

LANGUAGE OF LOVE AND LONELINESS

**A STUDY IN THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF TWO MAJOR AUTHORS:
JAMES JOYCE AND M. MUKUNDAN**

*Thesis submitted to the University of Calicut
for the award of the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy
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This is to certify that the dissertation entitled *Language of Love and Loneliness - A Study in the Craftsmanship of Two Major Authors. James Joyce and M. Mukundan*, submitted for the award of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in English, is a record of bonafide research conducted by **Daisy Jose** under any supervision. This dissertation has not previously formed the basis for the award of any degree, diploma or similar titles.

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DECLARATION

I declare that the Dissertation entitled *Language of Love and Loneliness - A Study in the Craftsmanship of Two Major Authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan* is a record of bonafied research that I conducted under the guidance and supervision of Dr. B. Sreedevi, Professor and Head of the Department of English, University of Calicut. No part of the work has been submitted for the award of any degree diploma or similar titles.

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ABBREVIATIONS

| | | |
|-------------|---|---|
| Portrait | - | A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man |
| Daivathinte | - | Daivathinte Vikruthikal |
| Mayyazhi | - | Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil |
| Adithyan | - | Adithyanum Radhayum Mattu Chilarum |
| Eee Lokam | - | Ee Lokam Athil Oru Manushyan |

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Introduction

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan” Thesis. Department of English, University of Calicut, 2006

Introduction

The fictional world of the twentieth century abounds in innovative revolutionary techniques and new trends in the use of language. Literature turns out to be an exploration, the most intense exploration of the powers of language. How far prominent authors have been successful in adopting new ways of expressing emotion in art is an interesting subject of great concern. Here, an attempt is made to examine the use of language in depicting the theme of *love and loneliness* by two eminent advocates of modernism in literature, James Joyce, the acknowledged master of excellence in English language and M. Mukundan, the mastermind of the Malayalam tongue. Both Mukundan and Joyce signalled new trends in their writings. In their super-temporal and superspatial compositions, language is born anew before our eyes. To them language meant a medium capable of suggestion, implication and evasion, a medium as free and supple as any art medium should be.

Like the spirit of God renovating the face of the globe, Joyce's Daedalian labours have changed the whole face of the English language.

The creative artist Joyce or Picasso, Eliot or Stravinsky must be deliberately exceptional. He must not only surpass his predecessors, but he must surpass himself. Hence he is compelled to bring forth a new style and revelation. (Harry Levin 172)

Joyce has gambled on a linguistic theory and invented a technique equivalent to the creation of an entirely new literary genre. For such trend- setters as Joyce and Mukundan language was like putty which they could mould to make things which were thought to be impossible. In the creation of entirely new syntax and exuberant vocabulary Joyce had no equals. Like Joyce Mukundan also excelled in creating the language of the future. More than that Mukundan has also roused the sensibility of the future. It is worth noticing the contributions of Joyce and Mukundan as modernists.

Modernism, as is well known, is a blanket term that is used to describe the several tendencies that dominated the west's culture and its sensibility in the first half of the twentieth century. No domain of culture was left untouched by it. Music, literature, architecture - everything reflected an awareness of an unprecedented modern situation in its form and

idiom. A new sensibility was coming into being through the writings of Proust, Kafka, Pound, Yeats, Lawrence, Joyce and others. These writers who are treated as icons of high modernism and who constitute, in art critic Harold Rosenberg's paradoxical formulation, a new 'tradition of the new' represent a tendency that peaked itself in the period 1910-1930, the period of high modernism. (P.P. Raveendran 12)

Modernism has its impact on the novels of Joyce and Mukundan as is implied in their rejections of the realistic techniques of narration. Aesthetic self reflexiveness, montage, multiple narrative voices and demise of the individual subject are the key principles that can be treated as fundamental to modernism. Rich in heritage, richer still in legacy, Joyce has been a seminal force in modern literature. Mukundan's faithful pursuit of art with unparalleled consistency has earned him a place among the modernists.

A close study of the literatures of the times reveals that the characteristic element of the major novels was the theme of "love and loneliness". To depict the post war world of "lack of love and alienation", novelists and story tellers like Joyce and Mukundan naturally evolved a new language, so to say "the language of love

and loneliness". I presume it to be worthwhile to assess the comparative merits of these two craftsman in the light of the language they used as medium of expression. By language I do not mean the strict linguistic definition of the term. It is to be taken as the sum total of the 'expression and experience' which determines the quality of an author. Both Joyce and Mukundan have been successful in looking intently at the world through their words and at words through their experience.

A comparative study on the basis of the language used by Mukundan and Joyce might prove to be a forbidding task that becomes all the more rash and bold when the writers mentioned belong to two entirely different languages and cultures. Analogy always seeks to find resemblance in style, structure, mood and even ideas between works which may have no other connection. This work is a modest attempt to find out similarities in the matter and content and manner and expression of these artists. Transcending the barriers of time and space, culture and environment, the writings of these authors are heavily weighed with symbolic and mythic content.

A study of Joyce is all the more relevant now since his *Ulyses* has been selected as the Novel of the Century by Random House and Modern Library of New York. Mukundan is appreciated

greatly by the Malayalam reading public. His characters are the genuine progeny of modern humanity. The feelings and sentiments of modern man in the first half of the twentieth century found vivid expression through the lines of Joyce and man in the second half of the century has been faithfully delineated by Mukundan. A comparative study in craftsmanship is interesting as it is also a study as to how literature continues to grow. The comparative method is also relevant as it is known as the mother of all classicism. Such a study is intended to inculcate a love for the other cultures which has been throbbing in the mind of man since renaissance.

In addition to making a detailed study of some novels of Joyce and Mukundan, I intend to analyse their short stories also to bring out, the wholeness, harmony and radiance of their works. It will be an investigation of contrast, analogy, provenance or influence of their writings for a better knowledge of the 'creator in the making'. Effort will be taken to bring to light the working of the inner mind. The drama of the mind of the individual becomes the focus of interest. Attempt will also be made to communicate, the humour, humanity and virtuosity of these geniuses. Every great writer creates a new language. By looking into the mirror of that language, we will be able to meet a clear image of ourselves. This

study will be a disinterested endeavour to know the best that is known and thought through the medium of the newly created language.

It needs great effort on the part of the reader to clarify the complex techniques and multiple levels of meanings contained in the works of Joyce and Mukundan. The relationship among the central men of Joyce's writings Stephen, Bloom, Earwicker, Shem-Shaun polarity stand revealed as that of the interconnected parts of a whole, the whole in this instance being modern men. In the case of Mukundan too his main characters, Dasan, Ramesh Panickar and Aravindan are all in one, the common representative of the modern man. By juxtaposing the following works of Joyce and Mukundan, an attempt will be made to decipher their narrative, descriptive and reflective qualities which made them receptive to the world.

James Joyce

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Ulysses

Finnegans Wake

Exiles

The Chamber Music

Dubliners

M. Mukundan

Delhi

Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil (On the Banks of River Mayyazhi)

Daiivathinte Vikruthikal (The Mischiefs the God Plays)

Haridwaril Manikal Muzhangunnu (Bells are Ringing at Haridwar)

Avilayile Soorydhayam (The Sunrise at Avila)

Adithyanum Radhayum Mattu Chilarum (Adithyan Radha and Some Others)

Kili Vannu Vilichappol (When the Bird Came and Called)

Ee Lokam Athil Oru Manushyan (This World, and A Man in It)

Oru Dalit Yuvathiyude Kadana Katha (The Pathetic Story of A Dalit Young Woman)

Kesavante Vilapangal (Lamentations of Kesavan)

Collection of Short Stories.

Joyce's Dublin and Mukundan's Delhi present attitudes to life quite amused, detached and sympathetic. Both Joyce and Mukundan make use of language that is extraordinarily sharp, objective and tightly economical. Their stories also present precision, economy and sensitiveness in description. Instead of the direct telling method, which is employed by the earlier writers, Joyce as well as Mukundan resort to methods of indirection,

introspection and evasion. They deliberately wove the modern materials on the pattern of ancient myths. Often the mythical method is used instead of the narrative, emphasising the aesthetic relevance of the myths.

Another narrative method in modern fiction is the delineation of the unbroken flow of perceptions, thoughts and feelings in the waking mind. Long passages of introspection describing in detail what passes through the characters' consciousness are found in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as well in the novels of Mukundan especially in *Delhi*. These novels make use of the free association of ideas in the human mind. It may be referred to as the 'stream of consciousness technique' - 'the interior monologue' - or the 'direct quotations of the mind'. These techniques are the means by which thought becomes action in fiction. Since some perceptions, mental images, feelings and some aspects of thoughts are non-verbal, these elements can be presented only by converting them into some kind of verbal equivalent.

The past's impingement on the present is felt in the narration of Joyce. Mukundan too finds it difficult to escape from the past. This is mainly done by reminiscences of the events that occurred earlier. These writers carry their past along with them in

their consciousness. In Mukundan past becomes an inseparable part of the present and the simultaneous presentation of the past and present is greatly appealing in his novels. Both Joyce and Mukundan become master craftsmen when they apply perfect order of the words in sentences. Isolation, exile, and theme of the development of the artist, become motifs which along with symbols are interwoven as in music. As artists, Mukundan and Joyce dwell in a world of dreams and fantasy of the higher order. Prose in their hands become so well developed as to combine musical and poetic suggestions. An analysis of the life and works of these trendsetters will enable us to have a clear understanding of the 'creator in the making'.

James Joyce: The Man who suffers and the Mind that creates.

James Joyce, one of the most influential of the twentieth century novelists, was born on February 2, 1882, in a residential suburb of Dublin. His family was a moderately well-to-do one. Later, as the family fortunes began to decline, he could not continue his studies at Clongowes college. At the age of seventeen he entered University College, Dublin. The adverse circumstances of his life made him a rebellious young spirit. He grew up arrogant and aloof, and resolved to sever his ties with family, church and country. In 1904 he left Ireland for good along with his girl friend

Nora Barnacle whom he later married. He settled in Trieste, Italy and later went to Zurich and devoted his life to creative art. He was freed from the threat of destruction when benefactions and royalties enabled him to maintain a modest living. Being quite sure of himself he worked hard and could resist the discouragement of poverty and neglect. His eye disease only sharpened his sensibilities. By the time he died in 1941, he was acknowledged all over Europe and America as one of the most significant writers of the age.

Joyce is one of the great names of culture. His increasing popularity was due chiefly to the fact that human predicaments which he presents in his novels are both universal and timeless while his famous literary experimentation continues to be a source of inspiration to modern writers. He is not a conventional novelist like Dickens or Hardy who make everything explicit in the novel. Joyce expects his readers to work harder than most novelists do. The reader is allowed more freedom in terms of interpreting and responding to a novel though the readers do not find it easy to cope with it at first.

One of America's most engaging and versatile critics, Robert Martin Adams observes:

A writer like Joyce is particularly fearful, because he writes so largely in gaps, unexpressed implications and unresolved ironies, that no body has ever read him provisionally. New structural patterns, new level of allusion, new elements of relatedness have kept turning up steadily in the more than fifty years since Joyces major novel *Ulysses* was first published. The book is infinitely more complex now than it was in 1922. (After Joyce 3)

The first of Joyces' works to appear in book form was *Chamber Music*, a collection of 36 short poems. They are serious only in a restricted aesthetic sense. The unchallengable lyrical quality of these poems reveals the influence of the Elizabethan lyric on Joyce. *Exiles*, a play written in 1914 is another work of minor interest. It is a puzzling series of dilemmas concerning the limits of freedom and the demands of love and possessiveness inherent in marriage.

In all his work, Joyce depended upon the concrete details of the Dublin of his youth whether collected by himself or others. His many notebooks, the *Epiphanies*, the notes for *Dubliners* and *Stephen Hero* and the note sheets on *Ulysses* are all evidence of this naturalistic foundations. It was inherent in Joyce's notion of

epiphany, the showing forth of character through a seemingly trivial action or detail of appearance, that he would need particular facts about the men and women who were models for his characters. His insatiable desire for concrete details went far beyond the actual needs of his art. His obsessive concern with realistic detail reveals his desperate needs for principles of order and authority. Deprived of social and religious order, by his self imposed exile, and acutely aware of the disintegrating forces in modern European society, Joyce turned to the concrete details of place and character as one stable base for his writing.

Dubliners (1914) a book of short stories is written in relatively clear, understandable prose. In it the intellectual and emotional pressures are brought under fruitful artistic control. In *Dubliners* we get a little manifesto of naturalism. The carefully etched pictures of Dublin life are meticulously realistic in detail and each detail becomes symbolic and each story has a symbolic relation to the other stories. The dominant motif is 'paralysis' or 'living death'. It is a projection of the basic crises of human experience. Joyce here deals with a set of powerful moral responses. Though they lack obvious action, the stories of *Dubliners* disclose human situations and moments of intensity. They portray impotence, frustration and death. A coming back to

awareness or self-realization marks the climax of these stories. Joyce seems detached and contemplative while looking at the detestable lives of Dubliners. A kind of genial humanity attends his examination of all the drunkards, the bullies and the perverts. The opening stories are obviously of youth in Dublin, and the others of the middle years of the characters and their social, political and religious affairs.

In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, published in 1916 Joyce began to experiment with more complex techniques and multiple levels of meaning. It is an account of the growth of a potential artist from infancy to the time when he realizes the need to be an exile. Joyce here exploits the technique of weaving elusive symbolic themes through the strongly realistic fabric of his writing. The artist's vision is objective, comprehensive and microcosmic. Stephen Dedalus realises that though firmly anchored in his family and the institutions of his society, he has to be free from these claims to cultivate the "terrible neutrality" of the artist. Stephen Dedalus like his namesake Greek hero, tries to escape from the labyrinth of Dublin life.

Ulysses - 'a novel to end all novels' provides overtones of meaning for every literal action, by the deft use of allusions, suggestions and references. It can be called the comedy of multiple

identity. Joyce asserts through this work that he is capable of showing all of human history contained in one carefully pattered set of events. In *Exiles*, Joyce exorcised the spectre of Ibsen, a dominant influence since his base at University College; but more important, he dramatized in the play a personal experience of sexual jealousy, thus preparing the way for objective treatment of Bloom's jealousy and cuckoldry. The writing of *Exiles* enabled Joyce to "free his mind from his mind's bondage." (Ulysses 209) *Ulysses* may be called his autobiography in a thin covering of fiction. *Ulysses* is fine example of artistic Narcissism, a self-reflecting showpiece of poses and confessions. A continuation of *A portrait...*, *Ulysses* elaborates a day in the life of Stephen Dedalus and of Leopold Bloom, an ironic self portrait of the artist as a middle aged man, husband and father. Bloom is Every Man, and Joyce chose Odysseus as the archetype of his hero since he too is a kind of every man.

Finnegans Wake though popularly known to be hard and enigmatic, was initially written in comparatively simple language, which Joyce with great labour elaborated until he had achieved the complex final product. It exhibits brilliant linguistic ingenuity in the use of puns and portmanteau words. It is a sort of an artistic evocation of dreams. The impression we get is one of chaos

unrelieved by any landmark of meaning or recognition. It appeals above all to the lovers of fantasy.

M. Mukundan - The Potential Artist

Mukundan is nostalgically fond of his childhood village of Mahe where he was born on Sept. 10, 1942. He has been deeply influenced by the life of the people of Mahe, its environment, its churches, festivals, legends and myths. His novels portray Mahe with its special socio-political setting. Mahe is now a part of Pondichery, and before independence it was under the rule of the French. Hence it has a unique existence keeping aloof from the mainstream culture of the region.

Mukundan shifted his residence to Delhi in the late sixties. Because of poor health he could not complete his university education and joined the cultural Department of the French Embassy in 1968. He put up service in the French Embassy as Deputy Cultural Attache. Delhi has made its indelible impression on him. "Mayyazhi" (Mahe) is my past and Delhi, the living present. While Mayyazhi fills me with nostalgia and dreams, Delhi is full of disturbing realities". (Mathrubhumi Weekly - July 1998). He finds it difficult to draw strict boundary lines between Mahe and Delhi.

Mukundan is deeply influenced by his acquaintance with painting and music. His interest in cubism and to a great extent in surrealism was responsible for shaping the narrative format of his novels. He heralded a new imagery which is at once original and experimental. The manner in which he has perfected his art through a time span of thirty years is really commendable. He deviated considerably from the oft repeated track of images and genre. Language, syntax and idiom all underwent experimentation finally resulting in an expression that suits the need of the hour.

Delhi, Mukundan's first novel could be described as a literary event. A trend setter in many ways, it had immense influence on contemporary readers and writers. It was noted for its existential undertones and touches of cubism in narration. Western literary trends found expression through the pages of *Delhi*. It paved the path for discussions and debates on crisis of identity, disillusionment and a sense of alienation. Unlike the Malayalam novels so far published, it was noted for its bold experiment of style and form.

In *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* we see 'Mahe' waking from a frenzied dream. The striking aspect of this novel and that of *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil* is the manner in which colonialism as the agency of human tragedy has been decoded.

These two novels read together, narrate the history of French colonialism in India and the nationalist upsurge against it. Imaginatively constructed through the experience of the people who suffered, Mukundan's novels are history retold with passion, empathy and imagination.

The tragedy wrought by colonialism, particularly in individual lives has been adequately captured by Mukundan's literary imagination. There are elements of myth legend and personal bond. Moreover the whole fabric is built on behalf of the 'cycle' of birth and death'. So it is rich in symbolic narration built on lyrical imagination and poetic vision embedded in tradition.

Even after the passage of many years, Mukundan admits that, he was not been able to free himself from his identity as 'Aravindan' of *Delhi*, 'Dasan' of *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil* and 'Remesh Panicker' of *Haridwaril Manikal Muzhangunnu*. He had an intimacy with the characters he created. 'Kumaran Vaisyar' of *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* was loved and respected by him as a 'father-figure'. The image of true love could be seen in 'Chandrika' of *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil*. "Chandrika is the woman I loved with the most fervent emotion". (Bhasha Pozhini July 1998)

The joys and sorrows of creation reverberated in him like an early awakening dream.

There has not been any literature apart from me. Sometimes I changed myself away from a living person into a character. There has been times when I was in a frenzied mood unable to distinguish which is life, which is literature. This experience was all the more intense while writing Haridwaril Manikal muzhangunnu.” (Bashaposhini July 1998 8)

(ജീവിതത്തിൽ നിന്ന് വേർപെട്ടുനിൽക്കുന്ന ഒരു സാഹിത്യം എന്നിൽ ഉണ്ടായിട്ടില്ല. ചിലപ്പോൾ ജീവിതവും, സാഹിത്യവും ഇടകലർന്ന് വേർതിരിച്ചെടുക്കാൻ കഴിയാത്ത അവസ്ഥകൾ പോലും ഉണ്ടായിട്ടുണ്ട്. ചിലപ്പോൾ ജീവിക്കുന്ന ഒരു വ്യക്തിയിൽ നിന്ന് ചില കഥാപാത്രങ്ങളായി ഞാൻ മാറിപ്പോയിട്ടുണ്ട്. ജീവിതമേത്, സാഹിത്യമേത് എന്നു മനസ്സിലാക്കുവാൻ കഴിയാതെ ഞാൻ പരിഭ്രാന്തനായിത്തീർന്ന അവസരങ്ങൾ പോലും ഉണ്ടായിട്ടുണ്ട്. ഈ അനുഭവം അതിന്റെ എല്ലാ തീവ്രതയോടും ഞാൻ അനുഭവിച്ചറിഞ്ഞത് ഹരിദ്വാറിൽ മണികൾ മുഴങ്ങുന്നു എഴുതുമ്പോഴാണ്).

The early stories of Mukundan especially ‘Radha Radha Mathram’ & ‘Ancharavayassulla Kutty’ portray characters who seek their existential identity. ‘Delhi 1981’ is a story that elevates Mukundan to the level of classical story tellers. A decadent society that thrives on hypocrisy is presented there. He also projects a society which has lost its sense of responsibility and thereby

becomes highly insensitive. We also see commendable simplicity in certain stories that raises it to the level of traditional fables.

The problem Mukundan had to face while entering into serious writing was regarding the dialect he chose. According to him one's language is that in which one learns the art of talking as a child. That dialect, as far as he is concerned is the dialect of North Malabar. He made strenuous attempts not to lose the soul of that language. He finds fault with the Malayalam of the Delhi Malayalee, who lives in that cosmopolitan city, which is actually the language of the press and news papers. He feared that such a language will only pollute one's literature, stories and novels.

Mukundan had to face bitter criticism some of his readers. Anyway he has been acknowledged as undisputed author. His stories present a new experience to the reader which itself is the result of his new experiments. His novels create a great furor among the reading public. It is kind of shock to the existing life vision. The characters of Mukundan are a set of people who have freed themselves from the established beliefs and bondages. 'Life made meaningless by inevitable death' remains a tormenting force of his life. Even then his stories present a deep rooted commitment to ethical and moral values and results in an understanding that

man is badly in need of love in a world of lack of love, and loneliness.

The dissertation is divided into six chapters including the introductory chapter. The appendix after the six chapter contains an interview with Mukundan held on 21st December 2005. He had been kind enough to spare his valuable time with me patiently answering my questions on his craftsmanship. The background of his novels the influences of his life his favourite books and his views on contemporary literature and writers, all came under discussion. He also elaborated on his assessment of Joyce as an artist unimitable.

In the first chapter 'The Contours of Narration', a modest attempt is made to analyse the unconventional experiments on natural plots made by James Joyce and M. Mukundan, in their stories and novels. The subtlety of their writing, the range of their feeling and the challenges they pose are all dealt with in detail. Both Joyce and Mukundan experiment with various techniques in narration that show high originality. An analysis is made on the 'free indirect narration', where the character becomes, the actor, narrator and commentator at once. The subjective objective method is also discussed. A discussion is made on Joyce's modulation of style in *Portrait...*, in the description of the internal

development of Stephen from infancy to maturity, paralleled by a sequence of maturing styles. In Joyce and Mukundan, we find the stories filtering through the eyes of the central character. It is interesting to notice how a principal theme unites all the stories which finally gives a compound image of the city of Dublin. Meanings arise through intertextuality. Effort is made to analyse how the interior monologue pattern and free association of ideas embellish the novel helping to portray the raw unmediated thoughts of a character. Stream of consciousness techniques, flash backs and leaps forward, tap the very process of conscious thoughts. How the author deviates from formal grammar and syntax, is also a matter for discussion.

An analysis is made on the creative process of Mukundan where emotional indifference is brought to thoughts. It is interesting to watch how arrogant dreams come to a reality. The narrator in Mukundan's stories uses the character's point of view still remaining outside it. Deep and serious subjects are presented in a vein of simplicity, at the same time keeping up emotional intensity. Here an attempt is made to go through the techniques used in sentence construction like, repetition, evasion, omission etc. Examples are given for sentences made without concrete subjects or verbs. Mukundan is an expert in using the rhythm of

languages to portray the rhythm of life. How long passages of introspection help to analyse the characters mind is also a matter of great concern.

In the second chapter 'Symbolic Edge' the major question discussed is how a literary symbol unites an image and an idea. The writer is capable of meaning more than what he says through his symbols. Symbols show the richness and potency of the artist. Joyce as well as Mukundan make use of images of everyday objects. Joyce shows great interest in the psychological realities of a person. How external features explore symbolically the consciousness of a character is a matter for discussion. The impact of sense impressions, of colours, odours and sounds create great impression in the readers. It is significant to notice the use of the motifs of light and darkness. Public and private symbols are made use of by Joyce. Dominant symbols of rose, birds, water etc are discussed in detail in this chapter. Culturally determined symbols along with mythical and historical analogies are abundant in *portrait...* and *Ulysses*.

