. You did not know where to look, and so you missed all that was important. I can never bring you to realize the importance of sleeves, the suggestiveness of thumb-nails, or the great issues that may hang from a bootlace.'

Now, what did you gather from that woman's appearance? Describe it.'

'Well, she had a slate-coloured, broad-brimmed straw hat, with a feather of a brickish red. Her jacket was black, with black beads sewn upon it, and a fringe of little black jet ornaments. Her dress was brown, rather darker than coffee colour, with a little purple plush at the neck and sleeves. Her gloves were greyish and were worn through at the right forefinger. Her boots I didn't observe. She had small round, hanging gold earrings, and a general air of being fairly well-to-do in a vulgar, comfortable, easy-going way.'

Sherlock Holmes clapped his hands softly together and chuckled.

'Pon my word, Watson, you are coming along wonderfully. You have really done very well indeed. It is true that you have missed everything of importance, but you have hit upon the method, and you have a quick eye for colour. Never trust to general impressions, my boy, but concentrate yourself upon details. My first glance is always at a woman's sleeve. In a man it is perhaps better first to take the knee of the trouser. As you observe, this woman had plush upon her sleeves, which is a most useful material for showing traces. The double line a little above the wrist, where the typewrist presses against the table, was beautifully defined. The sewing machine, of the hand type, leaves a similar mark, but only on the left arm, and on the side of it farthest from the thumb, instead of being right across the broadest part, as this was. I then glanced at her face, and, observing the dint of a pince-nez at either side of her nose, I ventured a remark upon short sight and typewriting, which seemed to surprise her.'

'It surprised me.'

'But, surely, it was obvious. I was then much surprised and interested on glancing down to observe that, though the boots which she was wearing were not unlike each other, they were really odd ones; the one having slightly decorated toe-cap, and the other a plain one. One was buttoned only in the two lower buttons out of five, and the other at the first, third, and fifth.

'

Now, when you see that a young lady, otherwise neatly dressed, has come away from home with odd boots, half-buttoned, it is no great deduction to say that she came away in a hurry.'

'And what else?' I asked, keenly interested, as I always was, by my friend's incisive reasoning.

I noted, in passing, that she had written a note before leaving home but after being fully dressed. You observed that her right glove was torn at the forefinger, but you did not apparently see that both glove and finger were stained with violet ink. She had written in a hurry and dipped her pen too deep. It must have been this morning, or the mark would not remain clear upon the finger. All this is amusing, though rather elementary, but I must go back to business, Watson. Would you mind reading me the advertised description of

Mr Hosmer Angel?'

I held the little printed slip to the light.

Missing (it said) on the morning of the fourteenth, a gentleman named Hosmer Angel. About five feet seven inches in height; strongly built, sallow complexion, black hair, a little bald in the centre, bushy, black side-whiskers and moustache; tinted glasses, slight infirmity of speech. Was dressed, when last seen, in black frock-coat laced with silk, black waistcoat, gold Albert chain, and grey Harris tweed trousers, with brown gaiters over elasticised boots. Known to have been employed in an office in Leadenhall Street. Anybody bringing—

'That will do,' said Holmes. 'As to the letters,' he continued, glancing over them, 'they are very commonplace. Absolutely no clue to them to Mr Angel, save that he quotes Balzac once. There is one remarkable point, however, which will no doubt strike you.'

'They are typewritten,' I remarked.

'Not only that, but the signature is typewritten. Look at the neat little 'Hosmer Angel' at the bottom. There is a date, you see, but no superstition except Leadenhall Street, which is rather vague. The point about the signature is very suggestive — in fact, we may call it conclusive.'

'Of what?'

'My dear fellow, is it possible you do not see how strongly it bears upon the case?'

'I cannot say that I do unless it were that he wished to be able to deny his signature if an action for breach of promise were instituted.'

'No, that was not the point. However, I shall write two letters, which should settle the matter. One is to a firm in the City, the other is to the young lady's stepfather, Mr Windibank, asking him whether he could meet us here at six o'clock tomorrow evening. It is just as well that we should do business with the male relatives. And now, Doctor, we can do nothing until the male answers to those letters come, so we may put our little problem upon the shelf for the interim.'

I had had so many reasons to believe in my friend's subtle powers of reasoning and extraordinary energy in action that I felt that he must have some solid grounds for the assured and easy demeanour with which he treated the singular mystery which he had been called upon to fathom. Once only had I known him to fail, in the case of the King of Bohemia and of the Irene Adler photograph; but when I looked back to the weird business of 'The Sign of Four,' and the extraordinary circumstances connected with 'A Study in Scarlet', I felt that it would be strange tangle indeed which he could not unravel.

I left him then, still puffing at his black clay pipe, with the conviction that when I came again on the next evening I would find that he held in his hands all the clues which would lead up to the identity of the disappearing bridegroom of Miss Mary Sutherland.

A professional case of great gravity was engaging my own attention at the time, and the whole of next day I was busy at the bedside of the sufferer. It was not until close upon six o'clock that I found myself free and was able to spring into a hansom and drive to Baker Street, half afraid that I might be too late to assist at the denouement of the little mystery. I found Sherlock Holmes alone, however, half asleep, with his long, thin form curled up in the recesses of his arm-chair. A formidable array of bottles and test-tubes, with the pungent cleanly smell of hydrochloric acid,

told me that he had spent his day in the chemical work which was so clear to him.

'Well, have you solved it?' I asked as I entered.

'Yes. It was the bisulphate of baryta.'

'No, no, the mystery!' I cried.

'Oh, that! I thought of the salt that I have been working upon. There was never any mystery in the matter, though, I said yesterday, some of the details are of interest. The only drawback is that there is no law, I fear, that can touch the scoundrel.'

'Who was he, then, and what was his object in deserting Miss Sutherland?'

The question was hardly out of my mouth and Holmes had not yet opened his lips to reply, when we heard a heavy footfall in the passage and a tap at the door.

'This is the girl's stepfather Mr James Windibank,' said Holmes. 'He has written to me to say that he would be here at six. Come in!

The man who entered was a sturdy, middle-sized fellow, some thirty years of age, clean-shaven, and sallow-skinned, with a bland, insinuating manner, and a pair of wonderfully sharp and penetrating grey eyes. He shot a questioning glance at each of us, placed his shiny top-hat upon the sideboard, and with a slight bow sidled down into the nearest chair.

'Good-evening, Mr James Windibank,' said Holmes. 'I think that this typewritten letter is from you, in which you made an appointment with me for six o'clock?'

'Yes, sir. I am afraid that I am a little late, but I am not quite my own master, you know. I am sorry that Miss Sutherland has troubled you about this little matter, for I think it is far better not to wash linen of the sort in public. It was quite against my wishes that she came, but she is a very excitable, impulsive girl, as you may have noticed, and she is not easily controlled when she has made up her mind on a point. Of course, I did not mind you so much, as you are not connected with the official police, but it is not pleasant to have a family misfortune like this noised abroad. Besides, it is a useless expense, for how could you possibly find this Hosmer Angel?'

'On the contrary,' said Holmes quietly, 'I have every reason to believe that I will succeed in discovering Mr Hosmer Angel.'

Mr Windibank gave a violent start and dropped his gloves. 'I am delighted to hear it,' he said.

'It is a curious thing,' remarked Holmes, 'that a typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man's handwriting. Unless they are quite new, no two of them write exactly alike. Some letters get more worn than others, and some wear only on one side. Now, you remark in this note of yours, Mr Windibank, that in every case there is some little slurring over of the 'e', and a slight defect in the tail of the 'r'! There are fourteen other characteristics, but those are the more obvious.'

'We do all our correspondence with this machine at the office, and no doubt it is a little worn,' our visitor answered, glancing keenly at Holmes with his bright little eyes.

