MAA OMWATI DEGREE COLLEGE

HASSANPUR (PALWAL)

SUBJECT – TRAVEL LITERATURE

CLASS – M.A ENGLISH

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JOSEPH CONRAD

Joseph Conrad (born Józef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski, Polish: [ˈjuzɛf tɛˈɔdɔr ˈkɔnrat kɔʐɛˈɲɔfskʲi] ⓘ; 3 December 1857 – 3 August 1924) was a Polish-British novelist and story writer. He is regarded as one of the greatest writers in the English language and – though he did not speak English fluently until his twenties (always with a strong foreign accent) – became a master prose stylist who brought a non-English sensibility into English literature.

He wrote novels and stories, many in nautical settings, that depicted crises of human individuality in the midst of what he saw as an indifferent, inscrutable, and amoral world.

Conrad is considered a literary impressionist by some and an early modernist by others, though his works also contain elements of 19th-century realism. His narrative style and anti-heroic characters, as in Lord Jim, have influenced numerous authors. Many dramatic films have been adapted from and inspired by his works.

Numerous writers and critics have commented that his fictional works, written largely in the first two decades of the 20th century, seem to have anticipated later world events.

Writing near the peak of the British Empire, Conrad drew on the national experiences of his native Poland—during nearly all his life, parcelled out among three occupying empires—and on his own experiences in the French and British merchant navies, to create short stories and novels that reflect aspects of a European-dominated world—including imperialism and colonialism—and that profoundly explore the human psyche.

Life

Early years

Conrad was born on 3 December 1857 in Berdychiv (Polish: Berdyczów), Ukraine, then part of the Russian Empire; the region had once been part of the Crown of the Kingdom of Poland. He was the

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only child of Apollo Korzeniowski—a writer, translator, political activist, and would-be revolutionary—and his wife Ewa Bobrowska. He was christened Józef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski after his maternal grandfather Józef, his paternal grandfather Teodor, and the heroes (both named "Konrad") of two poems by Adam Mickiewicz, Dziady and Konrad Wallenrod. His family called him "Konrad", rather than "Józef".

Though the vast majority of the surrounding area's inhabitants were Ukrainians, and the great majority of Berdychiv's residents were Jewish, almost all the countryside was owned by the Polish szlachta (nobility), to which Conrad's family belonged as bearers of the Nałęcz coat-of-arms. Polish literature, particularly patriotic literature, was held in high esteem by the area's Polish population.

Poland had been divided among Prussia, Austria and Russia in 1795. The Korzeniowski family had played a significant role in Polish attempts to regain independence. Conrad's paternal grandfather Teodor had served under Prince Józef Poniatowski during Napoleon's Russian campaign and had formed his own cavalry squadron during the November 1830 Uprising of Poland-Lithuania against the Russian Empire. Conrad's fiercely patriotic father Apollo belonged to the "Red" political faction, whose goal was to re-establish the pre-partition boundaries of Poland and that also advocated land reform and the abolition of serfdom. Conrad's subsequent refusal to follow in Apollo's footsteps, and his choice of exile over resistance, were a source of lifelong guilt for Conrad.

Because of the father's attempts at farming and his political activism, the family moved repeatedly. In May 1861 they moved to Warsaw, where Apollo joined the resistance against the Russian Empire. He was arrested and imprisoned in Pavilion X – the dread Tenth Pavilion – of the Warsaw Citadel. Conrad would write: "[I]n the courtyard of this Citadel—characteristically for our nation—my childhood memories begin." On 9 May 1862 Apollo and his family were exiled to Vologda, 500 kilometres (310 mi) north of Moscow and known for its bad climate. In January 1863 Apollo's sentence was commuted, and the family was sent to Chernihiv in northeast Ukraine, where conditions were much better. However, on 18 April 1865 Ewa died of tuberculosis.

Apollo did his best to teach Conrad at home. The boy's early reading introduced him to the two elements that later dominated his life: in Victor Hugo's Toilers of the Sea, he encountered the sphere of activity to which he would devote his

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youth; Shakespeare brought him into the orbit of English literature. Most of all, though, he read Polish Romantic poetry. Half a century later he explained that

"The Polishness in my works comes from Mickiewicz and Słowacki. My father read [Mickiewicz's] Pan Tadeusz aloud to me and made me read it aloud.... I used to prefer [Mickiewicz's] Konrad Wallenrod [and] Grażyna. Later I preferred Słowacki. You know why Słowacki?... [He is the soul of all Poland]".

In the autumn of 1866 young Conrad was sent for a year-long retreat, for health reasons, to Kiev and his mother's family estate at Novofastiv [de].

In December 1867 Apollo took his son to the Austrian-held part of Poland, which for two years had been enjoying considerable internal freedom and a degree of self-government. After sojourns in Lwów and several smaller localities, on 20 February 1869 they moved to Kraków (until 1596 the capital of Poland), likewise in Austrian Poland. A few months later, on 23 May 1869, Apollo Korzeniowski died, leaving Conrad orphaned at the age of eleven. Like Conrad's mother, Apollo had been gravely ill with tuberculosis.

The young Conrad was placed in the care of Ewa's brother, Tadeusz Bobrowski. Conrad's poor health and his unsatisfactory schoolwork caused his uncle constant problems and no end of financial outlay. Conrad was not a good student; despite tutoring, he excelled only in geography. At that time he likely received only private tutoring, as there is no evidence he attended any school regularly. Since the boy's ill health was clearly of nervous origin, the physicians supposed that fresh air and physical work would harden him; his uncle hoped that well-defined duties and the rigors of work would teach him discipline. Since he showed little inclination to study, it was essential that he learn a trade; his uncle thought he could work as a sailor-cum-businessman, who would combine maritime skills with commercial activities. In the autumn of 1871, thirteen-year-old Conrad announced his intention to become a sailor. He later recalled that as a child he had read (apparently in French translation) Leopold McClintock's book about his 1857–59 expeditions in the Fox, in search of Sir John Franklin's lost ships Erebus and Terror. Conrad also recalled having read books by the American James Fenimore Cooper and the English Captain Frederick Marryat. A playmate of his adolescence recalled that Conrad spun fantastic yarns, always set at sea, presented so realistically that listeners thought the action was happening before their eyes.

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In August 1873 Bobrowski sent fifteen-year-old Conrad to Lwów to a cousin who ran a small boarding house for boys orphaned by the 1863 Uprising; group conversation there was in French. The owner's daughter recalled:

He stayed with us ten months... Intellectually he was extremely advanced but [he] disliked school routine, which he found tiring and dull; he used to say... he... planned to become a great writer.... He disliked all restrictions. At home, at school, or in the living room he would sprawl unceremoniously. He... suffer[ed] from severe headaches and nervous attacks.

Conrad had been at the establishment for just over a year when in September 1874, for uncertain reasons, his uncle removed him from school in Lwów and took him back to Kraków.

On 13 October 1874 Bobrowski sent the sixteen-year-old to Marseilles, France, for Conrad's planned merchant-marine career on French merchant ships, providing him with a monthly stipend of 150 francs. Though Conrad had not completed secondary school, his accomplishments included fluency in French (with a correct accent), some knowledge of Latin, German and Greek; probably a good knowledge of history, some geography, and probably already an interest in physics. He was well read, particularly in Polish Romantic literature. He belonged to the second generation in his family that had had to earn a living outside the family estates. They were born and reared partly in the milieu of the working intelligentsia, a social class that was starting to play an important role in Central and Eastern Europe. He had absorbed enough of the history, culture and literature of his native land to be able eventually to develop a distinctive world view and make unique contributions to the literature of his adoptive Britain.

Tensions that originated in his childhood in Poland and increasing in his adulthood abroad contributed to Conrad's greatest literary achievements. Zdzisław Najder, himself an emigrant from Poland, observed:

Living away from one's natural environment—family, friends, social group, language—even if it results from a conscious decision, usually gives rise to... internal tensions, because it tends to make people less sure of themselves, more vulnerable, less certain of their... position and... value... The Polish szlachta and... intelligentsia were social strata in which reputation... was felt... very important... for a feeling of self-worth. Men strove... to find confirmation of their... self-regard... in the eyes of others... Such a psychological heritage forms both a spur

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to ambition and a source of constant stress, especially if [one has been inculcated with] the idea of [one]'s public duty...

Some critics have suggested that when Conrad left Poland, he wanted to break once and for all with his Polish past. In refutation of this, Najder quotes from Conrad's 14 August 1883 letter to family friend Stefan Buszczyński, written nine years after Conrad had left Poland:

... I always remember what you said when I was leaving [Kraków]: "Remember"—you said—"wherever you may sail, you are sailing towards Poland!" That I have never forgotten, and never will forget!

Merchant marine

In Marseille Conrad had an intense social life, often stretching his budget. A trace of these years can be found in the northern Corsica town of Luri, where there is a plaque to a Corsican merchant seaman, Dominique Cervoni, whom Conrad befriended. Cervoni became the inspiration for some of Conrad's characters, such as the title character of the 1904 novel Nostromo. Conrad visited Corsica with his wife in 1921, partly in search of connections with his long-dead friend and fellow merchant seaman.

In late 1877, Conrad's maritime career was interrupted by the refusal of the Russian consul to provide documents needed for him to continue his service. As a result, Conrad fell into debt and, in March 1878, he attempted suicide. He survived, and received further financial aid from his uncle, allowing him to resume his normal life. After nearly four years in France and on French ships, Conrad joined the British merchant marine, enlisting in April 1878 (he had most likely started learning English shortly before).

For the next fifteen years, he served under the Red Ensign. He worked on a variety of ships as crew member (steward, apprentice, able seaman) and then as third, second and first mate, until eventually achieving captain's rank. During the 19 years from the time that Conrad had left Kraków, in October 1874, until he signed off the Adowa, in January 1894, he had worked in ships, including long periods in port, for 10 years and almost 8 months. He had spent just over 8 years at sea—9 months of it as a passenger. His sole captaincy took place in 1888–89, when he commanded the barque Otago from Sydney to Mauritius.

During a brief call in India in 1885–86, 28-year-old Conrad sent five letters to Joseph Spiridion, a Pole eight years his senior whom he had befriended

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at Cardiff in June 1885, just before sailing for Singapore in the clipper ship Tilkhurst. These letters are Conrad's first preserved texts in English. His English is generally correct but stiff to the point of artificiality; many fragments suggest that his thoughts ran along the lines of Polish syntax and phraseology.

More importantly, the letters show a marked change in views from those implied in his earlier correspondence of 1881–83. He had abandoned "hope for the future" and the conceit of "sailing [ever] toward Poland", and his Panslavic ideas. He was left with a painful sense of the hopelessness of the Polish question and an acceptance of England as a possible refuge. While he often adjusted his statements to accord to some extent with the views of his addressees, the theme of hopelessness concerning the prospects for Polish independence often occurs authentically in his correspondence and works before 1914.

The year 1890 marked Conrad's first return to Poland, where he would visit his uncle and other relatives and acquaintances. This visit took place while he was waiting to proceed to the Congo Free State, having been hired by Albert Thys, deputy director of the Société Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut-Congo. Conrad's association with the Belgian company, on the Congo River, would inspire his novella, Heart of Darkness. During this 1890 period in the Congo, Conrad befriended Roger Casement, who was also working for Thys, operating a trading and transport station in Matadi. In 1903, as British Consul to Boma, Casement was commissioned to investigate abuses in the Congo, and later in Amazonian Peru, and was knighted in 1911 for his advocacy of human rights. Casement later became active in Irish Republicanism after leaving the British consular service.

Conrad left Africa at the end of December 1890, arriving in Brussels by late January of the following year. He rejoined the British merchant marines, as first mate, in November. When he left London on 25 October 1892 aboard the passenger clipper ship Torrens, one of the passengers was William Henry Jacques, a consumptive Cambridge University graduate who died less than a year later on 19 September 1893. According to Conrad's A Personal Record, Jacques was the first reader of the still-unfinished manuscript of Conrad's Almayer's Folly. Jacques encouraged Conrad to continue writing the novel.

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Conrad completed his last long-distance voyage as a seaman on 26 July 1893 when the *Torrens* docked at London and "J. Conrad Korzemowin"—per the certificate of discharge—debarked.

When the Torrens had left Adelaide on 13 March 1893, the passengers had included two young Englishmen returning from Australia and New Zealand: 25-year-old lawyer and future novelist John Galsworthy; and Edward Lancelot Sanderson, who was going to help his father run a boys' preparatory school at Elstree. They were probably the first Englishmen and non-sailors with whom Conrad struck up a friendship and he would remain in touch with both. In one of Galsworthy's first literary attempts, The Doldrums (1895–96), the protagonist—first mate Armand—is modelled after Conrad.

At Cape Town, where the Torrens remained from 17 to 19 May, Galsworthy left the ship to look at the local mines. Sanderson continued his voyage and seems to have been the first to develop closer ties with Conrad. Later that year, Conrad would visit his relatives in Poland and Ukraine once again.

Writer

In the autumn of 1889, Conrad began writing his first novel, Almayer's Folly.

[T]he son of a writer, praised by his [maternal] uncle [Tadeusz Bobrowski] for the beautiful style of his letters, the man who from the very first page showed a serious, professional approach to his work, presented his start on Almayer's Folly as a casual and non-binding incident... [Y]et he must have felt a pronounced need to write. Every page right from th[e] first one testifies that writing was not something he took up for amusement or to pass time. Just the contrary: it was a serious undertaking, supported by careful, diligent reading of the masters and aimed at shaping his own attitude to art and to reality.... [W]e do not know the sources of his artistic impulses and creative gifts.

Conrad's later letters to literary friends show the attention that he devoted to analysis of style, to individual words and expressions, to the emotional tone of phrases, to the atmosphere created by language. In this, Conrad in his own way followed the example of Gustave Flaubert, notorious for searching days on end for le mot juste—for the right word to render the "essence of the matter." Najder opined:

"[W]riting in a foreign language admits a greater temerity in tackling personally sensitive problems, for it leaves uncommitted the most spontaneous, deeper

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reaches of the psyche, and allows a greater distance in treating matters we would hardly dare approach in the language of our childhood. As a rule it is easier both to swear and to analyze dispassionately in an acquired language."

In 1894, aged 36, Conrad reluctantly gave up the sea, partly because of poor health, partly due to unavailability of ships, and partly because he had become so fascinated with writing that he had decided on a literary career. Almayer's Folly, set on the east coast of Borneo, was published in 1895. Its appearance marked his first use of the pen name "Joseph Conrad"; "Konrad" was, of course, the third of his Polish given names, but his use of it—in the anglicised version, "Conrad"—may also have been an homage to the Polish Romantic poet Adam Mickiewicz's patriotic narrative poem, Konrad Wallenrod.

Edward Garnett, a young publisher's reader and literary critic who would play one of the chief supporting roles in Conrad's literary career, had—like Unwin's first reader of Almayer's Folly, Wilfrid Hugh Chesson—been impressed by the manuscript, but Garnett had been "uncertain whether the English was good enough for publication." Garnett had shown the novel to his wife, Constance Garnett, later a translator of Russian literature. She had thought Conrad's foreignness a positive merit.

While Conrad had only limited personal acquaintance with the peoples of Maritime Southeast Asia, the region looms large in his early work. According to Najder, Conrad, the exile and wanderer, was aware of a difficulty that he confessed more than once: the lack of a common cultural background with his Anglophone readers meant he could not compete with English-language authors writing about the English-speaking world. At the same time, the choice of a non-English colonial setting freed him from an embarrassing division of loyalty: Almayer's Folly, and later "An Outpost of Progress" (1897, set in a Congo exploited by King Leopold II of Belgium) and Heart of Darkness (1899, likewise set in the Congo), contain bitter reflections on colonialism. The Malay states came theoretically under the suzerainty of the Dutch government; Conrad did not write about the area's British dependencies, which he never visited. He "was apparently intrigued by... struggles aimed at preserving national independence. The prolific and destructive richness of tropical nature and the dreariness of human life within it accorded well with the pessimistic mood of his early works."

Almayer's Folly, together with its successor, An Outcast of the Islands (1896), laid the foundation for Conrad's reputation as a romantic teller of exotic tales—a

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misunderstanding of his purpose that was to frustrate him for the rest of his career.

Almost all of Conrad's writings were first published in newspapers and magazines: influential reviews like The Fortnightly Review and the North American Review; avant-garde publications like the Savoy, New Review, and The English Review; popular short-fiction magazines like The Saturday Evening Post and Harper's Magazine; women's journals like the Pictorial Review and Romance; mass-circulation dailies like the Daily Mail and the New York Herald; and illustrated newspapers like The Illustrated London News and the Illustrated Buffalo Express. He also wrote for The Outlook, an imperialist weekly magazine, between 1898 and 1906.