Mukundan dexteriously deals with the symbol of the snake. Colour and light acquire importance above the mere narration. Images give a spatial form to the genre of the novel. The mythical method in narration is exploited to a very great extent by Joyce

and Mukundan. It is interesting to watch how mythical method makes modern world possible in art. In *Ulysses*, Joyce deliberately weaves the Dublin life in the pattern of ancient Homeric myths. Mukundan's belief in the concept of cyclic nature of birth and death help him to a great extent this aspect in the novel *Mayyazhi Puzhayude Theerangalil*. He immortalises the dragon flies giving it mythical dimensions. Mukundan is capable of giving mythical dimension to certain characters like Alphosachan of Daivathinte Vikrithikal and Kurumbiamma of *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil*. This chapter also deals with Mukundan's interest in painting and its influence in his writings.

The third chapter "The Strategy of Silence" is an investigation into the nature of the characters of Joyce and Mukundan most of whom are invariable lonely figures. How these artists present a quite detached and sympathetic attitude to life is discussed in detail. How the youth turn rebellious in their outlook is a matter of great concern. The characters grow arrogant and aloof and the artist becomes an exile. In the stories of Mukundan and Joyce instead of a definite final solution what is found is an 'eerie silence'. These artists insist on a spareness of detail. Alienation or isolation and emotional separation occur incessantly in the case of the character. Sometimes the characters are

presented as totally helpless and uncertainty and emptiness become increasingly apparent.

Stephen Dedalus in *Portrait...* and Aravindan in *Delhi* represent, aloof, loveless and misguided youth. The motif of 'Paralysis' enhances the faithful rendering of the monotony of existence. Special attention is given to the treatment of this theme in the short stories of Joyce and Mukundan. A projection of the basic crises of human experience is done here. Special mention is made about the 'Silence of the Epiphanies'. It is through epiphany that we realise the real significance of things which are hidden from us. It is just like the lifting of a veil which enables one to see the essential quality or unity of some idea, event or person. Mukundan as well as Joyce dexterously make use of 'silence' as a stratagem through out their novels and it is something unprecedented in the field of story telling.

The chapter on "Verbal Dexterity" shows how a writer like Joyce revitalises the language, working out a more elastic and richer vocabulary. Joyce was immensely fascinated by the magic of the whole semiological process. He was essentially engaged in an effort to penetrate into the kernel of the word. The inner connection between sounds and meaning is elaborated. The feelings for the texture of the word is maintained throughout.

Beauty is created by the rise and fall of the rhythm. Joyce concentrated on the myriad - possibilities of the usage of words. While acknowledging the greatness of the word, Joyce held that pun is mightier than the word. The inner world of individual emotion is narrated perfectly through the use of the right word in the right order.

The chapter 'Impression - Spatial and Temporal' deals with the artist's perception of time and space and how it is applied in their works. The handling of the plot and structure is different in these authors mainly because they attempt to free the novel from the tyranny of chronological time. Joyce makes use of the flashback techniques of a film. Mukundan makes an attempt to liberate the characters from the shackles of time in his controversial novel *Adithyanum Radhayum Mattu Chilarum*. Experiment is made on simultaneous presentation of the 'time past' and 'time present'. The writers by means of these new techniques attempt to give shape to a chaotic universe. Timelessness is what is expected from a writer. In this respect novelists question the traditional narrative strategies.

A love for the time past or past's impingement on the present is a recurring theme in the novels of Joyce and Mukundan. Memories of the past linger in the mind of Aravindan

in *Delhi* and Stephan in *Portrait...* and there is no escape from the past since they carry their past with them.

Joyce and Mukundan are people who selected to live in far away lands- away from their native places of Dublin or Mahe. Joyce's life as exile in Paris or Zurich and Mukundan's stay in Delhi, did not prevent them from imaginative reveries about their own land of birth. Both of them are very much influenced by the myths and legends, rituals and customs and stories they heard in the childhood. Roman Catholic Church makes its presence felt everywhere, in his novels, though he wanted to shake off its claims. Joyce deals with the life of the middle class people of Dublin and Mukundan concentrates on the inhabitants of Mahe and Delhi, who are destined to loiter aimlessly. Though Mukundan was writing in Delhi, Mayyazhi provided him with dreams and inspiration to write. In *Mayyazhi Puzhayude Theerangalil* and *Daivathinte Vikruthikal*, Mukundan deals with the impact of French colonialism and the story of the mixed race leads one to a fantasy land.

Here in this thesis I have ventured to give excerpts from the novels of Mukundan in Malayalam with proper translations into English. In the body of the Thesis the original Malayalam passages are given in brackets. I hope that the study might reach at the

most satisfying relation of the intelligible and the sensible in the portraits of the two artists. It will give a new insight into the aesthetic theories of Joyce and Mukundan, through a process requiring diligence and ingenuity. Both of them made modern world possible in art by a rich texture of rhythm and imagery reinforcing their themes. The study is made with a view to deciphering the qualities of the mind which made them receptive to the world.

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The Contours of Narration

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan” Thesis. Department of English, University of Calicut, 2006

The Contours of Narration

From the beginning of man's history mankind has always found pleasure in telling and listening to stories. With the change of times the pattern and mode of telling also changes. From the early epistolary narrative pattern of the eighteenth century novels like *Clarissa* and *Pamela*, modern novels differ in a variety of ways. The great experimental age of the English novel, the age which produced Joseph Conrad, D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, has left behind a rich legacy. These novelists have experimented with a greater degree of subtlety in handling characters, a greater flexibility in dealing with time and a still greater compression of expository techniques than those who came before them. Today every new writer has his own way of narrating, explaining and describing.

Narratology deals with type of narrators, the identification of structural elements and their diverse modes of combination, recurrent narrative devices and the analysis of the kind of discourse by which a narrative gets told, as well as with the narratee, that is the explicit or implied person or audience to whom the narrator addresses the narrative." (M.H. Abrams.173)

The term narrative has its etymological base in the Latin 'narrare' which means to 'relate' and 'grarus' which means 'knowing'. Narrative strictly means 'to relate in order to know'. The novel is a genre of 'fictional narrative' as distinguished from 'factual narrative' like news paper reports, medical case histories, histories, legal files, biographies etc. Sometimes factual narratives may display superior levels of non-fictional narrative excellence. A narrative is 'fictional' when it deals with a 'made up' world of imaginary events and characters. The narratives entail some common principles of narration like time (events) structure (arrangement of events) , voice (narrator) and perspective (point of view of the narrator). The narrative may be in 'direct representation', 'indirect representation' or in 'free indirect representation'.

A.V. Ashok speaks on the narrative thus :

Understanding narrative begins with the problem of the relationship between the actuality of life's events and the artifice of narrative. Living through the events of our lives without turning them into stories - in speech and writing - is impossible. More importantly even prior to such narrative speech and writing, our sheer living is inseparable from a

silent narrative cognition that inwardly selects and arranges the events of our lives into untold stories that form the substance of our self knowledge and existential sanity” (Narrative 3).

In the traditional way of narration, the story teller relates a sequence of events which provides knowledge about human nature and conduct, motives and choices, dilemmas and conflicts, the cosmic enigma, human fate and so on. Life is unlivable as a formless unstructural or senseless sequence. We experience the actuality of life's action, not as a disjointed sequence of isolated events but as a configured sense. The first role of a narrative is in actual life as an ontological faculty with a practical function to enable us to make sense of what is going on around us.

James Joyce's narrative style sometimes disorientates the new readers of Joyce. Conventional readers expect a novel to tell a story with a strong plot line involving unexpected twists or complications which are, resolved by the author before the end. Joyce's experiments with natural plot go hand in hand with his explorations of inner mental realities. People are always firmly in the foreground in Joyce. In his life as in his art Joyce is fascinated by the study of people with their essence, their humanity. In order to explore this area of human activity he had to adopt

unconventional experimental modes of composition and prominent among these are the use of language.

The novel *A Portrait ...* is much more than the simple biography of a young man. When one reads it one is surprised by the subtlety of its writing, the range of its feeling and experience as well as the challenges it poses to us. Even the word 'read' takes on a new connotation with Joyce because of the unexpected demands he places on the reader. Stephen is telling the story and because Stephen knows where he is, the narrator often omits the usual context-setting and bridging material and we have to go looking for clues as to where a scene takes place and its relationship to previous events.

The technique called 'free indirect style' reaches maturity in *A Portrait ...* It is a form of third person narration which adopts the vocabulary and idiom of a character in order to convey his personality and view. It has the significant advantage of enabling a narrative to appear to arise naturally through the perspective of a character who becomes both an actor and a narrator and further a commentator on himself as well as on the action.

Like selection and arrangement, the point of view is determined by the nature of the central character Stephen. To display the self-centred

Stephen, Joyce chose a point of view at once subjective and objective. Telling his story in third person - at a suitable distance from his subject - Joyce takes his stand nonetheless within his subject, limiting his disclosures to what the boy notices and what affects him. We see him therefore from within and without at once..... Yet, though all is centred in Stephen, Joyce remains in charge, selecting and arranging. The subjective - objective method is the invention of Henry James, who employs it in *The Ambassadors*. The Jamesian point of view allows the author, at once within his subject and some where between it and the audience, to control as he presents the impressions of an observer (William York Tindal 63)

In *Portrait* ... when the narrative uses young Stephen's language, the diction and syntax reflect the immaturity with simple vocabulary and simple direct sentences. Sentences are often short and are frequently linked with ubiquitous conjunctions and Stephen acts not only as the arranger of the material but as the commentator on it, while Joyce remains behind or outside it. Since Stephen is the arranger we get a raw-looking series of

fragments which at first reading can appear as a jumbled mess, devoid of its usual bridging discourse from the narrator to guide us round the fragments. As the story advances the language is modulated to reflect Stephen's development with more mature vocabulary and syntax.

Concentration on internal states is Joyce's chief method of characterisation in *A Portrait...* Even when he deals with external actions or settings they are invariably the window onto mental states, especially in revealing to the reader the extent of Stephen's development. Sometimes in *A Portrait...* differences are to be found in sentence structures; some have simple constructions, loose and transparent that appear to be spontaneous; some have more complex but slightly tired symmetries. Such differences are crucial. Joyce's modulations in style is a key device in his characterisation of Stephen. At each stage Stephen's internal development is paralleled by a sequence of increasingly maturing styles of language. He was writing each section in a style appropriate to each stage of Stephen's progress.

The opening pages are presented in a register intending to suggest infancy. Parts of chapter two are in a romantic style appropriate to Stephen's own reading as well as his drive to escape through the imagination; and then certain passages resemble the

style of Joyce's favourite prose writer Cardinal Newman. The dialogue in which Stephen reveals his art theory in chapter five recalls that of the dramatist Ibsen. In composing his villanelle, the idiom of the narrator recalls that of the art critic John Ruskin. The narrator in *A Portrait...* is a matrix of both Stephen and Joyce, Stephen's developing consciousness and Joyce's overall arrangement and form.

Joyce is careful never to intrude his authorial voice into the narrative. He never passes a moral comment on characters, at least not directly, but tries to remain outside or beyond what is happening. It might appear to be difficult to narrate a story without the author giving explicit moral guidance to the reader, which is the case in most conventional narratives. Joyce does not envisage his role as a moral guide to the reader and his moral position within the narrative is never explicitly defined. He tells the story efficiently and pragmatically by arranging it to filter through the eyes of the central character.

As an innovator with a passion for technical devices, Joyce broke violently with tradition when he decided to evolve fresh style for each of his chapters and thus systematically fragment his narrative. But this passion for freedom was easily dominated by a rage for order. This is reflected in the internal consistency of his

chapters, in the parallelism and inter relationships not only of characters and analogies, but even of chapter content, styles, structures and in the narrational strategy and the evolution of a nameless creative persona or “arranger”. The term arranger designates a figure who can be identified neither with the author nor with his narrators, but who exercises an increasing degree of overt control over his increasingly challenging materials.

The manuscript of *A Portrait...* was rejected by a publisher complaining that it was ‘formless’ and ‘a little sordid’ while acknowledging that it was well written with vivid pictures of the life of its main character; even though the book was “all in pieces” in a sense. It can be described formless only if we come to it with rigid expectations of a conventional novel. The novel takes us by surprise on both counts: its broken yet vivid images and also the unusual mode in which they are presented or narrated. We can overcome these difficulties as we come to realise that the pieces are held together by the presence and tensions of its chief character, Stephen Dedalus, whose point of view gives the novel a large part of its coherence.

The structure of *Dubliners* is determined by the “four aspects” under which Joyce arranged his stories, child hood, adolescence, maturity and public life. Joyce’s arrangement clearly

creates a progression, an expanding perspective, moving from childhood to maturity and from private to public life. The last story "The Dead" was written after the other stories and stands somewhat apart from them. Structurally, it functions as an epilogue, summarising and qualifying the principal theme of the entire collection. Joyce's central theme 'paralysis' and structural progression with which he developed it clearly make *Dubliners* more unified than the typical collection of short stories. Beyond the merit of individual stories, however there is the achievement of 'Dubliners as a unity, a compound image of the city out of whose shabby reality Joyce wrote not only a chapter of his country's moral history, but an important chapter in the history of its art.

One of the key elements in Joyce's creation of meaning is the unity of the text *Dubliners*. The stories are not intended to be understood in isolation from each other. Their fuller meanings are created by reference across and through the stories of the whole collection. Through their 'inter textuality' meanings arise and cumulate, become modified reviewed and revised and to appreciate the complexity of the work, the stories are to be considered as an integrated whole.

The use of contrasts, is an important feature of each of Joyce's work, helping to focus attention vividly on their themes

and characters under consideration. Gabriel in 'The Dead' himself focuses on the tension of life and death, the conscious and unconscious and internal and external settings. He stretches himself consciously and then contemplates the opposite notion of "passing boldly into that other world". Similarly in the same breadth, he contrasts the full glory of some passion with the idea of "fade and wither dismally with age". Out of these contrasts there emerges, instead of the intended action, an inertia which exactly matches and expresses Gabriel's incertitude, a feature which has dominated him throughout the story.

It is just a slice of life that Joyce exposes through his narration of events in *Dubliners*.

Joyce's realism in *Dubliners* is not the casual observation of the stray photographer, nor is it the piling-up of unrelated details. All the stories are deliberately and carefully patterned, all have a density, a fullness of implication, which the even tone of the narrative, by disguising only renders more effective. The almost terrifying calm of 'An Encounter', the aloof recording of 'Eveline', the hard clarity of carefully ordered detail in 'After the Race', the carefully balanced interiors in 'A little cloud', the

penetrating climax of 'Counter Parts', the quiet effectiveness of 'clay', are the work of an artist whose gift of observation, is never allowed to thwart his literary craftsmanship - his ability to construct, arrange, organise (Daiches.31)

What holds the stories together and makes them a book is a theme or common idea. This theme as mentioned earlier is "paralysis" or "living death" and this paralysis is moral, intellectual and spiritual. This common theme assures a kind of coherence or togetherness. Joyce admitted "I have written my book with considerable ease in accordance with the classic tradition of my art" (Letters 60). Joyce wrote works that are essentially the same, each a part of the whole to which he devoted himself. *Dubliners*, assuming its part in this grand design, has clear connections with other parts, with *A Portrait...* and *Ulysses* in particular. Joyce considered *Ulysses* a continuation of *A Portrait...* and *Dubliners*. We can look at *Dubliners* as preface to these works, both of which are deeply rooted in Dublin.

The narrative of *Ulysses* concerns among other matters, the roamings across Dublin of its two characters, Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, throughout a single day; thursday the 16th of June 1904. This begins as two separate strands, which eventually

converge, and the plot of the novel is very simply the story of how the paths of these two strands cross and for a time merge together.

Ulysses is far more than a simple story. It is Joyce's comic masterpiece, with its subtly interwoven threads and its radical experiments in style and language. Joyce builds up a complex interplay of theme and image. In *Ulysses* the language is often plausible and unstrained and narrator's discourse is far from conventional. Joyce's style is unique, typical, giving us external descriptions of scenes or objective descriptions of a character's mind and then presenting us unwarned with the raw unmediated thoughts of the character. Everything in a scene is observed from Mr. Bloom's point of view and Joyce is at pains to give us the very details of a character's thought process. This technique employed in *A Portrait...* takes a further stage by giving the thought more directly so that Mr. Bloom sounds as if he is talking to himself in a sort of interior monologue. Joyce has done a lot of verbal experiments by means of certain paradoxical expressions as "In the act of going he stayed" and "her cup held by not handle", where their language and the narrator begins to draw attention to itself.

Each chapter of *Ulysses* can be taken as a prose-poem. In each there are the leitmotifs of colour, organ, symbol etc.

undergoing continuous transformation to produce a satisfying imaginative unity. Every chapter has its own title, its own hour of the day, dominant colour, Homeric correspondences, technique, science or art, allegorical sense, organ of the body and set of symbols. It is a kind of autobiography in a thin, covering of fiction. Like *A Portrait...* it is highly structured autobiography, but more heavily disguised by, parody, outright fantasy and digressions.

The design of *Ulysses* seemed to exist as a single image of his mind and piece of information was too irrelevant to find its place in the comprehensive pattern. Joyce never stopped revising *Ulysses* labouring unceasingly to give the novel a closer texture and a more organic form. Every episode was subjected to an intensive process of revision; the extant drafts reveal massive alterations and augmentations. 'Oxen of the Sun' and 'Circe' episode seem to have given Joyce the most difficulty. Joyce wrote the Circe episode nine times from first to last.

Joyce laboured to a predetermined pattern; each fragment of material he gathered was marked for a specific place in the novel's general design. The entire work with all its complex internal allusions seems to have developed in Joyce's mind as a single vast image.

The words he wrote were far advanced in his mind before they found shape on paper. (Walton Litz.)

Ulysses is structured on musical principles and contains many references to opera and song. There are also equivalents to other musical instruments such as variations of tempo, rhythm, volume, and orchestral colour. Parts of the book *Ulysses* are certainly satirical. Satire is not a literary form in Joyce but the expression of an attitude to experience, a militant and critical attitude. It involves an attack on folly or vice or both by means of ridicule, always employing some degree of wit and humour. Parody, exaggeration and reduction are normal techniques of the satirist and Joyce was a master of these. The events in Joyce's work rarely occur in chronological sequence, but usually involve flash backs and leaps forward.

Finnegam Wake is supposed to be a novel with a plot and characters in the traditional sense. The book on one level is Earwicker's dream. H.C. Earwicker, the chief character is a publican of Chapelizod, a village near Dublin. He has committed some kind of misdemeanour in the phoenix park, involving two girls and three soldiers. All night long, his unconscious mind broods on this action, guiltily and obsessively. Earwicker dreams of the other characters, his wife Anna, his daughter Isabel, his

twin sons Shem and Shaun, the servants and the customers of the public house. The reader begins to recognise these personages, each of whom, speaks in a different voice. Joyce here uses the modulation of style for narrative purposes even more subtly than he does in *Ulysses*. It is interesting to watch the organic interrelationships of his works. In theme, imagery, symbolism and rhythm Joyce is inextricably associated with modern prose as is the name of Eliot with modern verse or that of Picasso with modern art

Joyce's irony lies in the abruptness of his endings, which have the effect of leaving the reader in mid-air and of turning us back into the story to tie up the ends. A different form of irony issues from the gap between the stated ambition of a character and his failure to achieve them, the gap between the ideals and realities of life.

Stream of Consciousness Method

Another narrative method in modern fiction is the description of the unbroken flow of perceptions, thoughts and feelings in the waking mind. In this technique of showing a character's inner thoughts or 'interior monologue' is a sort of stream, "a stream of consciousness" as it is called. Joyce's technique of the stream of consciousness is just a trace attempting

to tap the very process of conscious thoughts and Bloom confirms this idea when he reflects “poetry is the flow of the language” (Ulysses 8)

Ulysses is a technical “tour de force” in which Joyce clearly perfected and enlarged the technique of this “stream of consciousness”. He used this technique as he did many others to do specific jobs, and principally to bring in to unusually sharp focus the alert conscious minds of individuals whose character he wished to define quickly, completely and unmistakably before dissolving individuality and disclosing the basis of character in hidden impulses. (David Hayman 69)

The early chapters of *Ulysses* modulate from a fairly conventional narrative with stream of consciousness intrusions toward the intricacies of Stephen’s almost disembodied thought in ‘Proteus’. From this we break into the lucid objectivity of Bloom’s thought stream in ‘Calypso’. The ‘Penelope’ chapter completes a circle. It is virtually unpunctuated and portrays the seemingly random musings of a satisfied woman, between dreams on a hot summer night.

Apart from Mr. Bloom's and Stephen's, Molly's monologue in its relentless flow is the one which mostly resembles a stream like the river 'Anna Liffey' itself. Long passages of introspection describing in detail what passes through the consciousness of the character are found in *A Portrait...* also. Each interior monologue has its distinctive features, reflecting the mind patterns of its originator.

But in general terms the interior monologue consists of an accretion of words, unfinished sentences and phrases, sensations and perceptions, memories and images, together with fragments of song, verbs, speech, scientific formulae and advertising copy. Where Stephen's interior monologue clearly reveals his erudition, in its sophisticated sequence of academic allusions, that of Bloom tends to be wandering, unfocussed, piling up perception on top of each other in an agglomeration of material.

(John Blades 127)

Generally the contents of Mr. Bloom's monologues arise more often from his immediate environment. It is characteristically speculative and most often it focuses on people and objects. A recurring feature of Mr. Bloom's interior monologue is a tendency

to reverse the usual syntax of a sentence. eg. "Australians they must be this time of year Live on fishy flesh they have to good idea that"

Thoughts of Bloom and Stephen are composed of fragments, or condensed sentences, often with words omitted. On the other hand, Molly Bloom's interior monologue is much freer like an uninterrupted stream, giving the impression of a long unbroken rhythm. Joyce broadens the scope of his novel from a simple day-in-the life story to one which takes on wider epic and cosmic dimensions.

Since *Ulysses* contains so much fantasy it cannot be taken literally. Yet realism does appear in certain levels of the book, specially, in the 'interior monologue' of Stephen, Bloom and Molly which gives the illusion of Psychological reality. In fact this stream of consciousness is highly structured and full of symbolism, far from having the random nature of ordinary thought. Everything is carefully arranged, but the arrangement is concealed by an ingenious pretence of free association. The creation of this illusion is perhaps, Joyce's greatest technical feat. As the reader becomes immersed in the ruminative flow

of Bloom's thought he may have a complete suspension of disbelief and imagine that he is really entering another mind. (Mathew Hodgart 72)

It took a lot of time for Joyce to finish his novel since he took great care to the composition of his work. He spent the whole day in just getting the words in the right order. What might appear to be formless often has a very intricate pattern underlying its surface. Joyce's novels make use of the free association of ideas in the human mind which is referred often as "the direct quotations of the mind". These are the means by which thought becomes action in fiction. Since certain perceptions mental images, feelings and certain aspects of thoughts are non-verbal, these elements can be presented only by converting them into some kind of verbal equivalent.

Strictly speaking, of course, stream of consciousness technique moves away from formal grammar and syntax. But the essential characteristic of this technique is the mental flux produced through the association of ideas rather than the formal mental structure.

Like Joyce, M. Mukundan also consciously avoids the rhythm of language that unites together the harmony and cadence of emotions. Emotional indifference is brought to thoughts by

means of a new structuring of sentences. This kind of intense exploration of the powers of language is done through the introduction of certain new notions and ideas and new experiments with language. The ultimate freedom enjoyed by a writer enabled Mukundan to make use of innovative stylistic patterns in the use of words, in the choice of imagery and in the formation of sentences.