'And now I will show you what is really a very interesting study, Mr Windibank,' Holmes continued. 'I think of writing another little monograph some of these days on the typewriter and its relation to crime. It is a subject to which I have devoted some little attention. I have here four letters which purport to come from the missing man. They are all typewritten. In each case, not only are the 'e's' slurred and the 'r's' tailless, but you will observe, if you care to use my magnifying lens, that the fourteen other characteristics to which I have alluded are there as well.'

Mr Windibank sprang out of his chair and picked up his hat. 'I cannot waste time over this sort of fantastic talk, Mr Holmes,' he said. 'If you can catch the man, catch him, and let me know when you have done it.'

'Certainly,' said Holmes, stepping over and turning the key in the door. 'I let you know, then, that I have caught him!'

'What! Where?' shouted Mr Windibank, turning white to his lips and glancing about him like a rat in a trap.

'Oh, it won't do—really it won't,' said Holmes suavely. 'There is no possible getting out of it, Mr Windibank. It is quite too transparent, and it was a very bad compliment when you said that it was impossible for me to solve so simple a question. That's right! Sit down and let us talk it over.'

Our visitor collapsed into a chair, with a ghastly face and a glitter of moisture on his brow. 'It—it's not actionable,' he stammered.

'I am very much afraid that it is not. But between ourselves, Windibank, it was as cruel and selfish and heartless a trick in a petty way as ever came before me. Now, let me just run over the course of events, and you will contradict me if I go wrong.'

The man sat huddled up in his chair, with his head sunk upon his breast, like one who is utterly crushed. Holmes, stuck his feet up on the corner of the mantelpiece and, leaning back with his hands in his pockets, began talking rather to himself, as it seemed, than to us.

'The man married a woman very much older than himself, for her money,' said he, 'and he enjoyed the use of the money of the daughter as long as she lived with them. It was a considerable sum, for people in their position, and the loss of it would have made a serious difference. It was worth an effort to preserve it. The daughter was of a good, amiable disposition, but affectionate and warm hearted in her ways, so that it was evident that with her fair personal advantages, and her little income, she would not be allowed to remain single long. Now her marriage would mean, of course, the loss of a hundred a year, so what does her stepfather do to prevent it? He takes the obvious course of keeping her at home and forbidding her to seek the company of people of her own age. But soon he found that that would not answer forever. She became restive, insisted upon her rights, and finally announced her positive intention of going to a certain ball. What does her clever stepfather do then? He conceives an idea more creditable to his head than to his heart. With the connivance and assistance of his wife he disguised himself, covered those keen eyes with tinted glasses, masked the face with a moustache and a pair of bushy whiskers, sunk that clear voice into an insinuating whisper, and doubly secure an account of the girl's short sight, he appears as Mr Hosmer Angel, and keeps off other lovers by making love himself.'

'It was only a joke at first,' groaned our visitor. 'We never thought that she would have been so carried away.'

'Very likely not. However that may be, the young lady was very decidedly carried away, and, having quite made up her mind that her stepfather was in France, the suspicion of treachery never for an instant entered her mind. She was flattered by the gentleman's attentions, and the effect was increased by the loudly expressed admiration of her mother. Then Mr Angel began to call, for it was obvious that the matter should be pushed as far as it would go if a real effect were to be produced. There were meetings, and an engagement, which would finally secure the girl's affections from turning towards anyone else. But the deception could not be kept up forever. These pretended journeys to France were rather cumbrous. The thing to do was clearly to bring the business to an end in such a dramatic manner that it would leave a permanent impression upon the young lady's mind and prevent her from looking upon any other suitor for some time to come. Hence those vows of fidelity exacted upon a Testament, and hence also the allusions to a possibility of something happening on the very morning of the wedding. James Windibank wished Miss Sutherland to be so bound to Hosmer Angel, and so uncertain as to his fate, that for ten years to come, at any rate, she would not listen to another man. As far as the church door he brought her, and then, as he could go no further, he conveniently vanished away by the old trick of stepping in at one door of a four-wheeler and out at the other. I think that that was the chain of events, Mr Windibank!'

Our visitor had recovered something of his assurance while Holmes had been talking, and he rose from his chair with a cold sneer upon his pale face..

'It may be so, or it may not, Mr Holmes,' said he, 'but if you are so very sharp you ought to be sharp enough to know that it is you who are breaking the law now, and not me. I have done nothing actionable from the first, but as long as you keep that door locked you lay yourself open to an action for assault and illegal constraint.'

'The law cannot, as you say, touch you,' said Holmes, unlocking and throwing open the door, 'yet there never was a man who deserved punishment more. If the young lady has a

brother or a friend, he ought to lay a whip across your shoulders. By Jove!' he continued, flushing up at the sight of the bitter sneer upon the man's face. 'It is not part of my duties to my client, but here's a hunting crop handy, and I think I shall just treat myself to—' He took two swift steps to the whip, but before he could grasp it there was a wild clatter of steps upon the stairs, the heavy hall door banged, and from the window we could see Mr James Windibank running at the top of his speed down the road.

'There's a cold-blooded scoundrel!' said Holmes, laughing, as he threw himself down into his chair once more. 'That fellow will rise from crime to crime until he does something very bad, and ends on a gallows. The case has, in some respects, been not entirely devoid of interest.'

'I cannot now entirely see all the steps of your reasoning,' I remarked.

'Well, of course it was obvious from the first time that this Mr Hosmer Angel must have some strong object for his curious conduct, and it was equally clear that the only man who really profited by the incident, as far as we could see, was the stepfather. Then the fact that the two men were never together, but that the one always appeared when the other was away, was suggestive. So were the tinted spectacles and the curious voice, which both hinted at a disguise, as did the bushy whiskers. My suspicions were all confirmed by his peculiar action in typewriting his signature, which, of course, inferred that his handwriting was so familiar to her that she would recognize even the smallest sample of it. You see all these isolated facts, together with many minor ones, all pointed in the same direction.'

'And how did you verify them?'

'Having once spotted my man, it was easy to get corroboration. I knew the firm for which this man worked. Having taken the printed description, I eliminated everything from it which could be the result of a disguise—the whiskers, the glasses, the voice, and I sent it to the firm, with a request that they would inform me whether it answered to the description of any of their travellers. I had already noticed the peculiarities of the typewriter, and I wrote to the man himself at his business address, asking him if he

would come here. As I expected, his reply was typewritten and revealed the same trivial but characteristic defects. The same post brought me a letter from Westhouse & Marbank, of Fenchurch Street, to say that the description tallied in every respect with that of their employee, James Windibank. Voila tout!

'And Miss Sutherland?'

'If I tell her she will not believe me. You may remember the old Persian saying, 'There is danger for him who taketh the tiger cub, and danger also for him who snatches a delusion from a woman.' There is as much sense in Hafiz as in Horace, and as much knowledge of the world.'

### Glossary

<i>Baker Street</i>	: the street in London where Sherlock Holmes lived
<i>queer</i>	: strange
<i>I</i>	: here it refers to Dr Watson, the close friend of Holmes
<i>platitude</i>	: a statement which is true but not new; it is made by someone who thinks it is both
<i>bizarre</i>	: very strange
<i>pinch of snuff</i>	: a powder to be inhaled through the nose
<i>amethyst</i>	: precious stone that is purple or violet in colour
<i>souvenir</i>	: an object to be kept as a reminder either of a person or of an event
<i>brilliant</i>	: precious stone cut in a pointed shape
<i>reigning</i>	: ruling
<i>Marseilles</i>	: a town in France
<i>coquettish</i>	: attracting the attention of men
<i>panoply</i>	: a complete suit of armour; here used humorously to refer to the lady's dress
<i>flush</i>	: a sudden rush of blood and therefore colour, to the face
<i>commonplace</i>	: ordinary
<i>deduction</i>	: conclusion
<i>Hafiz</i>	: a Persian poet who lived in the fourteenth century
<i>Horace</i>	: Roman poet of the first century BC

### Comprehension

- What is Holmes's opinion about police cases?

