CHAPTER II

STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL
Struggle may be either internal or external, in the sense that, it may be caused by the oscillation of the character while choosing one particular option or the other, or by the forces outside. Hemingway and Jayakanthan deal in most of their novels with the theme of struggle for survival, which became more acute after the First World War during which all faith in religion and gods were shattered to pieces. Due to some unexpected existential realities many men and women on earth had to struggle hard for survival.

Hemingway and Jayakanthan have written many novels, from which a few novels have been chosen for the present study. The theme of Hemingway’s, *Farewell to Arms* actually revolves around struggle for survival in the war front. The ghastly scenes of war, the excruciating pain and the relentless trauma are vividly portrayed in these novels.

It was Passini and when I touched him he screamed. His legs were towards me and I saw in the dark and the light that they were both smashed above the knee. One leg was gone and the other was held by tendons and part of the trouser and stump twitched and jerked as though it were not connected.
It is not merely the raw suffering of a fellow human being, but even death leaves memory's chords untuned when danger and stark destiny stare square-eyed.

Anselmo lay face down behind the white marking stone. His left arm was doubled under his head and his right arm was stretched straight out... Robert Jordan got to his feet, crossed the road, knelt by him and made sure that he was dead. He did not turn him over to see what the piece of steel had done. He was dead and that was all.²

The gruesomeness of war and its various horrifying tendencies have neither been more barbaric in the ancient past nor have they become less catastrophic with the succeeding generations. 'War is not done as long as the enemy lives' is a proverb, more practised than merely preached. The Iliad poignantly portrays the mood of Achilles before overcoming Hector, "Hector, you must be mad to talk to me about a pact; lions do not come to terms with men nor does the wolf see eye with the lamb - they are enemies to the end."³

Achilles does have a change of heart. The very same Achilles who refused to have a pact with Hector to hand over the corpse, if defeated, killed the noble Hector who was treated like a god in Troy, and subjected the fallen prince to shameful outrage, replying "My venerable lord, everything shall be as you wish. I will hold up the fighting for the time you require."⁴
Thus, he grants the twelve days as requested by Priam to hold the obsequies of Hector. This incident of a man, benumbed of human finesse at one point and the paragon of human resilience and understanding at another, is that unifying stain of mankind. An aggravated brain, which faces a situation, where the mind is riddled with sparks of hatred and sensations of horror, needs that soothing aftermath of reflection and rest when the conscience is tinged with compassion. Then, feelings get fortified with thoughts of giving and sharing.

*For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a novel that was unanimously chosen by the judges as the best novel written by an American in 1940, and which, except for the Advisory Board of Columbia University Chairman’s unexpected veto, would have been awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1940. The novel chronicles the experiences of American professor Robert Jordan from Saturday afternoon to Tuesday noon during the last week of May 1937. Jordan has volunteered to fight with the Loyalist guerilla army in the Spanish Civil War. His mission is to blow up a bridge near Segovia prior to a Loyalist offensive in that area, scheduled to occur in three days. When the novel opens, he is behind enemy lines, ready to meet up with Pablo and his wife Pilar, his contacts, and die leaders of one of the guerrilla factions.

Robert Jordan studies the bridge as he determines how he will blow it up at the necessary moment. He has previously blown
up bridges and trains, but he has never had time to demolish so carefully. Pablo and Pilar have been set to help Jordan plan and execute the mission, gathering together other guerilla bands if necessary. Jordan finds Pablo and Pilar and travels with them to their hideout in a mountain cave where he meets Maria, a beautiful young woman.

Maria has escaped the Fascists after being tortured and raped. Jordan also meets Anselmo at the hideout, an elderly guerrilla fighter who is determined to die, if need be, for the Loyalist cause. Even though he recognizes that the Loyalists have committed atrocities during the war, Jordan has aligned himself with them, blaming their poverty and oppression for their cruel actions. He hates the Fascists as much as the others do, nothing that their cruelty stems not from a desire for freedom but from naked ambition and a lust for power. After hearing Maria’s shocking tales of abuse, Jordan redoubles his determination to kill as many Fascists as he can, even if he sacrifices his own life as a result. That evening, however, he begins to fall in love with Maria, after spending most of the time with her, and wants to spend his future with her. As a result, for the first time, Jordan becomes fearful about the mission since he now has something to live for other than stopping the Fascist occupation. He knows, though, that fear will prevent him from keeping a cool head as he plans his operation.
Jordan is able to suppress his fears, and he carefully plans the destruction of the bridge, drawing several sketches to familiarize himself and the other guerrillas with the area and to determine the best course of action. The operation, however, is almost destroyed by Pablo, who, fearing for his safety, deserts the camp after stealing the explosives. Pablo returns on the third morning after having a change of heart, accompanied by more Loyalists with horses. The explosives and detonators, however, have been damaged so severely that Jordan has no other choice than to try to blow up the bridge with hand grenades, which would be a much more dangerous task.

The group begins to carry out their mission, unaware that the anticipated Loyalist advance has failed. First, Jordan and Anselmo kill the guards while Pablo and the others attack the Fascists who are approaching the bridge, in order to slow their movement. After Jordan blows up the bridge, he scrambles to safety. Anselmo, however, has been hit by falling debris and dies. Jordan blames Pablo for the death of the old man, determining that if they had used the explosives, they all would have been safe.

Jordan reunites with Pablo, Pilar, Maria, and two of the men Pablo had brought with him. Pablo insists that the others had been killed in the battle, but Jordan determines that Pablo had killed them for their horses. Pablo acknowledges the murders with a shrug, nothing that the men had not been part of his group.
Jordan plans their escape away from the front. He insists that Pablo should go first, since he knows the territory, accompanied by Maria. Jordan knows that those in front will have the best chance of reaching safety before the Fascists discover them. He then sends Pilar and the two guerillas on and follows them. The others make it safely across the open road, but Jordan is injured when his horse, wounded by the Fascists' bullets, falls on him. The others full him out of the line of fire, but he insists that they go on ahead and leave him there, knowing that his injuries would slow them down and place them all in danger. Despondent, Maria tries to convince him to allow her to stay with him, but he refuses, insisting that he will live through her. The others have to carry her away.

After the others leave, Jordan sits against a tree with his gun propped up in his lap and waits for the Fascists, hoping to slow them down as the others escape. As he waits, he thinks about what has brought him to this point and determines that he has done the best that he could and thus his death will not be in vain. The novel ends as Jordan sees a Fascist lieutenant coming into view and prepares to fire him.