The story 'Radha Radha Mathram' was severely criticised as a mischievous creation 'Mundanam Cheyyappetta Jeevitam' was a story that constantly disturbed the readers. 'Avar Padunnu' was a puzzling music to many. 'Anchara Vayassulla kutty' made such a furore among the readers by repeatedly raising the question, 'why?'. Through these unusual creations Mukundan intended to question the very genre of the short stories.

In the field of novel writing also. Mukundan cherished such arrogant dreams. He tried to make these dreams a reality through his much appreciated and criticised novels *Delhi* and *Haridwaril Manikalmuzhangunnu*. Mukundan's readers are able to drive themselves close to the characters soul, even though the narrator is not using the first person narrative.; The chief disadvantage of the first person narration is that to achieve a moral awareness, the central character would need to be continually reflecting on

his/her actions; the I consciousness would have to be constantly and oppressively self conscious.

The technique of the narrator using the characters point of view, but still remaining outside that character is a device which is now usually called free "indirect style". Joyce's as well as Mukundan's "free indirect" style in *A Portrait...* and in *Delhi* allows them to control the point of view and the emotional intensity more subtly while at the same time retaining something of the intimacy of an 'I' narration, The images we find in the stories are diverse and the thing which holds them together is Aravindan's mind, just like that of Stephen. Thus the readers are able to drive themselves close to the centre of his soul.

In *Delhi*, the very ordinariness of day today life gets transformed into a dreamy quality that takes possession of us. The apparently meaningless thoughts and actions of man become the centre of attraction in the creation of that novel. *Haridwaril Manikalmuzhangunnu* retains a slow dream like quality in our imagination. These two novels presented themselves as tools to question the very structure and shape of the genre of the novel. Though it was not an open protest against the literacy form of the novel, it could bring up a sort of creative turbulence.

Mukundan could imbibe the rural simplicity of the language. He is capable of depicting the most deep and serious objects in a vein of simplicity and it is due to his skill in handling the common ordinary language of day to day life.

One special quality of Mukundan's language is the repetition of sentences that do not contain finite verbs. Though they lack finite verbs they convey meaning leaning on the verbs of the previous sentences. In certain cases he uses sentences which are capable of conveying sense even without the help of the verbs in the previous sentences. On the contrary sometimes he repeatedly makes use of certain verbs alone without the conventional, structural pattern of sentences. Through out the novel *Delhi* we see such sentences like, "Black flowers", "A girl with many eyes on her body", "Some symbols, strong beautiful symbols" (Delhi -131). Again we find a sentence like 'If not in the canvas atleast in the mind' (Delhi -132), which conveys sense leaning on the verbs of the previous sentence. Some times sentences are formed of mere words only, for instance Mukundan says:

Sadasivan got immersed in the thoughts of the festival 'Nadaswaram', 'Thayambaka', Girls who take 'Prasadham' for the procession, 'Ottamthullal', 'Chakyarkoothu', 'Harikathakalkshepam'.

(ഉത്സവത്തിന്റെ ചിന്തയിൽ സദാശിവൻ മുങ്ങിപ്പോയി. നാദസ്വരവും, തായമ്പകയും, എഴുന്നള്ളത്തിന് പ്രസാദമെടുക്കുന്ന പെൺകുട്ടികൾ, ഓട്ടൻതുളുൽ, ചാക്യാർകുത്ത്, ഹരികഥാകാലക്ഷേപം).

Thoughts of the festivals bring to mind certain terms relating to temple festivals and rituals.

Mukundan maintains different, descriptive, stylistic devices as occasion demands. In many instances he keeps up the rhythm of language through out, portraying the unending rhythm of the flow of the life.

The story of Kumaran Vaisyan, Alphonsachan and their children might have come to an end. But the story of the children of Elsy, Rohini and Amina has just started Elsy's daughter will go to school wearing a small frock and with hair plaited on both sides. Then Rohini's and Amina's sons will accompany her. When they reach before the house of Kumaran Vaisyan, Sasi, the new magician of Mayyazhi will make sweets out of the sands of Mayyazhi and give them the sweets. Mayyazhi, thus your story will continue. (DAivathinte Vikrithikal 348)

(അൽഫോൺസച്ചന്റേയും അവരുടെ മക്കളുടേയും കഥ അവസാനിച്ചിരിക്കാം. പക്ഷെ എൽസിയുടേയും രോഹിണിയുടേയും, ആമിനയുടെ മക്കളുടേയും കഥ തുടങ്ങുന്നതേയുള്ളൂ. കൊച്ചു ഫ്രോക്കിട്ട് ഇരുവശവും മുടിമെടഞ്ഞിട്ട് എൽസിയുടെ മകൾ സ്കൂളിൽ പോകും. അന്നേരം രോഹിണിയുടെ മകനും, ആമിനയുടെ മകനും അവളുടെ കൂടെ ഉണ്ടാകും. കുമാരൻ വൈശ്യരുടെ വീടിനുമുന്നിൽ എത്തുമ്പോൾ പുതിയ മാന്ത്രികനായ ശശി മയ്യഴി മണ്ണുവാരി നിറമുള്ള മുട്ടായികളാക്കി അവർക്കു നൽകും. മയ്യഴി, അങ്ങനെ നിന്റെ കഥ തുടരും. (ദൈവത്തിന്റെ വികൃതികൾ 348)

Instead of the direct telling method Mukundan sometimes resorts to methods of indirection, introspection and evasion. Long passages of introspection describing in detail what passes through the character's consciousness are found in *Delhi*. He also make use of the free association of ideas in the human mind. In characterisation Mukundan is deeply influenced by his knowledge of music and painting. His interest in cubism and to a great extent in realism was responsible for shaping the narrative format of his novels. The picturesque description of the transformation of a man into a dog the growing of his hair, the ears getting stretched out and the wagging of the tail, all create fear and contempt in the minds of the readers.

To analyse the thoughts in the mind of Aravindan, caught in the midst of problems and to disclose his emotional and intellectual complexities, Mukundan. makes use of several tactics. His dialogues and soliloquies merge with the tone of a madman's frenzied utterances. for example, Aravindan proclaims his dual identity One identity is that of Aravindan as seen by the others. The other is Aravindan's true self. Once he cries out that he is 'Sartre'. Next he imagines himself to be 'Marx' and the third one who draws the picture of the beast is another Aravindan. When Salini asks him whether there are several Aravindan's, his reply is that he is different at different points of time. This is possible since he is capable of being born and reborn in the subconscious levels of his mind. This is how Mukundan engages in the portrayal of different profiles of the character's selves.

In certain cases, we find sentences without finite verbs and they do not also depend on the previous sentence's finite verbs eg: "Curtains full with dust and soil", "Walls covered with cobwebs", "Carpets and mattresses burnt with cigarette buds", Everywhere match sticks and cigarette buds", In all these expressions, though there is the absence of finite verbs, the author conveys full sense. Mukundan also makes use of very short sentences with a few words like ആകാൻ പോകുകയാണ് (going to happen) ആകാതിരിക്കില്ല

(cannot but happen) and so on. Just like the sentences which do away with verbs certain sentences keep away the proper subjects of the sentences. ഒരു ദിവസം ഫ്രെയിം ഏച്ചുകെട്ടി ഉണ്ടാക്കി ക്യാൻവാസ് പിടിപ്പിച്ചു. രാവിലെ രാമുണ്ണി ഉണരുന്നതിനു മുൻപ് ചിത്രം മുഴുവനാക്കുമെന്ന് പ്രതിജ്ഞ ചെയ്തു. "One day the frame was made. Canvas was fitted. Made a promise to finish before Ramunny wakes up". It is in descriptions that Mukundan's language becomes very much noticeable. Repetitions are sometimes an embellishment and at the times appear to be monotonous and boring.

One of the stylistic devices Mukundan makes use of in the novel *Adythyam* . . . is the repetition of sentences. Certain sentences are repeated with slight differences after a few lines. "This sunlight arouses in^{me} the memories of your abdomen" (18). Later he says "your abdomen arouses in^{me} the memories of this sunlight" (19) Language is for grounded and the expectation of the readers is denied fulfillment through clever twists and linguistic manipulations. The eighth chapter ends like this. Let us come back to Radha's poverty (71) The following chapter begins with the repetition with an identical sentences "Let us return to Radhan's poverty" (72).

Mukundan started challenging the conventional concept of fiction even in his early works like *Delhi* (1969) and *Haridwaril*

Manikal Muzhangunnu (1972). Well-made plots are absent in these novels which turn around the philosophical broodings of some alienated characters. It is as if the novelist was determined to give up the formula of traditional novels. But Mukundan reverted to the traditional expressive mode in novels like *Kili Vannu Vilichappol* (1984) and *Daivathinte Vikrithikal* (1984) Mukundan introduced a deviant style and a dislocated discourse in *Adithyanum Radhayum Mattu Chilarum* (1998) This novel generated a new sensibility among readers. It is very much noted for its ingenious narrative strategy, stylistic deviations and layering of meanings. The new techniques of metafictional dimensions, dislocation of time, multiple voices and defamiliarization are also experimented. These techniques warranty a variety of readings of the fictional text.

Another post modern device employed by Mukundan is the use of 'multiple narrative voices', Brihaspati, Romi Fernandez and Abhimannue Jalan are at once narrators and characters. They seem to perform the duties of a chorus. The story unfolds through Adithyan, Radha, Sudha and Sreedharan. The omniscient narrator often fades away leaving the thread of the story with one or other of the narrators. The narrative strategy is complex where one finds the multiple voices presenting diverse points of view. Adithyan

represents the logical culmination of his creative efforts, spread over three decades.

In the novel *Oru Dalit Yuvathiyude Kadhanakatha* human relationship is displayed in a broader canvas. In the end of the novel we find reality engendered in imagination. Reality becomes interesting when there is the application of an imaginary catastrophe. It is through the means of this imaginary catastrophe that the novelist raises the realistic objects to great heights of supreme enjoyment.

Mukundan employs another post modern mechanism which is known as the use of alternative 'realities'. The easiest way to do this is to designate the characters with the role of actors in a drama. The theme of the novel is an experiment with the dramatic art. Mukundan makes use of the technique of multiple narratives in this novel. The novel is divided into eight parts. Narayan takes up the role in the first part. In the second part, it is Gokul's turn to narrate. Vasunthara talks aloud in the third part. It is in the fourth part that, further experiments in narration are effectively carried out. Javed starts thinking about Vasundhara and in the midst of his thoughts he throws her out into the hands of Gokul like a ball. (O D Y K 90). Gokul accepts these thoughts about Vasunthara which landed in his mind as a 'ball'. Immediately after

that we are surprised to see the interference of the author. In the fifth part, Gokul and Vasunthara enter into a dialogue on Vasunthara's decision to take up the role of Bhagavanthi. Again the novelist is seen to enter to make certain clarifications. There is also the introduction of a sort of dramatic monologue, but the unrestricted flow of thoughts is not allowed. Dialogue is again introduced to stop the continuity of the monologue pattern. This kind of experiments in narration is the result of the interactions between the author and the characters.

Mukundan's prose has a decorum as well as conventional regularity and precision. His characters have highly reflective and sensitive conscience. He heralded a new imagery which is at once original, and experimental and complex. He deviated substantially from the of repeated track of image and genre. Language, syntax, and idiom, all underwent experimentation, finally resulting, in an expression that suits the needs of the times. Mukundan experimented with language so as to transform objects into various shapes whereby strange passions and emotions of the inner mind are faithfully conveyed.

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The Syxnbolic Edge

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan” Thesis. Department of English, University of Calicut, 2006

The Symbolic Edge

The term 'symbol' in literary usage refers most specifically to a manner of representation in which what is shown by virtue of association means, something more or something else. A literary symbol unites an image and an idea or conception with which that image suggests or evokes. A symbol is necessary for a writer when he says more than what meets the ear, wants to suggest something beyond the expressed meaning. Symbols make the language rich and expressive.

Joyce as well as Mukundan make use of traditional and new symbols, both emotive and intellectual. They rely on of them to show the richness and potency of the artist and his art and to exhibit the richness of imagination and experience. The novels acquire a poetic and epic-like quality by its use. James Joyce himself is an international symbol of modernity. The reputation of his novels ensured him that status. Joyce's symbols conform perfectly with Ezra Pound's idea that symbols are recognisable objects of common experience. Ezra Pound says:

I believe that the proper and perfect symbol is the natural object, that if a man uses symbols, he must so use them that their symbolic function does not

obtrude, so that a sense and the poetic quality of the passage is not lost to those who do not understand the symbol as such, to whom for instance a hawk is a hawk. (qtd in Sydney Bolton 41)

Joyce was very particular to make his symbols rather clear. Sometimes fantastic images would be introduced, but it would be presented in a such a way as to come naturally as the creation of one's thoughts and fancies.

Joyce's use of symbols in stories is exactly what Pound required: images of everyday objects, occurring naturally in the actions of the stories. The only fantastic images are reproductions of the character's own fantasies, like the child's dream of the dead priest in "The sisters". The author's imagination works entirely upon 'those present things' to endow them with extra significance, just as the imagination of Dickens in *Bleak House*, which converted the London fog into a symbol. What is new about Joyce's practice is the intensity and consistency of his use of this device. (Sydney Bolton 41)

Joyce's works show an interest in the psychological realities of a person in preference to external considerations, such as

physical appearances. Joyce seldom describes things simply for their own sake. Always external features appear in a way of exploring symbolically the consciousness of the character under attention. So the physical objects often take on an internal life of their own. Joyce tried to translate the ordinary substance of everyday Dublin lives into the radiant symbolic life of art.

Perhaps, psychology was the one subject Joyce took most seriously. Though he remained sceptical about with the therapeutic value of Freudian and Jungian psycho analysis, he certainly found that Freud's books offered myths which could be used as striking frameworks for his novel. Joyce's mind and literary procedure was always mythological and it is doubtful whether *Finnegan's Wake* could have been written at all without that great compendium of religion and magic, Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*.

Joyce was greatly influenced by Flaubert and Ibsen. He imitated the naturalistic techniques of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. He had great admiration for Ibsen's mastery of realistic description and characterisation and also for his myth of the artist as hero - a myth which was to form a basic theme in *Portrait...* and *Ulysses*.

One way in which Joyce creates implicit moral meanings while maintaining silence is through symbolism. Joyce usually

draws attention to his symbols through the use of silence, making them stand out as intense details, yet at the same time attaching them mystically to their contexts. There are many examples. They include symbols like the *Chalice* in 'The Sisters', a *rotting apple* in a 'Painful Case', and the *snow* at the end of the story 'The Dead'.

In his introduction to the *Nigger of Narcissus* Joseph Conrad states:

All art appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses.. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting and to the magic suggestiveness of music, which is the art of arts. (Joseph Conrad 12)

In the case of Joyce sense impressions, especially of colours and odours are usually precise and significant, with a precision deriving from Joyce's verbal dexterity as well as from his powers of observation. His frequent use of the colours yellow and brown is almost always symbolic, underlying the theme of stagnation and paralysis in the lives of Dubliners, and other motifs which recur through the collection, have a symbolic edge; for example 'movement' is usually associated with unrest, 'coins' suggest trade and domination, while the word 'confused' is frequently a

euphemism for sexual excitement and arousal. The two labels 'little' and 'heavy' almost invariably indicate a mean and adventureless life.

The structural progression with which Joyce developed the motif of 'paralysis' makes the story of *Dubliners* stay united. This motif is introduced at the outset with the actual paralysis of the old priest in 'The Sisters'. The word itself carries both a threat and a kind of fascination. The boy in the story says, "it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work" (9). The successive stories develop variations on this central theme, displaying the "deadly work" of spiritual paralysis, in the individual and in the community. It is clearly present in the motionless figure of Eveline, passive like a helpless animal, unable to accept the chance of new life she is offered. It is equally present in the mechanical action of "Counterparts". Paralysis is revealed in the emptiness which lies behind the facade of dead forms, the clichés which substitute for thought, the romantic clichés of "Araby" or the religious clichés of "Grace". It appears in the sterile lives of characters as different as the humble Maria of 'Clay' and the aloof superior Mr. Duffy of "A Painful Case".

Joyce in most of his stories is obsessed by the notion of captivity which is a form of paralysis, imposed by the deadening environment and produced by the character's own moral weaknesses. Joyce the artist who achieved self realization by leaving Ireland, repeatedly writes of characters who can only dream of escape. In 'An Encounter' and 'Araby' the dream of the boys dwells on the Wild West or the exotically named bazaar, but the quest for 'adventure' ends in frustration or disappointment. Eveline cannot make her escape to Argentina. In 'The Boarding House' Bob Dolan longs to 'ascend through the roof and fly away to another country but is instead trapped into marriage. In 'the Dead' Gabriel Conroy thinks of going to the continent to escape Irish provincialism. Repeatedly the impulse toward escape is frustrated, paralysis is re-asserted.

Joyce's *Dubliners* contains fifteen stories. Each story moves toward a social, moral and spiritual revelation. Seven stories of the collection represent maturity./ These stories also correspond to the seven 'Deadly Sins'. They are represented as follows.

After the Race (Pride)

Two Gallants (Avarice)

The Boarding House (Lechery)

A Little Cloud (Envy)

Counter Parts (Anger)

Clay (Greed)

A Painful Case (Sloth)

The last four stories that deal with public life are related to the four Cardinal Virtues. They are the following.

Ivy Day in the Committee Room (courage)

A Mother (Justice)

Grace (Temperance)

and finally The Dead (Wisdom)

In the story 'The Sisters', the imagery is controlled by two carefully elaborated themes 'confession' and 'communion'. The "Chalice" is the principal image in these themes. From whispering women, the boy learns that the trouble began when the priest dropped and broke the chalice. Their image is carried further when we see the dead priest, loosely holding the chalice. The glass of wine the boy receives at the altar brings this sequence to its climax.

Connections are evident between the two stories, 'The sisters' and 'An Encounter'. Both stories are archetypal. In 'The sisters', the archetypal image is that of the father, lost, missed and not yet sought. In "An Encounter" the journey motif or rather, the

quest is emphasised. This symbolic action of the journey shares something of the power of Homer's *Odyssey*, Dantes' *Divine Comedy*, Bunyan's *Pilgrims Progress* and Melville's *Moby Dick*. The quest for the "Pigeon House" can be taken as the search for the 'Holy Ghost'. In this romantic quest, what is encountered is ignoble reality. In fact the encounter is with the boy's own self enabling him to realize his sin and folly.

In the story 'Eveline', the author practises great economy of means. Even the casual reference to the Italian organ grinders or the visit to opera, later brings symbolic significance. They offer hints of a happier land. Though there is the hope for a happy life abroad, there is the destructive element of the sea. For Joyce sea, while offering escape and life, threatens death. The themes of escape and frustration is the binding force that relates this story with other stories like 'A little cloud' and 'An Ecunter'. The style of the story is barren, flat and scrupulously mean.

In the most favourite story of Joyce, "Ivy Day in Committee Room" the dead hero Parnell is the centre of value. Everything acquires meaning by analogy with Parnell or with reference to him. Here Joyce finds a form appropriate for his love and contempt of the place of Dublin. The story sets new standards of naturalism

and is rich in complex symbolic meaning. In all his works including *Ulysses* and *A Portrait...* Parnell is the 'Lord' betrayed.

The myth of the lost leader who will return from the tomb is developed in 'Hades' episode in *Ulysses*. In the story "Ivy Day in Committee Room" as well as in "The Dead", the dead man takes the centre of the stage and gradually reduces the living to shadows. The inter change of reality between the every day world of the living and the world of the dead became one of Joyce's greatest themes in the 'Circe' chapter of *Ulysses*.

In the story 'Grace' Joyce uses an allegorical frame work: the three sections in the story correspond to the three parts of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, the filth of the lavatory representing "hell", the cheerful but edifying conversation with the repentant Mr.Kernan figuring "purgatory", and the gathering of the faithful, with the possibility of salvation representing "paradise"

The story 'The Dead' mingles naturalism and symbolism with a new confidence and richness, tragic ironies play across it subtly and economically. Involving the triumph of dramatic impersonality and the radiance of distant harmony, 'The Dead' is both human and personal. It presents a conflict of pride with love, and ego with humanity. It is tremendously appreciated for the

rhythm and images of the final pages of the story. The reference to the snow falling is appealing in every sense.

It was falling too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and head stones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling , like the descent of their last end upon all living and the dead. (Dubliner's 288)

The motif of the snow provides a link between the living and the dead. Joyce is alluding to a very famous simile about snow in Homer's *Iliad*, which magically stresses the unifying power of the snow, which covers the whole earth like a blanket; it falls on the high mountains, then on the low lands, then on the fields and the coastal town of Iona, finally into the Mediterranean. So Gabriel thinks of the snow falling all over Ireland and unifying the strange land of the west with the familiar cosy eastern Dublin world (Matthew Hogart P.55)

The symbolic method in '*A Portrait...*' has two sources. The first source is determined by culture shared by Stephen and the reader and is public as the case of the allusion of his surname. The second source is, although shared by Stephen and the reader is private. It is the peculiar associations with his earlier personal experiences which the various scenes awaken. The two categories inevitably overlap. The most obvious kind of culturally determined symbolism is the use of historical and mythological analogies such as that invited by the hero's name 'Dedalus', the successful artificer (and Stephen the first martyr). In *Ulysses*, the comparison of Bloom with his Homeric prototype remains continuously operative. The analogy is intrinsic to the action.

Typical of the conventional public symbols which illuminate the action is that of the 'rose', which he celebrates at the very start of *A Portrait...*, and which is intertwined with his life at many of its subsequent crises. At school where his badge is a white rose, he broods on the beauty and colours of roses. The significance of roses in the novel varies with their colours - another source of conventional symbolism. White represents purity, red represents excitement, green represents creativity, yellow represents corruption and grey represents nullity. Stephen sings a song about a rose, about a 'white' rose blossoming and about a 'green' rose

blossoming. The green rose clearly suggests Ireland while the white rose suggests Stephen who at the time is in the blossoming stage and who is essentially wild or rebellious throughout his Irish youth. The rose has long been associated with both sensual and spiritual love. The white rose suggests Catholic purity, while the red rose suggests passion, Stephen identifying the artist with the Divine Creator, associates the rose with the process of artistic creation.

Another leading symbol in '*A Portrait...*' is that of water. Water in flow is associated with both the disorderly life of Stephen's parental house and the riotous fancies of his aroused sexual desire. Stephen connects 'the sluggish turf - coloured water of the clongowes bath' with the grave and ordered and passionless life of the priests of the college. The standing water and the moist unsustaining air above it symbolise an ordered life and they repel Stephen.

The images of birds and flight are abundant in Joyce. These images include the hawk-like man Dedalus and his son Icarus of mythology, soaring into the air. The flight of Dedalus is not only an escape, but a widening of consciousness, an investigation of the unknown. For Stephen Ireland is the labyrinth from which he must escape in order to seek wider horizons. Stephen's surame

serves also as a constant reminder of the courage and force of artistic endeavour. The book closes with a final reference to Dedalus, "Old father, old artifier, stand me now and ever in good stead".

Another thing to note about the symbolism of Joyce's stories is its explicitness. "There is nothing vague about the correspondence between the image and its meaning. Its interpretation is clear although various symbolic devices are employed. One such device is the use of personal names, such as that of Gabriel, the central character of 'The Dead'.

In Hebrew mythology, Gabriel, is the prince of fire and the angel of death, as befits this character's attachment to warmth and his dull compromising existence. Warmth itself in the form of the cosy interior of the house as opposed to the bleak cold of the winter outside, is another symbol of huddled sociability and corrupted lust". (Sydney Bolt-41)

It is also interesting to examine the symbol of the goose. The wild goose is the conventional Irish symbol for the man, who refusing to surrender his freedom, flees abroad. Gabriel is a tame goose: his ventures abroad take the form of holiday cycling trips with friends. It helps to refer against to the common idiom "his

goose is cooked” and he is called to carve it. Colour symbolism is also involved in the image of the cooked goose, which has lost its whiteness and become well browned, as the white snow outside is opposed to the cosy interior.

