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THE END OF LIVING AND THE BEGINNING OF SURVIVAL

CHIEF SEATTLE

How can you buy and sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

All Sacred

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people.

Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us.

The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers.

The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, the man - all belong to the same family.

Not Easy

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves.

He will be our father and we will be his children. So we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water, but the blood of our ancestors.

If we sell you land you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

Kindness

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst.

The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother. We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs.

The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on.

He leaves his father's grave behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children, and he does not care.

His father's grave, and his children's birthright, are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads.

His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert. I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways.

The sight of your cities pains the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand. There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring, or the rustle of an insect's wings. But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. What is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whip-poorwill or the argument of the frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand.

The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleaned by a midday rain, or scented with the pinion pine.

Precious

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath – the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath.

The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days feels numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And if we sell you land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where even the white man can go taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadows flowers.

One Condition

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the breeze of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and I do not understand any other way.

I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train.

I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive. What is man without these beasts? If all the beasts are gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit.

For whatever happens to the beasts soon happens to man. All things are connected.

The Ashes

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of your grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin.

Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know.

All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of earth. Man did not weave the web of life: he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

We may be brothers after all. We shall see.

One thing we know, which the white man may one day discard – our God is the same God.

You may think now your own Hymn as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white.

This earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator.

The whites too shall pass, perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own waste. But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of God who brought you to this land for some special purpose, gave you dominion over this land and over the red man.

That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone.

Where is the eagle? Gone.

The end of living and the beginning of survival.

The Author:

This is a speech attributed to the most famous of Red Indian leaders, Chief Seattle, (1786- 1886). It has been the centre of a heated controversy as there are as many believers in its authenticity as there are

believers that the speech is a fake. But it is generally acknowledged that the speech contains at least the essence of the Indian chiefs beliefs with regard to both the land he belonged to and the white men who invaded it. Chief Seattle was a leader of the Dewanish and other Pacific Northwest tribes. He was a figure of great authority and widely respected amongst the Indian tribes. Upon the urging of the white American expedition leaders, Chief Seattle agreed to sell to the new settlers, the lands the tribes lived on and move to settlement areas demarcated for them. All did not go well with this move and feeling they had been wronged the Indian tribes rose in revolt against the white invaders. Chief Seattle led this huge war. The superior power of the settler's weaponry ensured their victory and Chief Seattle was captured. But even in defeat he ensured the victory of his message and became a legend even amongst the people he fought against. The city of Seattle in the United States of America is named after this hero.

Glossary

Sparkle	shine, glitter
Sacred	holy
Mist	large mass of water vapour, less dense than a fog
Humming	to make a sound like the bees
Perfume	fragrance, scent
Ghostly	shadowy, related to apparitions
Murmur	a low, distinct sound, continuous sound
Quench	to satisfy thirst
Canoe	narrow, light boat propelled by paddles
Conquered	to have gained by force
Plundered	to carry off the goods of another by force
Appetite	sensation of physical need for something (food)
Unfurl	to unfold
Stench	bad smell
Sigh	exhalation
Meadow	piece of land where grass is grown for hay, low level moist grassland
Prairie	Wild grassland
Exempt	to free
Compassion	fellow feeling, sorrow for the suffering of another
Contaminate	to defile by touching or mixing
Blotted	stain the reputation of
Thicket	woods, groups of shrubs, tress and bushes

Questions

1. What does the author want the white man to teach his children?
2. What does the author hold sacred to his tribe?
3. How does the author explain man's relation to his environment?
4. What is the author's concept of ownership?
5. What is the significance of this text?
6. Explain the use of poetic analogy in the speech.

Answer with reference to context in not more than 100 words

1. We are part of the earth and it is part of us
2. I am a red man and do not understand
3. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brother
4. The end of living and the beginning of survival
5. What is the meaning of the following terms?

the smoking iron horse

talking wires

Write a paragraph on

1. Imperialism
2. The Red Indian struggle against the white Americans
3. Success

Essay

1. Ownership of property
2. Materialism

Write a poem on

1. Nature or any of its attributes or components
2. Possession
3. Non violence

Assignment

If a situation faced you wherein you stood the danger of losing all your possessions and your only chance to save your property was an appeal to the village, what would you say? (4 minutes 2000 words)

Define the following in your own words

1. Television: picture machine
2. Radio
3. Tree
4. Sky scraper/ multi storey building
5. Water tank
6. Bus

THE END AND THE MEANS

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

One of the greatest lessons I have learned in my life is to pay as much attention to the means of work as to its end. He was a great man from whom I learned it, and his own life was a practical demonstration of this great principle. I have been always learning great lessons from that one principle, and it appears to me that all the secrets of success lie there: to pay as much attention to the means as to the end.

Our great defect in life is that we are so much drawn to the ideal, the goal is so much more enchanting, so much more alluring, so much bigger in our mental horizon, that we lose sight of the details altogether.