Robert Jordan is the hero of the novel. He is a man of great bravery and loyalty. He is an American, and most the Spaniards call him Ingles, which means English. He has been sent as a demolition expert to blow up a bridge in a strategic position. He meets Maria, a girl taken prisoner by the Falangists whom the guerillas rescued
from a train they exploded, and they fall in love. He calls her 'little rabbit'. When she tells him about her rape, he is understating and still loves her, but is filled with hate for such abominable acts done intentionally. He is unable to let his love for Maria and his focus on his task coexists, and is often cold to her when he has his mind on his work. He is tall and thin, with fair hair. He is originally from Montana, where he is a professor of Spanish. He loves Spain and for that reason, he volunteered to fight in the war behind enemy lines. Throughout the novel, he wrestles with inner conflict over whether by following orders he is using the guerrillas and then leaving them in a worse position than they were before. He thinks to himself a lot. He blows the bridge and while they are all escaping, his horse is injured and falls on his leg, breaking it. He knows he must stay behind, and makes Maria and the others continue on without him. In the last scene, he is lying on the ground, getting ready to shoot an officer in order to delay the cavalry from catching up to his escaping friends.

Maria is nineteen years old, the orphaned daughter of a mayor and his wife who were shot to death by the Falangists, a young radical enemy group. They captured her, shaved her head, and gang-raped her. As a result of her rape, she is probably unable to become pregnant. Pablo's group, who carried her to safety and took her in, rescued her. Pilar takes care of her and she is now able to talk again. She meets Robert Jordan and they fall in love; he declares that he will marry her, and refers to her as his wife. She
wants to be a dutiful wife to him, and serves him as such during the three days when they have been together. She tells him about the rape and is afraid he will not love and marry her, but he understands and says he is proud of her and her family. When Robert Jordan has to stay behind, she desperately wants to stay with him, but he will not let this happen and wants her to continue life without him.

Pilar is Pablo’s woman. She is also Maria’s guardian after they rescue the poor girl from the train. She is happy for Robert and Maria, but also jealous because she feels old. Throughout the book, she stands up for herself and is loyal. She escapes with them at the end.

This novel, which extols patriotic fervour, has been set in the atmosphere of the Spanish Civil War when the fascist leanings were abhorred and many a fervent group engaged themselves in activities such as blowing up the bridge, which is factually described by Hemingway. Every struggle takes place for survival.

In *A Farewell to Arms*, Henry has come through the horrifying phase of struggle for survival, i.e. war. He has been traumatized by fears of being forced back into service. He is in extreme anxiety about his pregnant wife. He has admitted his Catherine in hospital for delivery of a moving creature that he had felt stirring in the womb of his wife. But now the baby is dead - the baby had never lived except in its mother’s womb.
Henry wishes that he himself were choked to death. No, he does not. Now, he thinks of Catherine too dying. His mind wanders to the battle. “They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you.”

His vision shifts to the no-win-position of the ants on the log that was burning in the fire. The ants swarmed to the centre and then rushed to the end, only to fall into the fire. The callousness with which Henry throws the remnants of water from a tin cup and which in turn only steam the ants to death is a reflective portrayal of how the human mind is caught in a vise-like grip of destiny.

Henry goes for his lunch, engages the waiter in casual banter about luncheon choices. Suddenly, he knows he has to get back; he calls the waiter, pays the reckoning, gets into his coat, puts on his hat and starts out of the door. He walks through the rain upto the hospital. Something simply drops inside him. Catherine has had a hemorrhage. Henry is helpless: “Please, please, please, dear god, don’t let her die.” All that he could do was to go into the room and stay with her till she dies. Henry speaks in a matter-of-fact manner to the doctor. But, human-like, he does go down the hall to the door of the room where his Catherine lies dead.

“You can’t come in now”, one of the nurses said.

“Yes, I can”, I said.

“You can’t come in yet”

“You get out”, I said, “The other one too.” But, after he
gets them out and shuts the door and turns off the light, it is not any good. “It was like saying goodbye to a statue.” After a while he goes out and leaves the hospital and walks back to the hotel in the rain.

Such a semi-conscious, semi-oblivious state of man, after the mind is struck into a stupor with a tragic blow, has been timelessly portrayed, not only by the ancient Homer or the modern Hemingway, but also by the contemporary Jayakanthan. It has to dawn for dusk, and then to give way to dawn again. The inner force that is one’s indomitable spirit lies dormant until called to the fore by some quirk of fate, which compels the spirit to act and respond.

It is this indomitable spirit, which Hemingway’s *The Old Man and the Sea* displays: human spirit can be destroyed, but not defeated. It is this indomitable spirit that enables the Old Man, not only to “feel he was inside the current now... He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.” Nothing would beat him down, though he had gone too far out. His sense of responsibility and perseverance far outweighs his physical tiredness and absolute mental fatigue.

He fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder... He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack... He was asleep when the boy looked in the door in the morning... The boy saw that the old man was breathing and then he saw the old
man's hands and he started to cry. He went out very quietly to go and bring some coffee and all the way down the road he was crying.¹⁰

Up in his shack, Santiago was sleeping again. He was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him and watching him. The old man was 'dreaming about lions', while on the seashore, a party of tourists was admiring the 'handsome, beautifully-formed tail’ of the fish he captured and lost.

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?,"¹¹ queried Shelley. When times are trying, as in the legendary tale, one has to keep saying, 'this too will pass'. There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so-stated the Bard. One finds the inner struggle against established norms to be a more severe version of battle and the outcome in individual lives more devastating than those on the battlefields.

Baker states that Hemingway, while leafing through the Oxford Book of English Poets, came across the extracts from the works of John Donne. Donne had set down a little parable about the inter dependency of all human beings in images derived from geography and from the funeral customs of the seventeenth century London. The tragic loss and human solidarity which Hemingway so painstakingly portrays in his novel has been magnificently developed and ends with the statement "any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved with mankind.... Never sent to know for
whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.” This summarizes the exact prescription for understanding human bereavement and suffering. There are seven in that small group of Loyalists apart from Jordan who are so committed to their tasks as stalwarts of patriotism.

But the bombing coming on the eve of the British Prime Minister Tony Blair’s summit with the United States President George Bush is seen as an act of bonding. This bonding has been commented upon as a steadying influence on both sides, which are now faced with an uneasy relationship between the new White House occupant and that of 10, Downing Street.