Financial success long eluded Conrad, who often requested advances from magazine and book publishers, and loans from acquaintances such as John Galsworthy. Eventually a government grant ("civil list pension") of £100 per annum, awarded on 9 August 1910, somewhat relieved his financial worries, and in time collectors began purchasing his manuscripts. Though his talent was early on recognised by English intellectuals, popular success eluded him until the 1913 publication of Chance, which is often considered one of his weaker novels.

Personal life

Temperament and health

Conrad was a reserved man, wary of showing emotion. He scorned sentimentality; his manner of portraying emotion in his books was full of restraint, scepticism and irony. In the words of his uncle Bobrowski, as a young man Conrad was "extremely sensitive, conceited, reserved, and in addition excitable. In short [...] all the defects of the Nałęcz family."

Conrad suffered throughout life from ill health, physical and mental. A newspaper review of a Conrad biography suggested that the book could have been subtitled Thirty Years of Debt, Gout, Depression and Angst. In 1891 he was hospitalised for several months, suffering from gout, neuralgic pains in his right arm and recurrent attacks of malaria. He also complained of swollen hands "which made writing difficult". Taking his uncle Tadeusz Bobrowski's advice, he convalesced at a spa in Switzerland. Conrad had a phobia of dentistry, neglecting his teeth until they had to be extracted. In one letter he remarked that every novel he had written had cost him a tooth. Conrad's physical afflictions were, if anything, less vexatious than his mental ones. In his letters he often described

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symptoms of depression; "the evidence", writes Najder, "is so strong that it is nearly impossible to doubt it."

Attempted suicide

In March 1878, at the end of his Marseille period, 20-year-old Conrad attempted suicide, by shooting himself in the chest with a revolver. According to his uncle, who was summoned by a friend, Conrad had fallen into debt. Bobrowski described his subsequent "study" of his nephew in an extensive letter to Stefan Buszczyński, his own ideological opponent and a friend of Conrad's late father Apollo. To what extent the suicide attempt had been made in earnest likely will never be known, but it is suggestive of a situational depression.

Romance and marriage

In 1888 during a stop-over on Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, Conrad developed a couple of romantic interests. One of these would be described in his 1910 story "A Smile of Fortune", which contains autobiographical elements (e.g., one of the characters is the same Chief Mate Burns who appears in *The Shadow Line*). The narrator, a young captain, flirts ambiguously and surreptitiously with Alice Jacobus, daughter of a local merchant living in a house surrounded by a magnificent rose garden. Research has confirmed that in Port Louis at the time there was a 17-year-old Alice Shaw, whose father, a shipping agent, owned the only rose garden in town.

More is known about Conrad's other, more open flirtation. An old friend, Captain Gabriel Renouf of the French merchant marine, introduced him to the family of his brother-in-law. Renouf's eldest sister was the wife of Louis Edward Schmidt, a senior official in the colony; with them lived two other sisters and two brothers. Though the island had been taken over in 1810 by Britain, many of the inhabitants were descendants of the original French colonists, and Conrad's excellent French and perfect manners opened all local salons to him. He became a frequent guest at the Schmidts', where he often met the Misses Renouf. A couple of days before leaving Port Louis, Conrad asked one of the Renouf brothers for the hand of his 26-year-old sister Eugenie. She was already, however, engaged to marry her pharmacist cousin. After the rebuff, Conrad did not pay a farewell visit but sent a polite letter to Gabriel Renouf, saying he would never return to Mauritius and adding that on the day of the wedding his thoughts would be with them.

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On 24 March 1896 Conrad married an Englishwoman, Jessie George. The couple had two sons, Borys and John. The elder, Borys, proved a disappointment in scholarship and integrity. Jessie was an unsophisticated, working-class girl, sixteen years younger than Conrad. To his friends, she was an inexplicable choice of wife, and the subject of some rather disparaging and unkind remarks. (See Lady Ottoline Morrell's opinion of Jessie in Impressions.) However, according to other biographers such as Frederick Karl, Jessie provided what Conrad needed, namely a "straightforward, devoted, quite competent" companion. Similarly, Jones remarks that, despite whatever difficulties the marriage endured, "there can be no doubt that the relationship sustained Conrad's career as a writer", which might have been much less successful without her.

When in 1923 Jessie Conrad published *A Handbook of Cookery for a Small House*, it came with a preface from Joseph Conrad praising "the conscientious preparation of the simple food of everyday life, not the... concoction of idle feasts and rare dishes."

The couple rented a long series of successive homes, mostly in the English countryside. Conrad, who suffered frequent depressions, made great efforts to change his mood; the most important step was to move into another house. His frequent changes of home were usually signs of a search for psychological regeneration. Between 1910 and 1919 Conrad's home was Capel House in Orlestone, Kent, which was rented to him by Lord and Lady Oliver. It was here that he wrote *The Rescue*, *Victory*, and *The Arrow of Gold*.

Except for several vacations in France and Italy, a 1914 vacation in his native Poland, and a 1923 visit to the United States, Conrad lived the rest of his life in England.

Sojourn in Poland

In 1914 Conrad and family stayed at the Zakopane Willa Konstantynówka, operated by his cousin Aniela Zagórska, mother of his future Polish translator of the same name. Conrad's nieces Aniela Zagórska (left), Karola Zagórska; Conrad

The 1914 vacation with his wife and sons in Poland, at the urging of Józef Retinger, coincided with the outbreak of World War I. On 28 July 1914, the day war broke out between Austro-Hungary and Serbia, Conrad and the Retingers arrived in Kraków (then in the Austro-Hungarian Empire), where Conrad visited childhood haunts.

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As the city lay only a few miles from the Russian border, there was a risk of being stranded in a battle zone. With wife Jessie and younger son John ill, Conrad decided to take refuge in the mountain resort town of Zakopane. They left Kraków on 2 August. A few days after arrival in Zakopane, they moved to the Konstantynówka pension operated by Conrad's cousin Aniela Zagórska; it had been frequented by celebrities including the statesman Józef Piłsudski and Conrad's acquaintance, the young concert pianist Artur Rubinstein.

Zagórska introduced Conrad to Polish writers, intellectuals, and artists who had also taken refuge in Zakopane, including novelist Stefan Żeromski and Tadeusz Nalepiński, a writer friend of anthropologist Bronisław Malinowski. Conrad aroused interest among the Poles as a famous writer and an exotic compatriot from abroad. He charmed new acquaintances, especially women.

However, Marie Curie's physician sister, Bronisława Dłuska, wife of fellow physician and eminent socialist activist Kazimierz Dłuski, openly berated Conrad for having used his great talent for purposes other than bettering the future of his native land.

But thirty-two-year-old Aniela Zagórska (daughter of the pension keeper), Conrad's niece who would translate his works into Polish in 1923–39, idolised him, kept him company, and provided him with books. He particularly delighted in the stories and novels of the ten-years-older, recently deceased Bolesław Prus[96][97] (who also had visited Zakopane[98]), read everything by his fellow victim of Poland's 1863 Uprising—"my beloved Prus"—that he could get his hands on, and pronounced him "better than Dickens"—a favourite English novelist of Conrad's.

Conrad, who was noted by his Polish acquaintances to still be fluent in his native tongue, participated in their impassioned political discussions. He declared presciently, as Józef Piłsudski had earlier in 1914 in Paris, that in the war, for Poland to regain independence, Russia must be beaten by the Central Powers (the Austro-Hungarian and German Empires), and the Central Powers must in turn be beaten by France and Britain.

After many travails and vicissitudes, at the beginning of November 1914 Conrad managed to bring his family back to England. On his return, he was determined to work on swaying British opinion in favour of restoring Poland's sovereignty.

Jessie Conrad would later write in her memoirs: "I understood my husband so much better after those months in Poland. So many characteristics that had been

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strange and unfathomable to me before, took, as it were, their right proportions. I understood that his temperament was that of his countrymen."

Politics

Conrad was passionately concerned with politics. [This] is confirmed by several of his works, starting with Almayer's Folly. Nostromo revealed his concern with these matters more fully; it was, of course, a concern quite natural for someone from a country [Poland] where politics was a matter not only of everyday existence but also of life and death. Moreover, Conrad himself came from a social class that claimed exclusive responsibility for state affairs, and from a very politically active family. Norman Douglas sums it up: "Conrad was first and foremost a Pole and like many Poles a politician and moralist malgré lui [French: "in spite of himself"]. These are his fundamentals." [What made] Conrad see political problems in terms of a continuous struggle between law and violence, anarchy and order, freedom and autocracy, material interests and the noble idealism of individuals was Conrad's historical awareness. His Polish experience endowed him with the perception, exceptional in the Western European literature of his time, of how winding and constantly changing were the front lines in these struggles.

The most extensive and ambitious political statement that Conrad ever made was his 1905 essay, "Autocracy and War", whose starting point was the Russo-Japanese War (he finished the article a month before the Battle of Tsushima Strait). The essay begins with a statement about Russia's incurable weakness and ends with warnings against Prussia, the dangerous aggressor in a future European war. For Russia he predicted a violent outburst in the near future, but Russia's lack of democratic traditions and the backwardness of her masses made it impossible for the revolution to have a salutary effect. Conrad regarded the formation of a representative government in Russia as unfeasible and foresaw a transition from autocracy to dictatorship. He saw western Europe as torn by antagonisms engendered by economic rivalry and commercial selfishness. In vain might a Russian revolution seek advice or help from a materialistic and egoistic western Europe that armed itself in preparation for wars far more brutal than those of the past.

Conrad's bust by Jacob Epstein, 1924. Conrad called it "a wonderful piece of work of a somewhat monumental dignity, and yet—everybody agrees—the likeness is striking"

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Conrad's distrust of democracy sprang from his doubts whether the propagation of democracy as an aim in itself could solve any problems. He thought that, in view of the weakness of human nature and of the "criminal" character of society, democracy offered boundless opportunities for demagogues and charlatans. Conrad kept his distance from partisan politics, and never voted in British national elections.

He accused social democrats of his time of acting to weaken "the national sentiment, the preservation of which [was his] concern"—of attempting to dissolve national identities in an impersonal melting-pot. "I look at the future from the depth of a very black past and I find that nothing is left for me except fidelity to a cause lost, to an idea without future." It was Conrad's hopeless fidelity to the memory of Poland that prevented him from believing in the idea of "international fraternity", which he considered, under the circumstances, just a verbal exercise. He resented some socialists' talk of freedom and world brotherhood while keeping silent about his own partitioned and oppressed Poland.

Before that, in the early 1880s, letters to Conrad from his uncle Tadeusz show Conrad apparently having hoped for an improvement in Poland's situation not through a liberation movement but by establishing an alliance with neighbouring Slavic nations. This had been accompanied by a faith in the Panslavic ideology—"surprising", Najder writes, "in a man who was later to emphasize his hostility towards Russia, a conviction that... Poland's [superior] civilization and... historic... traditions would [let] her play a leading role... in the Panslavic community, [and his] doubts about Poland's chances of becoming a fully sovereign nation-state."

Conrad's alienation from partisan politics went together with an abiding sense of the thinking man's burden imposed by his personality, as described in an 1894 letter by Conrad to a relative-by-marriage and fellow author, Marguerite Poradowska (née Gachet, and cousin of Vincent van Gogh's physician, Paul Gachet) of Brussels:

We must drag the chain and ball of our personality to the end. This is the price one pays for the infernal and divine privilege of thought; so in this life it is only the chosen who are convicts—a glorious band which understands and groans but which treads the earth amidst a multitude of phantoms with maniacal gestures and idiotic grimaces. Which would you rather be: idiot or convict?

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Conrad wrote H. G. Wells that the latter's 1901 book, Anticipations, an ambitious attempt to predict major social trends, "seems to presuppose... a sort of select circle to which you address yourself, leaving the rest of the world outside the pale. [In addition,] you do not take sufficient account of human imbecility which is cunning and perfidious."

In a 23 October 1922 letter to mathematician-philosopher Bertrand Russell, in response to the latter's book, The Problem of China, which advocated socialist reforms and an oligarchy of sages who would reshape Chinese society, Conrad explained his own distrust of political panaceas:

I have never [found] in any man's book or... talk anything... to stand up... against my deep-seated sense of fatality governing this man-inhabited world.... The only remedy for Chinamen and for the rest of us is [a] change of hearts, but looking at the history of the last 2000 years there is not much reason to expect [it], even if man has taken to flying—a great "uplift" no doubt but no great change....

Leo Robson writes:

Conrad... adopted a broader ironic stance—a sort of blanket incredulity, defined by a character in Under Western Eyes as the negation of all faith, devotion, and action. Through control of tone and narrative detail... Conrad exposes what he considered to be the naïveté of movements like anarchism and socialism, and the self-serving logic of such historical but "naturalized" phenomena as capitalism (piracy with good PR), rationalism (an elaborate defense against our innate irrationality), and imperialism (a grandiose front for old-school rape and pillage). To be ironic is to be awake—and alert to the prevailing "somnolence." In Nostromo... the journalist Martin Decoud... ridicul[es] the idea that people "believe themselves to be influencing the fate of the universe." (H. G. Wells recalled Conrad's astonishment that "I could take social and political issues seriously.")

But, writes Robson, Conrad is no moral nihilist:

If irony exists to suggest that there's more to things than meets the eye, Conrad further insists that, when we pay close enough attention, the "more" can be endless. He doesn't reject what [his character] Marlow [introduced in Youth] calls "the haggard utilitarian lies of our civilisation" in favor of nothing; he rejects them in favor of "something", "some saving truth", "some exorcism against the ghost of doubt"—an intimation of a deeper order, one not easily reduced to words. Authentic, self-aware emotion—feeling that doesn't call itself "theory"

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or "wisdom"—becomes a kind of standard-bearer, with "impressions" or "sensations" the nearest you get to solid proof.

In an August 1901 letter to the editor of The New York Times Saturday Book Review, Conrad wrote: "Egoism, which is the moving force of the world, and altruism, which is its morality, these two contradictory instincts, of which one is so plain and the other so mysterious, cannot serve us unless in the incomprehensible alliance of their irreconcilable antagonism."

Death

On 3 August 1924, Conrad died at his house, Oswalds, in Bishopsbourne, Kent, England, probably of a heart attack. He was interred at Canterbury Cemetery, Canterbury, under a misspelled version of his original Polish name, as "Joseph Teador Conrad Korzeniowski". Inscribed on his gravestone are the lines from Edmund Spenser's The Faerie Queene which he had chosen as the epigraph to his last complete novel, The Rover:

Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please

Conrad's modest funeral took place amid great crowds. His old friend Edward Garnett recalled bitterly:

To those who attended Conrad's funeral in Canterbury during the Cricket Festival of 1924, and drove through the crowded streets festooned with flags, there was something symbolical in England's hospitality and in the crowd's ignorance of even the existence of this great writer. A few old friends, acquaintances and pressmen stood by his grave.

Another old friend of Conrad's, Cunninghame Graham, wrote Garnett: "Aubry was saying to me... that had Anatole France died, all Paris would have been at his funeral."

Conrad's wife Jessie died twelve years later, on 6 December 1936, and was interred with him.

In 1996 his grave was designated a Grade II listed structure.

Conrad, though nominally a Catholic, is described by biographer Jeffrey Meyers as having been an atheist.

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Writing style

Themes and style

Despite the opinions even of some who knew Conrad personally, such as fellow-novelist Henry James, Conrad—even when only writing elegantly crafted letters to his uncle and acquaintances—was always at heart a writer who sailed, rather than a sailor who wrote. He used his sailing experiences as a backdrop for many of his works, but he also produced works of similar world view, without the nautical motifs. The failure of many critics to appreciate this caused him much frustration.

He wrote more often about life at sea and in exotic parts than about life on British land because—unlike, for example, his friend John Galsworthy, author of The Forsyte Saga—he knew little about everyday domestic relations in Britain. When Conrad's The Mirror of the Sea was published in 1906 to critical acclaim, he wrote to his French translator: "The critics have been vigorously swinging the censer to me. ... Behind the concert of flattery, I can hear something like a whisper: 'Keep to the open sea! Don't land!' They want to banish me to the middle of the ocean." Writing to his friend Richard Curle, Conrad remarked that "the public mind fastens on externals" such as his "sea life", oblivious to how authors transform their material "from particular to general, and appeal to universal emotions by the temperamental handling of personal experience".

Nevertheless, Conrad found much sympathetic readership, especially in the United States. H. L. Mencken was one of the earliest and most influential American readers to recognise how Conrad conjured up "the general out of the particular". F. Scott Fitzgerald, writing to Mencken, complained about having been omitted from a list of Conrad imitators. Since Fitzgerald, dozens of other American writers have acknowledged their debts to Conrad, including William Faulkner, William Burroughs, Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Joan Didion, and Thomas Pynchon.