- Describe the appearance of the woman who visited Holmes.
- What are the points of the woman's appearance that Holmes noted and thought important for the solution of the case.
- What did Miss Sutherland come to complain about and seek help from Holmes?
- What impression do you get of the relationship between Mr Windibank and Miss Sutherland?
- What was the course of the romance of Miss Sutherland with Mr Hosmer Angel?
- How did Mr Angel disappear and what was the cruel joke behind this?
- How did Holmes arrive at the solution to the mystery and why did he think that Miss Sutherland should not be told the truth?

### Vocabulary

- Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own.

conceive      bizarre      symptoms  
loomed      suggestive      notion

- Fill in the blanks with the words given below.

discriminate      oscillate      impulsive  
delusion      infirmity      decorated

- When the ..... wore off, the girl realised that she had been taken for a ride by the boy.
- One should not ..... between two extremes.
- He was touching eighty and his speech had started showing some ..... and his movements were a bit shaky.
- The man from Tibet was wearing a very ..... cloak and was the cynosure of all eyes.
- In order to ..... between good and bad, a child is helped a lot by reading well-written books.
- An ..... decision is never as good as a well-thought out one.

### Writing

Imagine that there was a crime in your neighbourhood and that you tried to solve it along with your friends. Write about it.

name at all on the door! But it is one of the minor mysteries that make travel through that country so engrossing.

#### 4. Toasted English

R. K. Narayan

In the American restaurants they call for "Toasted English", referring to English muffins which though being made in America, now retain 'English' as a sort of concession to their origin. The same may be said of their language too. Americans too went through a phase of throwing out the British but retaining their language and letting it flourish on American soil; the resultant language is somewhat different from its British counterpart; it may be said to have gone through a process of toasting. One noticeable result of this toasting is that much of the formalism surrounding the use of English has been abandoned.

In America, they have freed the language from the stifling tyranny of the passive voice. Where we should say ceremoniously 'Trespassing prohibited', their signboards, as I noticed in the parks of Berkeley, merely say, 'Newly planted, don't walk'. 'Absolutely No Parking' leaves no room for speculation, and no motorist need spend too much peering out and studying the notice. In a similar situation our authorities are likely to plant a twenty-line inscription on the landscape to say, 'Under Municipal Act so and so of the Motorist Vehicles Act, etc. etc.' I saw on many American office doors just 'Do not Enter.' The traffic signs at pedestrian crossings never mince words; they just say 'Go', or 'Wait'. In a Hollywood studio I was rather startled to read, 'Mark Stevens—keep out'. Mark Stevens is a busy television personality who does not like to be disturbed by visitors. Incidentally, it left me wondering why, if Mr Stevens does not like interruption, he should announce his

'OK' is another well-known example. It is the easiest sound that ever emanated from the human vocal cords. Everyone knows how comprehensive its sense can be. 'Okay' is a self-sufficient word which needs no suffix to indicate any special respect for the listener; it can stand by itself without a 'Sir' to conclude the sentence. In this respect it is like 'Yeah' which seals off a sentence without further ado. 'Yes sir', or 'Yes, darling', is conceivable but 'Yeah sir', or 'Yeah darling', is unthinkable. 'Yeah' is uttered in a short base-of-the-tongue grunt, which almost snaps off any further

continuation of a sentence. 'Yes' involves time as the sibilant could be prolonged.

The refinements of usage in countries where English has a bazaar status are worth a study. On a London bus you will never hear the conductor cry, 'Ticket, Ticket'. He approaches the passenger and says 'Thank you', and on receiving the fare says again. 'Thank you, sir'. I find out that one could calculate the number of passengers in a bus by halving the total number of 'Thanks' heard. In any Western country if a receptionist asks, 'Can I help you?' it really means 'Have you any business here, if so state it.' Or it may mean

'Evidently you have wandered off into a wrong place, go away.' A man who wants to pass you always says 'Excuse me', while he may with all justice burst out, 'What do you mean by standing there gaping at the world while you block everybody's passage? Stand aside, man!' When you send your card in, the busy man's secretary appears and whispers in your ear, 'Would you like to wait?' Though the tone is one of consultation, you have really no choice in the matter. The thing to do is not to answer the question but say 'Thanks' and look for a comfortable seat in the waiting room, although you may feel like saying, 'No, I wouldn't like to wait. I have other things to do.'

The time has come for us to consider seriously the question of a Bharat brand of English. So far English has had a comparatively confined existence in our country, chiefly in the halls of learning, justice or administration. Now the time is ripe for it to come to the dusty street, market place, and under the banyan tree. English must adopt the complexion of our life and assimilate its idiom. I am not suggesting mongrelisation of the language. I am not recommending that we should go back to the days when we heard, particularly in the railway, 'Wer U goin', man?' Bharat English will respect the rule of law and maintain the dignity of grammar, but still have a Swadeshi stamp about it unmistakably, like the Madras handloom check shirt of the Thirupathi doll.

From *Reluctant Guru*

Born in Madras, R. K. Narayan is one of the best of the first generation of Indian novelists in English. He was essentially a story-teller, whose

sensitive, well-drawn portrayals of twentieth-century Indian life were set mostly in the fictional south Indian town of Malgudi. R. K. Narayan has published more than ten novels and short stories. His works have been translated into several Indian and European languages. Narayan is well-known for the direct simplicity of his language, his realistic settings and even more realistic characters. He was sometimes compared to the American writer William Faulkner for his compassionate humanism and celebration of ordinary life. This is a half-humorous, half-serious essay about how the same language—English—differs from one country to another.

### Glossary

*muffins:*

tea-cakes of a certain kind made brown and crisp by heating. Here the author uses the word humorously to refer to the changes made in the English language.

*formalism:*

rules of correct behaviour a city in the United States of America to say something plainly and directly,

without worrying about politeness to say something plainly and directly, without worrying about politeness

without worrying about politeness to throw something or someone out a 'score' is twenty, just as a dozen is twelve

'such a person or such a thing two pieces of muscle in the throat (behind the Adam's apple) which enable us to make sounds something that is added on to the end of a word

fuss, unnecessary trouble or excitement a hissing sound, e.g. the sound 's'.

*sibilant:* status where English is the language of the common people

*where English has a bazaar:*

*mongrelisation:*

breeding a new type of animal (e.g. dog) by bringing together a male animal of one kind and a female animal of another kind. Here the author is referring to a new language produced by mixing different languages.

### Comprehension

1. The author refers to the use of English in three different countries. Which are the three countries?
2. Much of the formalism surrounding the use of English has been abandoned. In which country does formalism surround the use of English, according to the author? In which country has it been given up?
3. Several examples of the use of English in America are given in the second paragraph. What do those examples show?
4. 'Americans too went through a phase of throwing out the British but retaining their language.' Why does the author say 'too' in this sentence?
5. What is the author's attitude in this essay? Comment on this.
6. What is the situation regarding English in India? What does the author mean by saying there should be a 'Bharat brand of English'?

### Writing

Here are some words and expressions which are used differently in India and in Britain. Divide them into two groups and write two paragraphs about them. Introduce each group with a general statement and use appropriate linkers such as 'for instance', 'however', 'thus' etc. Try to make an interesting comment after each example.

#### in India

word	in Britain	in India
cinema	building in which films are shown	building in which you can see a film or a play
theatre	building in which you can see a play	a rise in body temperature
fever	a particular disease such as 'yellow fever'	absolute silence
pin-drop	(the expression does not exist)	silence

## 10. The Myths of Artificial Intelligence

Attila Narin

Every decade technology and science provide us with new keywords and terms like 'virtual reality', 'fuzzy logic', 'artificial intelligence' and many others. Among these, 'artificial intelligence', the idea of making computers and machinery think, learn and even correct itself from its own mistakes, just like human beings, is a concept that has brought about countless discussions, disagreements, arguments, misunderstandings and wrong hopes. Myths and fiction influence persons who regard the computer as an almighty tool. Since these people usually do not know much about computers and algorithms, it is necessary to present what is really happening behind the scenes of this scientific discipline. The fact that even experts are split into two schools of thought does not make it easier to discuss the real essence of artificial intelligence.