This muscle flexing against common enemies is expected in times to come to make up for the lack of personal Chemistry between the centre left European Prime Minister and the right wing republican new come to the White House.13

War paints multi-various scenes and not all colours reflect hatred and vengeance even during wartime. The conversation between Henry and the priest in A Farewell to Arms, is tinted very differently from the one described in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

“I don’t know why, but I feel it”.

“Many people have realized the war this summer?”

“I do not think it can go on much longer”.

“What will happen?”
"They will both stop fighting"

"Who?"

"Both sides".

Henry cannot believe that both sides will stop fighting at once...

"No one ever stopped when they were winning"...

"It is in defeat that we become Christian."

"I don't mean technically Christian. I mean like our Lord."

He said nothing.

"We are all gentler now because we are beaten. How would our Lord have been if Peter had rescued him in the Gardon?"

"He would have been just the same." 14

The struggle does not end that easily. After Aymo is killed, the small group including Henry realizes that there is more danger from Italians than from Germans. They decide to move southward and wait for the cover of darkness. They were proceeding towards the bridge, the end of which was guarded by 'officers and carabinieri', standing on both sides with 'flashing lights'. They were scrutinizing and segregating those whom they were going to condemn and shoot as deserters of their troops. The battle police were giving orders to shoot him, if he resisted. A Lieutenant Colonel tries to explain why he is without his troops. He insisted that Italy should never retreat. He further requested him to shoot without asking any questions.
Then he made the sign of the cross. The officers spoke together. Then he wrote something on a pad paper and ordered to be shot for abandoning his troops. These unfortunate souls who had fought for the cause of the country stood in the rain and were taken out one at a time to be questioned and shot. It is this inhuman situation that compels the most chivalrous and patriotic to ‘duck down’, ‘push between the men’ and ‘run for the river’.

With the head down, Henry trips at the end and goes in with a big splash. The water is very cold and he stays under as long as he could. He could feel the current swirl round him and he stays under until he thinks he could never come up. He sees a piece of timber ahead of him and reaches for it and holds it with one hand. He allows the current to swirl him to safety. However, once safe in civilian clothes, he feels a ‘masquerader’. He had been in uniform for a long time and he missed being held by his clothes.

The struggle for survival in *The Old Man and the Sea* is more acute because a man above eighty is ready to struggle till the end to achieve his goal. Far out at sea, in the midst of nowhere, with only the sharks presenting a visible sight of movement, the old man carries on a conversation with himself. The mind alternates between rational thought tinged with optimism and the hallucinating thought of repentance for something performed out of sheer compulsion and necessity. The fish, marlin that he had caught after so many days of struggle and hardship is to the side of
the boat. But after the sharks attack and the fish is half-gone, “He could not talk to the fish any more because the fish had been ruined too badly.”¹⁵ Then something came into his head.

Even a half fish is a better companion than no fish. The fish caught after many days of struggle was later getting eaten up by many sharks which the Old Man had again to fight against. Though he lacks the physical strength and where with all of weapons to successfully ward off the attacks by sharks, he is determined:

“Fight them”, he said “I’ll fight them until I die.”¹⁶ ‘Success’, it has been said, ‘is ninety nine per cent perspirations and one per cent inspiration’. The old man had put in ninety nine per cent hard work by being out at sea for eighty-four days empty handed and was now bringing to his boat a whopper of a fish. But that one per cent luck eludes him.

“I’d like to buy some if there is any place they sell it”.

“I must not think nonsense”, he thought.

“Luck is a thing that comes in many forms and who can recognize her?”¹⁷

Ernest Hemingway, it is interesting to note, has had wide ranging experiences in the theatres of war, and has also been exposed to personal trauma having been involved in many an accident where he has had to suffer excruciating pain both physically and mentally.
It is this silver lining that fortifies the philosophy of Hemingway: “A man can be destroyed but not defeated.” The old man in Hemingway’s Nobel Prize winning novel is too old to be a role model hero, yet, he has all the traits of heroism. The central figure in Hemingway’s *The Old Man and the Sea*, is not a prominent figure, though the entire gamut of incidents revolve round him. He is no Robinson Crusoe, nor is he Pickwick, nor Roderick Random, but he is in his own right as much a central figure as Lear with the advantage of sans senility, as ambitious as Macbeth though sans malice and sans craftiness, as single-minded as Othello in the completion of a task though in a contradictory frame, in that he survives though destroyed, while Othello is undestroyed even in death.

In spite of all odds, the survival instincts of man brave him up against helplessness and dejection in the face of serious crises. John continues to state: “in thirty seconds a whole state is reduced to rubble and no disaster management will work on such occasions”. “It takes sheer courage”, as he says, “and sustained hard work for people to clear the rubble, pull out those still breathing, light the pyres and then get back to their lives”. When much survival instincts are exhibited, “we cannot but be full of admiration for the people of the State, their organizations and the administration.”
John believes that one can see through calamities only by means of stoicism, cultivated through the years. But the resilience with which the people of Gujarat are returning to the normalcy level of existence far surpasses the stoicism theory and firms up the belief in the theory of the instinct for survival. Even a small acorn seed snuggles into a cranny in the hope of survival. So also is the gruesome story of a baby in the recent Gujarat tragedy, which survived on its dead mother's dripping blood, thinking it to be its daily feed from a loving breast.

'Can man survive the holocaust of multifarious forces that combine to thwart his ambitions for survival?' Struggle for survival in war and the portrayal of it in the novels under study will now be attempted in order to help gauge the efficacies of struggle for survival against the destructiveness of war.

Except for the two novels *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *A Farewell to Arms* by Hemingway, the other novels chosen for the study, do not have even the faintest rumblings of war. On the other hand, all the novels reverberate with man's struggle against nature and other odds in order to arrive at the stage of survival, where there is no more struggle, but only peace, that is, peace of mind. Each author, in his own inimitable way, has shown that man, though destroyed, can never be defeated in his struggle for inner peace.
Robert Jordan struggles for that inner peace, which he will not overcome by until he hears his own heart beats ticking the last few seconds of his existence. Henry, having lost all his human bonds, walks towards the hospital in the rain, looking towards tomorrow 'that new day' to come. The old man comes back broken and bruised and lies down dreaming of his favourite lions in Africa, secure in the knowledge that he has survived and every day is a new day.

