APPENDIX - 1

Biography of Nissim Ezekiel

Nissim Ezekiel, was the father of post-independence Indian verse in English. A prolific dramatist, critic, broadcaster and social commentator, and was professor of English and reader in American literature at Mumbai (formerly Bombay) University during the 1990s, and secretary of the Indian branch of the international writers’ organization PEN.

Ezekiel belonged to Mumbai’s tiny, Marathi-speaking Bene Israel Jewish community, which never experienced anti-semitism. They were descended from oil-pressers who sailed from Galilee around 150BC, and, shipwrecked off the Indian subcontinent, settled, intermarried and forgot their Hebrew, yet maintained the Sabbath. There were 20,000 Bene Israel in India 60 years ago; now, only 5,000 remain. Most of Ezekiel’s relatives left for Israel; he served as a volunteer at an American-Jewish charity in Bombay.

Ezekiel was raised in a secular milieu by his botany professor father and school principal mother. Even as a schoolboy, he preferred TS Eliot, WB Yeats, Ezra Pound and Rainer Maria Rilke to the floridity of Indian English verse, and, when he began his writing career in the late 1940s, his adoption of formal English was controversial, given its association with colonialism. Yet he “naturalised the language to the Indian situation, and breathed life into the Indian English poetic tradition,” wrote the Bangladeshi academic Kaiser Haq.

Ezekiel’s poetry described love, loneliness, lust, creativity and political pomposity, human foibles and the “kindred clamour” of urban dissonance. He echoed England’s postwar Movement (Philip Larkin, DJ Enright and Ted Hughes) but honed a distinct, ironic voice, moving from strict metre to free verse.

Over the course of his career, his attitude changed, too. The young man, “who shopped around for dreams”, demanded truth and lambasted corruption. By
the 1970s, he accepted "the ordinariness of most events"; laughed at "lofty expectations totally deflated"; and acknowledged that "The darkness has its secrets/ Which light does not know."

After 1965, he also began embracing India’s English vernacular, and teased its idiosyncrasies in Poster Poems and in The Professor. In the latter he wrote: "Visit please my humble residence also / I am living just on opposite house’s backside."

Ezekiel took a first-class MA in literature at Mumbai University in 1947. After a brief dose of radical politics, he sailed to London the following year, studied philosophy at Birkbeck College and enjoyed "debauched affairs". His decrepit digs were immortalised in his debut poetry collection, Time To Change (1952).

That same year, Ezekiel worked his way home as a deck-scrubber aboard a cargo ship carrying arms to Indochina. The Illustrated Weekly of India made him an assistant editor in 1953, and published his poetry and, for 10 years, he also broadcast on arts and literature for All-India Radio.

After dabbling as an advertising copywriter and manager of a picture frame company (1954-59), he co-founded the literary monthly Imprint, in 1961. He became art critic of the Times of India (1964-66) and edited Poetry India (1 966-67). From 1961 to 1972, he headed the English department of Mithibal College, Mumbai. He experimented with LSD while in America In 1967, ceasing the habit in 1972. A year later, he presented an art series for Mumbai television.

Ezekiel once described India as too large for anyone to be at home in all of it. However, after tenures as visiting professor at Leeds University (1964) and Chicago (1967), plus lecture tours and conferences, he always gravitated back to his native city. Though a natural outsider, he still felt Indian, albeit "incurably critical and septical". As he wrote in Background, Casually: "Others choose to
give themselves. In some remote and backward place./ My backward place is where I am.”

Throughout his career, Ezekiel continued to publish as a poet, bringing out many collections and some plays. He also translated poetry from Marathi in 1976, and co-edited a fiction and poetry anthology, Another India (1990). A festschrift devoted to him, Mapping Cultural Spaces, appeared in 1998.

He acted as a mentor to younger poets, such as Dom Moraes, Adil Jussawalla and Gieve Patel. Many of his poems, such as The Night Of The Scorpion, and that supreme antidote to jingoism, The Patriot, are set-works in Indian and British schools.