An October 1923 visitor to Oswalds, Conrad's home at the time—Cyril Clemens, a cousin of Mark Twain—quoted Conrad as saying: "In everything I have written there is always one invariable intention, and that is to capture the reader's attention."

Conrad the artist famously aspired, in the words of his preface to The Nigger of the 'Narcissus' (1897), "by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel ... before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is

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everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand—and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

Writing in what to the visual arts was the age of Impressionism, and what to music was the age of impressionist music, Conrad showed himself in many of his works a prose poet of the highest order: for instance, in the evocative Patna and courtroom scenes of Lord Jim; in the scenes of the "melancholy-mad elephant" and the "French gunboat firing into a continent", in Heart of Darkness; in the doubled protagonists of "The Secret Sharer"; and in the verbal and conceptual resonances of Nostromo and The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'.

Conrad used his own memories as literary material so often that readers are tempted to treat his life and work as a single whole. His "view of the world", or elements of it, is often described by citing at once both his private and public statements, passages from his letters, and citations from his books. Najder warns that this approach produces an incoherent and misleading picture. "An ... uncritical linking of the two spheres, literature and private life, distorts each. Conrad used his own experiences as raw material, but the finished product should not be confused with the experiences themselves."

Many of Conrad's characters were inspired by actual persons he had met, including, in his first novel, Almayer's Folly (completed 1894), William Charles Olmeijer, the spelling of whose surname Conrad probably altered to "Almayer" inadvertently. The historic trader Olmeijer, whom Conrad encountered on his four short visits to Berau in Borneo, subsequently haunted Conrad's imagination. Conrad often borrowed the authentic names of actual individuals, e.g., Captain McWhirr (Typhoon), Captain Beard and Mr. Mahon ("Youth"), Captain Lingard (Almayer's Folly and elsewhere), and Captain Ellis (The Shadow Line). "Conrad", writes J. I. M. Stewart, "appears to have attached some mysterious significance to such links with actuality." Equally curious is "a great deal of namelessness in Conrad, requiring some minor virtuosity to maintain." Thus we never learn the surname of the protagonist of Lord Jim. Conrad also preserves, in The Nigger of the 'Narcissus', the authentic name of the ship, the Narcissus, in which he sailed in 1884.

Apart from Conrad's own experiences, a number of episodes in his fiction were suggested by past or contemporary publicly known events or literary works. The first half of the 1900 novel Lord Jim (the Patna episode) was inspired by the real-life 1880 story of the SS Jeddah; the second part, to some extent by the life

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of James Brooke, the first White Rajah of Sarawak. The 1901 short story "Amy Foster" was inspired partly by an anecdote in Ford Madox Ford's The Cinque Ports (1900), wherein a shipwrecked sailor from a German merchant ship, unable to communicate in English, and driven away by the local country people, finally found shelter in a pigsty.

In Nostromo (completed 1904), the theft of a massive consignment of silver was suggested to Conrad by a story he had heard in the Gulf of Mexico and later read about in a "volume picked up outside a second-hand bookshop." The novel's political strand, according to Maya Jasanoff, is related to the creation of the Panama Canal. "In January 1903", she writes, "just as Conrad started writing Nostromo, the US and Colombian secretaries of state signed a treaty granting the United States a one-hundred-year renewable lease on a six-mile strip flanking the canal ... While the [news]papers murmured about revolution in Colombia, Conrad opened a fresh section of Nostromo with hints of dissent in Costaguana", his fictional South American country. He plotted a revolution in the Costaguanan fictional port of Sulaco that mirrored the real-life secessionist movement brewing in Panama. When Conrad finished the novel on 1 September 1904, writes Jasanoff, "he left Sulaco in the condition of Panama. As Panama had gotten its independence instantly recognized by the United States and its economy bolstered by American investment in the canal, so Sulaco had its independence instantly recognized by the United States, and its economy underwritten by investment in the [fictional] San Tomé [silver] mine."

The Secret Agent (completed 1906) was inspired by the French anarchist Martial Bourdin's 1894 death while apparently attempting to blow up the Greenwich Observatory. Conrad's story "The Secret Sharer" (completed 1909) was inspired by an 1880 incident when Sydney Smith, first mate of the Cutty Sark, had killed a seaman and fled from justice, aided by the ship's captain. The plot of Under Western Eyes (completed 1910) is kicked off by the assassination of a brutal Russian government minister, modelled after the real-life 1904 assassination of Russian Minister of the Interior Vyacheslav von Plehve. The near-novella "Freya of the Seven Isles" (completed in March 1911) was inspired by a story told to Conrad by a Malaya old hand and fan of Conrad's, Captain Carlos M. Marris.

For the natural surroundings of the high seas, the Malay Archipelago and South America, which Conrad described so vividly, he could rely on his own observations. What his brief landfalls could not provide was a thorough

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understanding of exotic cultures. For this he resorted, like other writers, to literary sources. When writing his Malayan stories, he consulted Alfred Russel Wallace's The Malay Archipelago (1869), James Brooke's journals, and books with titles like Perak and the Malays, My Journal in Malayan Waters, and Life in the Forests of the Far East. When he set about writing his novel Nostromo, set in the fictional South American country of Costaguana, he turned to The War between Peru and Chile; Edward Eastwick, Venezuela: or, Sketches of Life in a South American Republic (1868); and George Frederick Masterman, Seven Eventful Years in Paraguay (1869). As a result of relying on literary sources, in Lord Jim, as J. I. M. Stewart writes, Conrad's "need to work to some extent from second-hand" led to "a certain thinness in Jim's relations with the ... peoples ... of Patusan..." This prompted Conrad at some points to alter the nature of Charles Marlow's narrative to "distanc[e] an uncertain command of the detail of Tuan Jim's empire."

In keeping with his scepticism and melancholy, Conrad almost invariably gives lethal fates to the characters in his principal novels and stories. Almayer (Almayer's Folly, 1894), abandoned by his beloved daughter, takes to opium, and dies. Peter Willems (An Outcast of the Islands, 1895) is killed by his jealous lover Aïssa. The ineffectual "Nigger", James Wait (The Nigger of the 'Narcissus', 1897), dies aboard ship and is buried at sea. Mr. Kurtz (Heart of Darkness, 1899) expires, uttering the words, "The horror! The horror!" Tuan Jim (Lord Jim, 1900), having inadvertently precipitated a massacre of his adoptive community, deliberately walks to his death at the hands of the community's leader. In Conrad's 1901 short story, "Amy Foster", a Pole transplanted to England, Yanko Goorall (an English transliteration of the Polish Janko Góral, "Johnny Highlander"), falls ill and, suffering from a fever, raves in his native language, frightening his wife Amy, who flees; next morning Yanko dies of heart failure, and it transpires that he had simply been asking in Polish for water. Captain Whalley (The End of the Tether, 1902), betrayed by failing eyesight and an unscrupulous partner, drowns himself. Gian' Battista Fidanza, the eponymous respected Italian-immigrant Nostromo (Italian: "Our Man") of the novel Nostromo (1904), illicitly obtains a treasure of silver mined in the South American country of "Costaguana" and is shot dead due to mistaken identity. Mr. Verloc, The Secret Agent (1906) of divided loyalties, attempts a bombing, to be blamed on terrorists, that accidentally kills his mentally defective brother-in-law Stevie, and Verloc himself is killed by his distraught wife, who drowns herself by jumping overboard from a channel steamer. In Chance (1913), Roderick Anthony, a

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sailing-ship captain, and benefactor and husband of Flora de Barral, becomes the target of a poisoning attempt by her jealous disgraced financier father who, when detected, swallows the poison himself and dies (some years later, Captain Anthony drowns at sea). In Victory (1915), Lena is shot dead by Jones, who had meant to kill his accomplice Ricardo and later succeeds in doing so, then himself perishes along with another accomplice, after which Lena's protector Axel Heyst sets fire to his bungalow and dies beside Lena's body.

When a principal character of Conrad's does escape with his life, he sometimes does not fare much better. In Under Western Eyes (1911), Razumov betrays a fellow University of St. Petersburg student, the revolutionist Victor Haldin, who has assassinated a savagely repressive Russian government minister. Haldin is tortured and hanged by the authorities. Later Razumov, sent as a government spy to Geneva, a centre of anti-tsarist intrigue, meets the mother and sister of Haldin, who share Haldin's liberal convictions. Razumov falls in love with the sister and confesses his betrayal of her brother; later, he makes the same avowal to assembled revolutionists, and their professional executioner bursts his eardrums, making him deaf for life. Razumov staggers away, is knocked down by a streetcar, and finally returns as a cripple to Russia.

Conrad was keenly conscious of tragedy in the world and in his works. In 1898, at the start of his writing career, he had written to his Scottish writer-politician friend Cunninghame Graham: "What makes mankind tragic is not that they are the victims of nature, it is that they are conscious of it. [A]s soon as you know of your slavery the pain, the anger, the strife—the tragedy begins." But in 1922, near the end of his life and career, when another Scottish friend, Richard Curle, sent Conrad proofs of two articles he had written about Conrad, the latter objected to being characterised as a gloomy and tragic writer. "That reputation ... has deprived me of innumerable readers ... I absolutely object to being called a tragedian."

Conrad claimed that he "never kept a diary and never owned a notebook." John Galsworthy, who knew him well, described this as "a statement which surprised no one who knew the resources of his memory and the brooding nature of his creative spirit."[165] Nevertheless, after Conrad's death, Richard Curle published a heavily modified version of Conrad's diaries describing his experiences in the Congo; in 1978 a more complete version was published as The Congo Diary and Other Uncollected Pieces. The first accurate transcription was published in Robert Hampson's Penguin edition of Heart of

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Darkness in 1995; Hampson's transcription and annotations were reprinted in the Penguin edition of 2007.

Unlike many authors who make it a point not to discuss work in progress, Conrad often did discuss his current work and even showed it to select friends and fellow authors, such as Edward Garnett, and sometimes modified it in the light of their critiques and suggestions.

Edward Said was struck by the sheer quantity of Conrad's correspondence with friends and fellow writers; by 1966, it "amount[ed] to eight published volumes". Said comments: "[I]t seemed to me that if Conrad wrote of himself, of the problem of self-definition, with such sustained urgency, some of what he wrote must have had meaning for his fiction. [I]t [was] difficult to believe that a man would be so uneconomical as to pour himself out in letter after letter and then not use and reformulate his insights and discoveries in his fiction." Said found especially close parallels between Conrad's letters and his shorter fiction. "Conrad ... believed ... that artistic distinction was more tellingly demonstrated in a shorter rather than a longer work.... He believed that his [own] life was like a series of short episodes... because he was himself so many different people ...: he was a Pole and an Englishman, a sailor and a writer." Another scholar, Najder, wrote:

Throughout almost his entire life Conrad was an outsider and felt himself to be one. An outsider in exile; an outsider during his visits to his family in the Ukraine; an outsider—because of his experiences and bereavement—in [Kraków] and Lwów; an outsider in Marseilles; an outsider, nationally and culturally, on British ships; an outsider as an English writer. ... Conrad called himself (to Graham) a "bloody foreigner." At the same time ... [h]e regarded "the national spirit" as the only truly permanent and reliable element of communal life.

Conrad borrowed from other, Polish- and French-language authors, to an extent sometimes skirting plagiarism. When the Polish translation of his 1915 novel Victory appeared in 1931, readers noted striking similarities to Stefan Żeromski's kitschy novel, The History of a Sin (Dzieje grzechu, 1908), including their endings. Comparative-literature scholar Yves Hervouet has demonstrated in the text of Victory a whole mosaic of influences, borrowings, similarities and allusions. He further lists hundreds of concrete borrowings from other, mostly French authors in nearly all of Conrad's works, from Almayer's Folly (1895) to his unfinished Suspense. Conrad seems to have used eminent writers' texts as raw material of the same kind as the content of his own memory. Materials borrowed

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from other authors often functioned as allusions. Moreover, he had a phenomenal memory for texts and remembered details, "but [writes Najder] it was not a memory strictly categorized according to sources, marshalled into homogeneous entities; it was, rather, an enormous receptacle of images and pieces from which he would draw."

Continues Najder: "[H]e can never be accused of outright plagiarism. Even when lifting sentences and scenes, Conrad changed their character, inserted them within novel structures. He did not imitate, but (as Hervouet says) 'continued' his masters. He was right in saying: 'I don't resemble anybody.' Ian Watt put it succinctly: 'In a sense, Conrad is the least derivative of writers; he wrote very little that could possibly be mistaken for the work of anyone else.' Conrad's acquaintance George Bernard Shaw says it well: "[A] man can no more be completely original [...] than a tree can grow out of air."

Conrad, like other artists, faced constraints arising from the need to propitiate his audience and confirm their own favourable self-regard. This may account for his describing the admirable crew of the Judea in his 1898 story "Youth" as "Liverpool hard cases", whereas the crew of the Judea's actual 1882 prototype, the Palestine, had included not a single Liverpudlian, and half the crew had been non-Britons; and for Conrad's transforming the real-life 1880 criminally negligent British captain J. L. Clark, of the SS Jeddah, in his 1900 novel Lord Jim, into the captain of the fictitious Patna—"a sort of renegade New South Wales German" so monstrous in physical appearance as to suggest "a trained baby elephant". Similarly, in his letters Conrad—during most of his literary career, struggling for sheer financial survival—often adjusted his views to the predilections of his correspondents. Historians have also noted that Conrad's works which were set in European colonies and intended to critique the effects of colonialism were set in Dutch and Belgian colonies, instead of the British Empire.

The singularity of the universe depicted in Conrad's novels, especially compared to those of near-contemporaries like his friend and frequent benefactor John Galsworthy, is such as to open him to criticism similar to that later applied to Graham Greene. But where "Greeneland" has been characterised as a recurring and recognisable atmosphere independent of setting, Conrad is at pains to create a sense of place, be it aboard ship or in a remote village; often he chose to have his characters play out their destinies in isolated or confined circumstances. In the view of Evelyn Waugh and Kingsley Amis, it was not until

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the first volumes of Anthony Powell's sequence, A Dance to the Music of Time, were published in the 1950s, that an English novelist achieved the same command of atmosphere and precision of language with consistency, a view supported by later critics like A. N. Wilson; Powell acknowledged his debt to Conrad. Leo Gurko, too, remarks, as "one of Conrad's special qualities, his abnormal awareness of place, an awareness magnified to almost a new dimension in art, an ecological dimension defining the relationship between earth and man."

He's absolutely the most haunting thing in prose that ever was: I wish I knew how every paragraph he writes (... they are all paragraphs: he seldom writes a single sentence ...) goes on sounding in waves, like the note of a tenor bell, after it stops. It's not built in the rhythm of ordinary prose, but on something existing only in his head, and as he can never say what it is he wants to say, all his things end in a kind of hunger, a suggestion of something he can't say or do or think. So his books always look bigger than they are. He's as much a giant of the subjective as Kipling is of the objective. Do they hate one another?

The Irish novelist-poet-critic Colm Tóibín captures something similar:

Joseph Conrad's heroes were often alone, and close to hostility and danger. Sometimes, when Conrad's imagination was at its most fertile and his command of English at its most precise, the danger came darkly from within the self. At other times, however, it came from what could not be named. Conrad sought then to evoke rather than delineate, using something close to the language of prayer. While his imagination was content at times with the tiny, vivid, perfectly observed detail, it was also nourished by the need to suggest and symbolize. Like a poet, he often left the space in between strangely, alluringly vacant.

His own vague terms—words like "ineffable", "infinite", "mysterious", "unknowable"—were as close as he could come to a sense of our fate in the world or the essence of the universe, a sense that reached beyond the time he described and beyond his characters' circumstances. This idea of "beyond" satisfied something in his imagination. He worked as though between the intricate systems of a ship and the vague horizon of a vast sea.

This irreconcilable distance between what was precise and what was shimmering made him much more than a novelist of adventure, a chronicler of the issues that haunted his time, or a writer who dramatized moral questions.

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This left him open to interpretation—and indeed to attack [by critics such as the novelists V.S. Naipaul and Chinua Achebe].

In a letter of 14 December 1897 to his Scottish friend, Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham, Conrad wrote that science tells us, "Understand that thou art nothing, less than a shadow, more insignificant than a drop of water in the ocean, more fleeting than the illusion of a dream."

In a letter of 20 December 1897 to Cunninghame Graham, Conrad metaphorically described the universe as a huge machine:

It evolved itself (I am severely scientific) out of a chaos of scraps of iron and behold!—it knits. I am horrified at the horrible work and stand appalled. I feel it ought to embroider—but it goes on knitting. You come and say: "this is all right; it's only a question of the right kind of oil. Let us use this—for instance—celestial oil and the machine shall embroider a most beautiful design in purple and gold." Will it? Alas no. You cannot by any special lubrication make embroidery with a knitting machine. And the most withering thought is that the infamous thing has made itself; made itself without thought, without conscience, without foresight, without eyes, without heart. It is a tragic accident—and it has happened. You can't interfere with it. The last drop of bitterness is in the suspicion that you can't even smash it. In virtue of that truth one and immortal which lurks in the force that made it spring into existence it is what it is—and it is indestructible! It knits us in and it knits us out. It has knitted time space, pain, death, corruption, despair and all the illusions—and nothing matters.