Among the animal symbols in Joyce, the dog symbol is the prominent one. Dogs symbolise for him the menial mind, which fawns on superiors and snarls at equals. In particular Stephen is reminded of his hangers-on, the barking of whose applause he should depire. Dogs dig thigs up-things which have been burried away. The dog thus symbolises Stephen's remorse for the part he played at his mothers death bed. It is the enemy within, growing at his breast. On the other hand the dog in *Ulysses* constitutes a symbol of extraordinary power, fusing impulses and fears whose origins and outlets are alike contradictory.

In *Portrait ...* motifs seems to have considerable significance. A motif may be defined as a recurrent image or idea. It appears again and again like a design in a carpet. A word or image such as fire, light or blind in *A Portrait...* crosses and recrosses the fabric of the story and creates a kind of internal connection uniting the whole work. Even ordinary statements acquire a rich meaning because the words used are associated with other ideas which have been used earlier in the novel.

The motifs of light and darkness are introduced in the very beginning of *Portrait ...* Light stands for knowledge, vision and eyesight. Darkness stands for ignorance and blindness. The motif of eyesight is interwoven with the motif of punishment. Dante threatens Stephen saying that if Stephen marries Eileen, the eagles will come and “pull out his eyes”. This means that sins will be punished with blindness. The intellectually apprehended motifs of *Portrait ...* become the elaborate musical and rhythmical and multilevelled symbolic fabric of Joyce's mature works.

Like Joyce Mukundan also exploits widely shared associations between an object, event or action and a particular subject. He is always in search of suitable expressions to give vent to the inner silence of his characters. As an artist, Mukundan enjoys giving a feast to imagination by creating very strange symbols. Snake is symbolic is psychology of some threatening fear in the mind of man. In the aesthetic realm, these snake dreams transform into sake symbols. Aravindan in *Delhi* visualises the pipes on the walls as snakes. In a nightmarish dream he sees the hands of men turn into serpents and bite women. The railway lines of the wilderness are crawling snakes in his imagination. The intertwining trees symbolise snakes in an act of embrace. These strange visions are suggestive of highly complicated mental conditions.

Because of Mukundan's fascination for cubic art in painting, he employs clear pictorial language to satisfy our visual consciousness. The language of symbols and images gives a 'spatial' form to the genre of the novel. His aesthetic sensibility is more related to an awareness of a 'spatial sense' rather than the sense of sounds. His imagery is more related to the two dimensional awareness created by lines and colours. Mukundan's great concern for colour and light results in his enthusiasm to shower bright light everywhere.

Light flowers in circles. Neon lamps shower light of different hues. The sky and the earth get drowned in colours and light. Chandeliers create a flood of light between the mirrored walls.

(വെളിച്ചം വൃത്താകൃതിയിൽ ഒഴുകുന്നു. നിയോൺ വിളക്കുകൾ നാനാവർണ്ണം ചൊരിയുന്നു. ആകാശവും, ഭൂമിയും നിറങ്ങളിലും, വെളിച്ചത്തിലും മുങ്ങിത്താഴുന്നു. ജ്വലിക്കുന്ന തൂക്കുവിളക്കുകൾ കണ്ണാടി ഭിത്തികൾക്കിടയിൽ വെളിച്ചത്തിന്റെ പ്രളയം സൃഷ്ടിക്കുന്നു. (ദർഹി - 60))

Such descriptions are examples for Mukundan's effort to initiate the artistic techniques of the French impressionist painting. Here light and colours acquire importance, above the mere narration of the subject. The artist in Aravindan tries to

visualise music. He makes an effort to transcribe Beethoven's 7th symphony in the canvas. Mukundan feels that one may even attribute colours and sounds to a particular novel. In *Mayyazhi...*, the main hue is white and the sound that of the seas. In *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* it is not the whiteness of the French or the mixed race, but the dark colour of the Thiyyars. There you don't listen to the hoofs of the horses, but rather the groaning and sighing of the silent sufferers.

Among the novels of Mukundan *Kili Vannu Vilichappol* is the one which can claim to have structural symmetry. The ever fresh and new image of the bird helps to build up organic unity of the plot.

From the woods a small bird came flying and stood on the bonnet of the car. On its wings were yellow spots like that of a wild flower. Through the wind screen the bird looked at her. Opening her beaks it told her something. She opened the door and came out of the car. The bird rose on its wings and went ahead as if to show her the way to the woods. Inhaling the scent of flowers, her whole body throbbed. She went round like a Kathak dancer. Taking the cassette

player in one hand and red briefcase in the other she went the way the bird went (*Kili Vannu Vilichappol* 11)

(കാട്ടിനുള്ളിൽ നിന്ന് ഒരു ചെറുകിളി പറന്ന് കാറിന്റെ ബോണറ്റിന്മേൽ വന്നുനിന്നു. അതിന്റെ ചിറകുകളിൽ മുക്കുറ്റി പ്ലവുകൾ വിരിഞ്ഞതുപോലെ മഞ്ഞപ്പുള്ളികളുണ്ടായിരുന്നു.

വിൻ്റ് സ്ക്രീനിലൂടെ കിളി അവളെ നോക്കി കൊക്കുകൾ റിളർത്തി അതേനേതാ അവളോടു പറഞ്ഞു. അവൾ ഡോർ തുറന്ന് കാറിൽ നിന്നു പുറത്തിറങ്ങി. കാട്ടുപൂക്കളുടെ സൗരഭ്യം ശ്വസിച്ചപ്പോൾ അവളുടെ ഉടലാകെ ത്രസിച്ചു. ഒരു കഥക് നർത്തകിയെപ്പോലെ അവൾ ഒന്നു വട്ടം ചുറ്റി. ഒരു കയ്യിൽ കാസറ്റ് പ്ലയറും, മറുകയ്യിൽ ചുമന്ന ബ്രീഫ്കേസുമായി അവൾ കിളി പോയ വഴിയേ നടന്നു...)

The novelist makes use of this symbol of the bird as justification for her attempt to escape into freedom from suppression. The bird calls her and she is all eagerness to follow it. The bird here stands as a means for her emancipation.

Kurumbiyamma's 'box of snuff powder' is a metaphor for her platonic relationship with 'Leslie sahib'. She fondly cherishes the moments when Leslie sahib's horse cart reached her house and stood before her asking for a pinch of snuff. She considered it to be an honour. Even in her deathbed, she was dreaming of the white man coming back and she enquired whether the ship from

France arrived. Girija told her that the ships wouldn't come back again. Then, ^ Kurumbiyamma's hand that was holding the snuffbox loosened. The ivory snuffbox containing countless myths and histories fell down and shattered." (Mayyazhi 322)

Mukundan wants to avoid complex imagery since he feels that, complexities are impediments that hinder the language from entering into the soul of the readers. He advises simple language like that of Albert Camus who could write beautifully and passionately as is found in his masterpiece *The Outsider*.

The Mythical Method

The symbolic representation of a work of art may be carried out more successfully by the writers' mythical approach in narration. In other words mythical method is a step toward making the modern world possible in art. Myth may be referred to as one story in a mythology; a system of hereditary stories that provide a rationale for social customs and observances. Usually myths are related to rituals. Sometimes they are used to denote supernatural tales which are invented by authors. Joyce, in *Ulysses*, has deliberately woven modern materials on the pattern of ancient myths. Recurrences of basic formulae form an integral part of the craftsmanship of an author when he has something authentic to convey. So far several studies have been made on the

use of myths in *Ulysses*, *A Portrait...* and *Finnegans Wake*. In *Ulysses*,

Leopold Bloom becomes the Ulysses of Homes, who in turn becomes husband of Penelope, lover of Calypso and home lover, brave warrior and cunning schemes (David Daiches 1163)

Homeric parallels in the novel serve a more important purpose than the other allusions with which it abounds. The actions of *Ulysses* are archetypal. The journey or quest is one of the oldest and most familiar stories in the world. Each of the eighteen chapters of the book of *Ulysses* parodies one episode or a similar element in *Odyssey*. The version of the *Odyssey* Joyce encountered at the age of twelve was Charles Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*. He liked the 'mysticism' in the novel. The mysticism that he liked was probably Lamb's fusing of realistic action and symbolism. Lamb's mystical view of the *Odyssey* had a lasting influence on Joyce's imagination, proving to him that the Homeric plot could be recreated in the language of contemporary life and used as a foundation for symbolic actions. Joyce is not retelling Homers myth, but using it for a story of his own. *Ulysses* parodies the *Odyssey* with a view to enlarging by resemblances and differences the actions and people of a Dublin day. Joyce having

hit upon the notion of a loosely organised structural correspondence with the *Odyssey*, perceived that he could begin with a 'Telemachia' in which the central figure would be Stephen Dedalus. Dedalus is the wedge whereby myth and symbol enter the story. By juxtaposing Stephen with the ancient hero of the myth, comparison is drawn between the past and the present.

As William York Tindall Comments:

The three parts of *Ulysses*, embodying Joyce's three characters, imitate three parts of the *Odyssey*. In the first of these Telemachus sets out to hunt his missing father: in the second, Ulysses travels, seeking home, in the third son finds father, father finds son, home and after killing the suitors, finds wife. Elaborating this fortunate correspondence, each of the eighteen chapters of *Ulysses* parodies an episode or a similar element of the *Odyssey*, not entirely according to Homer's order, however for other considerations, other parallels, interferred. Each of Joyce's major characters parodies one of Homer's. Stephen hunting himself and fatherhood, is like Telemachus, hunting father. Buck Mulligan and Blazes Boylan seem a composite parody of Antonious, the chief suitor and

rival. Molly suggests Penelope and Bloom, Ulysses himself. (James Joyce 128).

At this juncture, it seems to be worthwhile to analyse how far a Malayalam novelist like Mukundan has been successful in handling myths, manipulating them and sometimes even creating them to suit his needs. Myth enters into the soul of his writing's giving it new dimensions and meanings.

The myth woven around Mayyazhi Mother is quite fascinating. The people of Mayyazhi are devotees of a Virgin Mary. The deity of the church is worshipped and adored by all the people. It is the Mother who is the care taker of all. Kurumbiamma tells Dasan how the people began this worship. It happens with the story of a French ship that got stuck in the sand of the sea. The ship couldn't move and the sailors were perplexed. There was no way of escape. Then the captain of the ship heard the voice of the spirit asking him to install the statue of the virgin Mary in the land they reach. It was a kind of spell and the captain agreed. The ship moved safely towards the shore and the church was made on the sea shore of Mayyazhi.

One classic example of the manipulation of myth may be seen in *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil*. The myth is created out of Mukundan's strong belief in the concept of the cyclic nature of

birth and death. Mukundan has been deeply influenced by the charming stories he listened to in his childhood days about the 'dragonflies of the silver rocks' on the sea-shore of Mahe. These dragon-flies are believed to be the souls of the dead people of Mahe and as time passes, these flies take the form of human beings to be reborn. Before the end of the story Dasan ruminates over the silver rocks. He tells Vasutty about the superstitious belief of the people of Mayyazhi that those rocks, made out silver are the resting places for the souls during their short span of life between birth and death. These souls are very light and weightless and are all able to fly about like dragon flies. Dasan tells Vasutty that he feels that he is invited by these silver rocks. A heavy weight of life has feebled his strength and he looks forward to the times when he can rest on the silver rocks free from the fever and fret of the hard times. Towards the end of the story one sees the usual haunt of Dasan to be empty. The last lines tell us:

Far away in the vast expanse of the unending sea, the silver rock appeared like a big drop of tear. The souls of the dead were hovering over the rock like dragonflies. One of those dragon flies was Dasan (Mayyazhi 323).

(അനാദിയായി പരന്നുകിടക്കുന്ന സമുദ്രത്തിൽ അങ്ങകലെ ഒരു വലിയ കണ്ണുനീർത്തുള്ളി പോലെ വെള്ളിയാങ്കല്ലു കാണാമായിരുന്നു. അവിടെ അപ്പോഴും ആത്മാവുകൾ തുമ്പികളായി പാറിനടക്കുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ആ തുമ്പികളിൽ ഒന്ന് ദാസനായിരുന്നു).

Sometimes in a novel like *Daivathinte Vikruthikal*, a character like Alphonsachen assumes mythical dimensions. Throughout the novel one can see Alphonsachen's flight on the wings of opium. Yet his feet firmly remain on the ground. The budding youth of Mayyazhi looked at Alphonsachen as a source of miracles. In the midst of all trials and tribulations of life, he remains calm and unaffected, like patience on a monument, ruminating over the glory of the bygone days. Alphonsachen indulges in strange hallucinations induced by drugs and in a frenzied mood believes that he is 'the creator'."

Gradually he rose over the cross above the tower of the church. Hovering in the skies, like a big bat, he had a look at his creation that is Mayyazhi (*Daivathinte... 05*),

(ക്രമേണ അയാൾ ഉയർന്ന് പള്ളിഗോപുരത്തിലെ കുരിശിനു മുകളിലെത്തി. ഒരു വലിയ വാവലിനെപ്പോലെ ആകാ

ശത്തിൽ തങ്ങിനിന്ന അയാൾ താഴെ കാണുന്ന തന്റെ സൃഷ്ടി
യായ മയ്യഴിയെ ദർശനം ചെയ്തു).

Mukundan has revived many local myths cherished by the people of Mayyazhi. The woman in the story “Appam Chudunna Kunkiyamma” is an example for such a myth. She is the symbol of ideal motherhood. Another interesting myth is found in the story ‘Kanneerkatha.’ It is the story of the king who wants to drink the tears of a fair girl. Everybody fails in their attempt to make the girl cry so much that her tears can be collected in a cup. Finally, the Rajaguru comes up with a trick. He starts tickling the girl with a light feather. She is made to laugh into tears of joy and the king is satisfied. In some stories, the mythology is built around; the crow’ which is represented as an agent of the souls of the dead. This kind of mythological narration enhances the charming imagination and poetic vision embedded in tradition.

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The Strategy of Silence

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan ” Thesis. Department of English , University of Calicut, 2006

The Strategy of Silence

The use of silence as a stratagem is signalled in most of the stories of James Joyce and M.Mukundan. The central characters of these authors are invariably often lonely figures, in spite of the communal life of Dublin or Delhi in which they are immersed. Joyce and Mukundan do not belong to the 'conventional novelist' class and for them a life devoted exclusively to the flights of spirit, a life of solitude, of withdrawal, in other words a life of exile for the most part served as the background of their career as creative artists.

Joyce's Dublin and Mukundan's Delhi present attitudes to life quite amused, detached and sympathetic. They pave the path for discussion and debates on the crisis of identity, disillusionment and the problem of alienation. Alienation in the urban society and the pitiable condition of man when he is not recognized are the cherished motifs in modern novels.

Joyce is different from the conventional novelist in many ways. Joyce's progressive alienation from life around him was so complete that he even assayed to stand apart from his own body. "He lived at a little distance from his body" (*Dubliners* 120). The adverse circumstances of his life made him a rebellious young

spirit. He grew up arrogant and aloof, and resolved to sever his ties with family, church and country. Dublin disclosed to him human situations and moments of intensity. It disclosed before him impotence, frustration and death. Also the effect of Joyce's blindness might have deepened the soul's incurable loneliness. Deliberately, the artist in him becomes an exile. 'In isolation, he seeks to cultivate the tradition and techniques of his craft, to recreate life artificially through the medium of words' (Harry Levin 31).

Joyce allows a lot of freedom in interpreting and responding to his stories. There is no convenient or final resolution of the plot. Instead, what we usually find at the end is a peculiar 'eerie' silence. Due to this silence, sometimes Joyce's stories become ambivalent. Of his use of language in *Dubliners*, Joyce wrote that he had adopted a style of 'scrupulous meanness', implying among other things a precise linguistic style. Equally, it can also suggest a sparseness of detail. Joyce carefully avoids telling us a lot we don't want to know. He also avoids telling us a lot we might want to know. Much is expected from the reader in filling out stories and finding and creating meanings.

Although 'silence' is a strong feature in all the works of Joyce, it is most evident in *Dubliners* where he often omits

information which would make meanings explicit. There is a hint of the use of silence as a stratagem in the first paragraph of the story, 'The Sisters', where Joyce silently drops some hints. This is visible in the narration of stories in *Dubliners* as a whole. The boy in the story draws attention to these hints as strange words and they are set out in italics: *paralysis*, *gnomon*, and *simony*. Paralysis is, as we can see, one of the most commonly occurring themes of the book. Simony, i.e., the sin of making profit from the sale of religious offices pardons etc., is expressed often metaphorically in a broad variety of ways. The word *gnomon* refers literally to the pointer on a sundial but also more importantly, to that part of a geometric figure, remaining after a section has been removed from it. Applied to *Dubliners*, the *gnomon* suggests Joyce's technique of omitting pieces from his stories, his gaps and silences. For example, the boy in the opening stories is unnamed, a key verse is missing from Maria's song at the end of the story 'Clay'. Important people are absent or missing in the story 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room'. In general, *gnomon* refers to those crucial elements, which the reader himself brings to and contributes to the stories. Ironically, silence occurs in spite of the fact that on the material level, he often goes out of his way to provide minutely detailed information. In each of his stories, there is always something important missing or silent. His stories

frequently begin silently in "medias res" and usually ends suddenly in an abrupt silence.

The central characters in Joyce's stories are lonely figures often, in spite of the communal life of Dublin in which they are immersed. The very ordinariness of people's lives can be a shock to the reader. Yet this ordinariness is only one aspect of Joyce's unconventional approach. Much attention is given to what is going on in the mind of the characters. The small boy in "The Sisters" feels alienated by the fuddled mentality of the adults and also of the death of his mentor. James Duffy, in 'A Painful Case' is isolated both physically by his self imposed exile on the outskirts of Dublin and spiritually, by his equally self imposed emotional separation. He began to feel ill at ease...how was he to blame. Now that she was born, he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too died, ceased to exist, became a memory- if anyone remembered him (A Painful Case 144). James Duffy rebukes himself as outcast from life's feast.

In "Eveline", one of Joyce's stories of adolescence, Eveline's home is a prison typified by brutality and servitude. There we find the tension between the selfish dissolute men breaking up the family and the women who work to hold it together. Her home is

characterized by dustiness, which she cleans and has cleaned every week for years. The dust is set up as a sort of prison for her in its inescapability and the monotony of its existence. Eveline finds herself cowed by the irreconcilable forces of her home and her lover, the two contradictory forces which nullify each other as well as Eveline herself. She is trapped like a helpless animal. The narrator here, using Eveline's point of view has fostered Joyce own silence. Joyce's master stroke lies in the uncertainty of the closure, when she remains at the dock, when the resounding emptiness of her soul becomes increasingly apparent.

In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Stephen Dedalus, unaware of what the future holds for him, is aloof, loveless and misguided. As the imagination takes a firmer grip on his life and outlook, Stephen grows increasingly alone, often savouring his solitude and his youth is marked by the absence of any enduring companionship. He is inclined to deny, to reject and to seek 'exile' and 'silence'. The spirit of unrest lies behind the surface of events driving Stephen to wander through the gloomy labyrinth of Dublin's red-light district. Amid the merriment of the boys around, dancing and romping noisily, he felt himself a lonely figure. But "when he had sung his song and withdrawn into a smug corner of the room, he began to taste the joy of his loneliness". He actively

avoids the group of other children finding their merriment false and trivial. Dr. Joseph Kolongadan comments on Stephen's urge to remain lonely, thus :

The budding artist in Stephen repeatedly felt the inner urge to be gone, to be alone. His ineradicable egoism made him an enigmatic figure in the midst of his shivering society. Life on the common terms, he felt an unbearable burden. He sternly withdrew from society and his fellow students hardly knew how far to venture with him. Not prepared with any compact he went his way in silence under the dull surveillance of heaven. (Joycean Aesthetics 106)

Stephen in *Ulysses* is perhaps even more isolated than he is in the *Portrait*, for he has now realized the futility of his flight. As we see him in the tower at the end of the day with his fellow tenants, he is haunted by his past experiences of isolation. Even when at school, or while wandering along the beach, or discoursing on Shakespeare or carousing with medical students, we are aware that he is a man terribly alone. Even after his meeting Bloom and coming into intimacy with him, he wanders into the night alone and his day ends as it began, in isolation.

In *Ulysses* Bloom who is not an artist or intellectual like Stephen, but just an average man, spends his entire day in complete or near complete isolation. He prepares breakfast alone, and visits a butchers shop, church and druggist alone. Even when he moves in the company of others, he is set apart from others. His background as a Jew is destined to be in a predominantly Catholic background, his reveries about the death of his son in infancy and the suicide of his father, everything contribute to his feeling of isolation. To crown all these Molly's affair with Blazes Boylan and Bloom's cuckoldry provides a mood of rejection and consequent isolation. Bloom wanders through his day alone. Whenever he goes he is either ignored, barely tolerated or rejected.

In the widely recognized story "The Dead", Gabriel Conroy suddenly realizes that his own identity is no more palpable to others as Michael Furray's is to him. He is alone; even when at the party he feels and effectively appears to be alone within his thought, often longing to escape to the snow-covered Phoenix Park. This sense of isolation is increased by Joyce's narrative method in the story, almost the whole of which issues through Gabriel's highly reflective and sensitive consciousness. His solicitude leads him to seek escape, to seek solitude amid the

deathly paralyzing snow, which is general all over Ireland. The solid world seems to dissolve and dwindle until nothing is left except the relics of the dead and the hosts of the dying. One by one, they were all becoming shades. The final paragraph, in slow, spectral sentences cadenced with alliteration and repetition takes a receding view of the book itself. It sets up like most departures, a disturbing tension between the warm and familiar and the cold and remote. "His soul swooned slowly, as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe, like the descent of their last end upon all the living and the dead." (*Dubliners* 220)

Here, special mention is to be made about the ' Silence of the epiphanies' in Joyce's stories. Epiphany describes certain moments of intensity and revelation. Almost every one of his stories in the *Dubliners* is structured around such an epiphany as its climax. Eveline realizes truths about her home, James Duffy becomes vividly aware of his vanity and his poverty of spirit. In such moments, characters are isolated from their immediate environment, with attention focused inward, encapsulated in silence, a silence that helps to point up, both their isolation and sudden awareness. And the silence of such epiphanies often reverberates with moral energy.

The fictional method by which Joyce mediates between naturalism and symbolism in *Dubliners* may be seen as the consequence of his notion of the epiphany. Joyce thought of his epiphanies as psychological slips., "little errors and gestures" - mere straws in the mind by which people betray the very things they were most careful to conceal. But as Joyce began to use the movements as material for his fiction, he found them capable of revealing much more.

In *Portrait...* much of Stephen's spiritual development is conveyed through epiphanies. By epiphany Joyce means a manifestation, a showing forth, that enables the artist to have a deep insight into the lives of others. By capturing some of the most delicate and evanescent of moments the artist finds a clue to the meaning of human life as a whole.

Joyce used the word epiphany to mean the moment; when a thing seen was suddenly realised in all its full and unique significance. An epiphany may have trivial sources. Anything may initiate the experience. It is the inner experience in the consciousness of the beholder that is significant. It is something like "stripping the veil of familiarity from the world", seeing old and familiar objects as if they were not familiar. Such moments of vision are not necessarily confined to spectacular or momentous

sight and insights. A flower, a conversation with a child or the observation of the moon behind a cottage can produce a special heightened awareness. In this sense "epiphany" means a sudden spiritual manifestation, the sudden moment of revelation when one sees into the heart of things. Joyce secularises an ecclesiastical term which is associated with the manifestation of Christ to the Magi, the three wise men who saw a baby in the manger and understood it to be not a mere baby, but Jesus Christ, the son of God.