Ezekiel received the Sahitya Akademi cultural award in 1983 and the Padma-Shri, India’s highest civilian honour, in 1988. His wife Daisy, whom he married in 1952, but from whom he was separated, survives him, as do his son Elkana and daughters Kalpana and Kavita. Nissim Ezekiel, poet and scholar, born December 24 1924; died January 9 2004.
APPENDIX - II

Two Nights of Love

After a night of love I dreamt of love
Unconfined to threshing thighs and breasts
That bear the weight of me with spirit
Light and free. I wanted to be bound
Within a freedom fresh as God's name
Through all the centuries of Godlessness.

After a night of love I turned to love,
The threshing thighs, the singing breasts,
Exhausted by the act, desiring it again
Within a freedom old as earth
And fresh as God's name, through all
The centuries of darkened loveliness.

Philosophy

There is a place to which I often go,
by planning to, but by a flow
Away from all existence, to a cold
Lucidity, whose will is uncontrolled.
Here the mills of God are never slow.

The landscape in its geologic prime
Dissolves to show its quintessential slime.
A million stars are blotted out. I think
Of each historic passion as a blink
That happened to the sad eye of Time.

But residues of meaning still remain,
As darkest myths meander through the pain
Towards a final formula of light.
I, too, reject that clarity of sight:
What cannot be explained, do not explain.

The mundane language of the senses sings
Its own interpretations. Common things
Become, by virtue of their commonness,
An argument against the nakedness
That dies of cold to find the truth it brings.
Night of the Scorpion

I remember the night my mother
was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours
of steady rain had driven him
to crawl beneath a sack of rice.
Parting with his poison-flash
of diabolic tail in the dark room—
he risked the rain again.
The peasants came like swarms of flies
and buzzed the Name of God a hundred times
to paralyze the Evil One.
With candles and with lanterns
throwing giant scorpion shadows
on the sun-baked walls
they searched for him: he was not found.
They clicked their tongues.
With every movement that the scorpion made
his poison moved in Mother’s blood, they said.
May he sit still, they said.
May the sins of your previous birth
be burned away tonight, they said.
May your suffering decrease
the misfortunes of your next birth, they said.
May the sum of evil balanced in this unreal world
against the sum of good
become diminished by your pain.
May the poison purify your flesh
of desire, and your spirit of ambition,
they said, and they sat around
on the floor with my mother in the centre,
the peace of understanding on each face.
More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours,
more insects, and the endless rain.
My mother twisted through and through
groaning on a mat.
My father, sceptic, rationalist,
trying every curse and blessing,
powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.
He even poured a little paraffin
upon the bitten toe and put a match to it.
I watched the flame feeding on my mother.
I watched the holy man perform his rites
to tame the poison with an incantation.
After twenty hours
it lost its sting.
My mother only said
Thank God the scorpion picked on me
spared my children.
In India

I

Always, in the sun's eye,
Here among the beggars,
Hawkers, pavement sleepers,
Hutment dwellers, slums,
Dead souls of men and gods,
Burnt-out mothers, frightened
Virgins, wasted child
And tortured animal,
All in noisy silence
Suffering the place and time,
I ride my elephant of thought,
A Cezanne slung around my neck.

II

The Roman Catholic Goan boys
The whitewashed Anglo-Indian boys
The muscle bound Islamic boys
Were earnest in their prayers.

They copied, bullied, stole in pairs
They bragged about their love affairs
They carved the table broke the chairs
But never missed their prayers.

The Roman Catholic Goan boys
Confessed their solitary joys
Confessed their games with high-heeled toys
And hastened to the prayers.

The Anglo-Indian gentlemen
Drank whisky in some Jewish den
With Muslims slowly creeping in
Before or after prayers.

III

To celebrate the year's end:
men in grey or black,
women, bosom semi-bare,
twenty-three of us in all,
six nations represented.
Poet, Lover, Birdwatcher

To force the pace and never to be still
Is not the way of those who study birds
Or women. The best poets wait for words.
The hunt is not an exercise of will
But patient love relaxing on a hill
To note the movement of a timid wing;
Until the one who knows that she is loved
No longer waits but risks surrendering —
In this the poet finds his moral proved,
Who never spoke before his spirit moved.