Conrad wrote Cunninghame Graham on 31 January 1898:

Faith is a myth and beliefs shift like mists on the shore; thoughts vanish; words, once pronounced, die; and the memory of yesterday is as shadowy as the hope of to-morrow. ...

In this world—as I have known it—we are made to suffer without the shadow of a reason, of a cause or of guilt. ...

There is no morality, no knowledge and no hope; there is only the consciousness of ourselves which drives us about a world that ... is always but a vain and fleeting appearance. ...

A moment, a twinkling of an eye and nothing remains—but a clod of mud, of cold mud, of dead mud cast into black space, rolling around an extinguished sun. Nothing. Neither thought, nor sound, nor soul. Nothing.

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Leo Robson suggests that

> What [Conrad] really learned as a sailor was not something empirical—an assembly of "places and events"—but the vindication of a perspective he had developed in childhood, an impartial, unillusioned view of the world as a place of mystery and contingency, horror and splendor, where, as he put it in a letter to the London Times, the only indisputable truth is "our ignorance."

According to Robson,

> [Conrad's] treatment of knowledge as contingent and provisional commands a range of comparisons, from Rashomon to [the views of philosopher] Richard Rorty; reference points for Conrad's fragmentary method [of presenting information about characters and events] include Picasso and T. S. Eliot—who took the epigraph of "The Hollow Men" from Heart of Darkness. ... Even Henry James's late period, that other harbinger of the modernist novel, had not yet begun when Conrad invented Marlow, and James's earlier experiments in perspective (The Spoils of Poynton, What Maisie Knew) don't go nearly as far as Lord Jim.

Language

Conrad spoke his native Polish and the French language fluently from childhood and only acquired English in his twenties. He would probably have spoken some Ukrainian as a child; he certainly had to have some knowledge of German and Russian. His son Borys records that, though Conrad had insisted that he spoke only a few words of German, when they reached the Austrian frontier in the family's attempt to leave Poland in 1914, Conrad spoke German "at considerable length and extreme fluency". Russia, Prussia, and Austria had divided up Poland among them, and he was officially a Russian subject until his naturalization as a British subject. As a result, up to this point, his official documents were in Russian. His knowledge of Russian was good enough that his uncle Tadeusz Bobrowski wrote him (22 May 1893) advising that, when Conrad came to visit, he should "telegraph for horses, but in Russian, for Oratów doesn't receive or accept messages in an 'alien' language."

Conrad chose, however, to write his fiction in English. He says in his preface to A Personal Record that writing in English was for him "natural", and that the idea of his having made a deliberate choice between English and French, as some had suggested, was in error. He explained that, though he had been familiar with French from childhood, "I would have been afraid to attempt expression in a

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language so perfectly 'crystallized'." In 1915, as Jo Davidson sculpted his bust, Conrad answered his question: "Ah... to write French you have to know it. English is so plastic—if you haven't got a word you need you can make it, but to write French you have to be an artist like Anatole France." These statements, as so often in Conrad's "autobiographical" writings, are subtly disingenuous. In 1897 Conrad was visited by a fellow Pole, the philosopher Wincenty Lutosławski, who asked Conrad, "Why don't you write in Polish?" Lutosławski recalled Conrad explaining: "I value our beautiful Polish literature too much to bring into it my clumsy efforts. But for the English my gifts are sufficient and secure my daily bread."

Conrad wrote in A Personal Record that English was "the speech of my secret choice, of my future, of long friendships, of the deepest affections, of hours of toil and hours of ease, and of solitary hours, too, of books read, of thoughts pursued, of remembered emotions—of my very dreams!" In 1878 Conrad's four-year experience in the French merchant marine had been cut short when the French discovered he did not have a permit from the Imperial Russian consul to sail with the French. This, and some typically disastrous Conradian investments, had left him destitute and had precipitated a suicide attempt. With the concurrence of his mentor-uncle Tadeusz Bobrowski, who had been summoned to Marseille, Conrad decided to seek employment with the British merchant marine, which did not require Russia's permission. Thus began Conrad's sixteen years' seafarer's acquaintance with the British and with the English language.

Had Conrad remained in the Francophone sphere or had he returned to Poland, the son of the Polish poet, playwright, and translator Apollo Korzeniowski—from childhood exposed to Polish and foreign literature, and ambitious to himself become a writer—he might have ended up writing in French or Polish instead of English. Certainly his Uncle Tadeusz thought Conrad might write in Polish; in an 1881 letter he advised his 23-year-old nephew:

As, thank God, you do not forget your Polish... and your writing is not bad, I repeat what I have... written and said before—you would do well to write... for Wędrowiec [The Wanderer] in Warsaw. We have few travelers, and even fewer genuine correspondents: the words of an eyewitness would be of great interest and in time would bring you... money. It would be an exercise in your native tongue—that thread which binds you to your country and countrymen—and finally a tribute to the memory of your father who always wanted to and did serve his country by his pen.

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In the opinion of some biographers, Conrad's third language, English, remained under the influence of his first two languages—Polish and French. This makes his English seem unusual. Najder writes that:

[H]e was a man of three cultures: Polish, French, and English. Brought up in a Polish family and cultural environment... he learned French as a child, and at the age of less than seventeen went to France, to serve... four years in the French merchant marine. At school he must have learned German, but French remained the language he spoke with greatest fluency (and no foreign accent) until the end of his life. He was well versed in French history and literature, and French novelists were his artistic models. But he wrote all his books in English—the tongue he started to learn at the age of twenty. He was thus an English writer who grew up in other linguistic and cultural environments. His work can be seen as located in the borderland of auto-translation.

Inevitably for a trilingual Polish–French–English-speaker, Conrad's writings occasionally show linguistic spillover: "Franglais" or "Poglish"—the inadvertent use of French or Polish vocabulary, grammar, or syntax in his English writings. In one instance, Najder used "several slips in vocabulary, typical for Conrad (Gallicisms) and grammar (usually Polonisms)" as part of internal evidence against Conrad's sometime literary collaborator Ford Madox Ford's claim to have written a certain instalment of Conrad's novel Nostromo, for publication in T. P.'s Weekly, on behalf of an ill Conrad.

The impracticality of working with a language which has long ceased to be one's principal language of daily use is illustrated by Conrad's 1921 attempt at translating into English the Polish physicist, columnist, story-writer, and comedy-writer Bruno Winawer's short play, The Book of Job. Najder writes:

[T]he [play's] language is easy, colloquial, slightly individualized. Particularly Herup and a snobbish Jew, "Bolo" Bendziner, have their characteristic ways of speaking. Conrad, who had had little contact with everyday spoken Polish, simplified the dialogue, left out Herup's scientific expressions, and missed many amusing nuances. The action in the original is quite clearly set in contemporary Warsaw, somewhere between elegant society and the demimonde; this specific cultural setting is lost in the translation. Conrad left out many accents of topical satire in the presentation of the dramatis personae and ignored not only the ungrammatical speech (which might have escaped him) of some characters but even the Jewishness of two of them, Bolo and Mosan.

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As a practical matter, by the time Conrad set about writing fiction, he had little choice but to write in English.[note 35] Poles who accused Conrad of cultural apostasy because he wrote in English instead of Polish[200] missed the point—as do Anglophones who see, in Conrad's default choice of English as his artistic medium, a testimonial to some sort of innate superiority of the English language.

According to Conrad's close friend and literary assistant Richard Curle, the fact of Conrad writing in English was "obviously misleading" because Conrad "is no more completely English in his art than he is in his nationality".[203] Conrad, according to Curle, "could never have written in any other language save the English language....for he would have been dumb in any other language but the English."

Conrad always retained a strong emotional attachment to his native language. He asked his visiting Polish niece Karola Zagórska, "Will you forgive me that my sons don't speak Polish?" In June 1924, shortly before his death, he apparently expressed a desire that his son John marry a Polish girl and learn Polish, and toyed with the idea of returning for good to now independent Poland.

Conrad bridled at being referred to as a Russian or "Slavonic" writer. The only Russian writer he admired was Ivan Turgenev. "The critics", he wrote an acquaintance on 31 January 1924, six months before his death, "detected in me a new note and as, just when I began to write, they had discovered the existence of Russian authors, they stuck that label on me under the name of Slavonism. What I venture to say is that it would have been more just to charge me at most with Polonism."[206] However, though Conrad protested that Dostoyevsky was "too Russian for me" and that Russian literature generally was "repugnant to me hereditarily and individually",Under Western Eyes is viewed as Conrad's response to the themes explored in Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment.

Conrad had an awareness that, in any language, individual expressions – words, phrases, sentences – are fraught with connotations. He once wrote: "No English word has clean edges." All expressions, he thought, carried so many connotations as to be little more than "instruments for exciting blurred emotions." This might help elucidate the impressionistic quality of many passages in his writings. It also explains why he chose to write his literary works not in Polish or French but in English, with which for decades he had had the greatest contact.

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Controversy

In 1975 the Nigerian writer Chinua Achebe published an essay, "An Image of Africa: Racism in Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness'", which provoked controversy by calling Conrad a "thoroughgoing racist". Achebe's view was that Heart of Darkness cannot be considered a great work of art because it is "a novel which celebrates... dehumanisation, which depersonalises a portion of the human race." Referring to Conrad as a "talented, tormented man", Achebe notes that Conrad (via the protagonist, Charles Marlow) reduces and degrades Africans to "limbs", "ankles", "glistening white eyeballs", etc., while simultaneously (and fearfully) suspecting a common kinship between himself and these natives—leading Marlow to sneer the word "ugly." Achebe also cited Conrad's description of an encounter with an African: "A certain enormous buck nigger encountered in Haiti fixed my conception of blind, furious, unreasoning rage, as manifested in the human animal to the end of my days." Achebe's essay, a landmark in postcolonial discourse, provoked debate, and the questions it raised have been addressed in most subsequent literary criticism of Conrad.

Achebe's critics argue that he fails to distinguish Marlow's view from Conrad's, which results in very clumsy interpretations of the novella. In their view, Conrad portrays Africans sympathetically and their plight tragically, and refers sarcastically to, and condemns outright, the supposedly noble aims of European colonists, thereby demonstrating his skepticism about the moral superiority of white men. Ending a passage that describes the condition of chained, emaciated slaves, the novelist remarks: "After all, I also was a part of the great cause of these high and just proceedings." Some observers assert that Conrad, whose native country had been conquered by imperial powers, empathised by default with other subjugated peoples. Jeffrey Meyers notes that Conrad, like his acquaintance Roger Casement, "was one of the first men to question the Western notion of progress, a dominant idea in Europe from the Renaissance to the Great War, to attack the hypocritical justification of colonialism and to reveal... the savage degradation of the white man in Africa." Likewise, E.D. Morel, who led international opposition to King Leopold II's rule in the Congo, saw Conrad's Heart of Darkness as a condemnation of colonial brutality and referred to the novella as "the most powerful thing written on the subject." More recently, Nidesh Lawtoo complicated the race debate by showing that Conrad's images of "frenzy" depict rituals of "possession trance" that are equally central to Achebe's Things Fall Apart.

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Conrad scholar Peter Firchow writes that "nowhere in the novel does Conrad or any of his narrators, personified or otherwise, claim superiority on the part of Europeans on the grounds of alleged genetic or biological difference." If Conrad or his novel is racist, it is only in a weak sense, since Heart of Darkness acknowledges racial distinctions "but does not suggest an essential superiority" of any group. Achebe's reading of Heart of Darkness can be (and has been) challenged by a reading of Conrad's other African story, "An Outpost of Progress", which has an omniscient narrator, rather than the embodied narrator, Marlow. Some younger scholars, such as Masood Ashraf Raja, have also suggested that if we read Conrad beyond Heart of Darkness, especially his Malay novels, racism can be further complicated by foregrounding Conrad's positive representation of Muslims.

In 1998 H.S. Zins wrote in Pula: Botswana Journal of African Studies:

Conrad made English literature more mature and reflective because he called attention to the sheer horror of political realities overlooked by English citizens and politicians. The case of Poland, his oppressed homeland, was one such issue. The colonial exploitation of Africans was another. His condemnation of imperialism and colonialism, combined with sympathy for its persecuted and suffering victims, was drawn from his Polish background, his own personal sufferings, and the experience of a persecuted people living under foreign occupation. Personal memories created in him a great sensitivity for human degradation and a sense of moral responsibility."

Adam Hochschild makes a similar point:

What gave [Conrad] such a rare ability to see the arrogance and theft at the heart of imperialism?... Much of it surely had to do with the fact that he himself, as a Pole, knew what it was like to live in conquered territory.... [F]or the first few years of his life, tens of millions of peasants in the Russian empire were the equivalent of slave laborers: serfs. Conrad's poet father, Apollo Korzeniowski, was a Polish nationalist and an opponent of serfdom... [The] boy [Konrad] grew up among exiled prison veterans, talk of serfdom, and the news of relatives killed in uprisings [and he] was ready to distrust imperial conquerors who claimed they had the right to rule other peoples.

Conrad's experience in the Belgian-run Congo made him one of the fiercest critics of the "white man's mission." It was also, writes Najder, Conrad's most daring and last "attempt to become a homo socialis, a cog in the mechanism of

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society. By accepting the job in the trading company, he joined, for once in his life, an organized, large-scale group activity on land. [...] It is not accidental that the Congo expedition remained an isolated event in Conrad's life. Until his death he remained a recluse in the social sense and never became involved with any institution or clearly defined group of people."

Citizenship

Conrad was a Russian subject, having been born in the Russian part of what had once been the Polish–Lithuanian Commonwealth. After his father's death, Conrad's uncle Bobrowski had attempted to secure Austrian citizenship for him—to no avail, probably because Conrad had not received permission from Russian authorities to remain abroad permanently and had not been released from being a Russian subject. Conrad could not return to the Russian Empire—he would have been liable to many years of military service and, as the son of political exiles, to harassment.

In a letter of 9 August 1877, Conrad's uncle Bobrowski broached two important subjects: the desirability of Conrad's naturalisation abroad (tantamount to release from being a Russian subject) and Conrad's plans to join the British merchant marine. "[D]o you speak English?... I never wished you to become naturalized in France, mainly because of the compulsory military service... I thought, however, of your getting naturalized in Switzerland..." In his next letter, Bobrowski supported Conrad's idea of seeking citizenship of the United States or of "one of the more important Southern [American] Republics".

Eventually Conrad would make his home in England. On 2 July 1886 he applied for British nationality, which was granted on 19 August 1886. Yet, in spite of having become a subject of Queen Victoria, Conrad had not ceased to be a subject of Tsar Alexander III. To achieve his freedom from that subjection, he had to make many visits to the Russian Embassy in London and politely reiterate his request. He would later recall the Embassy's home at Belgrave Square in his novel The Secret Agent. Finally, on 2 April 1889, the Russian Ministry of Home Affairs released "the son of a Polish man of letters, captain of the British merchant marine" from the status of Russian subject.

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Memorials

An anchor-shaped monument to Conrad at Gdynia, on Poland's Baltic Seacoast, features a quotation from him in Polish: "Nic tak nie nęci, nie rozczarowuje i nie zniewala, jak życie na morzu" ("[T]here is nothing more enticing, disenchanting, and enslaving than the life at sea" – Lord Jim, chapter 2, paragraph 1[user-generated source]).

In Circular Quay, Sydney, Australia, a plaque in a "writers walk" commemorates Conrad's visits to Australia between 1879 and 1892. The plaque notes that "Many of his works reflect his 'affection for that young continent.'"

In San Francisco in 1979, a small triangular square at Columbus Avenue and Beach Street, near Fisherman's Wharf, was dedicated as "Joseph Conrad Square" after Conrad. The square's dedication was timed to coincide with the release of Francis Ford Coppola's Heart of Darkness-inspired film, Apocalypse Now. Conrad does not appear to have ever visited San Francisco.

In the latter part of World War II, the Royal Navy cruiser HMS Danae was rechristened ORP Conrad and served as part of the Polish Navy.

Notwithstanding the undoubted sufferings that Conrad endured on many of his voyages, sentimentality and canny marketing place him at the best lodgings in several of his destinations. Hotels across the Far East still lay claim to him as an honoured guest, with, however, no evidence to back their claims: Singapore's Raffles Hotel continues to claim he stayed there though he lodged, in fact, at the Sailors' Home nearby. His visit to Bangkok also remains in that city's collective memory, and is recorded in the official history of The Oriental Hotel (where he never, in fact, stayed, lodging aboard his ship, the Otago) along with that of a less well-behaved guest, Somerset Maugham, who pilloried the hotel in a short story in revenge for attempts to eject him.