According to Stephen, an artist can realise epiphany by adhering to and experiencing the three cardinal aesthetic principles, laid down by Aquinas. They are 'wholeness', balance and 'clarity' or radiance. Throughout his work Joyce uses epiphanies. Such moments are seen as being revelatory first to the fictional character who experiences them and then to the reader.

Ulysses proceeds by means of a series of epiphanies which illuminate in the one all inclusive epiphany that involves the whole novel, the character and the reader being brought together to a final understanding of the situation.

In *Portrait ...* much of Stephen's spiritual development almost all its positive side which tends towards aesthetic fulfilment, is conveyed through epiphanies. In the first chapter of

the novel, Stephen has a dream of Parnell's death, and this dream immediately follows Stephen's day dream about his own death. Stephen's self pity at his own imagined death finds relief in a kind of megalomania. Stephen's day dream about "Mercedes" expresses an early romantic form of women's image in the adolescent boy. He ruminates on the image projected on to a real woman will prove a transfiguring experience. "Then in a moment he would be transfigured. Weakness and timidity and inexperience would fall from him in that magic moment".

A series of epiphanies outline Stephen's painful, growing awareness of his alienation. After the whitesun tide play at Belvedere, Stephen evades his family and distances himself from his "wounded pride", "fallen hope" and "baffled desire", by inhaling the stench of the stables. The sudden discovery of the word 'Foetus' cut on a desk at Queens college, shocks Stephen into an awareness of obscene life reflecting his own monstrous "reveries" Stephen finds in the moon a symbol of his cold and distant attitude towards human relationships. Yet Shelley's lines on the moon with their cosmic vision raise Stephen above his own grief and alienation.

In chapter three, the growth of Stephen's awareness of his state of mortal sin is traced through a series of epiphanies. He is

conscious of his sin of pride and is connected with the Lucifer motif and his sense of alienation.

The question of identity and the related problem of parenthood are introduced when Stephen asks "Whose face for me"? For Stephen the face reflected in a mirror is but a shadow that can mask and identity, just as the body can provide the soul with a temporary case. Accordingly physical relationships are unstable and Stephen's father, "the man with my voice and my eyes", and his sister Dilly, whose eyes resembles his, have no claim on him. As his reaction repeatedly show, he is unable to sever himself, to reject the enforced relationship without severe conscience qualms. His mask of strength is a mark of weakness. He holds too hard to the "here and now" to risk the necessary loss of an identity.

Stephen looks at the mirror before he looks in. He sees the crack with which he instinctively associates his own appearance and extension of his own condition so that the two image blend and clash confusedly as would a single image viewed in a cracked glass. In the image of the split mirror the confused lie is captured. Stephen's problem is then not one of simple acceptance or rejection but of how to accept and reject simultaneously.

Though Mukundan is not employing epiphanies as such in his novels, experiments are made during the development of narration in the novel *Avilayile Suryodayam*. Mukundan finds an adequate expression of this in the following lines.

This is an age of sinners. Everywhere there is sin. There is sin in the rice you eat, the water you drink. When you walk, you stumble on sin. Rivers of sin flow above the earth. It is the ocean of sins that strike its waves. It is sin that falls on earth as raindrops, I have no escape from sins. Prabhakaran has no escape. There is only one way of escape, that is to live like a sinner in the midst of sinners. Then one need not seek the way for escape. It is futile to seek the way out. (24)

(പാപികളുടെ കാലമാണിത് എങ്ങും പാപമാണിന്ന്. തിന്നുന്ന ചോറിൽ പാപമുണ്ട്. കുടിക്കുന്ന വെള്ളത്തിൽ പാപമുണ്ട്. നടക്കുമ്പോൾ പാപം കാലിൽ തടയുന്നു. പാപത്തിന്റെ നദികളാണ് ഭൂമിക്ക് മുകളിൽ ഒഴുകുന്നത്. പാപത്തിന്റെ സമുദ്രങ്ങളാണ് തിരതല്ലുന്നത്. പാപമാണ് കാലവർഷമായി ഭൂമിക്ക് മുകളിൽ വന്നു പതിക്കുന്നത്. ഈ പാപത്തിൽ നിന്നും തനിക്കു രക്ഷയില്ല. പ്രഭാകരനും രക്ഷയില്ല. രക്ഷപ്പെടേണമെങ്കിൽ ഒരു വഴിയേ ഉള്ളൂതാനും. ഒരു പാപിയായി പാപികളുടെ നടുവിൽ ജീവിക്കു

ക. അപ്പോൾ പുറത്തേക്കുള്ള വഴിയന്വേഷിക്കേണ്ടിവരില്ല. പുറത്തേക്കുള്ള വഴി അന്വേഷിക്കുന്നത് വ്യർത്ഥമാണ്)

In the short stories of Mukundan also people seeking their identify come across such sequences of visionary encounters.

The problem of isolation and exile is dexterously dealt with in the short stories of Mukundan published in the late sixties and seventies. His characters are people who have freed themselves from the established customs and beliefs. When one finds it difficult to adjust to the norms of the society, he becomes an exile and even becomes a stranger to himself. So he looks different from the type characters adhering to the law of morality. He protests and is termed a rebel. His life is a search to find out certain values of life and so he fights against 'pseudo values'. Naturally, he is above the average man and is presented as a 'genius', an 'artist' or an 'introvert'.

Mukundan creates characters who want to be away from the madding crowd. They understand their existence only through the routine of 'karma', which is repeated without change. Such a character makes his appearance in the story 'Office'. A youth who is destined to enjoy an unexpected holiday stands bewildered and perplexed. He is at a loss to understand what he should do on a holiday. The holiday is the dark night of his existence. He loses his

rhythm and becomes restless since he has no definite plan or action. He is unable to move along or associate with others. He fails to make a visit to his lady love. He withdraws into himself and finally reaches his office and starts working there as a lonely figure. Thus, he finds meaning for his existence, in the routine office work, he finds his 'consolation and stay'.

For Mukundan, a sense of possession and not love is the basis of all human relationships. Ramesh Panicker in *Haridwaril Manikal Muzhangunnu* comes to the conclusion that there is no meaning in love. A mother loves her son only because he happens to be her son. A lion does not eat up its young one, not because it loves its young, but because it is its own. Akhtar Ali in *Eee Lokam Athil Oru Manushyan* rejects life as 'sound that is silent and colour that is colourless'. He says, "Rosemary, myself is a Thuglak... a city that is deserted and forsaken" (198). All at once, Appu finds out that has become an empty figure like that city which has become empty suddenly; the city which was once filled with palaces and streets immersed in royal splendour. When Appu accepts Akhtar Ali as his guru, he is giving a tongue to his inner silence. All the major characters in Mukundan's novels, Aravindan, Ramesh Panicker & Appu reaches this inner emptiness and silence.

Aravindan of *Delhi* looks at himself as a lonely figure who exists somewhere between emptiness and silence.

Here it is quite lonely, desolate like a jail. Every connection with the world is separated. He cannot believe that the room where he sits is part of the office. Not only of the office, but it cannot be conceived as part of this city or this world itself. This room is set apart from the external world. Where he stays is not a room, it is an Island that hangs somewhere in the vast desolate sky. He stands guard for emptiness and silence.

(ഒരു ജയിലിലെ ഏകാന്തതയാണ്. വിജനതയാണ്. ലോകവുമായുള്ള എല്ലാ കണ്ണികളും വിടർത്തിയതുപോലെ. താനിരിക്കുന്ന മുറി ഓഫീസിന്റെ ഒരു ഭാഗമാണെന്ന് വിശ്വസിക്കാൻ കഴിയുന്നില്ല. ഓഫീസിന്റെ മാത്രമല്ല, നഗരത്തിന്റെ തന്നെ. ലോകത്തിന്റെ തന്നെ ഒരു ഭാഗമായി കരുതാൻ കഴിയുന്നില്ല. ഈ മുറി ബാഹ്യലോകത്തുനിന്നും വേർതിരിഞ്ഞ് കിടക്കുന്നു. താനിരിക്കുന്നത് ഒരു മുറിയിലല്ല. ആകാശത്തിന്റെ ശൂന്യതയിലെവിടെയോ തുങ്ങിക്കിടക്കുന്ന ഒരു ദ്വീപാണത്. താൻ ശൂന്യതയ്ക്കും നിശബ്ദതയ്ക്കും കാവലിരിക്കുന്നു).

Mukundan's novel *Delhi* stands aloof from other creations since it conveys a different attitude to life. It portrays a reversal of

values which is shocking to the average reader. Aravindan is the sheep that grazes away from the herd.

It is my desire to wander about for years and to undergo all kinds of sufferings without getting an employment. I will change that kind of suffering into a hellish one. I will squeeze happiness out of that. Let my life be a process of building heaven out of hell and hell out of heaven. (Delhi 169).

(വർഷങ്ങളോളം ജോലികിട്ടാതെ അലയാനും കഷ്ടപ്പെടാനും ഞാനാഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നു. ആ കഷ്ടപ്പാടിനെ ഞാൻ നരകപ്പാടാക്കി മാറ്റും. അതിൽ നിന്ന് സന്തോഷം ഞെക്കിയെടുക്കും. സ്വർഗ്ഗത്തിൽ നിന്ന് നരകവും, നരകം കൊണ്ട് സ്വർഗ്ഗവും പണിയുന്ന ഒരു പക്രിയയായി മാറട്ടെ എന്റെ ജീവിതം).

Elsie in *Daivathinte Vikruthikal*, a puppet in the hands of fate, remains entangled in the emptiness that comes from within. When her father Alphonsachen encounters Sasi, who violated the chastity of his daughter, he couldn't say much. Words failed him and he sat there motionless as a statue that is excavated from the womb of the earth by archaeologists. Sasi couldn't stand that silence. Words lay trapped in between his smoke stained teeth. His head lay drooped down on his chest. He did not move after that. There was only a faint breath...

When Elsie sees everybody as children, she is in fact searching for some means of escape from the frozen smiles of her empty life. But she has no escape. She is destined to undergo suffering whereas Mayyazhi mother and Adhi thiyam who should have saved her remains like children.

Elsie continued her daydreams. She continued to be a child in her dreams. In her dream world, it was not herself alone, but everybody there, were children... children who never grow up. Gradually, she imagines even Mayyazhi mother and Adhi thiyam to be children. The mother who is a little girl and the child Adhi Thiyam played running along with her holding her hands along the damp sands on the shore of the sea of Mayyazhi. (Daivathinte Vikruthikal 198).

(എൽസി അവളുടെ ദിവാസ്വപ്നങ്ങൾ തുടർന്നു. സ്വപ്നങ്ങളിൽ അവർ കുട്ടിയായിത്തന്നെ തുടർന്നു. അവളുടെ സ്വപ്നരാജ്യത്തിൽ അവൾ മാത്രമല്ല, എല്ലാവരും കുട്ടികളായിരുന്നു. ഒരിക്കലും വളരാത്ത കുട്ടികൾ. ക്രമേണ മയ്യഴിമാതാവിനേയും ആദിതീയനേപ്പോലും അവർ കുട്ടികളായി സങ്കല്പിച്ചു. ബാലികയായ മാതാവും, ആദിതീയക്കുട്ടിയും അവളുടെ കൈ പിടിച്ച് മയ്യഴിക്കടലിന്റെ തീരത്ത്, നനഞ്ഞ പുഴിയിലൂടെ ഓടിക്കളിച്ചു).

The famous Malayalam critic and writer M. Achuthen makes the following remark on the characters of Mukundan.

Mukundan's characters are lonely, estranged and repudiated. They are children who stand perplexed under the sky and at the same time presumptuous and overbearingly confident of asserting their individuality over the universe. (M. Achuthan, Short Story, Yesterday, Today 9. 402).

In Mayyazhi, we find the epitome of silence in the portrayal of Gasthon Sahib. Gasthon's marriage was the occasion of joy and merriment for all the people of Mayyazhi. It was more than a festival for all of them. The day after the marriage, Gasthon Sahib and his bride set sail to Pondicherry for their honeymoon. Gasthon, who went for his honeymoon came back alone. He had changed beyond recognition. Unshaven cheek, bent back, eyes the springs of eternal sorrow... The day he arrived from Pondicherry, Gasthon entered the room on the upper storey of the Bungalow and closed the door. He didn't come out of the room again. His world shrank within the four walls of his room. Nobody saw him after that. His body became pale. His hair drooped down below the shoulders. His eyes became the lamps of eternal despair.

One day after midnight, when the children of Mayyazhi were sleeping, when the last horse-cart coming from Moopen Sahib's feast disappeared; from the upper storey of Leslie Sahib's Bungalow, there arose the music from the guitar...the music of the desperate one...that of the 'impotent' (Mayyazhi ... 24).

(ഒരു ദിവസം പാതിരാവു കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ, മയ്യഴിയുടെ മക്കൾ ഉറങ്ങിക്കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ, മുപ്പൻ സായ്വിന്റെ വിരുന്ന് കഴിഞ്ഞ് അവസാനത്തെ കുതിരവണ്ടിയും അപ്രത്യക്ഷമായപ്പോൾ ലസ്ലി സായ്വിന്റെ ബംഗ്ലാവിന്റെ മുകളിൽ നിന്ന് ഗിത്താർ സംഗീതമുയർന്നു. ദുഃഖിതന്റെ സംഗീതം. ഷണ്ഡന്റെ സംഗീതം)

The frustration of the individual when he realizes that he is powerless and impotent is revealed emphatically through these words.

Artists like Mukundan and Joyce resort to various techniques by which emotional indifference of the characters reveals itself. Sometimes, they want to convey the notion that there is no justification for life when man is destined to be a prisoner of his own fate. Their characters are listless and apathetic, with downcast eyes and sad faces. Sometimes like that of the denizens of Eliot's *Wasteland*, theirs is a life in death or

living death. Like Stephen Dedalus is seen engaged in an act of long walking, Aravindan is also fond of long idle walks. The dominant motif of 'paralysis' or 'living death' is common to both Joyce and Mukundan. It is a projection of the basic crises of human experience. The use of free association of ideas and the descriptions of the unbroken flow of images help these storytellers in their effort to reveal what goes in the mind of a character. Sometimes during the narration, what is not said becomes more important, since the ardent reader, in course of time acquires a skill to read between lines.

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Verbal Dexterity

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan ” Thesis. Department of English , University of Calicut, 2006

Verbal Dexterity

James Joyce could well afford to undertake the most refined orgy of language ever attempted in any tongue. Pre occupation with words as things is typical of Joyce throughout his life. "The word" is the most revered thing in Joyce's life. His interest is in sounds and the words are the media through which he expresses them. Joyce's style is distinguished by the rise and fall of its rhythms and by its feeling for the texture of the particular word. He revitalized the language working out a more elastic and richer vocabulary which will serve purposes unserved by school-room English.

Joyce, who had always evinced a keen interest in the form of words, tried to reach a maximum of intensity by increasing to the utmost limits, the pregnancy of the words used. The "epiphanies", sudden perceptions in the space of a moment of the total meaning and character of a scene, of a person or of a phrase, can be expressed only in a language which will extract the full meaning of each words with all its implications, a language where the intensity of the experience is matched by the verbal intensity.

Joyce sought in his compositions to fix the most elusive of his moods in the aptest expression. He put his lines together with

meticulous perfection, not word by word, but letter by letter. Words and phrases presented themselves before his bench to be reassured of their rationale. He has granted a new lease of life of words, reviving the sense of wonder and magic in words that have become tame by wear and tear. He has freshened the whole life stream of language.

It is Joyce's almost unerring command of sense sound and rhythm that led Eliot to consider him, the greatest master of English language since Milton. Dorothy Richardson observes,

He is a man walking, wearing as he went, a rich garment of new words where with to cloth the antique dark material of his engrossment. (Preface for *Pilgrimage*, 1939).

Joyce's mastery of language, his range of vocabulary, his power to create words and to use them to render the impact of sensation on the nerves and above all, his unique virtuosity make him an artist par excellence. His prose is masterly in its terseness and force. Even the most casual descriptions haunt the mind by their vividness and wonderful economy. Vocabulary syntax and rhythm are boldly varied to accentuate the contours of the underlying emotion.

To Joyce, words are not more pleasurable material out of which agreeable patterns can be made or just communication medium. Words are rich store houses of cultural waves in the cyclic theory of history. In Dr. Joseph Kolengodan's words

Joyce, the words King manipulated all styles from the scrupulous meanness of *Dubliners* via the accurate comfort of *Portrait* and the accretive luxury of *Ulysses* upto the conglomerative opulence of *Finnegans Wake*. (Joycean Aesthetics 127).

Coining a new word out of the telescoping of several, Joyce creates new relationships, opening up several vistas of meaning. Joyce can be vulgar, pornographic, humorous or witty as the occasion demands. He shows quick flexibility in switching from one kind of language to another.

The diaries of Joyce contains notes on the inner connections between sounds and meaning of words. Relishing on the felicity of the expression, "A day of dappled sea borne clouds", Joyce wonders

Words, was it their colour!. He allowed them to blow and fade hue after hue. No, it was not their colours. It was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he

then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour. Or was it that being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasures from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many coloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid, supple, periodic prose (Portrait 154).

Joyce's verbal dexterity is reflected in the numerous stylistic variations in the different parts of the book *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Joyce's intention was to show Stephen's consciousness in different stages of his progress by making changes in his style of narration.

In *Portrait* in the beginning we are placed some what abruptly in the mind of very small boy. The disconnected fragmentary prose captures the primary impact of the sights and sounds of life. At the outset we are presented with a series of undifferentiated infantile responses to environment.

Once upon a time, and a very good time, it was, there was a moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicers little boy named baby tuckoo. . .

His father told him the story,

His father looked at him.

Through a glass, he had a hairy face. He was baby tuckoo, the moocow come down the road where Betty Byrne lived: She sold lemon Platt. .

When you wet the bed, first it is warm, then it gets cold. His mother put on the oil sheet. That had queer smell.

In *A Portrait*, all the five senses are represented here; sight (that of moocow and the father's hairy face), sound, (that of the story) taste (of the lemon platt) smell of the oil sheet) and touch that of wetness of the oil sheet.

As Stephen grows older he reads *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexander Dumas and in his imagination, he falls in love with Mercedes, the beautiful heroine of the novel. His romantic yearnings find expression in language which reminds one of the literature of the nineties of the nineteenth century. He says, the peace of the gardens and the kindly lights in the window poured a tender influence into his restless heart.

When Stephen grows up further, he is overpowered by sexual urge and lust and he goes to prostitutes. In describing this

he adopts a style like that of Pater and the decadents. "He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself". Further the description is enchanting.

The vast cycle of starry life bore his weary mind to its verge and inward to its centre, a distant music accompanying him outward and inward. What music? The music came nearer and he recalled the words, the words of Shelly's fragment upon the moon wandering companionless, pale of weariness. The stars began to crumble and a cloud of fine stardust fell through space.

We also find masterpieces of eloquence in the *Portrait . . .* as well as in the other works of Joyce. One fine example is the description of hell as given by Father Arnall in his sermon. Stephen who had sinned only a short while before was deeply touched by the words:

Hell is a strait and dark and foul smelling prison, an abode of demons and souls, filled with fire and smoke. The straitness of this prison house is expressly designed by God to punish those who refused to be bound by His laws . . . thereby reason of

the great number of the damned, the prisoners are heaped together in their awful prison, the walls of which are said to be four thousand miles thick: and the damned are so utterly bound and helpless that as a blessed saint, Saint Anselm, writes in his book on Similitudes they are not even able to remove from the eye a worm That gnaws it.

The following passage from "Aeolus" in *Ulysses* is a truly inspired statement of Joyce's artistic credo. It is in the language of the rhetoric:

But ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses, listened to and accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition, he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage, nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings in Sinai's mountain top, nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms, the tables of the law, graven in the language of the outlaw. (*Ulysses* 133).

In contrast with this luxuriant language are the simple, fragmented diary entries at the end of the book. Stephen is no longer under tension. He is in a relaxed mood. Having decided to fly away from his family, church and nation which held him a bondage he proclaims, "Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul, the uncreated conscience of my race". While Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Thomas Hardy found their mature style and stuck to it, what Joyce wanted was the ability to create any number of different styles, each appropriate to its own subject matter and to that only. He recognised that critics and ordinary readers were not ready for such an innovation.

The earlier stories of Joyce, which deal with childhood, have a kind of lift about them, a quality of excitement, wonder and romantic yearning as in *The Sisters* the word *Paralysis* (a keyword for the whole volume) fascinates the young narrator:

Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word "paralysis". It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word 'gnomon' in the Euclid and the word "simony" in Catechism. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to

be nearer to it and look upon its deadly work
(Dubhners 8).

One special quality of *Ulysses*, that makes it different from other works is that we find in *Ulysses*, an enormously increased use of *pastiche* or *parody*. A pastiche is an imitation of an existing artistic style, so close and skilful as to be undistinguishable from the original. A parody is also an imitation, but one that so exaggerates the characteristics of the original as to provoke various kinds of laughter from the affectionate to the scornful. Parody implies too much of a critical attitudes in the part of the author. What emerges from a brilliant and extremely funny set of pastiches or parodies or pastiche parodies is a sense of the values, that the public world tries to impose on the individual false values which accepts patriotism but reject love, exalt the high sounding over the reasonable.

Joyce is deeply in love with the sound of words as seen in the following extract.

"He rests. He has travelled

With?

Sindbad the Sailor, Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailor
and Whinbad the wholcr and Nimbade the Nailor and Finbad the

Failer and Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hindbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer. Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Qualier and Tinbad the yailer and Xinbad the phthailer (Ulysses 628).

Since Bloom is established as an adventurous voyager, these words cannot be ignored as nonsensical. The rhymes that follows spontaneously refer to genuine trades or personal characteristics and may be taken up as a reasonable summing-up of the many kinds of men a voyager will encounter.

According to Anthony Burgess:

Joyce's pleasure in the fracting of language and the notations of noise is an aspect of his fascination with what seems to him to be the magic of the whole semiological process. He considers the act of signalling rather more important than the message it attempts to convey. (Joysprick 26).

People strangely ignorant of the words they used, so glibly, deplorably insensitive to their nuances, shocked and even pained Joyce. He ~~it~~ was resolute on recapturing the pristine vigour of words. In the dream language of *Finnegans Wake* when sense is

asleep, words go to sleep, when the sense is dancing, words also dance.

Finnegans Wake is an attempt to give language a new vitality to restore to the words some of the nascent energy and freshness of meaning which has been worn out of them. Some readers of *Finnegans Wake* were so horrified by the nightmare caused by the "Verbal elephantiasis" that they thought of Joyce as a menace to healthy development of the English Language and letters. The books' verbal wit is so sharp and glittering at first to appear almost blinding.

Finnegans' Wake is an immense store house of ever so many puns in disparate languages, cunningly hidden by anagrams and acrostics, leitmotifs and random dream images – all these overlap and interact in the most disguised and shifting of verbal ways. *Finnegans Wake* is composed of a language which Joyce calls "a jetsam of literage", "lapsus longways", "false meaning, adamelegy" and "lowquacity". It is also a language of "any way words, all in one soluble, of "counter point words", "puns' and a variety of distortions. Joyce indulges often in the most cherished play with words. A word like "giddinpotty" is the witty condensation of the garden party of Eden or Adam's fall and the Eucharist in Chalice, or Jesus, summarizing fall and redemption. Another word

"homlette" is condensation of omelette and home, implying the broken egg of Humpty Dumpty's fall and cooking, renewal, the happy or creative fall, that makes the family. Even in the structures of phrases or sentences, these type of associations are clear. For example "Behose our hand makes for the lured" is a distortion of "Behold the handmaid of the Lord" from the Angelus. On account of the complex nature of *Finnegans Wake* we feel that this book itself stands alone, among the books, the very "phoenix."