But whenever failure comes, if we analyse it critically, in ninety-nine per cent of cases we shall find that it was because we did not pay attention to the means. Proper attention to the finishing, strengthening of the means, is what we need. With the means all right, the end must come. We forget that it is the cause that produces the effect, the effect cannot come by itself, and unless the causes are exact, proper and powerful, the effect will not be produced. Once the ideal is chosen and the means determined, we may almost let go the ideal, because we are sure it will be there, when the means are perfected. When the cause is there, there is no more difficulty about the effect, the effect is bound to come. If we take care of the cause, the effect will take care of itself. The realisation of the ideal is the effect. The means are the cause: attention to the means, therefore, is the great secret of life. We also read this in the Gita and learn that we have to work, constantly work, with all our power, to put our whole mind in the work, whatever it be, that we are doing. At the same time, we must not be attached. That is to say, we must not be drawn away from the work by anything else, but still we must be able to quit the work whenever we like.

If we examine our own lives, we find that the greatest cause of sorrow is this: we take up something, and put our whole energy on it; - perhaps it is a failure, and yet we cannot give it up. We know that it is hurting us, that any further clinging to it is simply bringing misery on us; still, we cannot tear ourselves away from it. The bee came to sip the honey, but its feet stuck to the honey-pot and it could not get away. Again and again, we are finding ourselves in that state. That is the whole secret of existence. Why are we here? We came here to sip the honey, and we find our hands and feet sticking to it. We are caught, though we came to catch. We came to enjoy, we are being enjoyed. We came to rule, we are being ruled. We came to work, we are being worked. All the time, we find that. And this comes into every detail of our life. We are being worked upon by other minds, and we are always struggling to work on other minds. We want to enjoy the pleasures of life; and they

eat into our vitals. We want to get everything from nature, but we find in the long run that nature takes everything from us - depletes us, and casts us aside.

That is the one cause of misery: we are attached, we are being caught. Therefore says the Gita: Work constantly; work, but be not attached; be not caught. Reserve unto yourself the power of detaching yourself from everything, however beloved, however much the soul might yearn for it, however great the pangs of misery you feel if you were going to leave it; still, reserve the power of leaving it whenever you want. The weak have no place here, in this life or in any other life. Weakness leads to slavery. Weakness leads to all kinds of misery, physical and mental. Weakness is death. There are hundreds of thousands of microbes surrounding us, but they cannot harm us unless we become weak, until the body is ready and predisposed to receive them. There may be a million microbes of misery, floating about us. Never mind! They dare not approach us, they have no power to get a hold on us, until the mind is weakened. This is the great fact: strength is life, weakness is death. Strength is felicity, life eternal, immortal; weakness is constant strain and misery, weakness is death.

Attachment is the source of all our pleasures now. We are attached to our friends, to our relatives; we are attached to our intellectual and spiritual works, we are attached to external objects, so that we get pleasure from them. What, again, brings misery but this very attachment? We have to detach ourselves to earn joy. If only we had power to detach ourselves at will, there would not be any misery. That man alone will be able to get the best of nature, who, having the power of attaching himself to a thing with all his energy, has also the power to detach himself when he should do so. The difficulty is that there must be as much power of attachment as that of detachment. There are men who are never attracted by anything. They can never love, they are hard-hearted and apathetic, they escape most of the miseries of life. But the wall never feels misery, the wall never loves, it is never hurt but it is the wall, after all. Surely it is better to be attached and caught, than to be a wall. Therefore the man who never loves, who is hard and stony, escaping most of the miseries of life, escapes also its joys. We do not want that. That is weakness, that is death. That soul has not been weakened that never feels weakness, never feels misery. That is a callous state. We do not want that.

At the same time, we not only want this mighty power of love, this mighty power of attachment, the power of throwing our whole soul upon a single object, losing ourselves and letting ourselves be annihilated, as it were, for other souls - which is the power of the gods - but we want to be higher even than the gods. The perfect man can put his whole soul upon that one point of love, yet he is unattached. How comes this? There is another secret to learn.

The beggar is never happy. The beggar only gets a dole, with pity and scorn behind it, at least with the thought behind that the beggar is a low object. He never really enjoys what he gets.

We are all beggars. Whatever we do, we want a return. We are all traders. We are traders in life, we are traders in virtue, we are traders in religion. Alas! we are also traders in love.

If you come to trade, if it is a question of give-and-take, if it is a question of buy-and-sell, abide by the laws of buying and selling. There is a bad time and there is a good time; there is a rise, and a fall in prices: always you expect the blow to come. It is like looking at the mirror. Your face is reflected: you make a grimace - there is one in the mirror, if you laugh, the mirror laughs. This is buying and selling, giving and taking.

We get caught. How? Not by what we give, but by what we expect. We get misery in return for our love; not from the fact that we love, but from the fact that we want love in return. There is no misery where there is no want. Desire, want, is the father of all misery. Desires are bound by the laws of success and failure.