The slow movement seems, somehow, to say much
To watch the rarer birds, you have to go
Along deserted lanes and where the rivers flow
In silence near the source, or by a shore
Remote and thorny like the heart’s dark floor.
And there the women slowly turn around,
Not only flesh and bone but myths of light
With darkness at the core, and sense is found
By poets lost in crooked, restless flight,
The deaf can hear, the blind recover sight.

The Visitor

Three times the crow has cawed
At the window, baleful eyes fixed
On mine, wings slightly raised
In sinister poise, body tense
And neck craned like a nagging woman’s,
Filling the room with voice and presence.

Three times I got the message,
Sleep-walking on the air of thought
With muddy clothes, and floated down,
Concerned for all created things,
To cope with the visitor
Whose terms would compromise my own.
All day I waited, as befits
The folk belief that following
The crow a visitor would come,
An angel in disguise, perhaps,
Or else temptation in unlikely shape
To test my promises, ruin my sleep.
It was not like that at all.
His hands were empty, his need:
Only to kill a little time.
Between his good intentions
And my sympathy the cigarette smoke
Was more substantial than our talk.

I see how wrong I was
Not to foresee precisely this:
Outside the miracles of mind,
The figure in the carpet blazing,
Ebb-flow of sex and the seasons,
The ordinariness of most events.

In the Country Cottage

The night the lizard came
our indolence was great;
we went to bed before
our eyes were heavy, limbs prepared to stretch or love.

Immobile, tense and grey,
he taught us patience as
he waited for the dark.
From time to time we could
not help but glance at him

and learn again that he
was more alive than us
in silent energy,
though his aim was only
the death of cockroaches.

When we awoke the next
morning we found as we
expected that the job
was done, clean and complete,
the stout lizard gone.

Background, Casually

I

A poet-rascal-clown was born,
The frightened child who would not eat
Or sleep, a boy of meagre bone.
He never learnt to fly a kite,
His borrowed top refused to spin.
I went to Roman Catholic school,  
A mugging Jew among the wolves.  
They told me I had killed the Christ,  
That year I won the scripture prize.  
A Muslim sportsman boxed my ears.

I grew in terror of the strong  
But undernourished Hindu lads,  
Their prepositions always wrong,  
Repelled me by passivity.  
One noisy day I used a knife.

At home on Friday nights the prayers  
Were said. My morals had declined.  
I heard of Yoga and of Zen.  
Could I, perhaps, be rabbi-saint?  
The more I searched, the less I found.

Twenty-two: time to go abroad.  
First, the decision, then a friend  
To pay the fare. Philosophy,  
Poverty and Poetry, three  
Companions shared my basement room.

The London seasons passed me by.  
I lay in bed two years alone.  
And then a Woman came to tell  
My willing ears I was the Son  
Of Man. I knew that I had failed

In everything, a bitter thought.  
So, in an English cargo-ship  
Taking French guns and mortar shells  
To Indo-China, scrubbed the decks,  
And learned to laugh again at home.

How to feel it home, was the point.  
Some reading had been done, but what  
Had I observed, except my own  
Exasperation? All Hindus are  
Like that, my father used to say,

When someone talked too loudly, or  
Knocked at the door like the Devil.  
They hawked and spat. They sprawled around.  
I prepared for the worst. Married,  
Changed jobs, and saw myself a fool.
The song of my experience sung,
I knew that all 'was yet to sing.
My ancestors, among the castes,
Were aliens crushing seed! for bread
(The hooded bullock made his rounds).

One among them fought and taught,
A Major bearing British arms.
He told my father sad stories
Of the Boer War. I dreamed that
Fierce men had bound my feet and hands.

The later dreams were all of words.
I did not know that words betray
But let the poems come, and lost
That grip on things the worldly prize.
I would not suffer that again.

I look about me now, and try
To formulate a plainer view:
I he wise survive and serve-to play
The fool, to cash in on
The inner and the outer storms.

The Indian landscape sears my eyes.
I have become a part of it
To be observed by foreigners.
They say that I am singular,
Their letters overstate the case.

I have made my commitments now.
This is one: to stay where I am,
As others choose to give themselves
In some remote and backward place.
My backward place is where I am.