Some believe in artificial intelligence and are convinced that it will exist soon. Others argue against it and regard it as impossible to make computers act intelligently. All misunderstandings are due to different points of view and different definitions of intelligence. Considering the true and deep meaning of intelligence, it is obvious that computers can never act intelligently like human beings.

To understand the differing beliefs of experts in this field, it is essential to briefly discuss the definitions of intelligence. In the English language, intelligence refers to a large collection of data, a compilation of knowledge, as it is maintained by the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency), for example. This definition might justify the point of view of experts arguing for artificial intelligence.

A typical statement by a critic of artificial intelligence is as follows: '[Roger] Penrose does not believe that true intelligence can be presented without consciousness and, hence, that intelligence can never be produced by any algorithm that is executed on a computer.'

(Noyes 535)

According to Binet, a psychologist who developed the IQ test made the statement: 'Intelligence is what intelligence tests measure.' Despite the obvious irony, Binet gave the correct answer, since this test began to turn into the main criterion to reckon intelligence in our society. Thus, the meaning of intelligence has drifted away from its original sense and lost most of its value. Today advanced computer systems are capable of successfully passing this intelligence test.

Briefly discussing the etymological background of the word 'intelligence' will lead to the explanation and understanding of its real meaning. The word 'intelligence' is derived from the Latin word 'intellegere', to understand, to perceive, to recognise and to realise. Dividing the word into its two parts will reveal further details. 'Legere', the second part of the word by itself means to select, to choose and to gather. The first part of the word comes from the prefix 'inter-', which generally means 'between'. Interpreting the combination of these words indicates that intelligence is the ability to establish abstract links between details that do not necessarily have any obvious relationship.

What is the real and original definition of intelligence? Intelligence must not be understood as only the ability to solve problems. Knowing all facts and rules, and having access to every piece of information is not sufficient to provide intelligence. The essential part of intelligence, as the Latin word suggests, is the ability to look beyond the simple facts and givens, to understand their connections and dependencies and thus to be able to derive new abstract ideas. A human being does not only utilise its intelligence to solve problems; this is only one field where intelligence is applied. Intelligence is used to coordinate and master a life, it is reflected in our behaviour and it motivates us to achieve our aims, which are mainly devised by our intelligence as well.

When people refer to a computer programme or algorithm as being intelligent, what is it that makes it appear so? There are certain qualities of the computer that make its actions or responses seem intelligent. Most essentially, a computer is much faster than the human brain when it comes to searching data, number crunching, playing a game, applying rules or finding general solutions to a problem. A computer appears to be intelligent, because only meaningful responses or solutions to a specific question are filtered out and displayed. Due to the speed, it seems as if the algorithm is not even considering any obviously wrong attempts. That, of course, is not true. In most cases the program will consider every possibility, even those that are destined to fail right from the beginning.

Source: <<http://www.narin.com/attila/index.html>>/ December 1993

**A**ttila Narin has written several pieces on computer technology and information networks. This essay is a brilliant insight into a very topical issue, that of artificial intelligence. Attila Narin has been a software design engineer with various companies, and with Microsoft Corporation. He is a visionary and an innovative technologist. He has done immense work in the areas of telephony, multimedia and animation.

## Glossary

*virtual reality:*

an environment which is produced by a computer and seems very like reality to the person experiencing it

*fuzzy logic:*

a type of computer logic that is supposed to imitate the way humans think, for example, by adapting to changing circumstances rather than following the same procedure.

*myth:* A myth is a well-known story which was made up in the past to explain natural events or to justify religious beliefs and social customs.

*artificial intelligence:* a type of computer technology which is concerned with making machines work in an intelligent way, similar to the way that the human mind works. The abbreviation AI is also used.

*almighty tool:*

*algorithm:*

An algorithm is a series of mathematical steps, especially in a computer programme, which will give you the answer to a particular kind of problem or question.

*compilation:*

A compilation is a book, CD or programme that contains many different items that have been gathered together, usually ones which have already appeared in other places.

*consciousness:*

*execute:*

*psychologist:*

one who studies the human mind and tries to explain why someone behaves the way he or she does

*obvious:*

*irony:*

something that is easy to understand  
a subtle form of humour which involves saying things that you do not mean

*criterion:*

*etymological:*

A criterion is a factor on which you judge or decide something.  
concerned or relating to the origins and systematic development of words

*abstract:*

referring to something which exists only as an idea or quality

*access:*

a means of approaching or entering a place  
make use of

*utilise:*

to cause or stimulate a person to act

## Comprehension

1. Why is it necessary to present what is really happening behind the scenes of the scientific discipline called artificial intelligence?
2. Why can computers not act with the same intelligence as human beings?
3. How can you define intelligence?
4. What are the many facets of intelligence?
5. How is the human brain an advance on the computer?
6. Can you make a conclusion from the given text that computers can never replace the human mind?

## Writing

1. Imagine a scientific discovery which has displaced the human mind totally. What do you think are the advantages and disadvantages of this situation?
2. Write a letter to your friend who lives in a village telling him all about some new experiment that you were associated with, and the new discoveries that were made through this experiment.

## 10. The Hitch-Hiker

*Roald Dahl*

Roald Dahl (1916-1990) was born in Glamorgan, South Wales. Dahl was of Norwegian origin. He enlisted in the RAF in the Second World War, serving first in Nairobi and later in Libya, Greece and Syria. He began his career as a short story writer after 1942. His short stories have been translated into many languages and have been bestsellers all over the world. He has also written novels and children's books. In 1983 Dahl was awarded the Whitbread prize for his children's novel *The Witches*.

Some of his well known works are: *Someone like you, Kiss Kiss, My Uncle Oswald and Tales of the Unexpected, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* is a popular story for children.

I had a new car. It was an exciting toy, a big B.M.W. 3.3 Li, which means 3.3 litre, long wheelbase, fuel injection. It had a top speed of 129 m.p.h. and terrific acceleration. The body was pale blue. The seats inside were darker blue and they were made of leather, genuine soft leather of the finest quality. The windows were electrically operated and so was the sun-roof. The radio aerial popped up when I switched on the radio, and disappeared when I switched it off. The powerful engine growled and grunted impatiently at slow speeds, but at sixty miles an hour the growling stopped and the motor began to purr with pleasure.

I was driving up to London by myself. It was a lovely June day. They were haymaking in the fields and there were buttercups along both sides of the road. I was whispering along at seventy miles an hour, leaning back comfortably in my seat, with no more than a couple of fingers resting lightly on the wheel to keep her steady. Ahead of me I saw a man thumbing a lift. I touched the footbrake and brought the car to a stop beside him. I always stopped for hitch-hikers. I knew just how it used to feel to be standing on the side of a country road watching the cars go by. I hated the drivers for pretending they didn't see me, especially the ones in big cars with three empty seats. The large expensive cars seldom stopped. It was always the smaller ones

that offered you a lift, or the old rusty ones, or the ones that were already crammed full of children and the driver would say, 'I think we can squeeze in one more.'

The hitch-hiker poked his head through the open window and said, 'Going to London, guv'nor?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Jump in.'

He got in and I drove on.

He was a small ratty-faced man with grey teeth. His eyes were dark and quick and clever, like a rat's eyes, and his ears were slightly pointed at the top. He had a cloth cap on his head and he was wearing a greyish-coloured jacket with enormous pockets. The grey jacket, together with the quick eyes and the pointed ears, made him look more than anything like some sort of a huge human rat.

'What part of London are you headed for?' I asked him.

'I'm goin' right through London and out the other side,' he said. 'I'm goin' to Epsom, for the races. It's Derby Day today.'