Desires must bring misery.

The great secret of true success, of true happiness, then, is this: the man who asks for no return, the perfectly unselfish man, is the most successful. It seems to be a paradox. Do we not know that every man who is unselfish in life gets cheated, gets hurt? Apparently, yes, "Christ was unselfish, and yet he was crucified." True, but we know that his unselfishness is the reason, the cause of a great victory, the crowning of millions upon millions of lives with the blessings of true success.

Ask nothing; want nothing in return. Give what you have to give; it will come back to you - but do not think of that now. It will come back multiplied a thousand fold - but the attention must not be on that. Yet have the power to give; give, and there it ends. Learn that the whole of life is giving, that nature will force you to give. So, give willingly. Sooner or later you will have to give up. You come into life to accumulate. With clenched hands, you want to take. But nature puts a hand on your throat and makes your hands open. Whether you will it or not, you have to give. The moment you say, "I will not" the blow comes; you are hurt. None is there but will be compelled, in the long run, to give up everything. And the more one struggles against this law, the more miserable one feels. It is because we dare not give, because we are not resigned enough to accede to this grand demand of nature, that we are miserable. The forest is gone, but we get heat in return. The sun is taking up water from the ocean, to return it in showers. You are a machine for taking and giving; you take, in order to give. Ask, therefore, nothing in return; but the more you give, the more will come to you. The quicker you can empty the air out of this room, the quicker it will be filled up by the external air, and if you close all the doors and every aperture, that which is within will remain, but that which is outside will never come in, and that which is within will stagnate, degenerate, and become poisoned. A river is continually emptying itself into the ocean and is continually filling up again. Bar not the exit into the ocean. The moment you do that, death seizes you.

Be, therefore, not a beggar, be unattached. This is the most terrible task of life! You do not calculate the dangers on the path. Even by intellectually recognising the difficulties, we really do not know them until we feel them. From a distance we may get a general view of a park; well, what of that? We feel and really know it when we are in it. Even if our every attempt is a failure, and we bleed and are torn asunder, yet, through all this, we have to preserve our heart - we must assert our Godhead in the midst of all these difficulties. Nature wants us to react, to return blow for blow, cheating for cheating, lie for lie, to hit back with all our might. Then it requires a super-divine power not to hit back, to keep control, to be unattached.

I know the difficulties. Tremendous they are, and ninety per cent of us become discouraged and lose heart, and in our turn, often become pessimists and cease to believe in sincerity, love, and all that is grand and noble. So, we find men who in the freshness of their lives have been forgiving, kind, simple, and guileless, become in old age, lying masks of men. Their minds are a mass of intricacy. There may be a good deal of external policy, possibly. They are not hotheaded, they do not speak, but it would be better for them to do so; their hearts are dead and, therefore, they do not speak. They do not curse, nor become angry, but it would be better for them to be able to be angry, a thousand times better, to be able to curse. They cannot. There is death in the heart, for cold hands have seized upon it, and it can no more act, even to utter a curse, even to use a harsh word.

All this we have to avoid: therefore I say, we require super-divine power. Superhuman power is not strong enough. Super-divine strength is the only way, the one way out. By it alone we can pass through all these intricacies, through these showers of miseries, unscathed. We may be cut to pieces, torn asunder, yet our hearts must grow nobler and nobler all the time.

It is very difficult, but we can overcome the difficulty by constant practice. We must learn that nothing can happen to us, unless we make ourselves susceptible to it. I have just said, no disease can come to me until the body is ready; it does not depend alone on the germs, but upon a certain predisposition which is already in the body. We get only that for which we are fitted. Let us give up our pride and understand this, that never is misery undeserved. There never has been a blow undeserved; there never has been an evil for which I did not pave the way with my own hands. We ought to know that. Analyse yourselves and you will find that every blow you have received came to you because you prepared yourselves for it. You did half and the external world did the other half; - that is how the blow came. That will sober us down. At the same time, from this very analysis will come a note of hope, and the note of hope is: "I have no control of the external world, but that which is in me and nearer unto me, my own world, is in my control. If the two together are required to make a failure, if the two together are necessary to give me a blow, I will not contribute the one which is in my keeping and how then can the blow come? If I get real control of myself, the blow will never come."

We are all the time, from our childhood, trying to lay the blame upon something outside ourselves. We are always standing up to set right other people, and not ourselves. If we are miserable, we say, "Oh, the world is a devil's world." But why should we be in such a world, if we really are so good? If this is a devil's world, we must be devils also, why else, should we be here? "Oh, the people of the world are so selfish!" True enough; but why should we be found in that company, if we be better? Just think of that!

We only get what we deserve. It is a lie when we say, the world is bad and we are good. It can never be so. It is a terrible lie we tell ourselves. This is the first lesson to learn: be determined not to curse anything outside, not to lay the blame upon any one outside, but be a man, stand up, lay the blame on yourself. You will find that is always true. Get hold of yourself.