The Railway Clerk

It isn’t my fault.
I do what I’m told
but still I am blamed.
This year, my leave application
was twice refused.
Every day there is so much work
and I don’t get overtime.
My wife is always asking for more money.
Money, money, where to get money?
My job is such, no one is giving bribe, 
while other clerks are in fortunate position, 
and no promotion even because I am not graduate.

I wish I was bird.

I am never neglecting my responsibility, 
I am discharging it properly, 
I am doing my duty, 
but who is appreciating? 
 Nobody, I am telling you. 
My desk is too small, 
the fan is not repaired for two months, 
three months. 
I am living far off in Borivli, 
my children are neglecting studies, 
how long this can go on?

Once a week, I see film 
and then I am happy, but not otherwise. 
Also, I have good friends, 
that is only consolation. 
Sometimes we are meeting here or there 
and having long chat. 
We are discussing country’s problems. 
Some are thinking of foreign 
but due to circumstances, I cannot think. 
My ‘wife’s mother is confined to bed 
and I am only support.

**Goodbye Party for Miss Pushpa T. S.**

Friends, 
our dear sister 
is departing for foreign 
in two three days, 
and 
we are meeting today 
to wish her bon voyage.

You are all knowing, friends, 
what sweetness is in Miss Pushpa. 
I don’t mean only external sweetness 
but internal sweetness. 
Miss Pushpa is smiling and smiling 
even for no reason 
but simply because she is feeling. 
Miss Pushpa is coming
from very high family.
Her father was renowned advocate
in Bulsar or Surat,
I am not remembering now which place.

Surat? Ah, yes,
once only I stayed in Surat
with family members
of my uncle's very old friend,
his wife was cooking nicely...
that was long time ago.

Coming back to Miss Pushpa
she is most popular lady
with men also and ladies also.

Whenever I asked her to do anything,
she saying, 'Just now only
I will do it.' That is showing
good spirit I am always
appreciating the good spirit.
Pushpa Miss is never saying no.
Whatever I or anybody is asking
she is always saying yes,
and today she is going
to improve her prospect,
and we are wishing her bon voyage.

Now I ask other speakers to speak,
and afterwards Miss Pushpa
will do summing up.

**Hangover**

Half the day hazy with the previous night.
The non-drinker drinking, non-smoker smoking.
Two or three men, two or three girls.
The red-coated waiters of Harbour Bar.
The red light district dancer at the Apollo Room.
The foreigners and the foreign-returned.
The expensive menu and the shadow of Marx.
The Biryani Hyderabad! and the sighs for Bangla Desh.
The see-through dress and the show-nothing sari.
The fog in the head and the sense of success.
The music Indian and the language English.
The Sindhi Sales Manager and the Parsi Fashion Model.
One good joke from a neighbouring table.
Five-children local family staring at one-child American family.
No Indian whisky Sir all imported this is Taj.
Yes Sir soda is Indian Sir.
Midnight.
Taxi-strike. George Fernandes.
Long walk to Church gate between pavement sleepers.
Last train to Borivli, stopping at all stations.
Two blind beggars, husband and wife, in the first-class compartment.
Half the day hazy with the previous night.

from Very Indian Poems in Indian English

1. THE PATRIOT

I am standing for peace and non-violence.
Why world is fighting fighting,
Why all people of world
Are not following Mahatma Gandhi,
I am simply not understanding.
Ancient Indian Wisdom is 100% correct.
I should say even 200% correct.
But Modern generation is neglecting-
Too much going for fashion and foreign thing.

Other day I'm reading in newspaper
(Every day I'm reading Times of India
To improve my English Language)
How one goonda fellow
Throw stone at Indirabehn.
Must be student unrest fellow, I am thinking.
Friends, Romans, Countrymen, I am saying
(to myself)
Lend me the ears.
Everything is coming-
Regeneration, Remuneration, Contraception.
Be patiently, brothers and sisters.

You want one glass lassi?
Very good for digestion.
With little salt lovely drink,
Better than wine;
Not that I am ever tasting the wine.
I'm the total teetotaller, completely total.
But I say
Wine is for the drunkards only.
What you think of prospects of world peace?
Pakistan behaving like this,
China behaving like that,
It is making me very sad, I am telling you.
Really, most harassing me.
All men are brothers, no?
In India also
Gujaraties, Maharashtrians, Hindiwallahs
All brothers-
Though some are having funny habits.
Still, you tolerate me,
I tolerate you,
One day Ram Rajya is surely coming.