'So it is,' I said. 'I wish I were going with you. I love betting on horses.'

'I never bet on horses,' he said. 'I don't even watch 'em run. That's a stupid silly business.'

'Then why do you go?' I asked.

He didn't seem to like that question. His little ratty face went absolutely blank and he sat there staring straight ahead at the road, saying nothing.

'I expect you help to work the betting machines or something like that,' I said.

'That's even sillier,' he answered. 'There's no fun working them lousy machines and selling tickets to mugs. Any fool could do that.'

There was a long silence. I decided not to question him any more. I remembered how irritated I used to get in my hitch-hiking days when drivers kept asking me questions. Where are you going? Why are you going there?

What's your job? Are you married? Do you have a girl-friend?

What's her name? How old are you? And so on and so forth. I used to hate it.

'I'm sorry,' I said. 'It's none of my business what you do. The trouble is, I'm a writer, and most writers are terribly nosey parkers.'

'You write books?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Writin' books is okay,' he said. 'It's what I call a skilled trade. I'm in a skilled trade too. The folks I despise is them that spend all their lives doin' crummy old routine jobs with no skill in 'em at all. You see what I mean?'

'Yes.'

'The secret of life,' he said, 'is to become very very good at somethin' that's very very 'ard to do.'

'Like you,' I said.

'Exactly. You and me both.'

'What makes you think that I'm any good at my job?' I asked.

'There's an awful lot of bad writers around.'

'You wouldn't be drivin' about in a car like this if you weren't no good at it,' he answered. 'It must've cost a tidy packet, this little job.'

'It wasn't cheap.'

'What can she do flat out?' he asked.

'One hundred and twenty-nine miles an hour,' I told him.

'I'll bet she won't do it.'

'I'll bet she will.'

'All car makers is liars,' he said. 'You can buy any car you like and it'll never do what the makers say it will in the ads.'

'This one will.'

'Open 'er up then and prove it,' he said. 'Go on, guv'nor, open 'er right up and let's see what she'll do.'

There is a roundabout at Chalfont St.Peter and immediately beyond it there's a long straight section of dual carriageway. We came out of the roundabout on to the carriageway and I pressed my foot down on the accelerator.

The big car leaped forward as though she'd been stung. In ten seconds or so, we were doing ninety.

'Lovely!' he cried. 'Beautiful! Keep goin'!'

I had the accelerator jammed right down against the floor and I held it there.

'One hundred!' he shouted ..... 'A hundred and five! ..... A hundred and ten! ..... A hundred and fifteen!

Go on! Don't slack off!

I was in the outside lane and we flashed past several cars as though they were standing still—a green Mini, a big cream coloured Citroen, a white Land Rover, a huge truck with a container on the back, an orange-coloured Volkswagen Mini-bus ...

'A hundred and twenty!' my passenger shouted, jumping up and down. 'Go on! Go on! Get 'er up to one-two-nine!' At that moment, I heard the scream of a police siren. It was so loud it seemed to be right inside the car, and then a policeman on a motor-cycle loomed up alongside us on the inside lane and went past us and raised a hand for us to stop.

'Oh, my sainted aunt!' I said. 'That's torn it!'

The policeman must have been doing about a hundred and thirty when he passed us, and he took plenty of time slowing down. Finally, he pulled into the side of the road and I pulled in behind him. 'I didn't know police motor-cycles could go as fast as that,' I said rather lamely.

'That one can,' my passenger said. 'It's the same make as yours. It's a B.M.W. R90S. Fastest bike on the road.'

That's what they're usin' nowadays.' The policeman got off his motor-cycle and leaned the machine sideways on to its prop stand. Then he took off his gloves and placed them carefully on the seat. He was in no hurry now. He had us where he wanted us and he knew it.

'This is real trouble,' I said. 'I don't like it one bit.'

'Don't talk to 'im any more than is necessary, you understand,' my companion said.

Like an executioner approaching his victim, the policeman came strolling slowly towards us. He was a big meaty man with a belly, and his blue breeches were skintight around his enormous thighs. His goggles were pulled up onto the helmet, showing a smouldering red face with wide cheeks.

We sat there like guilty schoolboys, waiting for him to arrive.

'Watch out for this man,' my passenger whispered. 'He looks mean as the devil.'

The policeman came round to my open window and placed one meaty hand on the sill. 'What's the hurry?' he said.

'No hurry, officer,' I answered.

'Perhaps there's a woman in the back having a baby and you're rushing her to hospital? Is that it?'

'No, officer.'

'Or perhaps your house is on fire and you're dashing home to rescue the family from upstairs?' His voice was dangerously soft and mocking.

'My house isn't on fire, officer.'

'In that case,' he said, 'you've got yourself into a nasty mess, haven't you? Do you know what the speed limit is in this country?'

'Seventy,' I said.

'And do you mind telling me exactly what speed you were doing just now?'

I shrugged and didn't say anything.

When he spoke next, he raised his voice so loud that I jumped.

'One hundred and twenty miles per hour!' he barked. 'That's fifty miles an hour over the limit!'

He turned his head and spat out a big gob of spit. It landed on the wing of my car and started sliding down over my beautiful blue paint. Then he turned back again and stared hard at my passenger. 'And who are you?' he asked sharply.

'He's a hitch-hiker,' I said. 'I'm giving him a lift.'

'I didn't ask you,' he said. 'I asked him.'

'Ave I done somethin' wrong?' my passenger asked. His voice was as soft and oily as haircream.

'That's more than likely,' the policeman answered. 'Anyway, you're a witness. I'll deal with you in a minute.'

Driving-licence,' he snapped, holding out his hand.

I gave him my driving-licence. He unbuttoned the left-hand breast-pocket of his tunic and brought out the dreaded book of tickets.

Carefully, he copied the name and address from my licence. Then he gave it back to me. He strolled round to the front of the car and read the number from the number plate and wrote that

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down as well. He filled in the date, the time and the details of my offence. Then he tore out the top copy of the ticket. But before handing it to me, he checked that all the information had come through clearly on his own carbon copy. Finally, he replaced the book in his tunic pocket and fastened the button.

'Now you,' he said to my passenger, and he walked around to the other side of the car. From the other breast-pocket he produced a small black notebook. 'Name?' he snapped.

'Michael Fish,' my passenger said.

'Address?'

'Fourteen, Windsor Lane, Luton.'

'Show me something to prove this is your real name and address,' the policeman said.

My passenger fished in his pockets and came out with a driving-liscence of his own. The policeman checked the name and address and handed it back to him. 'What's your job?' he asked sharply.

'I'm an 'od carrier.'

'A what?'

'An 'od carrier.'

'Spell it.'

'H-O-D C-A-.....'

'That'll do. And what's a hod carrier, may I ask?'

'An 'od carrier, officer, is a person 'oo carries the cement up the ladder to the bricklayer. And the 'od is what 'ee carries it in. It's got a long 'andle, and on the top you've got two bits of wood set at an angle....'

'All right, all right. Who's your employer?'

'Don't 'ave one. I'm unemployed.'

The policeman wrote all this down in the black notebook. Then he returned the book to its pocket and did up the button.

'When I get back to the station I'm going to do a little checking up on you,' he said to my passenger.

'Me? What've I done wrong?' the rat-faced man asked.

'I don't like your face, that's all,' the policeman said. 'And we just might have a picture of it somewhere in our files.' He strolled round the car and returned to my window.

'I suppose you know you're in serious trouble,' he said to me.

'Yes, officer.'

'You won't be driving this fancy car of yours again for a very long time, not after we've finished with you.'

You won't be driving any car again come to that for several years. And a good thing, too. I hope they lock you up for a spell into the bargain.'

'You mean prison?' I asked, alarmed.