We are to take care of ourselves - that much we can do - and give up attending to others, for a time. Let us perfect the means; the end will take care of itself. For the world can be good and pure, only if our lives are good and pure. It is an effect, and we are the means. Therefore, let us purify ourselves. Let us make ourselves perfect.

The Author

Swami Vivekananda was born on January 12, 1863. He was named Narendranath Datta. As he grew into youth he wished to find answers to the questions that arose in his mind about the world around him. His quest led him to meet Swami Ramakrishna Paramahansa, a Vedantic saint, in Dakshineswar, in 1881.

As he gained certainty in his spiritual quest he resolved to travel across India and understand her dilemmas. This led him to devote his life to the pursuit of seeking help and understanding for the situation of India from around the world. Momentous amongst his meetings and lectures was the speech he gave in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago on the 11th of September 1893.

The Ramakrishna Mission was also founded to help the needy by the disciples of Swami Vivekananda.

Glossary

End	aim or purpose
Means	method
Allure	to draw on, to entice
Aperture	an opening, a hole

Enchant	to charm
Deplete	to use up a large quantity of
Microbes	an organism which can be seen with the aid of a microscope especially a disease causing bacterium
Predisposed	to be inclined towards
Felicity	happiness, a happy event
Misery	extreme pain or sorrow
Apathetic	lack of feeling
Callous	hardened, unfeeling
Annihilate	to reduced to nothing
Scorn	extreme contempt
Grimace	distortion of face
Paradox	that which is contradictory to common understanding
Crucify	to put to death on a cross
Stagnate	to not move, become dull and inactive
Degenerate	having declined in physical or moral qualities
Pessimist	someone who believes the world is bad rather than good
Guiltless	lack of cunning
Intricacy	complicated
Harsh	unpleasantly rough
Unscathed	not harmed or injured
Asunder	apart, in pieces
Sober	serious, sedate, and temperate
Beloved	much loved
Yearn	to long for
Pangs	sudden sharp feeling of pain

Questions

1. How can we ensure the right end?
2. What is the great secret of life and why?
3. Why is attachment a cause of misery?
4. Why is the unselfish man most successful?
5. What is super divine power and why do we require it?

Complete the sentences

1. If we take care of the.....thewill take care of itself.
2. leads to slavery.
3. No disease can come until the..... is ready
4., want is the father of all misery.
5. Never is undeserved.

Explain with reference to context in not more than 100 words

1. The bee came to sip the honey, but its feet stuck to the honey pot and it could not get away.
2. A river is continually emptying itself into the ocean and is continually filling up again.

Write a paragraph on

Perfection

Attachment

Weakness

Rivers

The Soul

Self-determination

Write an Essay on

Ambition

Your own understanding of means and ends

Find the words

a	l	l	u	r	i	n	g	t	p
t	a	i	c	d	b	q	l	r	o
t	r	e	m	e	n	d	o	u	s
a	h	o	r	s	t	z	a	s	o
c	a	l	l	o	u	s	a	t	b
h	n	i	m	e	t	i	e	d	e
m	i	n	d	a	r	f	e	a	r
e	n	e	r	g	y	e	e	f	r
n	e	e	d	i	b	e	a	a	i
t	i	m	e	l	d	l	s	d	t

Match the synonyms in the two columns

ask	joy
detail	strong
mirror	accuse
pleasure	enquire
mighty	appreciate
blame	govern
enjoy	component
expect	image
rule	consideration
attention	await

THE CIVILIZATION OF TO-DAY

C E M JOAD

Praise of our civilization: order and safety

First and foremost there are order and safety. If today I have a quarrel with another man, I do not get beaten merely because I am physically weaker and he can knock me down. I go to law, and the law will decide as fairly as it can between the two of us. Thus in disputes between man and man right has taken the place of might. Moreover, the law protects me from robbery and violence. Nobody may come and break into my house, steal my goods or run off with my children. Of course there are burglars, but they are very rare, and the law punishes them whenever it catches them.

It is difficult for us to realize how much this safety means. Without safety those higher activities of mankind which make up civilization could not go on. The inventor could not invent; the scientist find out or the artist make beautiful things. Hence order and safety, although they are not themselves civilization, are things without which civilization would be impossible. They are as necessary to our civilization as the air we breathe is to us: and we have grown so used to them that we do not notice them any more than we notice the air.

For all that, they are both new things and rare things. Except for a short period under the Roman Empire, there have been order and safety in Europe only during the last two hundred years, and even during that time there have been two revolutions and a great many wars; thus it is a great achievement of our civilization that today civilized men should in their ordinary lives be practically free from the fear of violence.