You are going?
But you will visit again
Any time, any day,
I am not believing in ceremony.
Always I am enjoying your company.

2. THE PROFESSOR

Remember me? I am Professor Sheth.
Once I taught you geography. Now
I am retired, though my health is good.
My wife died some years back.
By God’s grace, all my children
Are well settled in life.

One is Sales Manager,
One is Bank Manager,
Both have cars.
Other also doing well, though not so well.
Every family must have black sheep.
Sarala and Tarala are married,
Their husbands are very nice boys.
You won’t believe but I have eleven grandchildren.
How many issues you have? Three?
That is good. These are days of family planning.
I am not against. We have to change with times.
Whole world is changing. In India also
We are keeping up. Our progress is progressing.
Old values are going, new values are coming.
Everything is happening with leaps and bounds.
I am going out rarely, now and then
Only, this is price of old age
But my health is O.K. Usual aches and pains.
No diabetes, no blood pressure, no heart attack.
This is because of sound habits in youth.
How is your health keeping?
Nicely? I am happy for that.
This year I am sixty-nine
and hope to score century.
You were so thin, like stick,
Now you are man of weight and consequence.
That is good joke.
If you are coming again this side by chance,
Visit please my humble residence also.
I am living just on opposite house's backside.

3. IRANI RESTAURANT INSTRUCTIONS
Do not write letter
Without order refreshment
Do not comb
Hair is spoiling floor
Do not make mischief in cabin
Our waiter is reporting

Come again
All are welcome whatever caste
If not satisfied tell us
Otherwise tell others
God is great.

From Very Indian Poems in Indian English
SOAP
Some people are not having manners,
this I am always observing.
For example other day I find
I am needing soap
for ordinary washing myself purposes.
So I'm going to one small shop
nearby in my lane and I'm asking
for well-known brand soap.

That shop man he's giving me soap
but I'm finding it defective version.
So I'm saying very politely-
though in Hindi I'm saying it,
and my Hindi is not so good as my English,
Please to excuse me
but this is defective version of well-known brand soap.
That shop man is saying
and very rudely he is saying it,
What is wrong with soap?

Still I am keeping my temper
and repeating very smilingly
Please to note this defect in soap,
and still he is denying the truth.
So I'm getting very angry that time
and with loud voice I am saying
YOU ARE BLIND OR WHAT?

Now he is shouting
YOU ARE CALLING ME BLIND OR WHAT?
Come outside and I will show you

Then I am shouting
What you will show me
Which I haven't got already?
It is vulgar thing to say
but I am saying it.

Now small crowd is collecting
and shop man is much bigger than me,
and I am not caring so much
for small defect in well-known brand soap.
So I'm saying
Alright OK Alright OK
this time I will take
but not next time.
Appendix – II (A)

Students' Questionnaire (Model Reproduced)

(Please fill up this questionnaire in English. All the information you supply will be used ONLY for research purpose and will be kept confidential otherwise.

You may put a tick mark to indicate your choice, or WRITE on the dotted line where there are no choices given).

A. Name : 
B. Age : 
C. Sex : 
D. Place of Residence : Town/ City/Corporation 
E. College : 
F. Course of Study : I B.A. Lit./II B.A. Lit./III.B.A. Lit. 
G. No. of Students in my Class : 
H. Location of my College : Town/ City/Corporation 
I. Medium of High School Education : English/Other than English 
J. Profession of my Father or Guardian : ................................................................. 
K. Profession of my Father : .................................................................