Joyce's bold creative handling of language is based on the onomatopoeic theory of the origin of language. His strange choice of, surpassed only by his own stranger still juxtaposition of words is matched only by his audacity in coining new words on the oddest analogies. Sometimes his violent transposition, omission or clothing of words gives the impression of a man suffering from a rush of ideas trying to utter all his thoughts at once. He knew how to utilise, the full resources of the English language. He created a new word sensation.

Joyce being a cosmopolitan, language is not confined to the English language alone. The language of the future is going to be an amalgam of catchy phrases from the leading languages. Joyce allures us into a world of greater wonder than Alice's. Holding English words at bay, Joyce preserved his artistic soul, by

listening to several languages. The cosmopolitan in him thinks in all languages. His language is a mosaic of tongues of which English is only the basic element.

In Finnegans Wake, there is a sort of prayer for the river Liffey that runs: "haloed be her eve, her singtunic sung her ill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven". There^s lines enchantingly echo the Lords prayer: "hallowed by they name, they kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven". This kind of imitation lends charm throughout in the form of separate speech disorders like spoonerism or the punning language of portmanteau words. Every pun is supposed to be a joke. As Mathew Hodgart observes:

Most of Joyce's puns provide not a sudden revelation of meaning, causing laughter, but a code of laborious decipherment. The puns are vehicles for carrying an enormous mass of allusion: and the pleasure of *Finnegans Wake* lies largely in recognising these allusions and enjoying the wonderful ingenuity with which they are used. (James Joyce 135).

The allusions of *Finnegans Wake* can be divided into various groups. There are a large number of concealed quotations, chiefly of Shakespeare and the Bible. There are certain well known Latin

tags and popular songs. Apart from the literary and musical allusions, there are some, taken from comparative mythology and religions of the world. Joyce's procedure is to pile myth on myth, at times almost parodying Frazer's *Golden Bough*. In Joyce we also find abundant use of historical and legendary allusions and for a thorough understanding the reader is supposed to know something of the histories of the classical, Judaic and modern western civilization.

Foreign words, scattered throughout *Finnegans Wake* pose difficulties for the average readers, Joyce spoke French, German and Italian fluently and had a smattering of Norwegian and Latin and though he knew nothing of Hebrew, Arabic and Chinese, he borrowed words from these languages also. The use of such words resulted in a wilful obscuring of, that which was already highly obscure. Every reader must make his own way to *Finnegans Wake*, led on by humour and beauty. Some parts of the book are funny and other parts are linguistically and poetically beautiful.

Mukundan's language is committed wholly and profoundly to the artistic task in hand. His language invariably shows a structural relevance and aptness of texture. He has imbibed the quality of being simple and at the same time radiant. A glow of

youthful ardour is evident in the seemingly simple and direct style of writing. In *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil* and *Daivathinte Vikruthikal*, the loneliness of the people of Mayyazhi is conveyed through, simple, ordinary, day to day speech of the rural folk. This simplicity is maintained while he is dealing with even the most deep and serious subjects.

Mukundan has imbibed the language of the locality. He uses the pronouns, abundantly used by the people of North Malabar eg. ഓൻ, ഓള, ഓർ instead of the standard pronouns of Malayalam. ^(he, she, they) അവൻ, അവൾ, അവർ etc. Since Mukundan is telling this stories of mainly two regions of India Delhi and Mahe which geographically maintain a long distance from each other, the vocabulary presents total changes sometimes. In the case of proper nouns also one finds striking variety. Names like ^{Kadungan,} കടുങ്ങൻ, Chappila, Mandiamma, Kunchirutha, Kunhakkal, Kanaran, Valli, Othenan, Chathu ചപ്പില, മന്ദിയമ്മ, കുഞ്ചിരുത, കുഞ്ഞക്കൻ, കണാരൻ, വള്ളി, ഒതേനൻ, ചാത്തു etc. appear in sharp contrast with other north Indian and Western names like ^{Harsha, Khanna, Ahuliwalla, Akthar Ali, Richardson} ഹർഷ, ഖന്ന, അഹൂലിവാല, അക്തർ അലി, റിച്ചാർഡ്സൺ & Romy Fernandez. റോമി ഫെർണ്ണാണ്ടസ്. In Delhi Aravindan proclaims "I am not a Malayalee only, I belong to Asia, American, Europe and Africa. I am human being" (Delhi 70).

Mukundan makes considerable use of dramatic dialogue. The colloquial dialogue that is applied in novels like *Mayyazhi*

Puzhayude Theerangalil and *Daivathinte Vikuthikal* appear to be lively and his linguistic poses show a considerable range.

In Chapter fifty of *Daivathinte Vikuthikal*, *Kunhikannan*, almost a choral character sums up the history of Mayyazhi and its people. In many instances words become images. As Kunhikrishnan passes along with his wife Kalyani, through the streets of Mayyazhi, the past events flash through his memory. One by one, he introduces to Kalyani, the people of Mayyazhi they meet on the way. Very short but self contained sentences are used in the delineation of these characters along with reminders of their past and the changes that have come to the people and their life style are strikingly described with brief commentaries.

As they walk along, when they reach before Dharmapalan's house, they stop there. The leaking concrete house, the wild growth of plants in the courtyard all show that Dharmapalan has lost all interests in life. "When the sun rises, he will pass along the banks of the river, with a walking stick and a snow cap in his dead. Also when the sun sets" (സൂര്യൻ ഉദിക്കുമ്പോൾ തലയിൽ ഒരു മഞ്ഞു തൊപ്പി വെച്ച് ഉറന്നു വടിയുമായി അയാൾ പുഴക്കരയിലൂടെ നടന്നുപോകും. സൂര്യൻ അസ്തമിക്കുമ്പോഴും).

Mukundan made an attempt to create new words and expressions when he found the existing words and phrases

inadequate. One example is a word like "ഉല്ല" ^{"ulla"}. It is a post
 (`be' existential) unda + illa (`be' negative)
 manteapu word made out of two words ഉണ്ട് + ഇല്ല. (Eee Lokam 40).

He uses the word to refer to his sister who was denied birth. She is, and at the same time she is not existing. In order to describe Appu's close intimacy with Anitha, Mukundan envisages the possibility of making a new verb out of a noun. eg. the verb 'അനിതിക്കുക' 'അവന്റെ തലച്ചോർ പിന്തിക്കുകയല്ല, അനിതിക്കുകായിരുന്നു. അവന്റെ നെഞ്ച് മിടിക്കുന്നതിനുപകരം അനിതിച്ചു. (27). Thus Appu's excitement and depth of love is conveyed in its full intensity. Another example is the use of unusual expression like 'സ്നേഹത്തോടെ സ്നേഹിച്ചു. Mukundan uses imagery that is clear and convincing. We get a quite natural picture of Delhi when he describes Delhi thus. "Delhi drenched in rain lay shrivelled like a wet dog". ("മഴയിൽ കുളിച്ച് ഒരു നനഞ്ഞ നായയെ പ്ലാലെ ഡൽഹി ചുരുന്നു കിടക്കുന്നു.)" When he swallowed whisky without water, leeches crawled through his throat". (വെള്ളമൊഴിക്കാതെ വിസ്കി വിഴുങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ അവന്റെ തൊണ്ടയിലൂടെ തേരട്ടുകൾ ഇഴഞ്ഞു Delhi 170).

Mukundan exhibits great skill in short witty conversation at times suggestive of some hidden truths. Here Mayyazhi's association with liquor and the dominant part it plays in the life of

its people is revealed in the following dialogue between Kunhikanna and Kalyani, when after marriage they roam round the place.

"Why are you so fond of this Place" Kalyani asked her husband, wondering at his great love and fascination for Mayyazhi.

"I was not born here. But this place is to me just like my place of birth" "That is why I ask you, why do you love this place so much".

"Perhaps in my previous life I might have been a native of Mayyazhi".

"But you don't drink toddy". (Daivathinte - 248)

("നാ ഇന്നാട്ടിനോട് ഇത്ര ഇഷ്ടം" തന്റെ തിയ്യന്റെ മയ്യഴിയാ വേശം കണ്ട് ഒരിക്കൽ കല്യാണി ചോദിച്ചു.

"ഞാൻ പിറന്നത് ഈട അല്ല എന്നാലും മയ്യഴി എന്നിക്ക് എന്റെ ജന്മനാടു പോലെയാ"

അതാ ചോദിച്ചത്, നാ മയ്യഴിയോട് ഇത്ര സ്നഹം"

"കയിഞ്ഞ ജന്മത്തില് ഞാനൊരു മയ്യഴിക്കാരനായിരിക്കണം"

"പക്ഷേ ഇങ്ങള് കള്ള് കുടിക്കുലല്ലോ")

In *Kesavante Vilapangal*, Mukundan employs powerful words in a public speech made by Saravanan. Though he was thin and frail, he had a tongue that was quite sharp.

It was like a dagger inside his mouth. Through a series of rhetorical questions, Saravan was trying to drive home to the public, the meaninglessness of the hard earned freedom.

"At last we got freedom"

But brothers and sisters, what is this freedom for?

Is it the freedom to drive the Mercedes with the hands that tured the wheel of 'Charka'?

Is it freedom to fill the pockets of the Khadi shirts with the crores of money one gets through corruption? Is it is freedom to burn the poor Dalits alive?

Is it the freedom to keep up power by killing and looting and lighting the flames in the name of caste and creed?

Yes, this is the freedom that our predecessors gained for us.

(അവസാനം നമുക്ക് സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം കിട്ടി. പക്ഷേ എന്തിനു വേണ്ടി യുള്ള സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം. ചർക്ക തിരിച്ചു കൊണ്ട് മെഴ്സിഡസ് ഓടിക്കാനുള്ള സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യമോ?

കൊന്നും കെള്ളയടിച്ചും ജാതിയുടേയും മതത്തിന്റേയും തീ ആളിക്കത്തിച്ചും അധികാരം നിലനിർത്താനുള്ള സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യമോ?

അതേ ഈ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യമാണ് നമുക്ക് മുമ്പേ പോയവർ നമുക്ക് നേടിത്തന്നത്).

Kunjanathan Master in *Mayyazhi Puzhayude Theerangaili* enjoys every moment of his life, throughout, Instead of the existential agony, the youth suffered, he was blessed with the joy of existence.

Days pass by. Master could see the passage of autumn and spring seasons, beyond his window. When the first rain drops fell on the warm earth, he got excited as if rain had fallen on his body. In the music of the incessant rains, he could listen to new sounds and cadences. Along with the wet foliage and soil, he could feel the warmth of the bright sun after the rain. Without being touched by the Sunbeams, he got sunk in the vigour of the glorious sun light. (Mayyazi 149).

(നാളുകൾ കടന്നുപോകുന്നു. തന്റെ കിടക്കയിൽ കിടന്നുകൊണ്ട് ജാലകത്തിനു വെളിയിലൂടെ ഗ്രീഷ്മവും, വസന്തവും കടന്നുപോകുന്നത് മാസ്റ്റർ കണ്ടു. ആദ്യത്തെ മഴത്തുള്ളികൾ ഊഷ്മളമായ മണ്ണിൽ വീണപ്പോൾ സ്വന്തം ശരീരത്തിൽ മഴപെയ്തതുപോലെ അയാൾ പുളകം കൊണ്ടു. അനുസ്യൂതം പെയ്യുന്ന മഴയുടെ സംഗീതത്തിൽ അയാൾ പുതിയ താളങ്ങളും, സ്വരങ്ങളും കണ്ടെത്തി. മഴ പെയ്തു തീർന്ന ശേഷം തെളിഞ്ഞുവന്ന സൂര്യന്റെ ഊഷ്മളതയിൽ, നനഞ്ഞ സസ്യങ്ങളോടും, മണ്ണിനോടുംമൊപ്പം മാസ്റ്ററും കോരിത്തരിച്ചു. സൂര്യപ്രകാശമേൽക്കാതെതന്നെ അയാൾ സൂര്യചൈതന്യത്തിൽ മുങ്ങി).

In *Delhi* Aravindan gives vent to his imaginative flights in words, rich with energy.

Salini invited his attention towards the sky. The deep cloudless blue sky lay spread over the earth. If only I could absorb this blue hue and this liveliness into my brush and paste it in my canvas. If only this sky could fall down on earth as a blue rain and I could copy it in my canvas. Looking at the sky, he dreamed of a big canvas by the name 'blue rain' (Delhi 70).

(ശാലിനി ആകാശത്തിലേക്ക് ശ്രദ്ധ ക്ഷണിച്ചു. ഇന്ത്യ ഗേറ്റിനുമുകളിൽ കടും നീല നിറമുള്ള മേഘരഹിതമായ ആകാശം പരന്നു കിടക്കുന്നു. ഈ നീലനിറവും ഈ ചൈതന്യവും ഒരു ബ്രഷു കൊണ്ട് ഒപ്പിയെടുത്ത് ഒരുകാൻവാസ്സിൽ പതിക്കാൻ തനിക്കു

കഴിഞ്ഞുവെങ്കിൽ ആകാശം നീലനിറത്തിൽ ഒരു മഴയായി ഭൂമിയിലേക്ക് പെയ്തെങ്കിൽ അതു തനിക്ക് കാൻവാസ്സിലേക്ക് പകർത്താൻ കഴിഞ്ഞെങ്കിൽ. ബ്ലൂറേയിൻ എന്ന് ഒരു വലിയ കാൻവാസ്സിനെ ആകാശത്തിൽ നോക്കിയിരുന്നുകൊണ്ട് അവൻ സ്വപ്നം കണ്ടു.)

As artists Joyce and Mukundan were self conscious devotees of "the word". Both of them aimed at conferring upon language complete autonomy and strove to erect a verbal vision of life. Emotion is integrated from first to last by a careful handling of words. The rich imagery of their prose sometimes achieves the quality of poetry. Sometimes prose is unblushingly plain spoken and richly fanciful and at the same time they are capable of handling words in such a way as to convey humour along with pathos.

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Impressions : Spatial and Temporal

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan ” Thesis. Department of English , University of Calicut, 2006

Impressions : Spatial and Temporal

Along with the new consciousness among the writers regarding the structure and construction of plots a new notion of time made itself felt on the technique of fiction. Time represents the continuous flow of the "already" into the "not yet", of "retrospect" into "contemplation", Time is also conceived as "flow" and "duration" rather than a series of points moving chronologically forward. Both Joyce and Mukundan have been influenced very much by this new notion of time as is evident in the handling of the plot and its structure.

Stephen says at the end of *A Portrait...* "the past is consumed in the present the present is living only because it brings forth the future". Joyce was ever concerned with the past's impingement on the present. One cannot escape from the past Stephen has a sense of history though he says "I am not responsible for the past". He sees the consequences of the past all round him.

Joyce often confines his surface action to a short period of time and works backward by making the characters recollect their past. *Ulysses* the record of a single day and *Finnegans Wake* correspondingly the record of a single night become part of history

which Joyce believed is a wheel Stephen's day dreams frequently take us into his past and his future. While Stephen is in the school, he starts thinking of returning home during the holidays. This thought produces a reverie in Stephen and the description that follows gives us the impression that he is already at home.

All the people. Welcome, home stephen I Noises of
welcome. His mother kissed him.. Was that right. His
father was a marshal now! higher than a magistrate.
Welcome home, Stephen !

This reverie is broken by noises in the dormitory and the shouts of the prefect who was telling the students to look sharp. Now the realization comes that Stephen was in the school and was only day dreaming. By making such frequent trips from the present to the past and the future, he gives a complete picture of his hero's thoughts and actions.

Joyce's use of the stream of consciousness technique is an attempt to free the novel from the tyranny of chronological time. The novelist does not follow the clock time. The hero's actions do not move chronologically from the cradle to the grave. On the contrary, he flashes back, looks before and after, shifts backwards and forwards. Time is not temporal or in space, it is eternal.

Prevent past and future are fused with the help of the flash-back technique of a film.

Mukundan frees himself from the complexities engendered from a confused vision of time, by treating the eternal aspect of time in the 'present'. The idea of the eternal flow of time does not cause much trouble to him. But Mukundan has experimented with time in the well planned story *Adithyanum Radhayum Mattu chilarum*. Simultaneous presentation of the past and present occurs several times in this novel. Mukundan uses fantasy as an expressive device to take his protagonist Adithyan down through the ocean of time to the seventeenth century. Adithyan cannot ascertain the beginning of his problem-ridden life. It could be in the twentieth century or the seventeenth century. The novelist liberates the characters from the shackles of time and with his free wheeling fancy takes them beyond temporal and spatial barriers. Mukundan's concept of time is identical to that of Milan Kundera. In *Immortality* Kundera says:

There is a certain part of all of us that ~~lives~~ lives outside of time. Perhaps we become aware of our age only at exceptional moments and most of the time we are ageless. (Immortality 4)

There is a comparable passage in *Adithyan...*

He does not believe that his life began the day he was born. We begin our life when and where we become aware of it through a realization. (Adithyan 6)

(തന്റെ ജീവിതം, താൻ ജനിച്ച നാൾ മുതലാണ് ആരംഭിക്കുന്നത് എന്ന ധാരണ അയാൾക്കില്ല. ഏതെങ്കിലും ഒരു സാക്ഷാത്കാരത്തിലൂടെ നമ്മുടെ ജീവിതത്തെക്കുറിച്ച്, എവിടെ വെച്ച്, എപ്പോൾ നാം ബോധവാന്മാരാകുന്നുവോ, അവിടെവെച്ച് അപ്പോഴാണ് നമ്മുടെ ജീവിതം ആരംഭിക്കുന്നത്).

In *Immortality*, Kundera juxtaposes the past and the present, obliterates the boundary between the living and the dead, and cuts across the barriers of time and space.

Adithyan reaches Gwalior to listen to the music of Mia Tanzen, the great musician, who lived in the seventeenth century. Among others he meets Shambu, the potter and his widowed daughter Dulari. The awareness of the intense grief of his parents over his disappearance disturbs Adithyan, On his way back to the real world, he is accompanied by Dulari. Mukundan describes the situation like this." Adithyan who is born after four hundred years, walks along the dirty road with Dulari (*Adithyan ... P.28*)

In the simultaneous presentation of 'time past' and 'time present', the novelist encounters many difficulties. The narrator points out:

In short it is impossible to think of Adithyan and Dulari together at the same time, within limits of our scientific assumptions of time. (Adithyan 28)

Another remark on the creative process is made later in the novel.

In the next chapter we will read about the small game to be played by Adithyan beside the dead body of the mother. With that, this short story, replete with irregularities incongruities of Adithyan, Radha and other ends. Since even very good stories which are colourful and perfect have an ending, it is mere extravagance to have the length of twenty chapters for a troublesome story like this. (Adithyan 165)

(അടുത്ത അദ്ധ്യായത്തിൽ, മരിച്ചുകിടക്കുന്ന അമ്മയുടെ അരികിൽ ചെന്ന് നിന്ന് ആദിത്യൻ കളിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ചെറിയ കളിയെക്കുറിച്ച് നാം വായിക്കും. അതോടെ ആദിത്യന്റേയും, രാധയുടേയും മറ്റു ചിലരുടേയും ക്രമക്കേടുകളും പൊരുത്തക്കേടുകളും നിറഞ്ഞ ഈ കൊച്ചുകഥ അവസാനിക്കും. നിറവും മികവുമുറ്റു നല്ല കഥകൾക്കുപോലും അവസാനമുണ്ടായിരിക്കവേ നമ്മുടെ ഈ കുരുത്തംകെട്ട കഥയ്ക്ക് ഇരുപത് അദ്ധ്യായങ്ങളുടെ ആയുസ്സ് ഒരു ധാരാളിത്തമത്രേ).

Here it is evident that the irregularities and incongruities are made deliberately as an experiment on the structure and shape of the novel. It is an attempt at giving shape to a chaotic universe through the medium of writing.

The language of fantasy is used throughout creating confusion in the minds of the readers. Mukundan fantasizes that greyness spreads from the heads of Bhaskaran and Leela, who seem to replace Adithyan and Radha, to the beard of Agniveshan. Then he comments that to know the miseries of his old age we should go forward by a few years. Immediately after this his idea changes and he asserts, we go back by a few years (Adithyan 100). Adithyan, Radha and others are governed by the laws of mutability, aging and decay. But the universe has external youth.

The novelist attempts to capture time during the narration of the story that transcends time. Radha's love for Adithyan is beyond any selfish motive. It cannot be limited with the clutches of time or even within the secure, conventional frame work of marriage. Timelessness is what is required when one has to tell about the eternity of love. One seems to experience eternity in the palm of one's hand. There are superficial musings on time in novels like *Haridwaril Manikal Muzhangunnu*. But in *Adithian...* Mukundan attempts to perceive secio-temporal concept as a

philosophical problem and questions the traditional narrative strategies in Malayalam novel. K.P. Appan beautifully evaluates this chaotic experience created by Mukundan thus:

Mukundan makes use of that art that practices the past events in the present which may be termed the 'historic present'. Along with it he dreams in a frenzied manner, a time not historic. In this manner Mukundan mixes the time consciousness of the novelist, his characters and the readers. Along with this he takes a ferocious attitude at the objective concept of time. He gambles with time enfeebling our concepts of time. On the chessboard of time - consciousness, he uses the past, present and future as Pawns and chops them away as he pleases. When the balance-wheel of the watch goes out of order the needles of the watch go astray and run frantically, clockwise and anticlockwise. Like that time upsets everything. The result is mere anarchy let loose (Samayapravahavum Sahithyakalayum 142).

(ഭൂതകാല സംഭവങ്ങൾ, വർത്തമാന കാലത്തിൽ പ്രയോഗിക്കുന്ന കല മുകുന്ദൻ ഉപയോഗിക്കുന്നു. ഇതോടൊപ്പം ചരിത്ര പരമല്ലാത്ത ഒരു കാലത്തെ ഭ്രാന്തമാം വിധം ഭാവന ചെയ്യുന്നു.

ഇതിലൂടെ മുകുന്ദൻ നോവലിസ്റ്റിന്റേയും, കഥാപാത്രങ്ങളുടേയും, വായനക്കാരന്റേയും കാലങ്ങളെ കൂട്ടിക്കുഴയ്ക്കുന്നു. അങ്ങിനെ വസ്തുനിഷ്ഠമായ കാലത്തിന്റെ നേരെ ഹിംസാത്മകമായ ഒരു സമീപനം സ്വീകരിക്കുന്നു. ഈവിധം നമ്മുടെ കാലസങ്കല്പങ്ങളെ നിർവ്വീര്യമാക്കിക്കൊണ്ട് മുകുന്ദൻ കാലം കൊണ്ട് ചുതാടുന്നു. കാലബോധത്തിന്റെ ചതുരംഗപ്പലകയിൽ ത്രികാലങ്ങളെ കരുക്കളാക്കിക്കൊണ്ട് അവയെ തോന്നുന്നതുപോലെ വെട്ടിനീക്കുന്നു. വാച്ചിന്റെ ഗതിവേഗം നിയന്ത്രിക്കുന്ന ഉപകരണഭാഗം തകരാറിലാകുമ്പോൾ സൂചികൾ അതിന്റെ ലക്ഷ്യരീതി കൈവിട്ട് പ്രദക്ഷിണമായും, അപ്രദക്ഷിണമായും, ഭ്രാന്തുപിടിച്ച് ഓടുന്നതുപോലെ നോവലിലെ കാലം സകലതിനേയും കീഴ്മേൽ മറിയ്ക്കുന്നു. കാലത്തിന്റെ അരാജകം തന്നെ നോവലിൽ ഉണ്ടാകുന്നു).