Health

They are also largely free from the fear of pain. They still fall ill, but, since the use of anesthetics became common, illness is no longer the terrible thing it used to be. And people are ill much less often. To be healthy, is not to be civilized - savages are often healthy, although not so often as is usually supposed - but unless you have good health, you cannot enjoy anything or achieve anything. There have, it is true, been great men who have been invalids, but their work was done in spite of their ill-health, and, good as it was, it would have been better had they been well. Not only do men and women enjoy better health; they live longer than they ever did before, and they have a much better chance of growing up.

It spreads everywhere

Thirdly, our civilization is more secure than any that have gone before it. This is because it is much more widely spread. Most of the previous civilizations known to history came to an end because vigorous but uncivilized peoples broke in upon them and destroyed them. This was the fate of Babylon and Assyria; it has happened over and over again in India and China; it brought about the end of Greece and the fall of Rome.

Now whatever the dangers which threaten our civilization, and they are many, it seems likely to escape this one. Previous civilizations, as I have said before, were specialized and limited; they were like an oasis in a surrounding desert of savagery. Sooner or later the desert closed in and the oasis was no more. But today it is the oasis which is spreading over the desert. Modern civilization is a far-flung thing, it spreads over Europe and America and parts of Asia and Africa. Practically no part of the world is untouched by it. And, owing to the powers of destruction with which science has armed it, it is exceedingly unlikely that such savages or uncivilized peoples as are left in the world could prevail against it.

The world as one

Thus the world has now for the first time a chance of becoming a single whole, a unity. So far as buying and selling and the exchange of goods are concerned, it is a unity already. I did not mention my meals when I described my ordinary day; if I had done so, I might have taken note of the fact that the food I eat comes from all over the world. The things in a grocer's shop, for instance, are from the ends of the earth; they come out of strange countries and over far-off seas. There are oranges from Brazil, dates from Africa, rice from India, tea from China, sugar from Demerara. No great Caliph, no Eastern king, not even Solomon in all his glory, could draw on such rich stores of varied produce as the housewife who does her shopping at the grocer's. The fact that these things come to us from all over the world means that for the first time the world is becoming a single place, instead of a lot of separate places shut off from one another.

Until quite recently the nations of mankind lived in a number of separate boxes holding no communication with each other except when the people in one box invaded those in the next, and some of the boxes were never opened at all. To-day there is constant coming and going between the boxes, so much so that the sides of the boxes are breaking down, and the world is beginning to look more like one enormous box. And by now all the boxes have been opened, so that there is little danger of unknown people breaking in upon our civilization from outside and destroying it. The danger comes rather from within; it is a danger from among ourselves. This brings me to other defects.

Defects of our civilization

Today, with certain exceptions, there is little political oppression; men are equal before the law and in many countries have a voice in deciding how and by whom they shall be governed. But the sharing-out of money—which means the sharing-out of food and clothing and houses and books and so on—is still very unfair. In England alone one half of all the money which is divided every year (called the national income) is received by one-seventeenth of the population; which means that one half is divided among every sixteen people, and the seventeenth person gets the other half. So, while some few people live in luxury, many have not even enough to eat and drink and wear. Again, in England to-day thousands of people live in dreadful surroundings. There are many families of five or six persons who live in a single room; in this room they sleep and dress and eat their meals; in this same room they are born, and in this same room they die. And they live like this not for fun, but because they are too poor to afford another room.

It is, I think, clear that until everyone gets his proper share of necessary and delightful things, our civilization will be far from perfect.

The danger of war

A still greater danger comes from war. Although the world is, so far as the buying and selling and exchanging of goods are concerned, a single whole, there are still barriers between nation and nation, barriers erected by the governments. For four years, from 1914 to 1918, the most destructive war that the world has known took place between the great nations of Western Europe. The causes of that war were very many, but chief among them were fear and pride. Each nation was afraid of the power of the other nations, and each nation was too proud to admit it. And because of this fear the nations spent great quantities of money in making rifles and cannons, in building battleships and in training soldiers, until Europe was like a big armed camp. A single match will set a hayrick ablaze, and, with all this war material lying about, Europe was like a hayrick waiting for its match. Almost, any match would do; presently somebody struck one, and Europe blew up.

In spite of this last explosion there are today many more trained soldiers in the world than there were before the last war, and the nations are spending still more money on war preparation. They still pride themselves on being good at fighting more than on anything else, and each nation always thinks that it is going to win.

A little while ago an Eastern king, friendly to England, King Amanullah of Afghanistan, paid a visit to London to see what Western civilization was like. He was taken to see tanks at Lulworth Cove and bombing aeroplanes at Hendon; he was given a trip in a submarine and allowed to fire a torpedo off Spithead, but nobody took him to see the leading English poet, or indeed any poets or painters or musicians or makers of beautiful things. Nor was he taken to visit any scientists or philosophers. Three hundred years from now the Afghans reading about his visit in their history books will think the English must have been a very warlike nation who were not interested in the things of peace, and did not care enough about their civilization to want to show it off to visitors. It is, in fact, true that we are prouder of our battleships than of our poets, and spend far more money on destroying people in war than in making them happier and wiser in peace. And what is true of England is just as true of the other countries. So long as the nations go on like this, it only wants another match to set the hayrick alight and it will blaze again. And so destructive has modern war become, that another blaze will probably burn up civilization altogether.