L. While teaching a poem/a prose passage/a drama, the majority of my teachers begin the class 
1.1 with a lengthy introduction, presenting the writer's biography and times, the/Titles' importance, a summary of the work, critics' opinion on the work etc. Always/Sometimes/Never
1.2 Straight away, by reading out the passage themselves and explaining its meaning: Always/Sometimes/Never
1.3 by asking to read the passage: Always/Sometimes/Never

2. When faced with the meaning of a difficult word, my teachers generally
2.1 tell us the meaning straightaway: Always/Sometimes/Never
2.2 ask us to refer the glossary/dictionary: Always/Sometimes/Never
2.3 help us to find it out from the context of the given passage: Always/ Sometimes/Never

3. When faced with a difficult passage
3.1 my teachers themselves analyse and explain it, and we listen to: Always/Sometimes/Never
3.2 my teachers prompt us to analyze the passage ourselves by giving us helpful hints and examples, and by asking specific questions: Always/Sometimes/Never

4. While explaining a passage from a text, my teachers
4.1 give importance to its meaning and its effect without reference to its language
4.2 give importance to the features of its language which give it its particular meaning and effect: Always/Sometimes/Never

5. When faced with the interpretation of a text, my teachers
5.1 Give us the standard interpretation (say that of critics): Always/ Sometimes/ Never
5.2 Encourage us to carefully analyze the text and come to our own interpretation and then to compare it with that of the critics: Always/Sometimes/Never

6. After completing a text, my teachers
6.1 give us their notes on the lesson: Always/Sometimes/Never
6.2 ask us to WRITE on selected topics on the text and submit the papers: Always/Sometimes/Never
6.3 straightaway proceed to the next lesson: Always/Sometimes/Never
6.4 ask us to SPEAK on the selected topics on the text before the class: Always/Sometimes/Never

7. After completing a given text in the classroom, my teachers encourage us to read and analyse texts of similar kind, or other works by the same writer (even when they are not included in the syllabus): Always / Sometimes/Never
8. My teachers use most of these words while discussing poems, stories and prose passages:
cohension/deviation/affix/parallelism/foregrounding/syntax/dialect/coherence/register/collocation/juxtaposition/coupling:  Always/Sometimes/Never

9. While explaining a text in the classroom, my teachers speak
9.1 in English:  Always/Sometimes/Never
9.2 in our regional languages:  Always/Sometimes/Never

10. In our literature classes, it is our teachers who speak most of the time and we listen to them passively:  Always/Sometimes/Never

11. While preparing for the university examination, I depend mainly
11.1 on my teachers' notes:  Always/Sometimes/Never
11.2 on guides bought from book-stalls:  Always/Sometimes/Never
11.3 on my own understanding of the texts:  Always/Sometimes/Never

12. Do you think that it is necessary to refer to 'a dictionary of literary terms' to follow your literature classes in the college?:  Necessary / Not necessary

13. Is the way an English text is taught in your literature class any different from the way it is taught in your general English class?:  Different / Not different

14. Do you think that the kind of experience you get from your literature classes will help you to analyze a previously unknown poem/short story/novel independently?:  Yes/No

15. Do you think that it is possible to prepare for your university examination without actually attending your literature classes, if you depend on a GOOD GUIDE and a few dictionaries:  Possible / Not possible

16. The time I spend everyday for additional reading and reference work to help my understanding of the prescribed text books is...........................
Appendix – II (B)

Teachers' Questionnaire (Model Reproduced)

(Please fill up this questionnaire in English. All the information you supply will be used ONLY for research purpose and will be kept confidential otherwise.

You may put a tick mark to indicate your choice, or WRITE on the dotted line where there are no choices given. All the questions are related to your practice in B.A./M.A. English Language and Literature main classes only).

A. Name : ...........................................
B. Age : ..............................................

C. Sex : Male/Female
D. Place of Residence : Town/City/Municipality/Corporation

E. College where you work presently
F. Location of the College

G. Whether you teach in the B.A. English Language and Literature main classes

H. Average strength in your B. A.

English Language and Literature main class : ..............................

I. Whether your students are
   only/Both Men and
   Men only/Women
   Women

J. Years of service in the college : ..............................................

K. Your main subject in the degree course : ..................................

L. Whether you possess A Teaching Degree/Diploma

   In English : Yes/No
M. Whether you possess any post-graduate certificate in the teaching of English:
Yes/No

N. Whether you possess any post-graduate diploma in the teaching of English:
Yes / No

1. In my English Language and Literature main classes, I generally use both English and the regional language of my students.