A plaque commemorating "Joseph Conrad–Korzeniowski" has been installed near Singapore's Fullerton Hotel.

Conrad is also reported to have stayed at Hong Kong's Peninsula Hotel—at a port that, in fact, he never visited. Later literary admirers, notably Graham Greene, followed closely in his footsteps, sometimes requesting the same room and perpetuating myths that have no basis in fact. No Caribbean resort is yet known to have claimed Conrad's patronage, although he is believed to have stayed at

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a Fort-de-France pension upon arrival in Martinique on his first voyage, in 1875, when he travelled as a passenger on the Mont Blanc.

In April 2013, a monument to Conrad was unveiled in the Russian town of Vologda, where he and his parents lived in exile in 1862–63. The monument was removed, with unclear explanation, in June 2016.

Legacy

Conrad is regarded as one of the greatest writers in the English language. After the publication of Chance in 1913, he was the subject of more discussion and praise than any other English writer of the time. He had a genius for companionship, and his circle of friends, which he had begun assembling even prior to his first publications, included authors and other leading lights in the arts, such as Henry James, Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham, John Galsworthy, Galsworthy's wife Ada Galsworthy (translator of French literature), Edward Garnett, Garnett's wife Constance Garnett (translator of Russian literature), Stephen Crane, Hugh Walpole, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells (whom Conrad dubbed "the historian of the ages to come"), Arnold Bennett, Norman Douglas, Jacob Epstein, T. E. Lawrence, André Gide, Paul Valéry, Maurice Ravel, Valery Larbaud, Saint-John Perse, Edith Wharton, James Huneker, anthropologist Bronisław Malinowski, Józef Retinger (later a founder of the European Movement, which led to the European Union, and author of Conrad and His Contemporaries). In the early 1900s Conrad composed a short series of novels in collaboration with Ford Madox Ford.

In 1919 and 1922 Conrad's growing renown and prestige among writers and critics in continental Europe fostered his hopes for a Nobel Prize in Literature. It was apparently the French and Swedes—not the English—who favoured Conrad's candidacy.

In April 1924 Conrad, who possessed a hereditary Polish status of nobility and coat-of-arms (Nałęcz), declined a (non-hereditary) British knighthood offered by Labour Party Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.[note 39][note 40] Conrad kept a distance from official structures—he never voted in British national elections—and seems to have been averse to public honours generally; he had already refused honorary degrees from Cambridge, Durham, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Yale universities.

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In the Polish People's Republic, translations of Conrad's works were openly published, except for Under Western Eyes, which in the 1980s was published as an underground "bibuła".

Conrad's narrative style and anti-heroic characters have influenced many authors, including T. S. Eliot, Maria Dąbrowska, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Gerald Basil Edwards, Ernest Hemingway, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, André Malraux, George Orwell, Graham Greene, William Golding, William Burroughs, Saul Bellow, Gabriel García Márquez, Peter Matthiessen, John le Carré, V. S. Naipaul, Philip Roth, Joan Didion, Thomas Pynchon J. M. Coetzee, and Salman Rushdie. Many films have been adapted from, or inspired by, Conrad's works.

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Pico Iyer

Pico Iyer was born in Oxford, England in 1957. He won a King's Scholarship to Eton and then a Demyship to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was awarded a Congratulatory Double First with the highest marks of any English Literature student in the university. In 1980 he became a Teaching Fellow at Harvard, where he received a second Master's degree, and in subsequent years he has received an honorary doctorate in Humane Letters.

Since 1982 he has been a full-time writer, publishing 15 books, translated into 23 languages, on subjects ranging from the Dalai Lama to globalism, from the Cuban Revolution to Islamic mysticism. They include such long-running sellers as Video Night in Kathmandu, The Lady and the Monk, The Global Soul, The Open Road and The Art of Stillness. He has also written the introductions to more than 70 other books, as well as liner and program notes, a screenplay for Miramax and a libretto. At the same time he has been writing up to 100 articles a year for Time, The New York Times, The New York Review of Books, the Financial Times and more than 250 other periodicals worldwide.

Why We Travel

We travel, initially, to lose ourselves; and we travel, next, to find ourselves. We travel to open *our hearts and eyes and learn more* about the world than our newspapers will accommodate. We *travel to bring what little we can, in our ignorance* and knowledge, to those parts of the globe *whose riches are differently dispersed.* And we travel, in essence, to become young fools again *— to slow time down and get taken in,* and fall in love once more. The beauty of this whole *process was best described, perhaps,* before people even took to frequent flying, by George *Santayana in his lapidary essay,* "The Philosophy of Travel." We "need sometimes," the Harvard *philosopher wrote,* "to escape into open solitudes, into aimlessness, into the moral holiday of *running some pure hazard,* in order to sharpen the edge of life, to taste hardship, and to be *compelled to work desperately* for a moment at no matter what."

I like that stress on work, since never more than on the road are we shown how proportional our *blessings are to the difficulty* that precedes them; and I like the stress on a holiday that's "moral" since we fall into our ethical habits as easily as into our beds at night. Few of us ever forget the connection between "travel" and "travail," and I know that I travel in large part in search of hardship — both my own, which I want to feel, and others', which I need to see. Travel in that sense guides us toward a better balance of wisdom and compassion — of seeing the world clearly, and yet feeling it truly. For seeing without feeling can obviously be uncaring; while feeling without seeing can be blind.

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Yet for me the first great joy of traveling is simply the luxury of leaving all my beliefs and certainties at home, and seeing everything I thought I knew in a different light, and from a crooked angle. In that regard, even a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet (in Beijing) or a scratchy revival showing of "Wild Orchids" (on the Champs-Elysees) can be both novelty and revelation: In China, after all, people will pay a whole week's wages to eat with Colonel Sanders, and in Paris, Mickey Rourke is regarded as the greatest actor since Jerry Lewis.

If a Mongolian restaurant seems exotic to us in Evanston, Ill., it only follows that a McDonald's would seem equally exotic in Ulan Bataar — or, at least, equally far from everything expected. Though it's fashionable nowadays to draw a distinction between the "tourist" and the "traveler," perhaps the real distinction lies between those who leave their assumptions at home, and those who don't: Among those who don't, a tourist is just someone who complains, "Nothing here is the way it is at home," while a traveler is one who grumbles, "Everything here is the same as it is in Cairo — or Cuzco or Kathmandu." It's all very much the same.

But for the rest of us, the sovereign freedom of traveling comes from the fact that it whirls you around and turns you upside down, and stands everything you took for granted on its head. If a diploma can famously be a passport (to a journey through hard realism), a passport can be a diploma (for a crash course in cultural relativism). And the first lesson we learn on the road, whether we like it or not, is how provisional and provincial are the things we imagine to be universal. When you go to North Korea, for example, you really do feel as if you've landed on a different planet — and the North Koreans doubtless feel that they're being visited by an extra-terrestrial, too (or else they simply assume that you, as they do, receive orders every morning from the Central Committee on what clothes to wear and what route to use when walking to work, and you, as they do, have loudspeakers in your bedroom broadcasting propaganda every morning at dawn, and you, as they do, have your radios fixed so as to receive only a single channel).

We travel, then, in part just to shake up our complacencies by seeing all the moral and political urgencies, the life-and-death dilemmas, that we seldom have to face at home. And we travel to fill in the gaps left by tomorrow's headlines: When you drive down the streets of Port-au-Prince, for example, where there is almost no paving and women relieve themselves next to mountains of trash, your notions of our global neighborhood and a "one world order" grow usefully revised. Travel is the best way we have of rescuing the humanity of places, and saving them from abstraction and ideology.

And in the process, we also get saved from abstraction ourselves, and come to see how much we can bring to the places we visit, and how much we can become a kind of carrier pigeon — a human Federal Express, if you like — in transporting back and forth what every culture needs. I find that I always take Michael Jordan posters to Kyoto, and bring woven ikebana baskets back to California; I invariably travel to Cuba with a suitcase piled high with bottles of Tylenol and bars of soap, and come back with one piled high with salsa tapes, and hopes, and letters to long-lost brothers.

But more significantly, we carry values and beliefs and news to the places we go, and in many parts of the world, we become walking video screens and living newspapers, the only channels that can take people out of the censored limits of their homelands. In closed or impoverished places, like Pagan or Lhasa or Havana, we are the eyes and ears of the people we meet, their only

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contact with the world outside and, very often, the closest, quite literally, they will ever come to Barack Obama or Taylor Swift. Not the least of the challenges of travel, therefore, is learning how to import — and export — dreams with tenderness.

By now all of us have heard (too often) the old Proust line about how the real voyage of discovery consists not in seeing new places but in seeing with new eyes. Yet one of the subtler beauties of travel is that it enables you to bring new eyes to the people you encounter. Thus even as holidays help you appreciate your own home more — not least by seeing it through a distant admirer's eyes — they help you bring newly appreciative distant) eyes to the places you visit. You can teach them what they have to celebrate as much as you celebrate what they have to teach. This, I think, is how tourism, which so obviously destroys cultures, can also resuscitate or revive them, how it has created new "traditional" dances in Bali, and caused craftsmen in India to pay new attention to their works. If the first thing we can bring the Cubans is a real and balanced sense of what contemporary America is like, the second — and perhaps more important — thing we can bring them is a fresh and renewed sense of how special are the warmth and beauty of their country, for those who can compare it with other places around the globe.

Thus travel spins us round in two ways at once: It shows us the sights and values and issues that we might ordinarily ignore; but it also, and more deeply, shows us all the parts of ourselves that might otherwise grow rusty. For in traveling to a truly foreign place, we inevitably travel to moods and states of mind and hidden inward passages that we'd otherwise seldom have cause to visit.

On the most basic level, when I'm in Thailand, though a teetotaler who usually goes to bed at 9 p.m., I stay up till dawn in the local bars; and in Tibet, though not a real Buddhist, I spend days on end in temples, listening to the chants of sutras. I go to Iceland to visit the lunar spaces within me, and, in the uncanny quietude and emptiness of that vast and treeless world, to tap parts of myself generally obscured by chatter and routine.

> We travel, then, in search of both self and anonymity — and, of course, in finding the one we apprehend the other. Abroad, we are wonderfully free of caste and job and standing; we are, as Hazlitt puts it, just the "gentlemen in the parlour," and people cannot put a name or tag to us. And precisely because we are clarified in this way, and freed of inessential labels, we have the opportunity to come into contact with more essential parts of ourselves (which may begin to explain why we may feel most alive when far from home).

Abroad is the place where we stay up late, follow impulse and find ourselves as wide open as when we are in love. We live without a past or future, for a moment at least, and are ourselves up for grabs and open to interpretation. We even may become mysterious — to others, at first, and sometimes to ourselves — and, as no less a dignitary than Oliver Cromwell once noted, "A man never goes so far as when he doesn't know where he is going."

There are, of course, great dangers to this, as to every kind of freedom, but the great promise of it is that, traveling, we are born again, and able to return at moments to a younger and a more open kind of self. Traveling is a way to reverse time, to a small extent, and make a day last a year — or at least 45 hours — and traveling is an easy way of surrounding ourselves, as in childhood, with what we cannot understand.

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Language facilitates this cracking open, for when we go to France, we often migrate to French, and the more childlike self, simple and polite, that speaking a foreign language educes. Even when I'm SPEAKING {OMIT "NOT"} pidgin English in Hanoi, I'm simplified in a positive way, and concerned not with expressing myself, but simply making sense.

So travel, for many of us, is a quest for not just the unknown, but the unknowing; I, at least, travel in search of an innocent eye that can return me to a more innocent self. I tend to believe more abroad than I do at home (which, though treacherous again, can at least help me to extend my vision), and I tend to be more easily excited abroad, and even kinder. And since no one I meet can "place" me — no one can fix me in my RESUME –I can remake myself for better, as well as, of course, for worse (if travel is notoriously a cradle for false identities, it can also, at its best, be a crucible for truer ones). In this way, travel can be a kind of monasticism on the move: On the road, we often live more simply (even when staying in a luxury hotel), with no more possessions than we can carry, and surrendering ourselves to chance.

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Susan Bassnett and Translation Studies

Introduction

Susan Bassnett is a translation theorist and Professor of Comparative Literature in the Center for Translation and Comparative Cultural Studies at the University of Warwick. She also served as Pro-Vice-Chancellor at the University twice. She got elected as a president of the British Contemporary Literature Association in 2016.

Since childhood, she got herself surrounded by multiple languages. As she was born in England so she started to speak her first language English and then she moved to Denmark where she learned Danish. As a very little girl, she moved to Portugal and learned Portuguese and then Italian. In Italy, she learned languages formerly along with Latin French and some other languages. After her first degree, she got a job in Rome where she got her first translation work. She also did creative writing which she had done in literature and language because she did philology as well as linguistics. She has examined over 40 doctoral theses from more than 16 different countries. She has translated a large variety of texts including technical manuals, legal and medical papers, philosophical papers, novels, shorts stories, poetry from and into Italian, poetry from Spanish, Polish and Latin.

In addition to translation, she has contributed to debates on British cultures, feminism, theatre studies, and poetry. She has published more than twenty books and several have become mainstays in the field of literature especially Translation Studies (In 1980 the first edition was published) and it has nine editions and it has remained in print ever since and has also become internationally renowned. Her Comparative Literature(1993) has also become internationally renowned and has translated into several languages. In 2008, she published a book(Translation and Global News)when she engages directly with the problems of translating news reports for newspapers and the media. Some other renowned textbooks are Reflection on Translation(2011), Translation(2013), Language through Literature(1993) etc.

Her focus was to make it accessible because according to her if theories are too abstract and inaccessible then few people can get access to but probably more important a group of people ends up talking to themselves. She always wanted to talk to a lot of people and it is sure that the book is still selling because it is

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accessible and comprehensible and telling something important to students and scholars as well. She doesn't believe in using an esoteric language in writing because she thinks that only a small number of people could get access to.

Translation Studies (one of her major works)

Her book Translation Studies gives an overview of studies in the field of translation. This book delineates key debates of translation theory. Exploring translation as a semiotic and cultural activity and not a linguistic process. According to Susan Bassnett, it is a relatively new field which has received little formal recognition. These books introduce the reader quickly into the scope of depth and complexity caused by the dilemmas of translation. She also discussed the role of translation in history and varying theories on translation, and whether translatability is possible at all or not. The book also examines the ways of translation which are now used as an expanding interdisciplinary activity and analysis into developing areas such as developing technologies and new media forms. The fourth edition of Translation studies displayed the importance of translation across disciplines and is essential reading for students and scholars of translation, literary studies, globalization studies, and ancient and modern languages. She believed while writing, whether anything said or written in one language can easily be transferred into another because different languages represent different worldviews which are not simply just rephrasing but formulating and rethinking. Along with this, accuracy is essential and must also that the text should not break the norms of the target culture. She believed that Translation Studies is a book which acts as a different kind of translation, where the vast mass of literary linguistic theory and semiotic theory merge into a very accessible language and moreover this book bring more about the cultural turn in translation. She had a view of enlarging the boundaries of translation.

She agreed that translation is a skill and translation of many text types which could be taught and carried out effectively whereas literary texts are not considered as a skill. Here translation is effectively rewriting. According to her, translation has a dual responsibility: to the original text that the translator is seeking to translate and hence to that author, and to the readership. She firmly believes and thinks much more broadly about the understanding of translation and whether or not a translation always has to have its originality. She was sure about whatever happens in the future, the translation will grow not to diminish importance.

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Conclusion

In her collection, she depicted the importance of culture, history, religion and especially about the complex, multilayered relation among them in a human manner. Her view on translation enables us to have access to work that we would otherwise never be able to meet and it enables the writing of great figures from the past to survive and to continue reading by later generations. By her writing, she taught us that translation acts as a transaction between texts and cultures. Moreover, taught us that this is a primary duty of the translator is to create a text in the target language that readers should appreciate and at the same time demonstrates respect for the source. The translator needs a close relationship between the theory and the practice of translation. If the translator who makes no attempt to understand the theory that how the translation process is carried out is like the driver who has no idea what makes the car move. So, it is important to approach with close analysis and evaluation when translation.

The translation studies can be considered relevant as well as important because it displays the role of the translator in cultural mediation, aware us from the issues in literary translation, provides knowledge of intellectual capital, globalization and risk associated with it, mass media, training and, use of modern technology. Her studies are also important as it offers a fascinating and timely insight into the subject of translation and it represents the unique ability of the translator to look simultaneously in one's own culture. Translation Studies is also important as the translation is diverse in many aspects of time such as education, mass communication, science and technology, literature, tourism, religion, and business as well. Translation is not only about the linguistic process, but also make a political and social impact.