What may prevent this is a body called the League of Nations. This was set up after the last war in order to provide a sort of law court for nations, to which they could bring their disputes for settlement. Just as private persons who quarrel no longer fight in the street but go to law, so, it was hoped, quarrelling nations who would previously have gone to war to settle their disputes would now go to the League of Nations instead. The League represents all the important nations of the world, and, although it is not yet strong enough to prevent wars, it may one day become so, especially if it has an international army and navy at its back which have been contributed by all the different nations who belong to it. Thus, in the League of Nations lies one of the chief hopes in the world.

The danger from machines

The third great defect of our civilization is that it does not know what to do with its knowledge. Science, as we have seen, has given us powers fit for the gods, yet we use them like small children.

For example, we do not know how to manage our machines. Machines, as I have already explained, were made to be man's servants; yet he has grown so dependent on them that they are in a fair way to become

his masters. Already most men spend most of their lives looking after and waiting upon machines. And the machines are very stern masters. They must be fed with coal, and given petrol to drink, and oil to wash with, and they must be kept at the right temperature. And if they do not get their meals when they expect them, they grow sulky and refuse to work, or burst with rage, and blow up, and spread ruin and destruction all round them. So we have to wait upon them very attentively and do all that we can to keep them in a good temper. Already we find it difficult either to work or play without the machines, and a time may come when they will rule us altogether, just as we rule the animals.

What are we to do with our time?

And this brings me back to the point at which I asked, a page or two back, 'What do we do with all the time which the machines have saved for us, and the new energy they have given us?' On the whole, it must be admitted, we do very little. For the most part we use our time and energy to make more and better machines; but more and better machines will only give us still more time and still more energy, and what are we to do with them?

The answer, I think, is that we should try to become more civilized. For the machines themselves, and the power which the machines have given us, are not civilization but aids to civilization. As I said at the beginning, there is nothing particularly civilized in getting into a train. But you will remember that we agreed at the beginning that being civilized meant making and liking beautiful things, thinking freely, and living rightly and maintaining justice equally between man and man. Man has a better chance today to do these things than he ever had before; he has more time, more energy, less to fear and less to fight against. If he will give this time and energy which his machines have won for him to making more beautiful things, to finding out more and more about the universe, to removing the causes of quarrels between nations, to discovering how to prevent poverty, then I think our civilization would undoubtedly be the greatest as it would be the most lasting that there has ever been.

The Author

Cyril Edwin Mitchinson Joad was born in 1891. A well-known author and broadcaster, he authored some of the most widely read books of his time. Of these, the most well known are, *A Guide to Philosophy*, *A Guide to Modern Thought* and *The Story of Civilization*. He taught Philosophy at Birbeck College, London and at the University of London. The present extract is from his book, *The Story of Civilization*.

Glossary

Quarrel	fight
Burglar	thief
Anaesthetic	painkiller, sedative
Savage	in a state of nature, uncivilized
Oasis	a fertile tract of land in the desert also having water
Grocer	dealer in food and household supplies
Hayrick	pile of hay
Torpedo	a self-propelled submarine weapon carrying explosive
sulk	silently sullen because of resentment, withdrawn

Notes : Two Revolutions: The French Revolution (1789) and the Russian Revolution (1917)

Demerara: A city in Guyana

War between 1914- 1918: First World War

Match the following words

law	league of nations
oasis	fear and pride
peace	new
Anaesthetic	might
war	pain
safety	desert

Choose the antonym

1. Civilized

- a) Educated
- b) Wild
- c) Learned
- d) Country

2. Vast

- a) Huge
- b) Enormous
- c) Gigantic
- d) Small

3. Delightful

- a) Lovely
- b) Charming
- c) Unpleasant
- d) Dangerous

4. Oppress

- a) liberate
- b) suppress
- c) discuss
- d) respond

5. Refuse

- a) agree
- b) deny
- c) enjoy
- d) allow

Questions

1. Why does the author place such a high premium on safety and why does he stress on poverty as a major defect of our civilization?
2. What are the benefits of the civilization of today?
3. Why is war a particular defect of our civilization today? How does this compare with past civilizations?
4. Why does the author talk of the visit of the king of Afghanistan? What is the idea he seeks to convey by way of that example?
5. Why was the League of Nations formed?
6. How can modern civilization be the greatest and most lasting than there has ever been?

Fill in the blanks

1. Hence and although they are not themselves civilization, are things without which civilization would be
2. A still greater danger comes from
3., as we have seen, has given us powers fit for the Gods,...
4. Being civilized meant making and liking things, freely, and rightly and maintaining equally between man and man.
5. For example, we do not know how to manage our.....