'Absolutely,' he said, smacking his lips. 'In the clink. Behind the bars. Along with all the other criminals who break the law. And a hefty fine into the bargain. Nobody will be more pleased about that than me. I'll see you in court, both of you. You'll be getting a summons to appear.'

He turned away and walked over to his motor-cycle. He flipped the prop stand back into position with his foot and swung his leg over the saddle. Then he kicked the starter and roared off up the road out of sight.

'Phew!' I gasped. 'That's done it.'

'We was caught,' my passenger said. 'We was caught good and proper.'

'I was caught, you mean.'

'That's right,' he said. 'What you goin' to do now, guv'nor?'

'I'm going straight up to London to talk to my solicitor,' I said. I started the car and drove on.

'You mustn't believe what 'ee said to you about goin' to prison,' my passenger said. 'They don't put nobody in the clink just for speedin'.'

'Are you sure of that?' I asked.

'I'm positive,' he answered. 'They can take your licence away and they can give you a whoppin' big fine, but that'll be the end of it.'

I felt tremendously relieved.

'By the way,' I said, 'Why did you lie to him?'

'Who, me?' he said. 'What makes you think I lied?'

'You told him you were an unemployed hod carrier. But you told me you were in a highly skilled trade.'

'So I am,' he said. 'But it don't pay to tell everthin' to a copper.'

'So what do you do?' I asked him.

'Ah,' he said slyly. 'That'd be tellin', wouldn't it?'

'Is it something you're ashamed of?'

'Ashamed?' he cried. 'Me, ashamed of my job? I'm about as proud of it as anybody could be in the entire world!'

'Then why won't you tell me?'

'You writers really is nosy parkers, aren't you?' he said. 'And you ain't goin' to be 'appy, I don't think, until you've found out exactly what the answer is?'

'I don't really care one way or the other,' I told him, lying.

He gave me a crafty little ratty look out of the sides of his eyes.

'I think you do care,' he said. 'I can see it on your face that you think I'm in some kind of a very peculiar trade and you're just achin' to know what it is.'

I didn't like the way he read my thoughts. I kept quiet and stared at the road ahead.

'You'd be right, too,' he went on. 'I am in a very peculiar trade. I'm in the queerest peculiar trade of 'em all.'

I waited for him to go on.

'That's why I 'as to be extra careful 'oo I'm talkin' to, you see. 'Ow am I to know, for instance, you're not another copper in plain clothes?'

'Do I look like a copper?'

'No,' he said. 'You don't. And you ain't. Any fool could tell that.'

He took from his pocket a tin of tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers and started to roll a cigarette. I was watching him out of the corner of one eye, and the speed with which he performed this rather difficult operation was incredible. The cigarette was rolled and ready in about five seconds. He ran his tongue along the edge of the paper, stuck it down and popped the cigarette between his lips. Then, as if from nowhere, a lighter appeared in his hand. The lighter flamed. The cigarette was lit. The lighter disappeared. It was altogether a remarkable performance.

'I've never seen anyone roll a cigarette as fast as that,' I said.

'Ah,' he said, taking a deep suck of smoke. 'So you noticed.'

'Of course I noticed. It was quite fantastic.'

He sat back and smiled. It pleased him very much that I had noticed how quickly he could roll a cigarette.

'You want to know what makes me able to do it?' he asked.

'Go on then.'

'It's because I've got fantastic fingers. These fingers of mine,' he said holding up both hands high in front of him, 'are quicker and cleverer than the fingers of the best piano player in the world!'

'Are you a piano player?'

'Don't be daft,' he said. 'Do I look like a piano player?'

I glanced at his fingers. They were so beautifully shaped, so slim and long and elegant, they didn't seem to belong to the rest of him at all. They looked more like the fingers of a brain surgeon or a watchmaker.

'My job,' he went on, 'is a hundred times more difficult than playin' the piano. Any twerp can learn to do that. There'sitchy little kids learin' to play the piano in almost any 'ouse you go into these days. That's right, ain't it?'

'More or less,' I said.

'Of course it's right. But there's not one person in ten million can learn to do what I do. Not one in ten million! 'Ow about that?'

'Amazing,' I said.

'You're darn right it's amazin',' he said.

'I think I know what you do,' he said. 'You do conjuring tricks. You're a conjurer.'

'Me?' he snorted. 'A conjurer? Can you picture me goin' round crummy kids' parties makin' rabbits come out of top 'ats?'

'Then you're a card player. You get people into card games and deal yourself marvellous hands.'

'Me! A rotten card-sharper!' he cried. 'That's a miserable racket if ever there was one.'

'All right. I give up.'

I was taking the car along slowly now, at no more than forty miles an hour, to make quite sure I wasn't stopped again. We had come on to the main London-Oxford road and were running down the hill towards Denham.

Suddenly, my passenger was holding up a black leather belt in his hand. 'Ever seen this before?' he asked. The belt had a brass buckle of unusual design.

'Hey!' I said. 'That's mine, isn't it? It is mine! Where did you get it?'

He grinned and waved the belt gently from side to side. 'Where d'you think I got it?' he said. 'Off the top of your trousers, of course.'

I reached down and felt for my belt. It was gone.

'You mean you took it off me while we've been driving along?'

I asked, flabbergasted.

He nodded, watching me all the time with those little black ratty eyes.

'That's impossible,' I said. 'You'd have had to undo the buckle and slide the whole thing out through the loops all the way round. I'd have seen you doing it. And even if I hadn't seen you, I'd have felt it.'

'Ah, but you didn't, did you?' he said, triumphant. He dropped the belt on his lap, and now all at once there was a brown shoelace dangling from his fingers. 'And what about this, then?' he exclaimed, waving the shoelace.

'What about it?' I said. 'I said, "What about it?"'

'Anyone around 'ere missin' a shoelace?' he asked, grinning.

I glanced down at my shoes. The lace of one of them was missing. 'Good grief!' I said. 'How did you do that? I never saw you bending down.'

'You never saw nothin',' he said proudly. 'You never even saw me move an inch. And you know why?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Because you've got fantastic fingers.'

'Exactly right!' he cried. 'You catch on pretty quick, don't you?' He sat back and sucked away at his home-made cigarette, blowing the smoke out in a thin stream against the windshield.

He knew he had impressed me greatly with those two tricks, and this made him very happy. 'I don't want to be late,' he said. 'What time is it?'

'I don't trust car clocks,' he said. 'What does your watch say?'

I hitched up my sleeve to look at the watch on my wrist. It wasn't there. I looked at the man. He looked back at me, grinning.

'You've taken that, too,' I said.

He held out his hand and there was my watch lying in his palm. 'Nice bit of stuff, this,' he said. 'Superior quality, eighteen-carat gold. Easy to flog, too. It's never any trouble gettin' rid of quality goods.'

'I'd like it back, if you don't mind,' I said rather huffily.

He placed the watch carefully on the leather tray in front of him. 'I wouldn't nick anything from you, guv'nor,' he said. 'You're my pal. You're giving me a lift.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' I said.

'All I'm doin' is answerin' your questions,' he went on. 'You asked me what I did for a livin' and I'm showin' you.'

'What else have you got of mine?'

He smiled again, and now he started to take from the pocket of his jacket one thing after another that belonged to me — my driving licence, a key-ring with four keys on it, some pound notes, a few coins, a letter from my publishers, my diary, a stubby old pencil, a cigarette-lighter, and last of all, a beautiful old sapphire ring with pearls around it belonging to my wife. I was taking the ring up to the jeweller in London because one of the pearls was missing.

'Now there's another lovely piece of goods,' he said, turning the ring over in his fingers. 'That's eighteenth century, if I'm not mistaken, from the reign of King George the Third.'

'You're right,' I said, impressed. 'You're absolutely right.'

He put the ring on the leather tray with the other items.

'So you're a pickpocket,' I said.

'I don't like that word,' he answered. 'It's a coarse and vulgar word. Pickpockets is coarse and vulgar people who only do easy little amateur jobs. They lift money from blind old ladies.'