Robert Jordan, felt the long light body, warm against him, comforting against him, abolishing loneliness against him, magically, by a simple touching of flanks, of shoulders and of feet, making an alliance against death with him and he said, "sleep well, little long rabbit". She said, "I am asleep already." The very next moment he was happily asleep. A warm wind came with day light, then he heard a horse coming.

From the sweet oblivion of rest, his cautious senses shatter into watchful alertness. Cautioning Maria to keep herself under the robe, he buttons his shirt with one hand and holds the automatic pistol with the other, loosening its safety catch with his thumb. It was too late by the time the horseman espied Robert Jordan. "The pistol roared in the snowy woods... The young man, still tugging at the scabbard, slid over toward the ground, his right foot caught in the stirrup."
At one moment, the young horseman is free, and full of energy. The next unexpected second, he is a mutilated corpse hanging with one leg from the stirrup, his hand motionless in the clawing position over the scabbard. Robert Jordan woken into realization of impending danger acts with years of active combat experiences. Maria, his little rabbit, with the basic instinct of survival and knowledge gained from exposure to danger snuggles deep into the robe on a curt entreaty from Jordan and stays put till the impending danger diminishes into the distance.

Danger in a combat zone is omnipresent. Even in peaceful times danger can be sparked off by the most insignificant of acts. Rioting in any clime and at all times is a phenomenon given to horror, filled with blood curdling scenes and nerve jarring screams. “There is an unmistakable feeling that one is reading an eye-witness account, when one reads the vivid portrayal of horror by Malgonkar in ‘A Bend in the Ganges’” and

A few miles further they saw in the distance, a field covered with red cloth as though left for drying. It was only when they came closer that they discovered that they were not passing some factory for dyeing bolts of cloth, but a scene of massacre, transported by some trick of the morning light into a mirage. Large patches of red which had resembled sarees left out to dry shrunk and shriveled and faded before our eyes, leaving
pools of dried blood. The vultures, the dogs and the jackals emerged, strutting disdainfully. They had pulled and torn the flesh of the bodies of the men and women strewn over the field to such an extent that there was now no way of telling how much of mutilation had been in flicked by those who had attacked them.\textsuperscript{24}

There are no blood-curdling descriptions in the novels under study. But the descriptions of the horrors of war as attempted by the author are as authentic and original as the situations warrant.

Henry bit his arm and moaned, “Oh, mama mia, ... Dio te salve, Maria... Oh Jesus! Shoot me... Stop it, stop it, stop it.”\textsuperscript{25} Then he was quiet, bit his arm, while the stump of his leg twitched. Passini died before his puttee on the one leg could be removed.

Hemingway is, of course, describing with realism the horror-filled scene of being wounded during war. The divisions of class, religion, caste and race have been the dividing factors in many a country. In India, these differences have begun to be more acutely felt after the prescription of the British to enlighten the Indian masses through education.

“It is interesting to note that no less a person than Leo Tolstoy”\textsuperscript{26} has been interested in the malady of the Indian caste system and has offered the following amicable solution.

The only solution for the social problems such as the caste system, for reasonable beings endowed with the capacity of love, is
the abolition of violence and the organization of society based on mutual love and reasonable principles voluntarily accepted by all. Such a state can be achieved only by the development of true religion.

Tolstoy has gone on to speak of what he means by ‘True Religion’. “It is the fundamental principles of all religions, which are: consciousness of the divine, essence of the human soul and respect for its manifestation of human life.”

Tolstoy prescribes:

Your people must be morally clean. I think the duty of all civilized Indians are 1) to try and destroy all old superstitions which hide from the masses the principles of true religion, that is, consciousness of the divine essence of the human soul and respect for the life of every human being without exception and 2) to spread them as far as possible.

Though this advocacy reached the Indian shores a century ago, the unlettered state coupled with the economic backwardness makes our Indian masses immune to the appeals and articulation of the civilized world. Struggle or what may be termed ‘internal’ struggle within an individual’s psyche decides the outcome, tilting the balance this way or that so that ultimately there is no real winner nor is there a real loser. Struggle of any nature, external or internal, is only a relative entity. It can never be an independent
phenomenon. The two World Wars and the innumerable other wars, wars that have extended over generations have proved that the gain or loss always counterweighs each other, and what one has lost in one way has been compensated by a gain in another.

The Exodus in the Bible shows the crushing defeat of the Egyptians when the Red Sea devours them, chariot and all. The Egyptians' loss is balanced by the forty years in the wilderness having to be undergone by the 'chosen people' and their compulsion to exist on 'manna' that miraculous food provided by God for the Israelites - "a small round thing as small as the hoar frost on the ground." 29

The wanderers in the wilderness, the Bible states, were provided with flesh in the evening and "manna" during the day. But the human psyche as well as the human palate have gluttonous tendencies, which Oliver-like, asks for more, and can never be fully satiated. It is this, 'asking for more', tendency that takes Santiago 'too far out' which makes him lose not only his precious catch but also his self-dignity and his meagre physical prowess. Santiago returns destroyed though not defeated because he had asked for more than he could sustain, more than he could endure. 'Asking for more' is not a necessity out of greed. There could be necessity in this greed for more as was the case with the innocent Oliver Twist. 'Ask and it shall be given' is a well-known adage. But not all that one asks can be readily given.
There is, in Hemingway, a different kind of asking for more – asking for the impossible. When Henry meets with Catherine after he escapes from the military, they are together making each other feel the togetherness and loneliness. “We slept when we were tired and if we woke the other one woke too so one was not alone.”

They had each other and so they “were never lonely and never afraid when we were together.” Whatever Henry and Catherine might mutually feel, Hemingway intrudes into the story to discourse on loneliness. Through Henry, Hemingway brings out the essence of togetherness and emphasizes on loneliness, which is a facet of the mind, which can turn reflective even when juxtaposed in the thick of company cherished or otherwise.

“Often a man wishes to be alone and a girl wishes to be alone too...I have been alone while I was with many girls and that is the way that you can be most lonely.” Hemingway philosophizes on the cruelty of a crushing blow inflicted on those who bring so much courage to this world, the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks everyone and afterwards many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break, it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially.