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Jules Verne

Jules Gabriel Verne (/vɜːrn/;[1][2] French: [ʒyl gabʁijɛl vɛʁn]; 8 February 1828 – 24 March 1905[3]) was a French novelist, poet, and playwright. His collaboration with the publisher Pierre-Jules Hetzel led to the creation of the *Voyages extraordinaires*,[3] a series of bestselling adventure novels including *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1864), *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas* (1870), and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1872). His novels, always well documented, are generally set in the second half of the 19th century, taking into account the technological advances of the time.

In addition to his novels, he wrote numerous plays, short stories, autobiographical accounts, poetry, songs, and scientific, artistic, and literary studies. His work has been adapted for film and television since the beginning of cinema, as well as for comic books, theater, opera, music and video games.

Verne is considered to be an important author in France and most of Europe, where he has had a wide influence on the literary avant-garde and on surrealism.[4] His reputation was markedly different in the Anglosphere where he had often been labeled a writer of genre fiction or children's books, largely because of the highly abridged and altered translations in which his novels have often been printed. Since the 1980s, his literary reputation has improved.[5]

Jules Verne has been the second most-translated author in the world since 1979, ranking below Agatha Christie and above William Shakespeare.[6] He has sometimes been called the "father of science fiction", a title that has also been given to H. G. Wells and Hugo Gernsback.[7] In the 2010s, he was the most translated French author in the world. In France, 2005 was declared "Jules Verne Year" on the occasion of the centenary of the writer's death.

Life[

Early life

Nantes from Île Feydeau, around the time of Verne's birth

Verne was born on 8 February 1828, on Île Feydeau, a small artificial island on the river Loire within the town of Nantes, in No. 4 Rue Olivier-de-Clisson, the house of his maternal grandmother Dame Sophie Marie Adélaïde Julienne Allotte de La Fuÿe (born Guillochet de La Perrière).[8] His parents were Pierre Verne, an attorney originally from Provins, and Sophie Allotte de La Fuÿe, a Nantes woman from a local family of navigators and shipowners, of distant Scottish descent.[9][b] In 1829, the Verne family moved some hundred metres away to No. 2 Quai Jean-Bart, where Verne's brother Paul was born the same year. Three sisters, Anne "Anna" (1836), Mathilde (1839), and Marie (1842) would follow.[9]

In 1834, at the age of six, Verne was sent to boarding school at 5 Place du Bouffay in Nantes. The teacher, Madame Sambin, was the widow of a naval captain who had disappeared some 30 years before.[10] Madame Sambin often told the students that her husband was a shipwrecked castaway and that he would eventually return like Robinson Crusoe from his desert island paradise.[11] The theme of the robinsonade would stay with Verne throughout his life and appear in many of his novels, some of which include *The Mysterious Island* (1874), *Second Fatherland* (1900), and *The School for Robinsons* (1882).

In 1836, Verne went on to École Saint-Stanislas, a Catholic school suiting the pious religious tastes of his father. Verne quickly distinguished himself in *mémoire* (recitation from memory), geography, Greek, Latin, and singing.[12] In the same year, 1836, Pierre Verne bought a vacation house at 29 Rue des Réformés in the village of Chantenay (now part of Nantes) on the Loire.[13] In his brief memoir *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse* (*Memories of Childhood and Youth*, 1890), Verne recalled a deep fascination with the river and with the many merchant vessels navigating it.[14] He also took vacations at Brains, in the house of his uncle Prudent Allotte, a retired shipowner, who had gone around the world and served as mayor of Brains from 1828 to 1837. Verne took joy in playing

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interminable rounds of the Game of the Goose with his uncle, and both the game and his uncle's name would be memorialized in two late novels (*The Will of an Eccentric* (1900) and *Robur the Conqueror* (1886), respectively).[14][15]

Legend has it that in 1839, at the age of 11, Verne secretly procured a spot as cabin boy on the three-mast ship *Coralie* with the intention of traveling to the Indies and bringing back a coral necklace for his cousin Caroline. The evening the ship set out for the Indies, it stopped first at Paimboeuf where Pierre Verne arrived just in time to catch his son and make him promise to travel "only in his imagination".[16] It is now known that the legend is an exaggerated tale invented by Verne's first biographer, his niece Marguerite Allotte de la Füye, though it may have been inspired by a real incident.[17]

The Lycée Royal in Nantes (now the Georges-Clemenceau), where Verne studied

In 1840, the Vernes moved again to a large apartment at No. 6 Rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau, where the family's youngest child, Marie, was born in 1842.[13] In the same year Verne entered another religious school, the Petit Séminaire de Saint-Donatien, as a lay student. His unfinished novel *Un prêtre en 1839* (*A Priest in 1839*), written in his teens and the earliest of his prose works to survive,[18] describes the seminary in disparaging terms.[12] From 1844 to 1846, Verne and his brother were enrolled in the Lycée Royal (now the Lycée Georges-Clemenceau) in Nantes. After finishing classes in rhetoric and philosophy, he took the baccalauréat at Rennes and received the grade "Good Enough" on 29 July 1846.[19]

By 1847, when Verne was 19, he had taken seriously to writing long works in the style of Victor Hugo, beginning *Un prêtre en 1839* and seeing two verse tragedies, *Alexandre VI* and *La Conspiration des poudres* (*The Gunpowder Plot*), to completion.[18] However, his father took it for granted that Verne, being the firstborn son of the family, would not attempt to make money in literature but would instead inherit the family law practice.[20]

In 1847, Verne's father sent him to Paris, primarily to begin his studies in law school, and secondarily (according to family legend) to distance him temporarily from Nantes.[21][22] His cousin Caroline, with whom he was in love, was married on 27 April 1847, to Émile Dezaunay, a man of 40, with whom she would have five children.[23]

After a short stay in Paris, where he passed first-year law exams, Verne returned to Nantes for his father's help in preparing for the second year. (Provincial law students were in that era required to go to Paris to take exams.)[24] While in Nantes, he met Rose Herminie Arnaud Grossetière, a young woman one year his senior, and fell intensely in love with her. He wrote and dedicated some thirty poems to her, including *La Fille de l'air* (*The Daughter of Air*), which describes her as "blonde and enchanting / winged and transparent".[25] His passion seems to have been reciprocated, at least for a short time,[22] but Grossetière's parents frowned upon the idea of their daughter marrying a young student of uncertain future. They married her instead to Armand Terrien de la Haye, a rich landowner ten years her senior, on 19 July 1848.[26]

The sudden marriage sent Verne into deep frustration. He wrote a hallucinatory letter to his mother, apparently composed in a state of half-drunkenness, in which under pretext of a dream he described his misery.[27] This requited but aborted love affair seems to have permanently marked the author and his work, and his novels include a significant number of young women married against their will (Gérande in *Master Zacharius* (1854), Sava in *Mathias Sandorf* (1885), Ellen in *A Floating City* (1871), etc.), to such an extent that the scholar Christian Chelebourg attributed the recurring theme to a "Herminie complex".[28] The incident also led Verne to bear a grudge against his birthplace and Nantes society, which he criticized in his poem *La sixième ville de France* (*The Sixth City of France*).[29][30]

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Studies in Paris

In July 1848, Verne left Nantes again for Paris, where his father intended him to finish law studies and take up law as a profession. He obtained permission from his father to rent a furnished apartment at 24 Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, which he shared with Édouard Bonamy, another student of Nantes origin.[27] (On his 1847 Paris visit, Verne had stayed at 2 Rue Thérèse, the house of his aunt Charuel, on the Butte Saint-Roch.)[31]

Verne arrived in Paris during a time of political upheaval: the French Revolution of 1848. In February, Louis Philippe I had been overthrown and had fled; on 24 February, a provisional government of the French Second Republic took power, but political demonstrations continued, and social tension remained. In June, barricades went up in Paris, and the government sent Louis-Eugène Cavaignac to crush the insurrection. Verne entered the city shortly before the election of Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte as the first president of the Republic, a state of affairs that would last until the French coup of 1851. In a letter to his family, Verne described the bombarded state of the city after the recent June Days uprising but assured them that the anniversary of Bastille Day had gone by without any significant conflict.[32]

Aristide Hignard

Verne used his family connections to make an entrance into Paris society. His uncle Francisque de Chatêaubourg introduced him into literary salons, and Verne particularly frequented those of Mme de Barrère, a friend of his mother's.[33] While continuing his law studies, he fed his passion for the theater, writing numerous plays. Verne later recalled: "I was greatly under the influence of Victor Hugo, indeed, very excited by reading and re-reading his works. At that time I could have recited by heart whole pages of *Notre Dame de Paris*, but it was his dramatic work that most influenced me."[34] Another source of creative stimulation came from a neighbor: living on the same floor in the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie apartment house was a young composer, Aristide Hignard, with whom Verne soon became good friends, and Verne wrote several texts for Hignard to set as chansons.[35]

During this period, Verne's letters to his parents primarily focused on expenses and on a suddenly appearing series of violent stomach cramps,[36] the first of many he would suffer from during his life. (Modern scholars have hypothesized that he suffered from colitis;[36] Verne believed the illness to have been inherited from his mother's side.[37]) Rumors of an outbreak of cholera in March 1849 exacerbated these medical concerns.[36] Yet another health problem would strike in 1851 when Verne suffered the first of four attacks of facial paralysis. These attacks, rather than being psychosomatic, were due to an inflammation in the middle ear, though this cause remained unknown to Verne during his life.[38]

In the same year, Verne was required to enlist in the French army, but the sortition process spared him, to his great relief. He wrote to his father: "You should already know, dear papa, what I think of the military life, and of these domestic servants in livery. ... You have to abandon all dignity to perform such functions."[39] Verne's strong antiwar sentiments, to the dismay of his father, would remain steadfast throughout his life.[39]

Though writing profusely and frequenting the salons, Verne diligently pursued his law studies and graduated with a *licence en droit* in January 1851.[40]

Literary debut

Thanks to his visits to salons, Verne came into contact in 1849 with Alexandre Dumas through the mutual acquaintance of a celebrated chirologist of the time, the Chevalier d'Arpentigny.[40] Verne became close friends with Dumas' son, Alexandre Dumas fils, and showed him a manuscript for a stage comedy, *Les Pailles rompues* (*The Broken Straws*). The two young men revised the play together, and Dumas, through arrangements with his father, had it produced by the Opéra-National at the Théâtre Historique in Paris, opening on 12 June 1850.[41]

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Cover of an 1854–55 issue of *Musée des familles*

In 1851, Verne met with a fellow writer from Nantes, Pierre-Michel-François Chevalier (known as "Pitre-Chevalier"), the editor-in-chief of the magazine *Musée des familles* (*The Family Museum*).[42] Pitre-Chevalier was looking for articles about geography, history, science, and technology, and was keen to make sure that the educational component would be made accessible to large popular audiences using a straightforward prose style or an engaging fictional story. Verne, with his delight in diligent research, especially in geography, was a natural for the job.[43] Verne first offered him a short historical adventure story, *The First Ships of the Mexican Navy*, written in the style of James Fenimore Cooper, whose novels had deeply influenced him.[42] Pitre-Chevalier published it in July 1851, and in the same year published a second short story by Verne, *A Voyage in a Balloon* (August 1851). The latter story, with its combination of adventurous narrative, travel themes, and detailed historical research, would later be described by Verne as "the first indication of the line of novel that I was destined to follow".[34]

Dumas fils put Verne in contact with Jules Seveste, a stage director who had taken over the directorship of the Théâtre Historique and renamed it the Théâtre Lyrique. Seveste offered Verne the job of secretary of the theater, with little or no salary attached.[9] Verne accepted, using the opportunity to write and produce several comic operas written in collaboration with Hignard and the prolific librettist Michel Carré.[44] To celebrate his employment at the Théâtre Lyrique, Verne joined with ten friends to found a bachelors' dining club, the *Onze-sans-femme* (*Eleven Bachelors*).[45]

For some time, Verne's father pressed him to abandon his writing and begin a business as a lawyer. However, Verne argued in his letters that he could only find success in literature.[46] The pressure to plan for a secure future in law reached its climax in January 1852, when his father offered Verne his own Nantes law practice.[47] Faced with this ultimatum, Verne decided conclusively to continue his literary life and refuse the job, writing: "Am I not right to follow my own instincts? It's because I know who I am that I realize what I can be one day."[48]

Jacques Arago

Meanwhile, Verne was spending much time at the Bibliothèque nationale de France, conducting research for his stories and feeding his passion for science and recent discoveries, especially in geography. It was in this period that Verne met the illustrious geographer and explorer Jacques Arago, who continued to travel extensively despite his blindness (he had lost his sight completely in 1837). The two men became good friends, and Arago's innovative and witty accounts of his travels led Verne toward a newly developing genre of literature: that of travel writing.[49][50]

In 1852, two new pieces from Verne appeared in the *Musée des familles*: *Martin Paz*, a novella set in Lima, which Verne wrote in 1851 and published 10 July through 11 August 1852, and *Les Châteaux en Californie, ou, Pierre qui roule n'amasse pas mousse* (*The Castles in California, or, A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss*), a one-act comedy full of racy double entendres.[51] In April and May 1854, the magazine published Verne's short story *Master Zacharius*, an E. T. A. Hoffmann-like fantasy featuring a sharp condemnation of scientific hubris and ambition,[52] followed soon afterward by *A Winter Amid the Ice*, a polar adventure story whose themes closely anticipated many of Verne's novels.[53] The *Musée* also published some nonfiction popular science articles which, though unsigned, are generally attributed to Verne.[43] Verne's work for the magazine was cut short in 1856 when he had a serious quarrel with Pitre-Chevalier and refused to continue contributing (a refusal he would maintain until 1863, when Pitre-Chevalier died, and the magazine went to new editorship).[54]

While writing stories and articles for Pitre-Chevalier, Verne began to form the idea of inventing a new kind of novel, a "Roman de la Science" ("novel of science"), which would allow him to incorporate large amounts of the factual information he so enjoyed researching in the Bibliothèque. He is said to

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have discussed the project with the elder Alexandre Dumas, who had tried something similar with an unfinished novel, *Isaac Laquedem*, and who enthusiastically encouraged Verne's project.[55]

At the end of 1854, another outbreak of cholera led to the death of Jules Seveste, Verne's employer at the Théâtre Lyrique and by then a good friend.[53] Though his contract only held him to a further year of service, Verne remained connected to the theater for several years after Seveste's death, seeing additional productions to fruition.[56] He also continued to write plays and musical comedies, most of which were not performed.[54]

Family **In May 1856, Verne traveled to Amiens to be the best man at the wedding of a Nantes friend, Auguste Lelarge, to an Amiens woman named Aimée du Fraysne de Viane. Verne, invited to stay with the bride's family, took to them warmly, befriending the entire household and finding himself increasingly attracted to the bride's sister, Honorine Anne Hébée Morel (née du Fraysne de Viane), a widow aged 26 with two young children.[57][58] Hoping to find a secure source of income, as well as a chance to court Morel in earnest, he jumped at her brother's offer to go into business with a broker.[59] Verne's father was initially dubious but gave in to his son's requests for approval in November 1856. With his financial situation finally looking promising, Verne won the favor of Morel and her family, and the couple were married on 10 January 1857.[60]**

Jules Verne Museum, Butte Saint-Anne, Nantes, France

Verne plunged into his new business obligations, leaving his work at the Théâtre Lyrique and taking up a full-time job as an *agent de change*[54] on the Paris Bourse, where he became the associate of the broker Fernand Eggly.[61] Verne woke up early each morning so that he would have time to write, before going to the Bourse for the day's work; in the rest of his spare time, he continued to consort with the *Onze-Sans-Femme* club (all eleven of its "bachelors" had by this time married). He also continued to frequent the Bibliothèque to do scientific and historical research, much of which he copied onto notecards for future use—a system he would continue for the rest of his life.[54] According to the recollections of a colleague, Verne "did better in repartee than in business".[61]

In July 1858, Verne and Aristide Hignard seized an opportunity offered by Hignard's brother: a sea voyage, at no charge, from Bordeaux to Liverpool and Scotland. The journey, Verne's first trip outside France, deeply impressed him, and upon his return to Paris he fictionalized his recollections to form the backbone of a semi-autobiographical novel, *Backwards to Britain* (written in the autumn and winter of 1859–1860 and not published until 1989).[62] A second complimentary voyage in 1861 took Hignard and Verne to Stockholm, from where they traveled to Christiania and through Telemark.[63] Verne left Hignard in Denmark to return in haste to Paris, but missed the birth on 3 August 1861 of his only biological son, Michel.[64]

Meanwhile, Verne continued work on the idea of a "Roman de la Science", which he developed in a rough draft, inspired, according to his recollections, by his "love for maps and the great explorers of the world". It took shape as a story of travel across Africa and would eventually become his first published novel, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*.[54]