'What do you call yourself, then?'

'Me? I'm a fingersmith. I'm a professional fingersmith.'

He spoke the words solemnly and proudly, as though he were telling me he was the President of the Royal College of Surgeons or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

'I've never heard that word before,' I said. 'Did you invent it?'

'Of course I din't invent it,' he replied. 'It's the name given to them who's risen to the very top of the profession. You've 'eard of a goldsmith and a silversmith, for instance. They're experts with gold and silver.'

I'm an expert with my fingers, so I'm a fingersmith.'

'It must be an interesting job.'

'It's a marvellous job,' he answered. 'It's lovely.'

'And that's why you go to the races?'

'Race meetings is easy meat,' he said. 'You just stand around after the race, watchin' for the lucky ones to queue up and draw

their money. And when you see someone collectin' a big bundle of notes, you simply follows after 'im and 'elps yourself. But

don't get me wrong, guv'nor. I never takes nothin' from a loser.

Nor from poor people neither. I only go after them as can afford it, the winners and the rich.'

'That's very thoughtful of you,' I said. 'How often do you get caught?'

'Caught?' he cried, disgusted. 'Me get caught! It's only pickpockets get caught. Fingersmiths never. Listen, I could take the false teeth out of your mouth if I want to and you wouldn't even catch me!'

'I don't have false teeth,' I said.  
'I know you don't,' he answered. 'Otherwise I'd 'ave 'ad'em out long ago!'  
I believed him. Those long slim fingers of his seemed able to do anything.

We drove on for a while without talking.  
'That policeman's going to check up on you pretty thoroughly,' I said. 'Doesn't that worry you a bit?'

'Nobody's checkin' up on me,' he said.

'Of course they are. He's got your name and address written down most carefully in his black book.'

The man gave me another of his sly, ratty little smiles. 'Ah,' he said. 'So 'ee 'as. But I'll bet 'ee ain't got it all written down in 'is memory as well. I've never known a copper yet with a decent memory as well.'

Some of 'em can't even remember their own names.'

'What's memory got to do with it?' I asked. 'It's written down in his book, isn't it?'

'Yes, guv'nor, it is. But the trouble is, 'ee's lost the book. 'Ee's lost both books, the one with my name in it and the one with yours.'

In the long delicate fingers of his right hand, the man was holding up in triumph the two books he had taken from the policeman's pockets. 'Easiest job I ever done,' he announced proudly.

I nearly swerved the car into a milk-truck, I was so excited. 'That copper's got nothin' on either of us now,' he said.

'You're a genius!' I cried.

'Ee's got no names, no addresses, no car number, no nothin',' he said.

'You're brilliant!'

'I think you'd better pull in off this main road as soon as possible,' he said. 'Then we'd better build a little bonfire and burn these books.'

'You're a fantastic fellow,' I exclaimed.

'Thank you, guv'nor,' he said. 'It's always nice to be appreciated.'

#### Glossary

B.M.W. : Bavarian Motor Works

buttercup : plants with red, white or yellow flowers

hitch-hiker : a person who travels around by getting free automobile rides and sometimes by walking

Epsom : a town south of London. A site of a famous race track,

Derby : a horse race for three year old horses held annually at Epsom Downs

*guy'nor*

: A term of address used by people who are socially inferior while addressing a person of superior rank or status, often used frivolously.

*crunnny (slang)*

: work with little or no value with inadequate pay/salary

*loomed up*

: to come into view in indistinct and enlarged form

*copper (slang)*

: a policeman

*twerp (slang)*

: an insignificant or worthless fellow

*hod carrier*

: A mason's assistant who carries bricks, etc. on a portable trough fixed crosswise on top of a pole and carried on the shoulder.

*conjuror*

: a magician

*card sharper*

: a person who plays cards for money; a gambler who plays cards with stakes

*Derham*

: a town near London

*flabbergasted*

: overcome with surprise and bewilderment

*summons*

: call or notification to appear before a court

*whopping fine*

: a very large or hefty penalty

*daft*

: foolish/silly

*flog (slang)*

: to express contempt or indignation

*saddled*

: a seat for a rider on the back of a horse or other animals

*sapphire*

: to sell

: a gem of a deep blue colour

### Comprehension

1. Describe the car and how the narrator had to give the hitch-hiker a lift.
2. Summarise the incident with regard to the policeman.
3. By what steps does the narrator come to realise that the hitch-hiker was in fact, a pickpocket?
4. Draw up the character of the hitch-hiker in the context of the story.
5. Explain how the hitch-hiker nullifies the entire incident with regard to the policeman.
6. Are any moral values posed in the story and are they subject to questioning. Why would you think so?

## 6. The Road not Taken

Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

5

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

10

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

15

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

20

**R**obert Frost was an American poet who was born in San Francisco. The New England farm country influenced much of his poetry. His first volumes of poetry were *A Boy's Will* (1913) and *North of Boston* (1914). The latter

contains poems such as 'Mending Wall' and 'The Death of the Hired Man'. 'The Road not Taken' and 'Birches' are from *Mountain Interval* (1916). He is well-known for poetry which is a mixture of the colloquial and the traditional. His poetry is imbued with a simple woodland philosophy.

#### About the poem

The poem speaks of how, in life, we are often forced to make decisions involving alternatives that appear almost equally pleasant in all respects. But such choices are irrevocable and may lead to either regret or a sense of achievement later in life. Frost uses the image of two roads diverging in a wood to effectively convey the sense of dilemma as well as uncertainty with regard to the consequence of the decision taken. Frost consciously uses this technique of using descriptions of everyday situations or events as symbols of more profound truths.

#### Glossary

- 1 Two roads diverged . . . wood
  - 1 diverged
  - 1 yellow wood
  - 2-3 And sorry . . . be one traveller
  - 5 To where it bent in the undergrowth
  - 6 as just as fair
  - 7 the better claim
  - 8 wanted wear
  - 9-10 Though . . . about the same
- The words that form the title and also appear at the end of the poem contain a symbol for a typical dilemma involving a difficult choice.
- separate and move in different directions
- (The leaves are all in shades of yellow and orange, suggesting autumn.)

These lines express the poet's moment of indecision before making a choice between two equally pleasant alternatives.

to where it curved and was lost to sight in the thick growth of shrubs and other plants

equally pleasant-looking here, more right to demand attention here, needed to be used

read together with the previous line, suggests that the poet changes his mind about his earlier statement, and

#### 11-12 And both that morning . . . trodden black

modifies it to say that both the paths were almost equally used

#### 13 Oh, I kept . . . day!

That particular morning, both the paths lay unused, covered by leaves that were still yellow because nobody had stepped/ trampled upon them.

#### 14-15 Yet knowing . . . if I should ever come back

Notice the conversational style used to suggest a sudden impulsive decision taken in the absence of either clear advantages or disadvantages.

#### 16-20 I shall be telling . . . difference

suggesting that decisions taken in life are often final for there is no turning back

#### 20 And that has made all the difference

refers to the future when the poet would have fully understood the consequences of his choice; the final line holds some ambiguity for the reader. This is perhaps resolved to a small extent by the word 'sigh' that seems to suggest a tone of regret or sense of loss at having taken a wrong decision

The poet has deliberately left the ending ambiguous.

#### Questions

1. Discuss how the poem is a fine example of how Frost uses ordinary situations or images as powerful symbols of some deeper truth.
2. Do you think that the title of the poem should have been 'The Road Taken'? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Is the poet happy about the outcome of the choice he made long ago?
4. Explain: a. 'And sorry I could not . . . one traveler' b. 'Yet knowing how . . . way' c. 'I took the one . . . difference.'

3. Write a note on the element of satire in the poem.

or happy?