Man struggles and fights for existence. Those who are strong and sensible struggle on and survive, those who are supple or subtle surrender and still survive, but those who are steadfast and
too strong in their chosen beliefs, unable to surrender and unable to struggle, seek that eternal repose, some early and quick, some delayed and long suffered. Whatever may be the final outcome of one's existence, and whatever may be the manner of the end, a man lives for what he has been, what he is and what he shall be. The good he is capable of is never "interred with his bones."\textsuperscript{34}

Mankind, from the very beginning, has been beset with struggles of various kinds, and man has had to fight his battle with nature, with society and also with his own psyche. The human sentiment is one factor that mars or mends the human mind, but the human mind, with all its upheavals, does have the capacity to utter the universal prayer:

\begin{verbatim}
Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the fault I see
That mercy I to other show
That mercy show to me.\textsuperscript{35}
\end{verbatim}

Class system is one of the struggles which is to be overcome by the people of India, particularly who are living in Tamil Nadu. People have struggled a lot in different parts of the world in different forms. One of them in India, particularly Tamil Nadu, is Class system – rich and poor - in the name of caste system. Class system is different from caste system in the sense that our society is divided into only two classes – the rich and the poor – while the caste system has innumerable divisions and sub-divisions. The demarcation into 'haves' and 'have-nots' has nothing to do with
caste. If a Brahmin has no money, he belongs to the poor class and if a harijan is wealthy he belongs to the class of the rich, for money has become an indispensable criterion for human welfare and happiness and also for the measure of the status of an individual in society.

Jayakanthan's *Munkil Kattu Nila* and *Yarukkaka Aluthan?* portray the hiatus between the haves and have-nots, the exploiters and the exploited. The problem of class is, of course, a universal phenomenon. Jayakanthan’s wish for the upliftment of the underprivileged, both socially and economically, finds expression in some of his novels, mostly in *Munkil Kattu Nila* and *Yarukkaka Aluthan?*

Jayakanthan presents the problems, conflicts and aspirations of the poor and the downtrodden with compassion in his novels, *Munkil Kattu Nila* and *Yarukkaka Aluthan?*, in both of which he expresses his love for mankind, cutting across all the man-made boundaries of caste and social and economic status, and strives to suggest solutions to the problems of misery, poverty and inequality. The class division between the rich and the poor is portrayed by Jayakanthan in his *Munkil Kattu Nila*, that spins around the efforts of the poor under the leadership of Nila to prevent the diversion of the water canal for the construction of a cement factory at Munkil Kadu.
Nila is the daughter of a poor down-trodden. Her father borrowed some money from Maruthaian, another down-trodden, belonging to considerably the wealthier class. Her father died without clearing the debts, and the village panchayat suggested the idea that Maruthaian, who was aged enough to be her grandfather, could take Nila as his wife for the money he had lent to her father, and it was thus the beautiful and young Nila had to be the wife of Maruthaian just for the reason of her poor economic status.

Now Nila is a teacher working in a primary school at Munkil Kadu. The eldest brother of the protagonist, whom the village people call Periyavar, is taking steps to construct a cement factory and Periyavar has even conducted a function to promote and introduce this big plan, in which even ministers took part. Shortly after that big machines and bulldozers arrive at Munkil Kadu. What is wrong in the plan is that to implement the plan, the canal water that runs by the village is to be diverted, which means that the village people, especially the poor down-trodden, are to be deprived of the canal water. This causes the affected people to rise against the plan and Nila takes up the leading position. Nila is immediately fired out of her job by the District Board, and the other school teachers and all school children agitate in the school against Nila’s dismissal. And, in the village Nila and the other low-born erect a stage just in front of Periyavar’s house, and beating drums and melas raise slogans against Periyavar and the plan. Nila, in the midst of them, is seen proclaiming fiery slogans.
Periyavar and other landlords of the village gather in the palace of Periyavar, where they discuss the ways and means of curbing the agitation of the underprivileged. Periyavar engages a servant as a spy to go and collect information to the people. The spy returns to say, with folded hands and bowed head,

The under-privileged people stand united. Since the canal water is connected with the life of each and every one of them, they have become one to rise against their masters, forgetting completely the differences of opinion among them. They are getting the signatures of all and they are to send telegrams to the Collector and the Governor. Members belonging to the Agriculturists' Association have decided to observe strike at the place where the pipes are to be laid.\(^{36}\)

These maniacs, vipers, poisonous viruses, landlords as Periyavar's youngest brother, the protagonist of the novel, calls them, are bent upon teaching a serious and severe lesson to the agitating poor. The protagonist's suggestion that the pipes for the construction of the cement factory could be laid a mile away from the place already decided upon, which would not prevent the flow of the canal water to the reach of the villagers, falls into deaf ears. Periyavar, suspecting that his brother is a spy working for the rioters, gets him beaten, saying that he has become demented, and shuts him in a secluded place at the out skirt of Munkil Kadu

\(^{36}\)
village. Periyavar and other moneyed people plan to set fire to the houses of the down-trodden people, which they believe, would frighten them, resulting in their giving up of their strike. But since the election is near, Periyavar changes his evil plan and begins doing some good to the people because he wishes to win in the election.

Nila is reinstated as teacher in the same school. He spreads the news among the people that they have agreed to lay the pipes that would provide water for the cement factory a mile away without preventing the village poor people from getting their usual water from the canal. He even makes friends with his enemies and gives many concessions to many people, spending a lot of money for that, and all these he does just because he wants to win in the election at any cost. Unfortunately, fate works otherwise and Periyavar loses the chance of winning. Therefore, with doubled anger and vengeance, he renews the plan of obstructing the provision of the canal water to the poor people.

During harvest, the village people refuse to work in the fields and therefore, coolies from neighbouring villages are brought in lorries to do harvesting. Following this, there occur processions of protest that proceed with heavy logs of wood, spades and pick-axes to the place where the engineers, the officials and the workers from other villages are laying pipes. The peace of the village is totally lost.
The police are brought into the village. They beat the agitating men and women mercilessly. Hundreds of people are arrested. Under the instruction from Periyavar, all the village men-folk are taken away in vans. Seeing their husbands, brothers and sons taken away by the Police, all the women, teachers and girl students in the village plan to agitate the next day against this atrocity.

Women-teachers, farm coolies and wives and daughters of coolies – go in rows, raising slogans of protest and condemnation, wearing red saris and red tokens and bearing red flags. The entire village has become empty and all the women have gone out to participate in the agitation. All of a sudden, most of the women, so far busy in showing their anger and protest, are running back scattered and making a hell of noise. The noise increases second by second, and women are running hither and thither madly to save their lives.