Hetzel

Pierre-Jules Hetzel

In 1862, through their mutual acquaintance Alfred de Bréhat, Verne came into contact with the publisher Pierre-Jules Hetzel, and submitted to him the manuscript of his developing novel, then called *Voyage en Ballon*.[65] Hetzel, already the publisher of Honoré de Balzac, George Sand, Victor Hugo, and other well-known authors, had long been planning to launch a high-quality family magazine in which entertaining fiction would combine with scientific education.[66] He saw Verne, with

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his demonstrated inclination toward scrupulously researched adventure stories, as an ideal contributor for such a magazine, and accepted the novel, giving Verne suggestions for improvement. Verne made the proposed revisions within two weeks and returned to Hetzel with the final draft, now titled *Five Weeks in a Balloon*.[67] It was published by Hetzel on 31 January 1863.[68]

To secure his services for the planned magazine, to be called the *Magasin d'Éducation et de Récréation* (*Magazine of Education and Recreation*), Hetzel also drew up a long-term contract in which Verne would give him three volumes of text per year, each of which Hetzel would buy outright for a flat fee. Verne, finding both a steady salary and a sure outlet for writing at last, accepted immediately.[69] For the rest of his lifetime, most of his novels would be serialized in Hetzel's *Magasin* before their appearance in book form, beginning with his second novel for Hetzel, *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras* (1864–65).[68]

A Hetzel edition of Verne's *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras* (cover style "Aux deux éléphants")

When *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras* was published in book form in 1866, Hetzel publicly announced his literary and educational ambitions for Verne's novels by saying in a preface that Verne's works would form a novel sequence called the *Voyages extraordinaires* (*Extraordinary Voyages* or *Extraordinary Journeys*), and that Verne's aim was "to outline all the geographical, geological, physical, and astronomical knowledge amassed by modern science and to recount, in an entertaining and picturesque format that is his own, the history of the universe".[70] Late in life, Verne confirmed that this commission had become the running theme of his novels: "My object has been to depict the earth, and not the earth alone, but the universe... And I have tried at the same time to realize a very high ideal of beauty of style. It is said that there can't be any style in a novel of adventure, but it isn't true."[71] However, he also noted that the project was extremely ambitious: "Yes! But the Earth is very large, and life is very short! In order to leave a completed work behind, one would need to live to be at least 100 years old!"[72]

Hetzel influenced many of Verne's novels directly, especially in the first few years of their collaboration, for Verne was initially so happy to find a publisher that he agreed to almost all of the changes Hetzel suggested. For example, when Hetzel disapproved of the original climax of *Captain Hatteras*, including the death of the title character, Verne wrote an entirely new conclusion in which Hatteras survived.[73] Hetzel also rejected Verne's next submission, *Paris in the Twentieth Century*, believing its pessimistic view of the future and its condemnation of technological progress were too subversive for a family magazine.[74] (The manuscript, believed lost for some time after Verne's death, was finally published in 1994.)[75]

The relationship between publisher and writer changed significantly around 1869 when Verne and Hetzel were brought into conflict over the manuscript for *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas*. Verne had initially conceived of the submariner Captain Nemo as a Polish scientist whose acts of vengeance were directed against the Russians who had killed his family during the January Uprising. Hetzel, not wanting to alienate the lucrative Russian market for Verne's books, demanded that Nemo be made an enemy of the slave trade, a situation that would make him an unambiguous hero. Verne, after fighting vehemently against the change, finally invented a compromise in which Nemo's past is left mysterious. After this disagreement, Verne became notably cooler in his dealings with Hetzel, taking suggestions into consideration but often rejecting them outright.[76]

From that point, Verne published two or more volumes a year. The most successful of these are: *Voyage au centre de la Terre* (*Journey to the Center of the Earth*, 1864); *De la Terre à la Lune* (*From the Earth to the Moon*, 1865); *Vingt mille lieues sous les mers* (*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas*, 1869); and *Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* (*Around the World in Eighty Days*), which first appeared in *Le Temps* in 1872. Verne could now live on his writings, but most of his wealth came from the stage adaptations of *Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours* (1874) and *Michel Strogoff* (1876), which he wrote with Adolphe d'Ennery.[77]

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Sketch by Verne of the *Saint-Michel*

In 1867, Verne bought a small boat, the *Saint-Michel*, which he successively replaced with the *Saint-Michel II* and the *Saint-Michel III* as his financial situation improved. On board the *Saint-Michel III*, he sailed around Europe. After his first novel, most of his stories were first serialised in the *Magazine d'Éducation et de Récréation*, a Hetzel biweekly publication, before being published in book form. His brother Paul contributed to *40th French climbing of the Mont-Blanc* and a collection of short stories – *Doctor Ox* – in 1874. Verne became wealthy and famous.[78]

Meanwhile, Michel Verne married an actress against his father's wishes, had two children by an underage mistress and buried himself in debts.[79] The relationship between father and son improved as Michel grew older.[80]

Later years

Jules Verne and Madame Verne c. 1900

Though raised as a Roman Catholic, Verne gravitated towards deism.[81][82] Some scholars[*which?*] believe his novels reflect a deist philosophy, as they often involve the notion of God or divine providence but rarely mention the concept of Christ.[83][84]

On 9 March 1886, as Verne returned home, his twenty-six-year-old nephew, Gaston, shot at him twice with a pistol. The first bullet missed, but the second one entered Verne's left leg, giving him a permanent limp that could not be overcome. This incident was hushed up[*by whom?*] in the media, but Gaston spent the rest of his life in a mental asylum.[85]

After the deaths of both his mother and Hetzel (who died in 1886), Jules Verne began publishing darker works. In 1888 he entered politics and was elected town councillor of Amiens, where he championed several improvements and served for fifteen years.[86]

Verne was made a knight of France's Legion of Honour on 9 April 1870,[87] and subsequently promoted in Legion of Honour rank to Officer on 19 July 1892.[88]

Death and posthumous publications

See also: Jules Verne's Tomb

The Lighthouse at the End of the World is considered one of the best novels of Verne's literary stage.

On 24 March 1905, while ill with chronic diabetes and complications from a stroke which paralyzed his right side, Verne died at his home in Amiens,[89] 44 Boulevard Longueville (now Boulevard Jules-Verne). His son, Michel Verne, oversaw the publication of the novels *Invasion of the Sea* and *The Lighthouse at the End of the World* after Jules's death. The *Voyages extraordinaires* series continued for several years afterwards at the same rate of two volumes a year. It was later discovered that Michel Verne had made extensive changes in these stories,[3] and the original versions were eventually published at the end of the 20th century by the Jules Verne Society (Société Jules Verne). In 1919, Michel Verne published *The Barsac Mission* (French: *L'Étonnante Aventure de la Mission Barsac*), whose original drafts contained references to Esperanto,[90] a language that his father had been very interested in.[91][92]

In 1989, Verne's great-grandson discovered his ancestor's as-yet-unpublished novel *Paris in the Twentieth Century*, which was subsequently published in 1994.[93]

Jules Verne on his deathbed

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Verne's funeral procession, headed by his son and grandson

Verne's tomb in Amiens

Works[

See also: Jules Verne bibliography

An 1889 Hetzel poster advertising Verne's works

Verne novels, *The Carpathian Castle*, *The Danube Pilot*, *Claudius Bombarnac*, and *Kéraban the Inflexible*, on a miniature sheet of Romanian postage stamps (2005)

Verne's largest body of work is the *Voyages extraordinaires* series, which includes all of his novels except for the two rejected manuscripts *Paris in the Twentieth Century* and *Backwards to Britain* (published posthumously in 1994 and 1989, respectively) and for projects left unfinished at his death (many of which would be posthumously adapted or rewritten for publication by his son Michel).[94] Verne also wrote many plays, poems, song texts, operetta libretti, and short stories, as well as a variety of essays and miscellaneous non-fiction.

Literary reception

After his debut under Hetzel, Verne was enthusiastically received in France by writers and scientists alike, with George Sand and Théophile Gautier among his earliest admirers.[95] Several notable contemporary figures, from the geographer Vivien de Saint-Martin to the critic Jules Claretie, spoke highly of Verne and his works in critical and biographical notes.[96]

However, Verne's growing popularity among readers and playgoers (due especially to the highly successful stage version of *Around the World in Eighty Days*) led to a gradual change in his literary reputation. As the novels and stage productions continued to sell, many contemporary critics felt that Verne's status as a commercially popular author meant he could only be seen as a mere genre-based storyteller, rather than a serious author worthy of academic study.[97]

This denial of formal literary status took various forms, including dismissive criticism by such writers as Émile Zola and the lack of Verne's nomination for membership in the Académie Française,[97] and was recognized by Verne himself, who said in a late interview: "The great regret of my life is that I have never taken any place in French literature."[98] To Verne, who considered himself "a man of letters and an artist, living in the pursuit of the ideal",[99] this critical dismissal on the basis of literary ideology could only be seen as the ultimate snub.[100]

This bifurcation of Verne as a popular genre writer but a critical *persona non grata* continued after his death, with early biographies (including one by Verne's own niece, Marguerite Allotte de la Fuÿe) focusing on error-filled and embroidered hagiography of Verne as a popular figure rather than on Verne's actual working methods or his output.[101] Meanwhile, sales of Verne's novels in their original

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unabridged versions dropped markedly even in Verne's home country, with abridged versions aimed directly at children taking their place.[102]

However, the decades after Verne's death also saw the rise in France of the "Jules Verne cult", a steadily growing group of scholars and young writers who took Verne's works seriously as literature and willingly noted his influence on their own pioneering works. Some of the cult founded the Société Jules Verne, the first academic society for Verne scholars; many others became highly respected *avant garde* and surrealist literary figures in their own right. Their praise and analyses, emphasizing Verne's stylistic innovations and enduring literary themes, proved highly influential for literary studies to come.[103]

In the 1960s and 1970s, thanks in large part to a sustained wave of serious literary study from well-known French scholars and writers, Verne's reputation skyrocketed in France.[104][105] Roland Barthes' seminal essay *Nautilus et Bateau Ivre* (*The Nautilus and the Drunken Boat*) was influential in its exegesis of the *Voyages extraordinares* as a purely literary text, while book-length studies by such figures as Marcel Moré and Jean Chesneaux considered Verne from a multitude of thematic vantage points.[106]

French literary journals devoted entire issues to Verne and his work, with essays by such imposing literary figures as Michel Butor, Georges Borgeaud, Marcel Brion, Pierre Versins, Michel Foucault, René Barjavel, Marcel Lecomte, Francis Lacassin, and Michel Serres; meanwhile, Verne's entire published opus returned to print, with unabridged and illustrated editions of his works printed by Livre de Poche and Éditions Rencontre.[107] The wave reached its climax in Verne's sesquicentennial year 1978, when he was made the subject of an academic colloquium at the Centre culturel international de Cerisy-la-Salle, and *Journey to the Center of the Earth* was accepted for the French university system's *agrégation* reading list. Since these events, Verne has been consistently recognized in Europe as a legitimate member of the French literary canon, with academic studies and new publications steadily continuing.[108]

Verne's reputation in English-speaking countries has been considerably slower in changing. Throughout the 20th century, most anglophone scholars dismissed Verne as a genre writer for children and a naïve proponent of science and technology (despite strong evidence to the contrary on both counts), thus finding him more interesting as a technological "prophet" or as a subject of comparison to English-language writers such as Edgar Allan Poe and H. G. Wells than as a topic of literary study in his own right. This narrow view of Verne has undoubtedly been influenced by the poor-quality English translations and very loosely adapted Hollywood film versions through which most American and British readers have discovered Verne.[5][109] However, since the mid-1980s a considerable number of serious English-language studies and translations have appeared, suggesting that a rehabilitation of Verne's anglophone reputation may currently be underway.[110][111]

English translations

An early edition of the notorious Griffith & Farran adaptation of *Journey to the Center of the Earth*

Translation of Verne into English began in 1852, when Verne's short story *A Voyage in a Balloon* (1851) was published in the American journal *Sartain's Union Magazine of Literature and Art* in a translation by Anne T. Wilbur.[112] Translation of his novels began in 1869 with William Lackland's translation of *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (originally published in 1863),[113] and continued steadily throughout Verne's lifetime, with publishers and hired translators often working in great haste to rush his most lucrative titles into English-language print.[114] Unlike Hetzel, who targeted all ages with his publishing strategies for the *Voyages extraordinaires*, the British and American publishers of Verne chose to market his books almost exclusively to young audiences; this business move, with its implication that Verne could be treated purely as a children's author, had a long-lasting effect on Verne's reputation in English-speaking countries.[110][115]

These early English-language translations have been widely criticized for their extensive textual omissions, errors, and alterations, and are not considered adequate representations of Verne's

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actual novels.[114][116][117] In an essay for *The Guardian*, British writer Adam Roberts commented: "I'd always liked reading Jules Verne and I've read most of his novels; but it wasn't until recently that I really understood I hadn't been reading Jules Verne at all ... It's a bizarre situation for a world-famous writer to be in. Indeed, I can't think of a major writer who has been so poorly served by translation."[116]

Similarly, the American novelist Michael Crichton observed:

> Verne's prose is lean and fast-moving in a peculiarly modern way ... [but] Verne has been particularly ill-served by his English translators. At best they have provided us with clunky, choppy, tone-deaf prose. At worst – as in the notorious 1872 "translation" [of *Journey to the Center of the Earth*] published by Griffith & Farran – they have blithely altered the text, giving Verne's characters new names, and adding whole pages of their own invention, thus effectively obliterating the meaning and tone of Verne's original.[117]

Since 1965, a considerable number of more accurate English translations of Verne have appeared. However, the older, deficient translations continue to be republished due to their public domain status, and in many cases their easy availability in online sources.[110]

Relationship with science fiction

Caricature of Verne with fantastic sea life (1884)

The relationship between Verne's *Voyages extraordinaires* and the literary genre science fiction is a complex one. Verne, like H. G. Wells, is frequently cited as one of the founders of the genre, and his profound influence on its development is indisputable; however, many earlier writers, such as Lucian of Samosata, Voltaire, and Mary Shelley, have also been cited as creators of science fiction, an unavoidable ambiguity arising from the vague definition and history of the genre.[7]

A primary issue at the heart of the dispute is the question of whether Verne's works count as science fiction to begin with. Maurice Renard claimed that Verne "never wrote a single sentence of scientific-marvelous".[118] Verne himself argued repeatedly in interviews that his novels were not meant to be read as scientific, saying "I have invented nothing".[119] His own goal was rather to "depict the earth [and] at the same time to realize a very high ideal of beauty of style",[71] as he pointed out in an example:

> I wrote *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, not as a story about ballooning, but as a story about Africa. I always was greatly interested in geography, history and travel, and I wanted to give a romantic description of Africa. Now, there was no means of taking my travellers through Africa otherwise than in a balloon, and that is why a balloon is introduced.... I may say that at the time I wrote the novel, as now, I had no faith in the possibility of ever steering balloons...[71]

Closely related to Verne's science-fiction reputation is the often-repeated claim that he is a "prophet" of scientific progress, and that many of his novels involve elements of technology that were fantastic for his day but later became commonplace.[120] These claims have a long history, especially in America, but the modern scholarly consensus is that such claims of prophecy are heavily exaggerated.[121] In a 1961 article critical of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas*' scientific accuracy, Theodore L. Thomas speculated that Verne's storytelling skill and readers' faulty memories of a book they read as children caused people to "remember things from it that are not there. The impression that the novel contains valid scientific prediction seems to grow as the years roll by".[122] As with science fiction, Verne himself flatly denied that he was a futuristic prophet, saying that any connection between scientific developments and his work was "mere coincidence" and attributing his indisputable scientific accuracy to his extensive research: "even before I began writing stories, I always took numerous notes out of every book, newspaper, magazine, or scientific report that I came across."[123]

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Legacy

Main article: Cultural influence of Jules Verne

Monument to Verne in Redondela, Spain

Verne's novels have had a wide influence on both literary and scientific works; writers known to have been influenced by Verne include Marcel Aymé, Roland Barthes, René Barjavel, Michel Butor, Blaise Cendrars, Paul Claudel, Jean Cocteau, Julio Cortázar, François Mauriac, Rick Riordan, Raymond Roussel, Claude Roy, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, and Jean-Paul Sartre,[124] while scientists and explorers who acknowledged Verne's inspiration have included Richard E. Byrd, Yuri Gagarin, Simon Lake, Hubert Lyautey, Guglielmo Marconi, Fridtjof Nansen, Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, Wernher von Braun,[109] and Jack Parsons.[125] Verne is credited with helping inspire the steampunk genre, a literary and social movement that glamorizes science fiction based on 19th-century technology.[126][127]

Ray Bradbury summarized Verne's influence on literature and science the world over by saying: "We are all, in one way or another, the children of Jules Verne."[128]

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Around the World in Eighty Days

Cover of the 1873 first edition

Author	Jules Verne
Original title	Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours
Illustrator	Alphonse-Marie-Adolphe de Neuville and Léon Benett[1]
Country	France
Language	French
Series	The Extraordinary Voyages #11
Genre	Adventure novel
Publisher	Le Temps (as serial)[2] Pierre-Jules Hetzel (book form)
Publication date	1872[2] (as serial) 30 January 1873[3]
Published in English	1873
Preceded by	The Fur Country
Followed by	The Mysterious Island
Text	Around the World in Eighty Days at Wikisource

Contents

Plot

Phileas Fogg is a wealthy English gentleman living a solitary life in London. Despite his wealth, Fogg lives modestly and carries out his habits with mathematical precision. Very little can be said about his social life other than that he is a member of the Reform Club, where he spends the best part of his days. Having dismissed his valet for bringing him shaving water at a temperature slightly lower than expected, Fogg hires Frenchman Jean Passepartout as a replacement.