2. Why is it absurd to ask if the unknown citizen is free

1. How does Auden portray the unknown citizen?

### Questions

strongest children.

parents who will produce the

human race by carefully selecting

with the methods to improve the

: one who studies the science dealing

Frigidaire : (Proprietary name for) a refrigerator

union

Scab : a worker who refuses to join a trade

happy is absurd.

Life has become mechanical and the question whether he is

defined and controlled by the conventions of the welfare state.

satire, not on the citizen, but on the way the average man is

Pulitzer Prize in 1948. The poem "The Unknown Citizen" is a

intellectual and technically dazzling. Auden won the prestigious

contemporary, Stephen Spender, describes his work as highly

self-conscious use of industrial imagery in his works. His

Auden was a member of the Lyon School and he made a

collection titled Poems (1930) established his reputation.

leftist poets in the generation following T.S. Elliot. His first

twentieth century. He was the leader of the new school of

W.H. Auden (1907-1973) was a leading poet of the mid-

### 19. The Unknown Citizen

insured,

Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully  
every way

And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in  
every day

The Press are convinced that he bought a paper

That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.

And our Social Psychology workers found

(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)

For his Union reports that he paid his dues.

Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views.

But satisfied his employers. Fudge Motors Inc.

He worked in a factory and never got fired,

Except for the War till the day he retired

Community.

For in everything he did he served the Greater

was a saint.

That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he

And all the reports on his conduct agree

One against whom there was no official complaint,

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be

(This Marble Monument is Erected by the State)

THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN To JS/01M348/

W. H. AUDEN (1907-1973)

19

And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but  
left it cured.

Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare  
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the installment  
Plan.

A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.  
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content  
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;  
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there  
was war, he went.

He was married and added five children to the  
population.

Which our Eugenist says was the number for all but  
parent of his generation.  
And our teachers report that he never interfered with  
their education.

Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd;  
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have  
heard.

Years & hundred of thousands are passing and  
time & back one season after another away  
leaves a record of its past accomplishings the world over.

All emotion shows its same shade of sadness that old DNA  
and new genes are the same in every cell of the body.

With few set forth saving some of the old ones  
the new ones.

2. Write an appreciation of the poem.
1. Comment on the industry imagery in 'The Express'?

### Questions

rat or	The heavy page/	: epitaphs in the graveyard
trade	Glide	: slide; move smoothly
all ing	Statement	: account; report
the	Manifesto	: policy; a part of the leftist vocabulary
thing	the open country.	She moves entranced, wrapt in her music.
the	The poem, "The Express" captures the poetic beauty of	a train that glides like a queen beyond the town and through
the	With the Communist Party.	the open country. She moves entranced, wrapt in her music.
state,	about the poets of his time and an account of his relationship	a train that glides like a queen beyond the town and through
tan is	autobiography, <i>World Within World</i> (1951) contains his views	the open country. She moves entranced, wrapt in her music.
ig lious	universal experience through subjective contemplation." His	a train that glides like a queen beyond the town and through
high ly	strong individualist and was eventually engaged in seeking "a	the open country. She moves entranced, wrapt in her music.
s. His	Leavis, were inspired by leftist ideals. However, he was also a	a train that glides like a queen beyond the town and through
tation,	Encounter. His early poems, like those of Auden and Day	the open country. She moves entranced, wrapt in her music.
his first	also for some time the editor of the reputable literary monthly,	a train that glides like a queen beyond the town and through
e mid-	Stephen Spender (1909-1995) poet, critic and journalist, was	the open country. She moves entranced, wrapt in her music.

### 20. The Express

And parallels clean like the steel of guns.  
 Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad curves  
 She plunges new eras of white happiness  
 Streaming through metal landscape on her lines  
 Goes the elate metre of her wheels.  
 And always light, aerial underneath  
 Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.  
 The song of her whistle screaming at curves—  
 Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness—  
 It is now she begins to sing—at first quite low  
 The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean,  
 Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,  
 Beyond the town there lies the open country.  
 Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.  
 The gasworks and at last the heavy page  
 She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside  
 Without bowing and with restrained unconcern  
 But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station  
 The black statement of pistons, without more fuss  
 After the first powerful plain manifesto

## THE EXPRESS

STEPHEN SPENDER (1909-1995)

At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,  
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night  
Where only a low streamline brightness  
Of phosphorus on the tossing hills is white.  
Ah, like a comet through flame she moves entranced  
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough  
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

Words and service are new to me;  
Mankind don't know how to pass  
A word to a wife—time of marriage and woman  
Are made to agree to marriage; this is not right.  
Women are not in sandstone, but  
Men are made of marble, and set above them.  
And when a woman is base, she is not  
A woman to be pitied, but a woman to be despised.  
She is not a woman to be pitied, but a woman to be despised.

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Women are not in sandstone, but  
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# Where the Mind is Without

## Fear

Rabindranath Tagore

Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941) was a dramatist, poet, novelist, short story writer, educationist, musical composer and painter. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913 for *Citanjali* ("Song Offerings"). The book contains English translations by Tagore himself of poems he had written in Bangla. Tagore contributed to the shaping of the cultural and intellectual identity of modern India. The national anthems of both India and Bangladesh are written by him. The hundreds of songs, he composed, "Rabindra Sangeet", are still popular. Tagore's concept of the world was a global one. He thought in terms of humanity, not just region or nation. In 1921 Tagore transformed Shantiniketan, his small experimental school situated 160 kms from Kolkata, into a university called Viswabharati.

Poem no. 35 of *Citanjali* "Where the Mind is Without Fear" is a prayer by the poet for his country that it may rise above narrow notions of progress. He prays to God for an atmosphere of freedom and equality, based on truth and fearless reasoning.

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held  
high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments  
by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;  
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards  
perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into  
the dreary desert sand of dead habit;  
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening  
thought and action  
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country  
awake.

## Glossary

- fragments:** small pieces  
**narrow domestic walls:** the four walls of a house; Tagore is metaphorically referring to all boundaries, of caste, race or nation, which separate mankind

- striving:** effort, trying hard to do something  
**drear[y]:** dull, gloomy, boring  
**thee:** old form for "you"

## Notes

**Personification:** Like simile and metaphor, personification is a figure of speech. The poet treats an inanimate object or abstract idea as if it were a human being. Morning is personified in the following lines from Shakespeare's drama *Hamlet*:

... the morn in russet mantle clad  
 Walks o'er the brow of yon high eastern hill

**Alliteration:** When consonant sounds are repeated at the beginning of words, it is called alliteration. This poetical device is as common as rhyme. In the line "Where tireless striving stretches its arms . . ." the words "striving" and "stretch" begin with the same sound. Another example is the repeated *d* sound in "dreary desert sand of dead habit".

**Free Verse:** Many modern poets write in irregular verse. They do not use the usual metres, rhyme or stanza forms. Instead they use musical phrases and rhythms based on their own choice. Some poets use rhyme in free verse, but most do not. *Gitanjali* is in free verse.

## Comprehension

### 1. Objective type questions

Tick [✓] in the appropriate option:

- a. The poem is in
  - (i) couplets
  - (ii) six-line stanzas
  - (iii) free verse
- b. The line "Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection" is an example of
  - (i) simile

- (ii) adjective  
 (iii) Personification  
 c. The word "Father" in the last line of the poem refers to
  - (i) God
  - (ii) Mahatma Gandhi
  - (iii) Debendranath Tagore

### 2. Short answer questions

Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

- a. What does the poet mean by "Where . . . the head is held high"?
- b. What does the poet say about knowledge?
- c. What kind of world does the poet want?
- d. Explain the phrase "drear[y] desert sand of dead habit".
- e. Where does Tagore want God to lead the mind?
- f. How does the poet address God?
- g. What does Tagore say about words?

### 3. Long answer questions

Answer the following questions in **your own words** in about 150 words each:

- a. Enumerate the qualities the poet wishes his country to have.
- b. Describe the central idea of the poem.
- c. Does the poem apply only to pre-Independence India or is it relevant to all countries at all times? Give reasons.