1.1. This is: Applicable to me/Not applicable to me

1.2. If applicable, this is because of:
(a) the poor English standard of the students
(b) the focus on the content rather than on the language in the university examination
(c) my conviction that the use of the learners' mother tongue helps in their appreciation of the literature of a foreign language
(d) any other reason (state it)

2. I don't generally ask my students to prepare their own notes on the texts taught in the class.

2.1. This is: Applicable to me/Not applicable to me

2.2. If applicable, this is because of:
(a) the easy availability of the ready-made answers in guides to the typical university questions.
(b) the poor English standard of my students.
(c) the examination system that doesn't require learners to think originally in most cases.
(d) any other reason (state it)

3. In teaching a text, I generally stress on its meaning and significance rather than on the use of language in it.

3.1. This is: Applicable to me/Not applicable to me

3.2. If applicable, this is because of:
(a) the poor linguistic background of the students
(b) the university questions which generally focus on the learners' comprehension of the content rather than on the niceties of its language use
(c) my conviction that the analysis of the language of a literary text destroys its aesthetic appeal

4. After teaching a prescribed text, I don't generally insist (not suggest) on my students doing the reference work and additional reading to supplement their understanding of the text.

4.1. This is: Applicable to me/Not applicable to me
(a) it benefits the learners only marginally from the examination point of view
(b) unwillingness of the learners to undertake such a work
(c) inability of the learners to do the work meaningfully
(d) any other reason (state it)

5. The *active participation* of the students in my classes (by way of prior preparation, raising doubts, offering suggestions etc) is generally poor.

5.1 This is: Applicable to me / Not applicable to me

5.2 If applicable, choose the reason:

5.2 If applicable, this is because

(a) of my learners' linguistic inability to communicate
(b) of the non-inclusion of their classroom performance in the final evaluation
(c) such participation is uncalled for in the *lecture method* I follow
(d) any other reason (state it).............

6. In the classroom, my stress is primarily on the completion of the syllabus on time: Yes / No

7. Do you personally consider the development of the learners' sensibility to *literature* as one of the important aims of literature teaching? Yes / No

7.1 If answered yes, do you think that it is attainable in your existing classroom situation? Yes / No

7.2 If answered no, choose the reason for it:

(a) lack of students' linguistic competence
(b) crowded classes
(c) this ability is non-essential from the examination point of view
(d) any other reason (state it).............................................

8. When faced with the meaning of a difficult word, I *do not* generally ask my learners to find out its meaning on their own from the CONTEXT of the given passage.

8.1 This is: Applicable to me/Not applicable to me

8.2 If applicable, this is because:

(a) it is a time-consuming method
(b) students are unable to follow it
(c) the examination system does not demand the development of such ability
(d) any other reason (state it).........................
9. When faced with a difficult passage, I do NOT generally prompt my learners to analyse it themselves by giving helpful hints and examples, and by asking specific questions.

9.1 This is: Applicable to me/Not applicable to me

9.2 If applicable, this is because of:
   (a) the learners' unwillingness to respond
   (b) the learners' linguistic inability to respond
   (c) the delay caused in completing the portions
   (d) the unproductivity of this method from the examination point of view
   (e) any other reason (state it)..............

10. Do you consider the development of the learners' linguistic ability (that is, to help them express themselves in speaking and in writing) a desirable objective of literature teaching? Yes/No

10.1 If answered yes, is it possible to achieve this objective in your existing classroom situation? Yes / No

10.2 If answered no, choose the:
   (a) the lecture method of teaching can't realize
   (b) this ability is not effectively tested in the examination
   (c) learners are unfamiliar with the basic language system
   (d) any other reason (state it)..................

11. Do you note any significant difference between the objectives of teaching an English text in a general English class, and in a literature main class? Yes / No

11.1 If answered yes, have you been able to observe this difference in objectives in your day-to-day work as a teacher? Yes / No

12. Do you think that the students CAN PASS creditably in the university examination if they depend on guides on the texts available in the bookstalls, WITHOUT actually attending the regular college classes? Yes/No

13. Do you think that the kind of experience your literature students get from the classrooms will help them to analyze literary works independently, at the end of the course? Yes/No

14. How much time do you spend every day for additional reading and reference work to supplement the teaching of your learners' prescribed textbooks?..............
15. When faced with the interpretation of a literary text, I generally give my students the standard interpretation of the text by literary critics.