Some five or six policemen have arrived and immediately after their arrival started shooting at the rioting women. Three women, including Nila, the leader of the striking women, have been shot dead. Hundreds of women, wounded on account of the shooting, that caused them rush away in fear, trampling against one another, have been taken by the police to the hospital, and they are now under police custody. The police have given the news to the dailies that they took to shooting only because the women resorted to violence during their strike.
Though meetings and processions both against the police atrocities and in favour and support of the dead and wounded women are held by the village people at Munkil Kadu, and though the diversion of the canal water for the construction of the cement factory is given up, there is neither guarantee nor any prospect for a better living condition for the poor and the poor people of Munkil Kadu village.

Struggle for survival takes place in the form of the clash in this novel is not between high caste people and low caste people, but between the wealthy class represented by Periyavar and the poor class of people, represented in the novel by Nila. The people under Nila rise up in agitation, not because they are ill-treated and insulted because of their low birth, but because they are exploited and cheated because of their low economic status. Periyavar exploits not only the moneyless but also the members of his own family. He has already killed two of his own brothers. He attaches the label of 'mad' to his younger brother, the protagonist of the novel and gets him beaten and shut in a secluded place. He does all this because he wants to enjoy the shares of his brothers. Thus, struggle for survival is found in this novel at both levels the rich exploiting the poor and the rich exploiting the rich.

We can create very many fictions to show how, in this society of landlordism, moneyed people with the help of modern means of restrain trampling down the human
sentiments. We should think of that much practice of one person getting profit from the death of another person in this practical world.\textsuperscript{37}

Another novel in which Jayakanthan deals with struggle for survival factor in the form of exploitation of the poor by the wealthy class is \textit{Yarukaka Aluthan}? In this novel the wealthy class is represented by the owner of a hotel, and poor section is represented by a worker in the same hotel. Rathinavelu is the owner of Natraja Vilas Military Hotel, which is situated on the road from the railway station to the town. Rooms are also available there for daily rent. Joseph is working in the hotel as a menial. Govindasamy is the head cook and Muthu is the assistant cook. Whenever the hotel owner sees the labourers going to the second-show cinema, dressed neatly, every Monday night, the next day being holiday for them, Rathinavelu feels uneasy. He always thinks of the money he has to pay for firewood and the groceries purchased already for the hotel, which makes him even jealous of the workers who, he believes, are happier because they have no such responsibilities.

Hm. How carefree they are! They get their wages correctly for the work they do. They have no worry. They enjoy cinemas and dramas. But I have many worries. I have to pay Rs.150/- to the owner of the firewood depot and more than Rs.300/- to the milk supplier.\textsuperscript{38}
All the workers in the hotel have been allotted some specific works, but Joseph has to do all sorts of works. And, others work for some specified time and for some number of days and they enjoy some holidays, but all days are working days for Joseph and all time is working time. He would not demand any wage for the work he does. The boss would give him ten rupees per month regularly and he would happily and uncomplainingly take it.

While the other workers consider Joseph, an innocent fool and criticize him saying that his looks are like those of a thief, the head cook alone treats him with due respect. Govindasamy and Joseph are to be seen some nights speaking for a long time, lying on the floor, and this is surprising to others who doubt what has made the head cook to speak to that 'loose' Joseph. Govindasamy is surprised to see Joseph's love of books. Joseph would listen with care to the books read about him by Govindasamy, and some days he himself would bring some books to be read to him.

What surprises Govindsamy most is the fact that Joseph has never so far wept for anything, nor laughed, a fact which is hard for the head cook to believe. Once, Joseph brings a doll with three monkeys - one closing its eyes, another shutting its mouth and the third covering its ears. When Govindasamy asks him whether he knows the significance of the doll and the message it conveys, the innocent Joseph says negatively. He is then told that it means we
should not see nor speak nor hear about anything that is bad or evil. Joseph asks him what is bad or evil and the head cook replies:

You ask me well. You may know it if you are a man capable of distinguishing between good and bad things. But you are a distinct creature. You are too good. You don’t know what is bad, but simply because you don’t know, don’t think there is neither good nor bad. Stealing is bad; developing infatuation for another man’s wife is bad; when the husband is there, having sex with a paramour is bad; exploiting the weak and the suffering is bad; living a luxurious life with the money robbed from the village people is bad.\textsuperscript{39}

Joseph is, in fact, Murugesan, son of Ramalingam. Murugesan’s mother gets him married with Parvathi, who is, in the version of Murugesan the most beautiful woman in the village. His mother died soon after his marriage, and he did not weep even then. But he felt too much for the unsuitable marriage. He knew very well that he was not a suitable husband to such a beautiful woman.

Murugesan had a friend called Marimuthu, a military man. One day he was shocked to see his wife Parvathi in too close quarters with Marimuthu. Instead of getting irated, he saw the sin he had committed by marrying Parvathi who is definitely no match to him. He told his wife that it was he who made her commit that sin, and therefore she was no more a sinner and no more his wife.
The moment she was infatuated with another man, she became unfit to be his wife. Anyway, since his mother had put her under his custody, it was his responsibility to protect her.

At the corner of his street, there was a priest, who was as affectionate, or even more towards Murugesan, who was then working as a gardener in the house of the priest. The priest gave him thirty rupees per month, which was a fairly high wage those days. It was this priest who, at his request, made him a Christian and it was this Marimuthu who suggested him the name of Joseph, and thus Murugesan became Joseph.

Joseph went to the priest and beseeched him to give Marimuthu his gardener post, and after some minutes of deep thinking, the priest agreed to do so. The priest almost wept to see the compassion and milk of human kindness in Murugesan. Joseph permitted Parvathi to live with Marimuthu and left the place to work in the hotel of Rathinavelu. The ten rupees, given by Joseph, is to be sent to Parvati. Such a good soul is Joseph, which makes the head cook say,

Joseph, you are not a man. God! I don't know what to say about you; you are not a mere Christian... You are Christ! Inside this body of yours, which is as rough as stone, there is a heart as soft as a flower... I don't know what to say.... You are just half my age, but I feel like prostrating at your feet.
To such a good soul, there occurs, quite unfortunately and unexpectedly, a great misfortune, which is too much for Joseph to bear. The ill-luck came in the person of Gopinath Seith, a wholesale cloth merchant in Chennai. He comes to stay for a day or two in the hotel of Rathinavelu to transact business with some of his customers, like the proprietor ‘dhost’ (friend), he asks him to keep the purse with him and give it back to the Seith next morning. He also tells the proprietor in a subdued tone that there are three thousand rupees in the purse. Govindasamy is snoring on the Verandah, and Joseph sits on his bed and prays to Jesus for some time. Then, he lies down to sleep.