Explain with reference to context in not more than 100 words

1. 'the world is beginning to look more like one enormous box'
2. Europe was like a hayrick waiting for its match.
3. There is nothing particularly civilized in getting into a train.

Write a paragraph on

1. Safety today
2. Poverty
3. War

Write an essay on

The importance of science as well as literature and art on civilization.

India's civilization

INDIA'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

The search for the sources of India's strength and for her deterioration and decay is long and intricate. Yet the recent causes of the decay are obvious enough. She fell behind in the march of technique, and Europe, which had long been backward in many matters, took the lead in technical progress. Behind this technical progress was the spirit of science and a bubbling life and spirit which displayed itself in many activities and in adventurous voyages of discovery. New techniques gave military strength to the countries of western Europe, and it was easy for them to spread out and dominate the East. That is the story not only of India, but of almost the whole of Asia.

Why this should have happened so is more difficult to unravel, for India was not lacking in mental alertness and technical skill in earlier times. One senses a progressive deterioration during centuries. The urge to life and endeavour becomes less, the creative spirit fades away and gives place to the imitative. Where triumphant and rebellious thought had tried to pierce the mysteries of nature and the universe, the wordy commentator comes with his glosses and long explanations. Magnificent art and sculpture give way to meticulous carving of intricate detail without nobility of conception or design. The vigour and richness of language, powerful yet simple, are followed by highly ornate and complex literary forms. The urge to adventure and the overflowing life which led to vast schemes of distant colonisation and the transplantation of Indian culture in far lands, all these fade away and a narrow orthodoxy taboos even the crossing of the high seas. A rational spirit of inquiry, so evident in earlier times, which might well have led to the further growth of science, is replaced by irrationalism and a blind idolatry of the past. Indian life becomes a sluggish stream, living in the past, moving slowly through the accumulations of dead centuries. The heavy burden of the past crushes it and a kind of coma seizes it. It is not surprising that in this condition of mental stupor and physical weariness India should have deteriorated and remained rigid and immobile, while other parts of the world marched ahead.

Yet this is not a complete or wholly correct survey. If there had only been a long and unrelieved period of rigidity and stagnation, this might well have resulted in a complete break with the past, the death of an era, and the erection of something new on its ruins. There has not been such a break and there is a definite continuity. Also, from time to time, vivid periods of renaissance have occurred, and some of them have been long and brilliant. Always there is visible an attempt to understand and adapt the new and harmonize it with the old, or at any rate with parts of the old which were considered worth preserving. Often that old retains an external form only, as a kind of symbol, and changes its inner content. But something vital and living continues, some urge driving the people in a direction not wholly realized, and always a desire for synthesis between the old and the new. It was this urge and desire that kept them going and enabled them to absorb new ideas while retaining much of the old. Whether there was such a thing as an Indian dream through the ages, vivid and full of life or sometimes reduced to the murmurings of troubled sleep I do not know. Every people and every nation has some such belief or myth of national destiny and perhaps it is partly true in each case. Being an Indian I am myself influenced by this reality or myth about India, and I feel that anything that had the power to mould hundreds of generations, without a break, must have drawn its enduring vitality from some deep well of strength, and have had the capacity to renew that vitality from age to age.

Was there some such well of strength? And if so, did it dry up, or did it have hidden springs to replenish it? What of today? Are there any springs still functioning from which we can refresh and strengthen ourselves? We are an old race, or rather an odd mixture of many races, and our racial memories go back to the dawn of history. Have we had our day and are we now living in the late afternoon or evening of our existence, just carrying on after the manner of the aged, quiescent, devitalized, uncreative, desiring peace and sleep above all else?

No people, no races remain unchanged. Continually they are mixing with others and slowly changing; they may appear to die almost and then rise again as a new people or just a variation of the old. There may be a definite break between the old people and the new, or vital links of thought and ideals may join them.

History has numerous instances of old and well-established civilizations fading away or being ended suddenly, and vigorous new cultures taking their place. Is it some vital energy, some inner source of strength that gives life to a civilization or a people, without which all effort is ineffective, like the vain attempt of an aged person to play the part of a youth?

Among the peoples of the world today I have sensed this vital energy chiefly in three - Americans, Russians, and the Chinese; a queer combination! Americans, in spite of having their roots in the old world, are a new people, uninhibited and without the burdens and complexes of old races, and it is easy to understand their abounding vitality. So also are the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, all of them largely cut off from the old world and facing life in all its newness.

Russians are not a new people, and yet there has been a complete break from the old, like that of death, and they have been reincarnated anew, in a manner for which there is no example in history. They have become youthful again with an energy and vitality that are amazing. They are searching for some of their old roots again, but for all practical purposes they are a new people, a new race and a new civilization.