15.1 This is: Applicable to me / Not applicable to me

15.2 If applicable, this is because of:
   (a) the linguistic incompetence of my learners to work on their own
   (b) the effectiveness of this practice from the examination point of view
   (c) its time-saving nature
   (d) any other reason (state it)..............................................

16. Can you suggest ways of improving the teaching of Literature in our B.A/M.A English Language and Literature main classes? ................................................
.....................................................................................
.....................................................................................
Appendix – II (C)

Classroom Presentation of the Proposed Methodology

I choose Nissim Ezekiel’s “Background casually” (C P 179 –APPENDIX-D) as a representative example of literary communication to illustrate the classroom representation of the methodology proposed in this thesis.

A poet-rascal-clown was born
The frightened child who would not eat
Or sleep, a boy of meager bone.
He never learnt to fly a kite,
His borrowed top refused to spin.
I went to Roman Catholic school,
A mugging Jew among the wolves.
They told me I had killed the Christ,
That year I won the scripture prize.
A Muslim sportsman boxed my ears. (1-10)

With the help of elicitation questions, the proposed methodology aims at developing in the students an awareness of how literature communicates by relating it to normal uses of language. The focus is on helping the learners to discover the linguistic signs in the context and realize the semantic relationships they signal. The teacher may begin with the question:

Question 1. How is the meaning of the first stanza related to that of the second stanza?

(This question will demand close reading of the poem and direct the learners to realize, with occasional help from the teacher, that the two stanzas are related by cause effect. The poet describes himself his personality as a mixture of the poet, a rogue, and a jester. There is his talent for writing poetry, there is something roguish or naughty about him, and there is a comic side to him.)

Question 2. Which part of the poem has signaled this relationship to you?

(This exercise intends to develop in them awareness that semantic relationships are related to linguistic signs. Every linguistic sign has a particular signification in the code and signals its corresponding semantic relationship. The learners will
realize that it is the *pronouns*—he, I and they and the *verbs*—refused, killed, and won, signal the cause and effect relationship in the poem.

Learners are thus encouraged to apply their knowledge of linguistic signs, acquired as part of their formal study of language, to the interpretation of a literary text.

**Question 3. Which are the lexical Items in the first stanza?**

(This question will take their attention to the first stanza and lead them to identify, without much difficulty, the lexical items *poet, rascle, clown, boy, bone, kite and top*.)

**Question 4. What are the major lexical items in the second stanza?**

Now, without much difficulty the learners identify the lexical items *Roman Catholic, Jew, Wolves Christ, Prize, Muslim, Sportsman and ears.*

**Question 5. What is the relationship between these lexical items?**

(Learners will come to realize that there is no direct and immediate relationship between these key lexical items in the language code. None of these habitually co-occurs with another one. Given some assistance by the teacher, they will pick up the term *Juxtaposition* to refer to the relationship between these words.)

**Question 6. Can you choose the most appropriate item from the bracket that can be juxtaposed**

Kill: Prize

Meagre: Strong

Top: Knife

bone: ears

(This exercise will indirectly bring out the significations of *juxtapositional relationship* in the language code. And the question is devised in such a way that it will provoke the learners into a discussion. This will bring home to them the significations of juxtapositional relationship: between items juxtaposed, there is always a relationship can be one of similarity, or of contrast, or, by logical extension, or both.)

**Question 7. Examine how the lexical items in the poem are inter-related.**

(Literary communication by its nature is ambiguous and indefinite. Learners are expected to arrive at related interpretations. If one goes by between juxtaposed lexical items, it is possible to arrive at an interpretation. *Kill, prize, meager,*
strong, and frightened etc, have in them semantic features that are opposed to one another.

The poet thus creates in the context unique semantic relationships between language items. For interpretation, learners are forced to give the concerned language items a value different from signification. Learners arrive at an independent reading of the text by identifying the juxtapositional relationship and the cause–effect relationship signaled in the context of the poem and by conferring values on linguistic items in accordance with the significations of these semantic relationships in the code. Learners thus develop an individual response to a literary text if they are guided to discover the contextual demands on their own.

Works cited