Next morning the Seith hurries to Rathinavelu and tells him in an accusing tone that somebody has stolen his purse. He has totally forgotten the fact that only he has asked the proprietor to keep the purse with him to be given back to him next morning.

Rathinavelu guesses that the Seith has completely forgotten what happened the previous night, and he plans to hide the fact and have the money with him. The very idea makes him perspire all over, yet he does not want to lose three thousand rupees. He asks the Seith, as if innocently, “What? Somebody has taken your purse?,” and tells him that such a thing has never happened in the hotel. When Rathinavelu turns back, his eyes meet those of Joseph. He fears inwardly if Joseph, who knows everything, may reveal the fact. Yet he consoles himself saying that even if Joseph
does so, it is not difficult to disprove it. Seith suddenly cries out to
know that who brought him coffee this morning and when he learns
that it is Joseph, he calls him ‘son of Satan’ and asks him to tell
him where he has hidden the purse. He gives a heavy slap on
Joseph’s face, and Joseph coils down at the corner of the room.
With blood oozing out at the corner of his month, Joseph says that
he has not taken his purse.

Joseph does not cry, for he does not know it. His remaining
so, that is, without crying, adds to the suspicion of the Seith.
Saying that only Joseph has taken the purse, and asking where he
has kept it, the Seith catches hold of Joseph’s neck and tightens it,
while Joseph is crying that he knows nothing about the purse.

Joseph feels very much the absence of Govindasamy, who
has gone on two or three days leave to his village. He suddenly
remembers a Mahabharata story read to him by the head cook:

A great rishi... like God Jesus, was observing ‘dhabam’
(Meditation). A thief came that way and hid himself
behind the rishi. The Government people came
in search of the thief, and, with knives in their hands,
asked the rishi about the thief who ran that way.
What would the rishi do? If he said that no thief came
that way, it was a lie which a sin; if he told the truth, it
would cause one murder, which was equal to the sin of murdering someone. What would he do? He simply kept quiet.\footnote{42}

This is exactly what Joseph is doing. He fully knows that his boss is the real culprit, but he does not want to expose him because he thinks that it is nothing but a sin, which his Jesus would not forgive.

Govindasamy returns from the village when he learns what has happened in his absence, he grows wild with anger and chides all those who have been silent witnesses to what happened to Joseph. He goes to his boss and, in a very angry tone, asks him: “Boss. You too have been simply witnessing this atrocity? What an ungrateful creature? Is this the gratitude you show to him who was working for you day and night, like a bull?\footnote{43}

Then, Govindasamy sends Seenu, one of the hotel workers, to go and fetch the police who would conduct proper enquiries and find out the real thief. He orders everyone not to move and not to enter any room, because the Police will inspect all the rooms including that of their boss.

Now only Rathinavelu realizes the gravity of the situation. He knows if the police people come, the truth would be out and he would be caught, which will bring a great disgrace to his name. He decides to act immediately when he is not watched by others, he hurries to the table in the room where the Seith is staying and
places the purse on it. Only after that he leaves a sigh of relief. He calls the Seith to come to close his room.

The Seith enters the room, takes his coat and cap and turns back to move towards the door, when suddenly his eyes fall on the huge purse on the table, ‘Oh, my purse’, cries the Seith, as though he has seen a snake. As if he does not know anything, Rathinavelu asks the Seith. The Seith apologetically says that only he had placed it there and forgot all about it since he had fully drunk last night.

Govindasamy brings Joseph there. The Seith begs pardon and asks Joseph to take any amount of money, saying that all the money in the purse is Joseph’s. But Joseph refuses to take even a rupee. Rathinavelu tells Joseph, with tears in his eyes, that he is a treasure to him. Then suddenly Joseph turns back, and keeping his face against the wall begins to cry very loudly.

Thus, it is to be seen in Yarukkaka Aluthan?, how the rich, like Rathinavelu and the Seith, unnecessarily suspect Joseph simply because he is poor. The sin committed by Rathinavelu is not even suspected only because he belongs to economically higher class. What is more pathetic is that the hotel proprietor tries to exploit his own workers and is ready to make the blame fall on Joseph. But Joseph is struggling for survival. He would have done nothing even if Joseph is arrested by the police and sent to jail. Struggling too hard for survival is everywhere and it is a social
disease that atrophies the affected both physically and mentally. Nila in *Munkil Kattu Nila* and Joseph in *Yarukkaka Aluthan* are exploited mercilessly by the rich people.

Jayakanthan’s novelette *Enakkaka Alu* shows a kind of survival making others good. It was half past eleven when Chettiyar insisted Kanaga Sabai to go to bank and remind about debt to Sithambaram on his way back. At that time, Chinna Payyan had been sleeping there. On seeing it, Chettiyar with a stick woke him up by beating. In an insulting voice he said, “Why are you sleeping?” That Poor fellow wept and wiped his tears. On the other side, Kanagasabai just took the amount and was placing it inside his bag without noticing all those things.

Then Kanagasabai left for the bank. On the way, Kanagasabai had various thoughts in his mind. He acted kleptomaniac then, but on the other side he did not want to encourage that wrong path. Then he had a thought that with that Rs.4000 he could start a new business and get settled. So, finally he decided to go to Chennai by taking Chettiyar’s amount.

On the way he was thinking about Vairam who was a kleptomaniac person. Kanagasabai often used to meet him and give him some amount. He was just comparing himself to Vairam, but still he was in a state of confusion whether to steal the amount or not. Kanagasabai finally decided to leave that place and go to Chennai looting the amount. So, he went to railway station and was
about to book a ticket for him. Suddenly he noticed that someone was touching his shoulders. It was none other than Vairam. Kanagasabai took deep breath and started to sweat.

Then both left the place without reserving the ticket. On the way Kanagasabai begged Vairam, “No Vairam! I deposit the money in the bank. Please, don’t leak it out to anyone else.” Vairam understood the situation and asked him to act anyone of the roles, because Kanagasabai was acting in two ways. Kanagasabai requested Vairam to go on his way. Then both of them went to a restaurant. Vairam ordered for a various food items. Both of them were talking. Kanagasabai was not convinced with his work. He was totally afraid of doing that work. Vairam criticized Kanagasabai. Besides, Vairam told him that he had not advised him to steal money. Kanagasabai started shedding tears and Vairam advised him all the way. Finally Vairam insisted Kanagasabai to join him. After paying restaurant bill, both of them went to the bus stand. They planned to go to Pondicherry. Kanagasabai told Vairam that he had a belief on him. Both of them got into the Pondicherry bus.