This easily following anarchy of the experience of time creates such an emotion in the readers. A good reader perfectly understands this treatment of time and is capable of evaluating this experiments with time. This vision is not something related to the external structure of the novel. It is the deep abysm of the moments. Such time concepts arise when one visualizes time as infinity resulting from accidental happenings and considers human life as the conditions of the disorderly flow of time.

A love for the 'time past' rules the hearts of many of Mukundan's character, especially when the story is told in the

traditional way . Kurumbiamma of *Mayyazhippuzhayude Theerangalil* and Alphonsachan of *Daivathinte Vikrithikal* always look at the past glories with all the feelings of a heart suffering from nostalgia. In *Oru Dhalit Yuvathiyude Kadana katha*, where the narrative technique is based on the performance of a play, Mukundan is very careful with the manipulation of time and we see a quick passage of time there.

Joyce belonged to a great world and a little world. The little world was Ireland in which he was born and educated, the great world was geographically the continent of Europe where he passed most of his life, and intellectually the "avant-garde" world of the arts in its last heroic period. Conscious of the creative impulse in him, Joyce bade good bye to Ireland, liberating in exile, the artist, in himself and went forth to welcome life. He was bent upon discovering the mode of life or of art whereby his spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom.

The little world of Dublin to which Joyce belonged physically until 1904 and imaginatively all his life, was a small but complete city of singular charma, true national capital rather than a provincial town. The picture of Dublin we get from *Ulysses* is of a city of consumers, of eaters and drinkers, shoppers and window shoppers like Bloom. It was the centre for office work, banking,

insurance and the like and consequently there are large number clerks and "white collar" workers who are the back born of Joycean world.

Dublin was a centre for higher services of civilization, education and medicine. It had two universities, Trinity college for the protestants and the national university to which Joyce went, for Catholics. Joyce attended the Jesuit run schools, Clongowes wood and Belvedre college in Dublin. The Roman Catholic Church made its presence felt everywhere, both by the density of churches and the high proportion of towns people going to them regularly.

The conversion of Ireland to Christianity in the fifth century A.D brought a "golden age" of monastic learning and eccliastical fine arts. The Roman Catholic Church has been a militant force in Irish nationalist politics. It has been a stabilising, conservative and even reactionary force in social and intellectual life. The Catholic Church imposed on the Irish people a constricted and puritanical way of life and an impoverishment of the old folk culture. Joyce believed that the Catholic Church imposed a stupid stunted provincial way of life on Ireland. *A Portrait ...* is a careful documentation of this catholic church and its civic and educational rate. At the same time Joyce deeply loved the intellectual system of the church, the scholastic philosophers, the

medieval principles of allegory, the ritual and symbolism of two thousand years of Roman Christianity. He was also deeply grateful for the literary education he got from the Jesuits.

Joyce's attitude to catholicism is the usual though paradoxical love-hate one of most apostates. Anti-clerical to the end of his life, he remained at the core of his being loyal to the larger interest of catholicism. An unwilling unbeliever he regretted parting with many things in Catholic services that still appealed to him emotionally and artistically. Irish Catholicism was there in the marrow of his bones and his anger towards the church was a form of homage. While Joyce managed to shake off the claims of the mightiest religious organisation and emerge into common life fairly unscathed, he remained necessarily conscious at all times, of his Catholic background.

A writer like Joyce, the greater disciple of great masters cannot be understood and appreciated except in the Irish Catholic setting of Dublin, though he spent a major part of his life abroad in a conscious effort to escape the fetters of Irish parochialism and conventional Catholicism. Dr. Joseph Kolangadan observes.

Ireland the "emerald isle" the island of sages and saints is in the eyes of the detached Joyce, no more

than Nora's native dung-hill. He prefers to be away from the clutches of the old sow that eats her farrow. Little wonder he refused to join the 'Academy of Irish letters' sponsored by Shaw and Yeats. He was sick of his country (Joycean Aesthetics)

Irishry is one of the most important elements in his make up. Joyce's roots had gone so deep that he continued to draw sustenance from the soil of Ireland. *A Portrait...* can be considered by far the most living and convincing picture that exists of an Irish Catholic upbringing. In a discussion with the German critic, Alfred Kerr in 1936, Joyce said,

I described the people^{and} conditions in my country.
I produced certain city types of certain social level.
They didn't forgive me for it (Ellman 1959. 70)

This certain level is basically the Catholic middle class. Of this class, the most affluent member is Mulligan in *Ulysses*. Simon Dedalus, like Joyce's father has slid down into grinding poverty, but is still a gentleman and can afford to smoke and drink whisky while his daughters have only soup to eat. Bloom has a small private income, from his irregular earnings as a canvasser for advertisements. Martin Cunningham is a minor clerk in the British Administration, but is kept poor by his wife's drinking. The

lowest level are the customers in Barney Kierman's pub including the anonymous narrator of the 'cyclops' chapter, but they are still middle class and there is a huge gulf between them and the real working class of Dublin. It is curious to note that everyone in *Ulysses* seems to know a great many of the others personally and to know about nearly everyone else. Among this middle class there seems to be a strong unit bound together by religion and politics. Although they are capable of snobbery, they do not regard temporary poverty as a social disgrace.

Joyce admired the grace and grandeur of eighteenth century Dublin and showed a special affinity to at least two of the Anglo-Irish writers of the age Swift and Sterne, who appear several times in *Finnegan's Wake*. He was also attracted by the skill of the eighteenth century Anglo-Irish orators like Grattan, as the 'Aeolus' chapter of *Ulysses* shows. Anglo-Irish literature is extremely vigorous and Joyce is one of the greatest exponents. He was highly conscious of his predecessors and makes frequent references to them in his works particularly in *Finnegan's wake*.

Joyce's writing career was a sustained effort to endow his own life and the Dublin of his youth with universal significance. Joyce set out to forge in the smithy of his soul, the uncreated conscience of his race. His lifelong occupation had been to

enlighten his country men and to broaden their sympathies from insularity to cosmopolitan richness.

Joyce was keenly appreciative of the unsophisticated vitality of the Irish. Ireland is the ideal setting for a glad reunion between reality and richness, a dialectical synthesis of the naturalistic tradition and the symbolic reaction. As an artist he cherished Ireland as a rich mine of immense artistic possibilities. Still Joyce's faithful portrait of "dear dirty Dublin" is a compassionate vision of the fallen man. *Dubliners* is his nicely polished looking glass, a chapter of the moral history of his country, the first step towards its spiritual liberation.

Dublin is so small a city that one can walk from the centre to the out skirts in twenty minutes. In such a small city everyone knows everyone else's business. In the gossip leisurely Dublin life, everybody has time to hail a friend and start a conversation about a third party. Instead of the anonymity of the city, where one can easily get lost, there is the close prying into private lives, a regular school for scandal with the inescapable character assassination.

It is interesting to watch how the Duliners are obsessed with the history of Dublin and the Irish National Movement. The cultural life of the city is revealed to us in discussions on music and literature. In *Ulysses*, Dublin grows upon us not through our

eye and memory, but through the minds of the Dubliners we overhear talking to one another.

The city of Dublin wears different appearances in separate stories and novels. In *Dubliners* the sky is overcast. Dim shadowing light is cast around. An air of corruption and frustration hovers over the city whereas a hard bright light floods the Dublin of *Ulysses* and the city is blessed with a quickening fresh air.

Where the background of Dublin is concerned, it will be possible almost to use it as a guide book to the city. This place has been recreated in such detail that it could be said that Joyce rivals Zola in photographic realism. Part of Joyce's triumph is the intensely living quality he gives to Dublin. *Ulysses* is and has to be for Joyce's purposes an intensely local novel. What is preeminently described in *Ulysses* is the episode of Dublin. Like Bloom and Stephen, Dublin is also one of the principal personages of the "car drivingist, tea drinkingist city" in the British empire.

Joyce is the foremost writer of fiction to present Dublin with literary integrity and dramatic intensity. Dublin is the fresco upon which Joyce has woven all his amazing patterns. He provides a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly

disappeared from the earth, it could be reconstructed out of his book.

Ulysses is a compendium of Dublin dialect. What Baudelaire and Laforgue did for Paris or T.S. Eliot for modern London, Joyce has done for Dublin. Every Dublin phrase has a double focus ; the past meaning it has treasured, the present vagueness it shapes. It is observed above *Ulysses* that Joyce had only one subject - himself ; one setting - his native city. Yet he made himself the measure of mankind and he rendered Dublin, his "dear dirty Dublin", the mirror of the world.

Mayyazhi as well as Delhi form the background of the stories and novels of Mukundan. Like Thakazhi Shivasankara Pillai's Kuttanad, M.T. Vasudevan Nair's Koodallur, Mukundan has written his best on Mahe in the novels *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil* and *Daivathinte Vikrithikal*. Mahe has a peculiar socio-political setting. It was a French pocket before independence and became a part of Pondicherry and has thus remained aloof from the mainstream culture of the region.

Even at the very young age of fifteen, Mukundan cherished the desire to write a novel of substance. The space which he would choose for his first novel would definitely be his native place Mahe. His attachments with Mahe was so intimate that he

couldn't but tell the story of his birthplace. But when the question arises as to which place he belongs, whether it is Mayyazhi where he spent less than twenty years or Delhi where he had been living for more than forty years, his answer was quite edifying. He says that he is a person with one soul and two bodies. Mayyazhi is his past and Delhi the present. When Mayyazhi always gives the feeling of nostalgia and dreams, Delhi acquaints him with burning realities. It was when he started living in Delhi that he started recognising the bitter experiences of life.

Mukundan is of opinion that like historians writers cannot draw a clear border between the past and the present experience. A novelist's imagination always roams around the present and the past simultaneously. That is why Mukundan fails to draw a clear cut line between Delhi and Mayyazhi.

But most of Mukundan works are done while residing in Delhi. He couldn't produce much during his stay in Mayyazhi though Mayyazhi provided him enough of dreams, ideas verbal pictures and inspiration to write. His craft could find expression only while he was in Delhi. Mukundan carried with him a cloth bag filled with papers and pen and any place was suitable for him to write, whether it be the railway station where the pilgrims rush

in or the banks of the Ganges or even the wet stone steps of 'Brahmakund'.

Though Mukundan reached Delhi seeking a job, his major obsession was writing. All his thoughts were centered on this great desire for self expression. He says :

When I went to see the Red fort for the first time it was not the historical sense that was awakened in me. It was only a great desire to write. Emperor Aurangaseeb or Shajahan didn't enter my mind. As the sun getsunk in the Yamuna, the crimson shadow of the Red fort stretched towards Chandini Chowk. There, looking at Juma masjid, the lines of the novel I would write in the future appeared clearly before my mind. (Bhaspozhim July 98 - 6)

(ആദ്യമായി ചെങ്കോട്ട കാണുവാൻ പോയപ്പോൾ എനിൽ ഉള്ളത് ചരിത്രബോധമായിരുന്നില്ല. എഴുതുവാനുള്ള ആഗ്രഹം മാത്രമായിരുന്നു. ഔറംഗസീബ് ചക്രവർത്തിയോ ഷാജഹാനോ എന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ കടന്നുവന്നില്ല. സൂര്യൻ യമുനയിലേക്ക് താണപ്പോൾ, ചെങ്കോട്ടയുടെ ചുവന്ന നിഴൽ ചാന്ദിനി ചൗക്കിന്റെ നേരെ നീണ്ടുവന്നു. അവിടെ ജുമാ മസ്ജിദിലേക്ക് നോക്കി നിൽക്കുമ്പോൾ ഭാവിയിൽ എഴുതുവാൻ പോകുന്ന നോവലിലെ വരികൾ എന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ തെളിഞ്ഞുവന്നു).

Sitting on the banks of the Yamuna Mukundan was thinking nostalgically about Mayyazhi river. Mayyazhi river is the one which flows forever with water full to the brim. It flows with a strong yearning to embrace the bosom of the Arabian Sea. This small river has its own small history and small myths. It was Mukundan's habit to walk along the river banks ruminating on these. This is how *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil* engendered in his mind. That novel which he had dreamed of writing at the age of fifteen became a reality only when he was staying in Delhi and that too when he was twenty five years old.

The languages Mukundan has learnt from his childhood is the language of North Malabar. According to Mukundan it was more hot and pungent than sweet. *Mayyazhi Puzhayude Theerangalil* and *Daiwathinte Vikrithikal* tell how the colonial experience formed the defining force in the social and inter - personal relations of the people. Both these novels are set in the small French enclave of Mayyazhi in north Kerala. The French maintained a distance from the colonised as a strategy of control, but their cultural and ideological influence was quite pervasive. The people lived in awe and admiration and inturn aided the perpetuation of their own subjection. But colonialism has its own inherent discontents which surface in a manner to spell its own

doom. How that occurred is the theme of *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil*. *Daivathinte Vikrithikal* is concerned with a post colonial society, struggling to emerge out of its past. As Sri. K. N. Panicker observes:

Mayyazhi captures the nuances of colonial hegemony, its ideological influence, cultural manifestations and political practices. The entire social terrain of the principality, meticulously constructed in the backdrop of colonial rule, forms the universe of the novel. It traverses a broad spectrum of social relations, from the colonial administrator to the street beggar, underlining how power relations are negotiated at different levels of society. (Novel as Imagined History - The Hindu April 4 1999)

The focus of the novel *Mayyazhi Puzhayude Theerangalil* is on the members of two close knit families who are victims of colonialism, though in different ways - the families of Leslie Sahib, a Eurasian and the owner of a wine shop and Damu, a writer in the local court. Colonialism is the defining feature in the life of their families from which they find it hard to get away. Colonialism has its immense influence on the life of the subjected, both its collaborators and its opponents.

Mayyazhi offers Dasan the colonial patronage which he readily declines, to lead the national liberation struggle. His grand mother Kurumbiamma had great hopes about Dasan. She looked forward to Dasan becoming a colonial official in the image of the European she had idealised. She was shattered by the fact that her grand son was spear heading a movement to oust the French. But till her death she continued to nurse the hope of the possible return to the old order. Dasan's rejection of the colonial patronage leads to severe strain in father son relationship and Damu writer unable to bear the strain disowns the son. The triumph of the nation thus brought tragedy for the individual. They lived an unreal existence unable to renounce the past and ill-equipped to face the present.

Daivathinte Vikruthikal which in many ways is a sequel to the first, is an exploration of the post-colonial reality. The story begins twenty five years after independence. While people are reaching out to new avenues and opportunities, vestiges of colonialism linger on. The burden of colonial baggage was like a mill stone on the necks of many which was not easy to discard. As a result they lived an unreal existence, unable to renounce the past and ill-equipped to face the present.

Alphonsachan and his wife Maggi Madamma epitomised this dilemma. During the colonial rule Alphonsachan earned his livelihood by performing magic to entertain the colonial elite. The end of colonialism deprived him of this patronage and the source of income. He knew no other trade. He continued the old practice of turning pebbles into candies and distributing them to local children. Alphonsachan and his wife continued to live in an imagined world of colonial past, unable to come to terms with the changed reality of colonial society. As colonial discards they were socially marginalised, economically impoverished and morally dehumanised. Mukundan attempts the interrogation of colonialism as an intellectual, cultural or political phenomenon.

Leslie Sahib is a link between the “colonial” and the “native”, socially and culturally. He mediated between the coloniser and colonised both through his life and vocation, as Leslie Sahib made his living selling wine, which figures as a metaphor of French culture. Unlike his father who kept wine within the limited circle, Leslie Sahib made it accessible to everybody. There was hardly anybody in Mayyazhi who had not tasted wine from Leslie Sahib’s shop.

Wine plays a leading role in the life of the people of Mayyazhi. It was the very life blood of the people. The natives are

crazy to get intoxicated and the congregation usually meet in toddy or arrack shops. Apart from imparting intoxication, liquor helps the poor bringing temporary forgetfulness. The poor love to get momentary release from their sad predicament. The drunkards of Mayyazhi like Kunjanan and Unni Nair received the shock of their lives when the news was spread that prohibition was to be implemented in Mayyazhi. The very idea of Mayyazhi people becoming teetotallers was paradoxical. The narrator in Mayyazhi remarks;

The liquor that flowed in Mayyazhi... It was something special about the place. Their story of liquor started even days back the generation of Clemam sahib. Vaisravanan Chettiar who got transformed into a snake, the Settus, the Konginis, who are Magicians, the pilgrims who flow in for the festival of Mayyazhi Church.... all of them came to Mayyazhi for different purposes. But all of them entertained a common purpose... the liquor that flows in Mayyazhi.

(318)

(മയ്യഴിയുടെ പ്രത്യേകതകളിൽ ഒന്നായിരുന്നു അവിടെ ഒഴുകിയിരുന്ന മദ്യം. മദ്യത്തിന്റെ കഥ ക്ലൈമാ സായ്വിന്റെ തലമുറയ്ക്കും എത്രയോ മുമ്പ് തുടങ്ങുന്നു. സർപ്പമായി മാറിയ വൈശ്രവണൻ ചെട്ടിയാർ, ശേട്ടുമാർ, ജലവിദ്യക്കാരായ

കൊങ്ങിണികൾ, മയ്യഴിപ്പെരുന്നാളിന് പ്രവഹിക്കുന്ന തീർത്ഥാടകർ... ഇവരൊക്കെ വിവിധോദ്ദേശങ്ങളോടെയായിരുന്നു മയ്യഴിയിൽ വന്നിരുന്നത്. പക്ഷേ അവർക്കെല്ലാം പൊതുവായ ഒരു ഉദ്ദേശമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. മയ്യഴിയിൽ ഒഴുകിയിരുന്ന മദ്യം.

A true picture of Delhi of the late sixties is presented before our very eyes. Aravindan reaches Delhi and he takes a Taxi and is very much alert to the sights around.

The street looked like a festival ground. Buses which quenched their hunger by eating up the travellers were moving fast. Sending out a noisy belch, chariots drawn by skinny horses were crawling on their knees along the road. Inside where the eunuchs... ugly and deformed bodies covered up in cheap and colourful saris.. pendants hanging from their ears. Beedi smoke flies from lips made red.. clouds hanging above the grey tall buildings. (Delhi....8).

(നിരത്ത് പുരപ്പറമ്പ് പോലെയുണ്ട്. യാത്രക്കാരെ തിന്ന് വിശപ്പടക്കിയ ബസ്സുകൾ ഏമ്പക്കമിട്ടുകൊണ്ട് പാഞ്ഞു. ചാവാലി കുതിരകളെ കെട്ടിയ റേഡുകൾ മുട്ടുകുത്തിയിഴഞ്ഞു. ഒരു റേഡനിറയെ നപുംസകങ്ങളാണ്... കടും നിറത്തിലുള്ള വിലകുറഞ്ഞ ചേലയിൽ പൊതിഞ്ഞ വൈരുപ്യം... തോളിൽ ഡോലക്. ചുവ

പിച്ച് ചിരികളിൽ ബീഡിപ്പുക പറക്കുന്നു. ഒട്ടകത്തെ കെട്ടിയ മറ്റൊരു റേഡ് കുലുങ്ങിക്കുലുങ്ങി എതിരെ വരുന്നുണ്ട്. ആകാശം ചാരനിറമുള്ള ഉന്നതമായ കെട്ടിടങ്ങൾക്കുമുകളിൽ തങ്ങി നിൽക്കുന്നു.)

While in Delhi, Aravindan is haunted by his memories of Mayyazhi. He cannot forget the people of Mayyazhi with whom he had very close associations. He could still inhale the smell of Janu. Inside him there was the burning sensation of Anthony's arrack.

Janu will be there in Delhi. Anthony also will be there. So many Janu's. So many Anthonies. Janu who speaks Punjabi, English, and Sindhi... Anthony who speaks Punjabi, English and Sindhi. Thus he hopes to find out the counterparts of Mayyazhi people in Delhi. His identification is justified since people everywhere share, common characteristics.

ഡൽഹിയിൽ ജാനുവുണ്ടാകും. അന്തോണിയുണ്ടാകും. നിരവധി അന്തോണി. നിരവധി ജാനു. പഞ്ചാബിയും ഇംഗ്ലീഷും, സിന്ധിയും സംസാരിക്കുന്ന ജാനു. പഞ്ചാബിയും ഇംഗ്ലീഷും, സിന്ധിയും സംസാരിക്കുന്ന അന്തോണി. (11)

Dehli provides everything nauseating. Mukundan's descriptions of a bus journey conveys the full suffocation we experience inside a thickly packed omni bus. Men are doomed to

suffer all inconveniences and for the people of Delhi, it is a part of their existence and do not have any complaints about this “dull drab dreary” life. Rather they accept it patiently as their lot.

The hands of men prick women like serpents. There is the cyclon of different smells coming from the passengers. The germs of cholera, small pox and tuberculosis fly around. From the lunch boxes mustard oil leaks out and is spilled over the body of the passengers. Inside a thickly packed bus, hanging on the bars, without their feet touching the floor, they discuss politics. Words of abuse.. obscene words.. fighting. (Delhi 33).

(പുരുഷന്മാരുടെ കൈകൾ സർപ്പങ്ങളായി സ്ത്രീകളെ കൊത്തുന്നു. നിരവധി മനുഷ്യരുടെ ദുർഗന്ധങ്ങൾ ചുഴറ്റിയടിക്കുന്നു. ക്ഷയത്തിന്റെയും കോളറയുടെയും വസൂരിയുടെയും അണുക്കൾ പറക്കുന്നു. ഉച്ചഭക്ഷണം അടക്കം ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ടുപോകുന്ന മിഠായിടുന്നുകളിൽ നിന്ന് കടുകെണ്ണ വാർന്നൊഴുകി യാത്രക്കാരുടെ ദേഹത്ത് വീഴുന്നു. ശ്വാസംവിടാൻ സ്ഥലമില്ലാത്ത ബസ്സിൽ കമ്പികളിൽ നിലംതൊടാതെ തുങ്ങിനിന്ന് രാഷ്ട്രീയ ചർച്ച നടത്തുന്നു. ശകാരം.. പുലഭ്യം.. കയ്യാങ്കളി).

Mukundan's works can be considered as a brilliantly patterned paradigm of human nature with Delhi life and

characters coming to the foreground. Delhi as well as Mahe helped Mukundan to weave out technically astounding and highly innovative works of art from the enigma of existence. Thus Mukundan has been able to immortalise Mahe and Delhi. In spite of its dirt and squalor, violence and outrage, he clings to it. With a heart throbbing with passion he continues to love his "dear dirty Delhi".

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Celebration of Love - A Summing up

Daisy Jose “Language of love and loneliness a study in the craftsmanship of two major authors: James Joyce and M. Mukundan ” Thesis. Department of English , University of Calicut, 2006

Celebration of Love - A Summing up

This dissertation has been basically an attempt to study how the languages used by James Joyce and Mukundan operate on both literal and symbolic levels simultaneously without much apparent strain of creditability. Here an attempt is made to identify the unique role of language in capturing the breadth of human thought and endeavour. Language is a means of understanding ourselves and our society. Joyce and Mukundan being experimenters and innovators in their respective tongues, have applied certain techniques to reach at the most satisfying relation of the intelligible and sensible in their portraits of modern man. An artist must recognise the soul of his age that is, must mirror his age and stand for all time. Here what is analysed is the relevance of Joyce and Mukundan in the twentieth century scenario, on the basis of that particular language of love and loneliness to depict modern man's predicament. The world they portray is a strange world, chaotic at times; there is cruelty and there is compassion, side by side. Man is isolated yet he searches for that, which will end his isolation. Man is desperately in need of love and wants to cling to something that is enduring. As St. Paul in his *Epistle to Corinthians* proclaims:

If I speak in the tongues of men and angels, but have not love, I am a noisy going or a clanging cymbal, and if I have prophetic powers and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing. Love is patient and kind, love is not jealous or lustful; It is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its way. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things (1 Corinthians 13.1-7).