The Russian example shows how a people can revitalize itself, become youthful again, if it is prepared to pay the price for it, and tap the springs of suppressed strength and energy among the masses. Perhaps this war, with all its horror and frightfulness, might result in the rejuvenation of other peoples also, such as survive from the holocaust.

The Chinese stand apart from all these. They are not a new race, nor have they gone through that shock of change, from top to bottom, which came to Russia. Undoubtedly, seven years of cruel war has changed them, as it must. How far this change is due to the war or to more abiding causes, or whether it is a mixture of the two, I do not know, but the vitality of the Chinese people astonishes me. I cannot imagine a people endowed with such bed-rock strength going under.

Something of that vitality which I saw in China I have sensed at times in the Indian people also. Not always, and anyway it is difficult for me to take an objective view. Perhaps my wishes distort my thinking. But always I was in search for this in my wanderings among the Indian people. If they had this vitality, then it was well with them and they would make good. If they lacked it completely, then our political efforts and shouting were all make believe and would not carry us far. I was not interested in making some political arrangement which would enable our people to carry on more or less as before, only a little better. I felt they had vast stores of suppressed energy and ability, and I wanted to release these and make them feel young and vital again. India, constituted as she is, cannot play a secondary part in the world. She will either count for a great deal or not count at all. No middle position attracted me. Nor did I think any intermediate position feasible.

Behind the past quarter of a century's struggle for India's independence and all our conflicts with British authority, lay in my mind, and that of many others, the desire to revitalize India. We felt that through action and self-imposed suffering and sacrifice, through voluntarily facing risk and danger, through refusal to submit to what we considered evil and wrong, would we recharge the battery of India's spirit and waken her from her long slumber. Though we came into conflict continually with the British Government in India, our eyes were always turned towards our own people. Political advantage had value only in so far as it helped in that

fundamental purpose of ours. Because of this governing motive, frequently we acted as no politician, moving in the narrow sphere of politics only, would have done, and foreign and Indian critics expressed surprise at the folly and intransigence of our ways. Whether we were foolish or not, the historians of the future will judge. We aimed high and looked far. Probably we were often foolish, from the point of view of opportunist politics, but at no time did we forget that our main purpose was to raise the whole level of the Indian people, psychologically and spiritually and also, of course, politically and economically. It was the building up of that real inner strength of the people that we were after, knowing that the rest would inevitably follow. We had to wipe out some generations of shameful subservience and timid submission to an arrogant alien authority.

The Author

Jawaharlal Nehru, the first prime minister of free India was also a prolific writer. His writings range from the political sphere to letters written from jail to his daughter. Jawaharlal Nehru like most of the leaders of his time, was a highly educated man, he was a lawyer qualified in the United Kingdom. After obtaining his degree he came back to India to participate in the freedom struggle. His style of writing is both lucid and clear, combining vast amounts of information with ease in prose that makes reading his works a pleasure.

Glossary

Deterioration	to make worse
Decay	to rot
Unravel	to come undone
Commentator	one who reports events
Glosses	a marginal explanation, shallow explanation
Meticulous	detailed, careful
Orthodox	sound in doctrine
Taboo	that which is forbidden
renaissance	being born anew
quiescent	quiet
rejuvenation	to make feel, seem young again
Sacrifice	the surrender of anything to gain an important end
suffering	distress, pain, loss or injury
psychological	that which is not physical
Intransigent	refusing to compromise or change one's views
Subservience	submissive

Questions

1. How could the West spread out and dominate the East?
2. What according to the author were the reasons for India's decay?
3. Why does the author cite the example of the Americans, Russians and Chinese?
4. What is the vitality the author talks about and what is its importance?
5. What is the fundamental purpose for which political advantage had value according to the author?
6. What does the author mean by the term political advantage?

Fill in the blanks

1. Behind this technical progress was a spirit of.....
2. No....., noremains unchanged.
3. Amongst the peoples of the world today I have sensed this vital energy chiefly in three and the.....
4. We had to wipe out some generations of shameful..... and timid..... to an arrogant alien authority.

Explain the following phrases

Dedrock strength

We aimed high and looked far

Explain with reference to context in not more than 100 words

1. Magnificent art and sculpture give way to meticulous carving of intricate detail without nobility of conception or design
2. Was there some such well of strength'?
3. Russians are not a new people
4. She will either count for a great deal or not count at all.

Write a paragraph on

1. Liberalization
2. The freedom struggle
3. The Industrial revolution
4. Superstition
5. The freedom struggle

Write an essay on

1. India's strength and weaknesses according to you.
2. Myths and legends of India

Choose the appropriate word

1. India is an..... civilization (stagnant, ancient, distorted)
2. Vitality is the hallmark of a..... civilization (vibrant, vitiated, visual)
3. Europe took the lead in(industrialization, intoxication, invigilation)
4. A healthy civilization is mentally(astounded, aside, alert)
5. Sovereignty is to be (individual, independent, impatient)

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