Both of them stayed in a hotel. When Kanagasabai was watching outside through the window, Vairam had been taking wine. Vairam invited Kanagasabai to accompany with him. But Kanagasabai refused to do so. It seemed that Kanagasabai was in total confusion. He was totally upset and worried about his master. At that time, Vairam called the room boy Veerasamy and ordered
for dinner. Then he enquired about room boy Veerasamy's life. Veerasamy narrated that his family had been the biggest one and Veerasamy was the only person earning Rs.50 every month. Vairam felt pity on him and invited him for drinks. Veerasamy told him that he was a teetotaller. Whatever Vairam asked for, Kanagasabai answered him in a harsh way. This made Vairam feel bad. So, Vairam kept quiet. Later on, Kanagasabai convinced him. At last, both of them had a nice dinner. Vairam asked Kanagasabai to accompany with him in going outside. But Kanagasabai was afraid of going out. So, he discouraged him. Locking Kanagasabai inside the room, Vairam went outside.

Vairam hired a rickshaw to roam about Pondicherry. Vairam in a hissing voice asked the rickshaw driver about something and both had a nice fun in that peaceful night together. The rickshaw reached the lodge by midnight. Vairam had drunk. So, he was not steady in his steps. He took some money from his pocket and gave it to the rickshaw driver. Then the rickshaw driver left the place counting his 9 one rupee notes.

On entering the hotel, he found an old man had been working even at that late night. Vairam felt pity on him. He said, "What a pity! This old man is working even at this late night just for his survival." He asked him how much he was getting as salary. The strange old man felt bad about that question, but answered him with patience. Vairam asked him whether he had enjoyed the
heaven yet in his life. That strange old man thought for a while and told about his life. That old man had a love affair with a woman named Clara and married her. Afterwards he lost his heavenly world.

Vairam laughed at that story and told all money would matter and not happiness. Then he went to his room. Vairam noticed Kanagasabai who was in a complete disturbed form. Then Vairam started drinking and cried aloud. It was a great shock for Kanagasabai to see Vairam crying. Vairam told Kanagasabai that he was not crying for himself but of the world and its relationships. Vairam told him that he had been crying everyday. Only today it was witnessed by Kanagasabai. Likewise he was blabbering all the way. Kanagasabai thought that he had been blabbering since he had taken drinks. He just reminded Vairam's words and Kanagasabai told Vairam that someone was sleeping inside his mind. He would come out at any time. Then he accompanied with Vairam for drinking. The conversation between these two continued. Then, Kanagasabai started blabbering that he only had every right to enjoy that amount whereas Vairam did not have. Vairam also accepted it and told him that he had the right to enjoy only the sin, not money. It was because of Vairam, Kanagasabai stole it or else he would have gone back to Chettiyar. Just by talking all those things, Kanagasabai went to sleep. But Vairam was still crying and thinking about the human's degradation in this world.
Suddenly Kanagasabai woke up laughing loudly. Vairam got shocked on seeing him like that. Kanagasabai scolded Chettiyar for not treating him well. Chettiyar gave the same salary of thirty rupees to Kanagasabai and the small boy Sampath. So, he thought of destroying the shop. Then he criticized Vairam that he would know only crying not anything else. He told all those things in his half-sleeping state and went to his bed laughing loudly. Vairam was praising Chettiyar. Besides he told him that both of them were spending Chettiyar’s money. Kanagasabai did not agree with that and started shouting. It disturbed the people who were staying in the nearby rooms. They came nearby the window and told Kanagasabai, “Already it is too late. Now the time is 2 O’clock. We are sleeping next to your room. Could you please speak in a low voice...?” Kanagasabai did not mind that. He shouted at the extreme saying that he looted Chettiyar’s money. Vairam tried to control him. He told him that they would get up earlier to go for sales. Kanagasabai criticized Vairam’s words and told him that he would be trying to steal money from him when he had been sleeping. Vairam felt bad and explained him kindly that he would never cheat him.

Everyone nearby was watching Kanagasabai then. The hotel manager went upstairs. Kanagasabai just turned towards the window and asked for another wine bottle. The boy told him that the bar had already been closed. Everyone nearby requested the manager to call the police. They understood that those two had looted some money. Vairam did not know what to do. So, he gave Kanagasabai some medicine and made him sleep. Vairam also slept
after long conversation. It was 5 O’clock in the early morning. A police van reached the hotel. The hotel manager pointed the room to the police officer. The police man knocked at the door. Vairam woke up on hearing the knocking sound.

After peeping through the window, he opened the door silently. The police enquired about Kanagasabai. At that time, Kanagasabai woke up and blamed Vairam to the police. Vairam listened to him silently. Then Vairam told the police that Kanagasabai was a good friend of him. He would usually take money to the bank. Everyday Vairam would take tea in Kanagasabai’s money. Yesterday, when Kanagasabai came to the tea-shop taking bank amount, Vairam was persuaded to steal that money. So, Vairam mixed some medicine in tea and made him drink. Then Vairam brought him to the hotel by bus. Likewise Vairam narrated a false story to safeguard Kanagasabai. Afterwards the police took him to the station.

Kanagasabai felt sorry for his behaviour. So, he went directly to the police station and met Vairam. When Kanagasabai felt bad, Vairam told him, “You should not become either a rowdy or thief like me. If I come out from the jail, you at least be out of the jail to get me a cup of tea. That is why I lied.” No one was there for Vairam. So, at least Kanagasabai could be there to help him. That was why Vairam told so to the police. Likewise, Vairam explained the situation. Every part of struggle is meant for survival.
Kanagasabai's eyes were filled with tears when he thought that it would take one year for him to be released from the jail. He thought about Vairam, who had told him that he had been crying for the sake of the world. Kanagasabai thought to himself: "Let the world cry for me. The world is crying always with lies. Let Vairam cry for the world and the world cry for me." Every character in this novel is struggling too hard for their survival.

Thus, both Hemingway and Jayakanthan deal with the theme of struggle for survival in some of their novels. The struggle is caused by many forces, like class or caste division, discord between the rich and the poor or the employer and the employed or exploitation in every form at any level.
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