Mukundan's approach is not as complex as that of Joyce. He highlights love that is silent. Love is not something to be exhibited. It is to be felt in the blood; felt in the inner recesses of one's heart. It is too deep for tears. It is too sincere and enduring, yet still and silent as in the case of the true love between Dasan and Chandrika in *Mayyazipuzhayude Theerangalil*. In death they are united and the novelist portrays them as the dragon flies that fly over the silver rock's waiting to be reborn.

Salini in Delhi radiates love for all living things around her.

She is willing to love all existing beings. "Saline will love not only a Madrasi, She will love a Bengali, Marathi, Gujrathi, Kashmiri, Rajasthani and Punjabi.

She will love the Hindu, the Muslim and the Christian.

She will love all living being. All things will love her.

She is the darling (Delhi 84)

Joyce presents Bloom to be amazingly resilient and in our world resilience is of great survival value. But more than mere survival or endurance in Bloom we see values and norms as well. He is essentially a man of compassion, of kindness. Many of his acts stem from humanitarian feelings. He undertakes these acts out of a sense of personal concern. He helps a blind beggar across the street and his interior monologue is full of passionate intensity.

"Poor fellow! Quite a boy. Terrible. Really terrible. What dreams would he have, not seeing. Life a dream for him. Where is the justice being born that way" Joyce at one point quite explicitly speaks out:

"Force hatred history, all that, that is not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it is the very opposite of that, that is really life.

"Love "says, Bloom". I mean the opposite of hatred".

{Ulysses 170}

Towards the end of *Ulysses*, Molly radiates love. She comes to understanding of the splendour of the universe. Molly loves flowers, would like to have the whole place swimming in roses, for there is nothing like nature and a 'Benedicite' in its praise sets the tone for the book's conclusion. For, the sea, the fields, crops, cattle, rivers, lakes, flowers, all speak of a God. And from this image memory moves to the day of her first self-giving to Bloom when they lay together on Howth Hill. Among the rhododendrons he told her the sun shone for her. They kissed and he called her a flower of the mountain. That was what won her.

Bloom is to be credited for yet another aspect of his understanding, his acceptance of the world, his fellow men, and himself. Though he feels isolated, he accepts his life - accepts even the existence of his wife's lovers. This equanimity, this acceptance or understanding or compassion in a weapon that is invincible. So Bloom will not only endure, he will prevail. He is very much sure of the immense power of love and makes out a statement, "Love loves to love love" Molly Bloom's repeated utterance of the words "Yes, I will", is an affirmation of love, it is a paean in praise of love, in a lonely desolate world.

APPENDIX

Interview with M. Mukundan

This interview was held on 21.12.2005 at Calicut. The talk was in Malayalam and here the English transation is given.

Question: Have you ever dreamt of becoming a writer?

Answer: Several times I had such dreams. There is a reason for that. Inside me there was the great desire to be a writer. But I had nobody to share my thoughts with. If there is some confidant our desires would come out. When the desires are suppressed, they come out as dreams.

Q. Did you select writing as the medium deliberately. You were also interested in painting. Why did not you turn to that?

A. Writing was the medium I liked best. There are several ways for self-expression. I feel writing is the most effective one. We cannot reveal so much in a painting. What might be depicted in a novel or story cannot be adequately presented in painting. Music, painting and dancing; everything has got its limitations.

Q. Looking back have you ever wished not to be a writer.

A. I cannot even think of such a state when I am not a writer at all. Writing has become part of my life. In one sense writing means living to me. In the beginning it was like a habit. Now it is not so. Earlier I started working out of a desire to write and I managed to find time for that. But

later when my writing continued incessantly for forty years writing has become a part of my life.

Q. Has anyone from the family influenced you in writing.

A. I cannot point out someone in particular. My elder brother M. Raghavan has helped me a lot. He himself is a writer. His compositions came to light in 'Mathrubhumi'. I have great respect for him and there is some intimacy between us—mainly on account of the fact that he too is a writer. Since his writings are not in the mainstream it remains unnoticed. Some of his books are also published.

Q. Even after forty years, Mayyazhi still lingers in your mind?

A. Mayyazhi always provides a haunting experience. But it is something gives you comfort. Otherwise we will get lost amidst the terrifying aspects of this city. It is consoling to hear Mayyazhi calling you back. It gives me the feeling that I am not alone, that I have my space on this earth.

Q. What made you decide to go to Delhi?

A. The sixties, were a period of trials for the youth of Kerala. The youth were disillusioned. There was political unrest also. Unemployment was a major problem. The educated young men were loitering around seeking jobs. The only

resort was going outside. The youth of my age usually assemble in the local libraries to discuss things. Usually people went to Bombay. Most of them got jobs there. When they came back they looked prosperous and hence more people were attracted and started following their path. I also followed suit and went to Delhi. My elder brother was employed in Delhi and so things were easy for me.

Q. How did you start writing for the first time?

A. I started writing short stories first. It was done in secret. There was some delicacy in telling about it to others. So nobody believed when my first story was published. I sent my first story to 'Mathrubhumi' and it came back as such. It was a time when 'Mathrubhumi' entertained such writers of importance as Basheer, Uroob and S.K. Pottkkad. Their stories used to appear in 'Mathrubhumi' illustrated by Devan Mash. I hadn't realized at that time it was foolery on my part to dare to enter their domain. Then I sent that story by name 'Niranthukal' to 'Manorama'. 'Manorama' published it. Thus it became my first published story. My second story 'Veedu' was published from Delhi. It was also sent to 'Mathrubhumi'. It was published many days after I had sent it. I was immensely thrilled. N.V. Krishna Warriar

was the editor. When M.T. became the editor of 'Mathrubhumi' I was lucky to have his patronage.

Q. When did you start writing novels?

A. The desire to write a novel was there from the beginning. I started writing short stories first with the main intention of attempting novel writing. It was the usual procedure in Malayalam literature. My first novel was 'Akanathinte Chuvattil'. It is a short novel. At that time I had a "dark vision" of life. It is reflected in that novel. What I wanted to say was said in a very brief manner. It has got a certain intensity. During those days weeklies were rare. Serialising of novels was not common. The periodicals always preferred established writers. For a novice like me, it was almost impossible to get a novel serialised.

Q. Did you think of publishing the novel then?

A. For that also much option was not there. At that time the only major publishing firms were N.B.S. and 'Sahithya Pravarthaka Sahakarana Sangham'. I knew nobody there I sent the book and like the story, it also came back. Showing my protest I wrote to them. It was a novel with a new language, theme and structure. But the publishers said

that it was a committee that decided not to publish that novel. I never knew the committee members. Still I protested. I wrote to them." You are not aware of the new trends that take place in the field of stories and novels today. This marks a new change in novel writing. Whether it is good or bad is another thing. You have to consider this aspect". For two or three months, there was no response. After that I got a letter to the effect that they have taken into consideration my novel and have decided to publish it.

Q. Who were the other writers at Delhi at that time?

A. There were many writers V.K.N., O.V. Vijayan, Kakkanadan and Jayadevan were some of them. 'Khasakinte Ithihasam' was not yet published. Vijayan was concentrating on cartoons. He was not recognised as a writer at that time.

Q. You had returned to Mahe with a desire to complete a novel. But you have said that you couldn't write anything while at Mahe. Why is to so?

A. It is true. It is because habits get changed there. In Delhi I follow certain habits and practices. These things help our writing. When we get out of there we get embarrassed that is the reason why I find it difficult to write outside Delhi. I

used to go to Mahe once in a year. Actually I wanted to take rest for sometime. When I reach Mahe I have many engagements – discussions, debates etc. There will be many visitors too. When I return to Delhi, it is a coming back to my old routine habits and I feel free to write.

Q. So Delhi only helped your creativity?

A. Of course, it is so. Almost all of my works were done in Delhi. I could write only very little from Mahe, most of them stories. Rewriting was sometimes done at Mahe. Sometimes corrections, additions, selections etc., are done there. Some works, sometimes the complete novel itself was copied from Mahe. But I find it extremely difficult to write a novel or story sitting in my native place.

A. It is heard that in *Mayyazhi* and *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* many characters are real persons who live in *Mayyazhi*. Is it so?

A. Many characters I have recreated from life. *Mayyazhipuzha yude Theerangalil* is an old story. So, many of the characters are not alive today. They lived before the time I began writing the story. They were dead and gone long back. It is a sort of recreation from memory. *Daivathinte* is a bit more recent. It

is the story after independence. The main character of the novel was very much alive while I was writing it. I had to face some problem while writing that. Still that character was loitering along the road, wearing some loose garment and pants. It reflects the decline of a particular sect people there. The small number of people who remained in that sect were greatly disturbed. They took it in the negative aspect. So there were protests from some corners.

Saravanan in *Kesavente Vilapangal* is based on a definite model. But he was not politically motivated. There was somebody who resembled Saravanan in shape and manner of talking. In the creation of every character, there will be somebody as model in our mind. The resemblance in physical appearance creates the problem. The nature of a character may be easily determined. Difficulty arises in describing the bodily aspects of the person. For that often we need the help of a living character and problems arise there.

Q. Did you have contacts with any writers at that time?

A. There were no writers around at that time. Pottekkad had married from our place. He used to visit his wife's house occasionally and I have seen him walking through the road

in front of my house. But he had established himself as a writer and so was beyond our reach. He was popular at that time and his novels were in a romantic vein. One could admire him from a distance. That is all.

Q. Kunjanathan Master? was he a live character.

Yes there was such a person. He is a character of importance in Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil. He was a voracious reader and a man of practical knowledge. He has influenced me greatly.

Q. When did you write Mayyazhipuzhayude Theerangalil? Have you ever thought of changing the course of events and format of the story.

I started writing that story at the age of twenty five. But after finishing the first draft I discarded it. The title and the characters were the same. But, the language, style and structure were totally different. In the writing of a novel the writer has to face some problems while writing we get immersed in full enthusiasm. The writer may not know his short-comings. I sent the finished product to N.V. Krishnawarrier and M.T. Vasudevan Nair. I did not think of getting it published. I wanted it to be read by somebody.

This experience is something natural with writers. Even O.V. Vijayan had such experiences with his famous novel '*Khasakinte Ithihasam*'. In the initial stage one has to depend on somebody. We get self-confidence only later. We need others help to recognise our identity. I destroyed the first version of the book. I never wanted to keep it.

Q. How much of your personal self is there in the characters you created?

A. I have created certain characters who possess some ideology similar to that of mine. I have personally come into contact with many of them. 'Prabhakaran' in *Avilayile Sooryodhayam*, Dasan in *Mayyazhi*. Saravanan of *Kesavanite Vilapangal* are just a few to mention I transfer to these characters what I stand for. Saravan is expressing views, which I myself wanted to convey often. When I feel like saying something of my own will, I create a character who can be my spokesman. There was a time in *Mayyazhi* when the political condition was such as described in the story of Prabhakaran.

Q. Could you please mention the name of the character whom you love best

A. The emotional attachment that one might have to different characters may differ in degree. The writer looks at his characters, not as characters, but as human beings. Often I felt it that way. For me they are living characters. In his days of youth, a young man cherishes his dreams about ideal female beauty. To me Chandrika of *Mayyazhi* is such a woman. She is the model of the woman I loved best. Another character I loved and respected with all my heart is Kunjanathan Master. It is specially so since there was a role model for such a character. The same respect and love I have for that living character, I transfer to that character also. For some other characters I have great sympathy. Such a character is Elsie of *Daiwanthinte*. There is great pathos there since it is indeed tragic to witness the transformation of a quiet innocent pure girl into a prostitute I told you earlier, there is a slice of my personal self in characters like, Dasan, Aravindan and Ramesh Panicker.

Q. Have you ever had the experience of some characters going away from your grasp?

A. Only rarely it has happened so. Kesavan of *Kesavante Vilapangal* is such a one. As the story progressed Kesavan slipped away from my control Kesavan underwent total

changes. I never visualized Kesavan becoming a drunkard. He was not that type. Generally speaking he was a strong character. A writer usually experiences a feeling of emptiness when he finishes his project. When the work is over, he feels that he has nothing else to do. That has happened in the case of Kesavan also. A totally lost feeling. I too had the same feeling, when I finished writing the novel about E.M.S. It was a novel, the plot of which I carried in my mind for a long period. All my anxieties and worries find expression in it. Now I doubt whether I transferred it all to Kesavan, or Kesavan gave it to me. It happens very rarely in a novel. Usually I keep my character within my control. But in Kesavan's case it, was different.

Q. Do such things happen in short stories also?

A. When I write a story, the first sentence is controlled by the last sentence. Always the first sentence comes out with the last in my view. It is not the case with novels. There are lot of episodes and characters. So things are not always under perfect control as in the case of the short stories.

Q. You have developed a readability by writing in simple and easily understandable prose. Have you made conscious efforts to avoid unintelligibility at a time when writers

thought it to be fashionable to write in a way people cannot easily understand what they write?

A. Initially it happened so naturally. But later when I needed to convey more complicated issues, I was conscious to present it in simple language. If the language also is a bit complicated while speaking about difficult issues, readers would find it quite difficult to follow things. Generally speaking, writers who deal with great ideas, communicate it in simple language. The best example is that of Albert Camus. He is the one who wrote in the most beautiful and powerful language. Yet the language of outsider is so simple. At that time there were writers who wrote in the most difficult language possible. But those people did not become popular. They were confined to the academic circles alone. They couldn't impress the average readers. Among us the most lovable and readable author is Basheer. I personally feel that to write in simple, intelligible language is a difficult matter.

Q. What are the things that helped in the creation of a language of simplicity.

A. To use simple language is important. But more than that what is required is making the language attractive also. One

has to introduce new images. For that I made use of the possibilities of the media of cinema, painting etc. The new trends in language are mainly applied in film. The film of Godar are examples. They totally re-structured the language. In literature, though great changes have taken place regarding themes, you cannot see much change in the structure and form of the language. From the new films we can get inspiration about the manner of narration, repetitions etc. A new language never comes up from within it is from without. What is needed is exposure. One can see pictures, films, listen to music and see dramas. Out of these things a new language may be created.

- Q. What about your reading habits. It is heard that you do not read from the beginning. You start reading from wherever you please. Is that the case with your writing also?
- A. Not so. There is some regularity in the manner of writing. But reading is different. While reading our intention is to understand things. For that one can turn to pages at random and decide whether it is worth reading at all. If it is worthy of reading, I start from the beginning. In the case of writing, such a method is not practical. I should have an

idea of the whole story first. Sometimes I will have the complete sentences in my mind.

Q. You have said that *Mayyazhipuzhyayude Theerangalil* is the novel which was greatly acclaimed. Do you find any special reason for its wide readership.

A. The readers of my earlier novels were mainly the youth. The young generation widely appreciated the novels *Avilayile Sooryodayam* and *Delhi*. These novels were not accepted by all whereas *Pottekad* and *Uroob* were welcomed widely. That kind of acceptance I got with the writing of *Mayyazhipuzhayude Theeranalil*. Through it I got my footing as a novelist. People of all ages appreciated it. A copy of it was kept in most of the houses. Once an old lady of eighty I met in a temple in Delhi recognised me and talked with me about "*Kurumbiamma*". *Mayyazhi* is a story that is very much in touch with the soil of this land. Apart from the legends and myths, and the exotic life of the French and the mixed race, it is very much a novel of the land of Kerala and its people.

Q. About your female characters. Do you craft them out of your acquaintances or are they totally the creation of your imagination.

As I told earlier, for the creation of a character we need some models. It should resemble somebody we know. It is to be endowed with a body. We get it from somewhere. Chandrika of Mayyazhi has traits of some other women. It is mainly imagined. All the women characters except Kurumbiamma, are the creations of imagination. The main reason is that women were not directly involved in Independence struggle. More-over there was no interaction between men and women. There was a kind of separation. A sort of demarcation. The society of the times insisted on that. Naturally in the world of the young men, there were only young men. In the space where the young man moves, women had no role. So I had to create my female characters from my dreams, from my imagination.

Q. How far have you been influenced by French literature?

A. Since I was in the French Embassy I got opportunity to come into contact with French literature and writers. For some twelve years I was in charge of the books section. I could buy enough of French books. It was the time when Sartre and Camus reigned supreme. My love for the French had started earlier – Victor Hugo's *The Poor* was the book I

had read when I was fifteen. Novels of such broad canvas attracted me.

My outlook on life is also influenced by French literature. It is somewhat, dark. My acquaintance with French art and painting also helped in the form and structure of my novels. The form of my novel Delhi has evolved from French painting. Our literature is greatly conditioned by our circumstances.

Q. Which is your favourite medium short story or novel?

A. Without hesitation I can tell you, it is the novel. It gives a lot of freedom. The canvas is wide and unlimited. There are no limitations or restrictions. The novel has a wider readership also. Story writing necessitates a discipline. The format of the story demands great care and attention in comprising the emotions without limitations.

Q. How do you assess Malayalam writers?

A. There are great writers. Uroob has done wonderful work. Basheer is loved and appreciated by all. When compared with world classics we stand to lose. There is nobody who can be compared with a novelist like Dostovsky or for that matter even with Bankim Chandra Chatterji. They portray

a vast expanse. Their works have the universal appeal which we cannot claim to possess.

Q. Before you start writing do you develop a blue print of the whole story?

A. Definitely, I start writing only when the whole design is planned. But usually during the course of writing changes come automatically. I cannot help it. Sometimes total changes take place sometimes partial. I always prefer complete freedom in writing.

Q. Haven't you felt that the Malayalam tongue has limitations.

A. I have always felt it, sometimes, the writer feels helpless. In the portrayal of different emotions, what we need is the apt word. Especially when one deals with new theories, new emotions words matter a lot. In English this is not the case. English language is being renewed every time. It adopts words from various languages, and the growth is continuous, whereas we stand still. This problem I felt quite badly when I was writing the novel *Nritham*'.

Q. What is your assessment of the changes that have come over Malayalam language?

A In the olden times we could easily assess things. There were only a limited number of writers. Now things have changed. Today we find a variety of writings. The latest trends could be seen in the novels of N.S. Madhavan. We can see the new possibilities there. Each separate age has created its own new language in Malayalam.

Once it was O.V. Vijayan's language that influenced us most. But Madhavan's language disturbs us. It pricks us. Anand has a different style. His language conveys, coldness, numbness, pain and constantly disturbs us. This gives some comfort, since it tells you that language is not dead. It is growing or changing. I don't think such drastic changes take place in other Indian languages, not even in Hindi.

Q. Do you find any change of style in the French language.

A. Some writers have started attempting a new style. It is somewhat a "matter of fact" style. You don't find much images and symbols there. Nature descriptions are also not found now. Even now we say something on nature and its splendour in the novels. But there it is not so. So writers resort to ideology. What they want to do is to convey ideas in a 'down to earth' language. The romantic traits tend to

disappear. The total subjective approach has been abandoned.

Q. In some of your novels, 'Time' has a role to play. It is presented more or less like a silent character'. How do you see it?

A. The writer in me is walking along with time. Time never stands motionless. One has to be keen, to be alert with the movement of time. *Mayyazhi* produced a kind of nostalgia. Though I went back with time, the idea conveyed through it was quite contemporary. In many other works I had been moving along with time. In *Haridwaril Manikal Muzhangunnu* also you find the going back in years, yet the problem of the contemporary time is dealt within it. In *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* and *Kesavente Vilapanjal* I walk along with time. In *Nritham*, I discuss very much the 'present time' the language of the time, the technical devices, the complexities of the modern age. So we feel that it is a novel of the 'present'.

Q. What are your experiences while translating your novels into English? Did the process of editing bring out drastic changes?

A. The novelist in Malayalam are not much bothered about the structure. There is no question of editing. The editors or publishers do not take much care in editing a novel. The writers are also not in favour of that. They do not like changes being made in their works. But the English people are very much particular about editing. When *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* was published by penguin books. They wanted me to do to the editing. I typed it in my computer and conscientiously edited the whole thing. Later it was re-edited by Penguin with the permission of the translator Prema Vijayakumar.

Q. Did this thing happen in the French Translation also?

A. Such problems arose while translating into French also. They couldn't agree to giving space to some characters which they thought to be unnecessary. For example their opinion was that a character like "Shandan Sahib" in *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* was given more space than necessary. They could not stand certain techniques like the shifting from present to past and vice versa. The narration of past mingled with the present was also not acceptable. The reason is that their reading and thinking have got a logical pattern. They couldn't go beyond that. We are used to

reading and understanding our epics like *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* where the stories do not move in a straight line. They move, backward, forward and also sideways.

Q. How do you assess criticism? What is your reaction to it?

A. I honestly feel that criticism is essential. True criticism moves in a parallel line with creative writing. Creative writing cannot fruitfully exist without healthy criticism. A writer may not be in a position to understand his weaknesses and limitations. We don't recognise the scent of our body. No writer can say that what he writes is perfect. It is with the help of the critics we come to know where we stand personally I have benefited from even adverse criticism from many corners. It is heartening to mention that for *Daivathinte Vikruthikal* penguin books published twenty reviews and I personally consider it an honour.

Q. Do you develop any sort of intimacy with your characters?

A. There is no doubt about it. The characters are the creations of our intimate thoughts and feelings and so there is no staying away from them. Certain characters are so intimate and touching that there is always the haunting sensation. For example I have always felt such a feeling for 'Gashton' in

Divanthinte Vikruthikal. I was very much disturbed after the creation of Elsie in the same novel. The unearned suffering of such a young innocent girl disturbs me constantly. The same is my relationship with characters like Dasan and Chandrika of *Mayyazhayude Theerangalil* and Aravindan of *Delhi*.

Q. What do you think of the present condition of Malayalam. Do you find Malayalam language developing new vocabulary?

A. The subjective treatment of life and the imaginative aspects, these are the things our people like most in our literature. That is what we relish in our writers like M.T. Vasudevan Nair. This aspect will continue to have its influence in one way or other. Now one major problem is the interference of English language. Certain words, we cannot do away with eg. the word 'Computer'. We also use the word 'thanks'. There is no harm in using such terms. But we have to be careful to keep up the integrity of our language.

Q. Do you think that language is losing its hold?

A. Now-a-days people do not give much attention to the structure and grammar of language. There is much

distortion in its use. Nobody is bothered about the discrepancies. The rules of grammar are not strictly adhered to by many writers. The relaxation in the use of metre in poetry is doing some harm. Now anybody can write a poem. This was widely accepted as a welcome change initially. But the quality of the writing is mostly lost. When it comes to writing prose difficulties occur.

Q. But people think, writing in prose is easier?

A. It is believed so since we are not aware of the true nature of writing. For eg. while writing a novel, the novelists face many problems. One such problem is regarding the filling of the space in a novel, you cannot write anything and everything to fill a page. There is something like the architecture of a building. A writer should have good command of language. Mere plot and characters, are not enough. It is a great challenge for many writers.

Q. Have you ever found the reaction of the readers to be disappointing?

A. I never had such an experience. But I was a bit disturbed by the reactions from the part of certain writers and critics. Often readers responses are spontaneous. There is no

grudge between the writer and reader. The readers will honestly express their opinions. But critics and writers are sometimes conditioned. There are certain elements that control their opinions. Sometimes they are led by different motivations- personal or political. Sometimes differences are due to ideological principles also.

Q. Do you take into account the readers of your stories while you are writing?

A. I don't have any thoughts about the readers while I am writing or even before I start writing. When a work is published, such things come into consideration. The writer is anxious about the acceptance of his work. How can we define a reader. It is something abstract. Readers have separate tastes. So it is not possible to appease the different kinds of people. One reader may not like that which another reader likes. So the best thing is to forget the reader completely and get totally immersed in writing. After the publication one gets interested in the reactions of the readers. At that time the writer has no control over the work. It becomes the property of the reader. It is the readers turn to accept or reject it.

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