On the evening of 2 October 1872, while at the Reform Club, Fogg gets involved in an argument over an article in The Daily Telegraph stating that with the opening of a new railway section in India, it is now possible to travel around the world in 80 days. He accepts a wager for £20,000, half of his fortune, from his fellow club members to complete such a journey within this period. With Passepartout accompanying him, Fogg departs from London by train at 8:45 p.m. that evening; to win the wager, he must return to the club by this same time on 21 December, 80 days later. They take the remaining £20,000 of Fogg's fortune with them to cover expenses during the journey.

The itinerary (as originally planned)

London to Suez, Egypt	Rail to Brindisi, Italy, via Turin and steamer (the Mongolia) across the Mediterranean Sea	7 days
Suez to Bombay, India	Steamer (the Mongolia) across the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean	13 days
Bombay to Calcutta, India	Rail	3 days

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		days
Calcutta to Victoria, Hong Kong with a stopover in Singapore	Steamer (the Rangoon) across the South China Sea	13 days
Hong Kong to Yokohama, Japan	Steamer (the Carnatic) across the South China Sea, East China Sea, and the Pacific Ocean	6 days
Yokohama to San Francisco, United States	Steamer (the General Grant) across the Pacific Ocean	22 days
San Francisco to New York City, United States	Rail	7 days
New York to London, United Kingdom	Steamer (the China) across the Atlantic Ocean to Liverpool and rail	9 days
Total		**80 days**

Map of the trip.[5]

Fogg and Passepartout reach Suez on time. While disembarking in Egypt, they are watched by a Scotland Yard policeman, Detective Fix, dispatched from London in search of a bank robber. Since Fogg fits the vague description Scotland Yard was given of the robber, Detective Fix mistakes Fogg for the criminal. Since he cannot secure a warrant in time, Fix boards the steamer (the Mongolia) conveying the travellers to Bombay. Fix becomes acquainted with Passepartout without revealing his purpose. Fogg promises the steamer engineer a large reward if he gets them to Bombay early. They dock two days ahead of schedule.

After reaching India, they take a train from Bombay to Calcutta. Fogg learns that the Daily Telegraph article was wrong; an 80 km (50 mi) stretch of track from Kholby to Allahabad has not yet been built. Fogg purchases an elephant, hires a guide and starts toward Allahabad. They come across a procession in which a young Indian woman, Aouda, is to undergo sati. Since she is drugged with opium and hashish and is obviously not going voluntarily, the travellers decide to rescue her. They follow the procession to the site, where Passepartout takes the place of Aouda's deceased husband on the funeral pyre. He rises from the pyre during the ceremony, scaring off the priests and carries Aouda away. The twelve hours gained earlier are lost but Fogg shows no regret.

The travellers hasten to catch the train at the next railway station, taking Aouda with them. At Calcutta, they board a steamer (the Rangoon) going to Hong Kong, with a day's stopover in Singapore. Fix has Fogg and Passepartout arrested. They jump bail and Fix follows them to Hong Kong. He shows himself to Passepartout, who is delighted to again meet his travelling companion from the earlier voyage.

In Hong Kong, it turns out that Aouda's distant relative, in whose care they had been planning to leave her, has moved to Holland, so they decide to take her with them to Europe. Still without a warrant, Fix sees Hong Kong as his last chance to arrest Fogg on British soil. Passepartout becomes convinced that Fix is a spy from the Reform Club. Fix confides in Passepartout, who does not believe a word and remains convinced that his master is not a bank robber. To prevent Passepartout from informing his master about the premature departure of their next vessel, the Carnatic, Fix gets Passepartout drunk and drugs him in an opium den. Passepartout still manages to catch the steamer to Yokohama but cannot inform Fogg that the steamer is leaving the evening before its scheduled departure date.

Fogg discovers that he missed his connection. He searches for a vessel that will take him to Yokohama, finding a pilot boat, the Tankadere, that takes him and Aouda to Shanghai, where they catch a steamer to Yokohama. In Yokohama, they search for Passepartout, believing he arrived there on the Carnatic as initially planned. They find him in a circus, trying to earn the fare for his homeward journey. Reunited, the four board a paddle-steamer, the General

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Grant, taking them across the Pacific to San Francisco. Fix promises Passepartout that now, having left British soil, he will no longer try to delay Fogg's journey but instead support him in getting back to Britain so he can arrest Fogg in Britain itself.

In San Francisco, they board a transcontinental train to New York, encountering several obstacles along the way: a massive herd of bison crossing the tracks, a failing suspension bridge and a band of Sioux warriors ambushing the train. After uncoupling the locomotive from the carriages, Passepartout is kidnapped by the Indian warriors. Fogg rescues him after American soldiers volunteer to help. They continue by a wind-powered sledge to Omaha, where they get a train to New York.

In New York, having missed the ship China, Fogg looks for alternative transport. He finds a steamboat, Henrietta, destined for Bordeaux, France. The captain of the boat refuses to take the company to Liverpool, whereupon Fogg consents to be taken to Bordeaux for $2,000 (approximately $42,683 in 2019) per passenger. He then bribes the crew to mutiny and make course for Liverpool. Against hurricane winds and going on full steam, the boat runs out of fuel after a few days. Fogg buys the boat from the captain and has the crew burn all the wooden parts to keep up the steam.

The companions arrive at Queenstown (Cobh), Ireland, take the train to Dublin and then a ferry to Liverpool, still in time to reach London before the deadline. Once on English soil, Fix produces a warrant and arrests Fogg. A short time later, the misunderstanding is cleared up – the actual robber, an individual named James Strand, had been caught three days earlier in Edinburgh. Fogg has missed the train and arrives in London five minutes late, certain he has lost the wager.

The following day Fogg apologises to Aouda for bringing her with him since he now has to live in poverty and cannot support her. Aouda confesses that she loves him and asks him to marry her. As Passepartout notifies a minister, he learns that he is mistaken in the date – it is not 22 December, but instead 21 December. Because the party had travelled eastward, their days were shortened by four minutes for each of the 360 degrees of longitude they crossed; thus, although they had experienced the same amount of time abroad as people had experienced in London, they had seen 80 sunrises and sunsets while London had seen only 79. Passepartout informs Fogg of his mistake and Fogg hurries to the Reform Club just in time to meet his deadline and win the wager. Having spent almost £19,000 of his travel money during the journey, he divides the remainder between Passepartout and Fix and marries Aouda.

Background and analysis

Around the World in Eighty Days was written during difficult times, both for France and Verne. It was during the Franco-Prussian War (1870–1871) in which Verne was conscripted as a coastguard; he was having financial difficulties (his previous works were not paid royalties); his father had died recently; and he had witnessed a public execution, which had disturbed him.[6] The technological innovations of the 19th century had opened the possibility of rapid circumnavigation, and the prospect fascinated Verne and his readership. In particular, three technological breakthroughs occurred in 1869–70 that made a tourist-like around-the-world journey possible for the first time: the completion of the First transcontinental railroad in America (1869), the opening of the Suez Canal (1869), and the linking of the Indian railways across the sub-continent (1870). It was another notable mark at the end of an age of exploration and the start of an age of fully global tourism that could be enjoyed in relative comfort and safety. It sparked the imagination that anyone could sit down, draw up a schedule, buy tickets and travel around the world, a feat previously reserved for only the most heroic and hardy of adventurers.[6]

The story began serialization in Le Temps on 6 November 1872.[7] The story was published in installments over the next 45 days, with its ending timed to synchronize Fogg's December 21 deadline with the real world. Chapter XXXV appeared on 20 December;[8] 21 December, the date upon which Fogg was due to appear back in London, did not include an installment of the story;[9] on 22 December, the final two chapters announced Fogg's success.[10] As it was being

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published serially for the first time, some readers believed that the journey was actually taking place – bets were placed, and some railway companies and ship liner companies lobbied Verne to appear in the book. It is unknown if Verne submitted to their requests, but the descriptions of some rail and shipping lines leave some suspicion he was influenced.[6]

Concerning the final coup de théâtre, Fogg had thought it was one day later than it actually was because he had forgotten that during his journey, he had added a full day to his clock, at the rate of an hour per 15° of longitude crossed. At the time of publication and until 1884, a de jure International Date Line did not exist. If it did, he would have been made aware of the change in date once he reached this line. Thus, the day he added to his clock throughout his journey would be removed upon crossing this imaginary line. However, Fogg's mistake would not have been likely to occur in the real world because a de facto date line did exist. The UK, India, and the US had the same calendar with different local times. When he arrived in San Francisco, he would have noticed that the local date was one day earlier than shown in his travel diary. Consequently, it is unlikely he would fail to notice that the departure dates of the transcontinental train in San Francisco and of the China steamer in New York were one day earlier than his travel diary. He would also somehow have to avoid looking at any newspapers. Additionally, in Who Betrays Elizabeth Bennet?, John Sutherland points out that Fogg and company would have to be "deaf, dumb and blind" not to notice how busy the streets were on an apparent "Sunday", with the Sunday Observance Act 1780 still in effect.[11]

Real-life imitations

Following publication in 1873, various people attempted to follow Fogg's fictional circumnavigation, often within self-imposed constraints:

In 1889, Nellie Bly undertook to travel around the world in 80 days for her newspaper, the New York World. She managed to do the journey within 72 days, meeting Verne in Amiens. Her book Around the World in Seventy-Two Days became a best seller.

In 1889, Elizabeth Bisland working for the Cosmopolitan became a rival to Bly, racing her across the world to try and achieve the global crossing first.[12]

In 1903, James Willis Sayre, an American theatre critic and arts promoter, set a world record for circling the earth using public transport: 54 days, 9 hours and 42 minutes.[13]

In 1908, Harry Bensley, on a wager, set out to circumnavigate the world on foot wearing an iron mask. The journey was abandoned, incomplete, at the outbreak of World War I in 1914.[citation needed]

In 1928, 15-year-old Danish Boy Scout Palle Huld travelled around the world by train and ship in the opposite direction to the one in the book. His trip was sponsored by a Danish newspaper and made on the occasion of the 100th birthday of Jules Verne. The trip was described in the book A Boy Scout Around the World. It took 44 days. He took the Trans-Siberian Railway and did not go by India.

In 1984, Nicholas Coleridge emulated Fogg's trip, taking 78 days; he wrote a book titled Around the World in 78 Days.[14]

In 1988, Monty Python member Michael Palin took on a similar challenge without using aircraft, as a part of a television travelogue, called Around the World in 80 Days with Michael Palin. He completed the journey in 79 days and 7 hours.

Since 1993, the Jules Verne Trophy has been given to the boat that sails around the world without stopping and with no outside assistance in the shortest time.

In 2009, twelve celebrities performed a relay version of the journey for the BBC Children in Need charity appeal.

In 2017, Mark Beaumont, a British cyclist inspired by Verne, set out to cycle across the world in 80 days. He completed the trip in 78 days, 14 hours and 40 minutes, after departing from Paris on 2 July 2017. Beaumont beat the previous world record of 123 days, set by Andrew Nicholson, by cycling 29,000 km (18,000 mi) across the globe visiting Russia, Mongolia, China, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, US and a number of countries in Europe.[15]

Origins

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The idea of a trip around the world within a set period had clear external origins. It was popular before Verne published his book in 1873. Even the title Around the World in Eighty Days is not original. Several sources have been hypothesized as the origins of the story.[6]

Another early reference comes from the Italian traveler Giovanni Francesco Gemelli Careri. He wrote a book in 1699 that was translated into French: Voyage around the World or Voyage du Tour du Monde (1719, Paris).[16]

Around the World by Steam, via Pacific Railway, was published in 1871 by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and an Around the World in A Hundred and Twenty Days by Edmond Planchut. In early 1870, the Erie Railway Company published a statement of routes, times, and distances detailing a trip around the globe of 38,204 km (23,739 mi) in 77 days and 21 hours.[17] American William Perry Fogg traveled the world, describing his tour in a series of letters to The Cleveland Leader newspaper, entitled, Round the World: Letters from Japan, China, India, and Egypt (1872).[18][19]

In 1872, Thomas Cook organised the first around-the-world tourist trip, leaving on 20 September 1872 and returning seven months later. The journey was described in a series of letters published in 1873 as Letter from the Sea and from Foreign Lands, Descriptive of a tour Round the World. Scholars have pointed out similarities between Verne's account and Cook's letters. However, some argue that Cook's trip happened too late to influence Verne. According to a second-hand 1898 account, Verne refers to a Cook advertisement as a source for the idea of his book. In interviews in 1894 and 1904, Verne says the source was "through reading one day in a Paris cafe" and "due merely to a tourist advertisement seen by chance in the columns of a newspaper." Around the World itself says the origins were a newspaper article. All of these point to Cook's advert as being a probable spark for the idea of the book.[6]

The periodical Le Tour du monde (3 October 1869) contained a short piece titled "Around the World in Eighty Days", which refers to 230 km (140 mi) of the railway not yet completed between Allahabad and Bombay, a central point in Verne's work. But even the Le Tour de monde article was not entirely original; it cites in its bibliography the Nouvelles Annales des Voyages, de la Géographie, de l'Histoire et de l'Archéologie (August 1869), which also contains the title Around the World in Eighty Days in its contents page. The Nouvelles Annales were written by Conrad Malte-Brun (1775–1826) and his son Victor Adolphe Malte-Brun (1816–1889). Scholars[who?] believe that Verne was aware of the Le Tour de monde article, the Nouvelles Annales, or both and that he consulted it or them, noting that the Le Tour du monde even included a trip schedule very similar to Verne's final version.[6]

A possible inspiration was the traveller George Francis Train, who made four trips around the world, including one in 80 days in 1870. Similarities include the hiring of a private train and being imprisoned. Train later claimed, "Verne stole my thunder. I'm Phileas Fogg."[6]

The book page containing the famous dénouement (page 312 in the Philadelphia – Porter & Coates, 1873 edition)[20]

Regarding the idea of gaining a day, Verne said of its origin: "I have a great number of scientific odds and ends in my head. It was thus that, when, one day in a Paris café, I read in the Siècle that a man could travel around the world in 80 days, it immediately struck me that I could profit by a difference of meridian and make my traveller gain or lose a day in his journey. There was a dénouement ready found. The story was not written until long after. I carry ideas about in my head for years – ten, or 15 years, sometimes – before giving them form." In his April 1873 lecture, "The Meridians and the Calendar", Verne responded to a question about where the change of day occurred since the international date line only became current in 1880 and the Greenwich prime meridian was not adopted internationally until 1884. Verne cited an 1872 article in Nature, and Edgar Allan Poe's short story "Three Sundays in a Week" (1841), which was also based on going around the world and the difference in a day linked to a marriage at the end. Verne even analysed Poe's story in his Edgar Poe and His Works (1864).[6]

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Rahul Sankrityayan

Rahul Sankrityayan (born **Kedarnath Pandey**; 9 April 1893 – 14 April 1963) was an Indian writer and a polyglot who wrote in Hindi. He played a pivotal role in giving travelogue a 'literary form'. He was one of the most widely travelled scholars of India, spending forty-five years of his life on travels away from his home.[1]

Rahul Sankrityayan

Statue of Sankrityayan in Darjeeling

Born	Kedarnath Pandey 9 April 1893 Pandaha, United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, British India
Died	14 April 1963 (aged 70) Darjeeling, West Bengal, India
Occupation	Writer essayist scholar
Nationality	Indian
Subject	Sociology, Indian nationalist history, Indology, Buddhism, Tibetology, lexicography, philosophy, grammar, textual editing, folklore, science, drama, politics
Notable awards	1958: Sahitya Akademi Award 1963: Padma Bhushan
Spouse	Santoshi, Ellena Narvertovna Kozerovskaya, Kamala Sankrityayan

He became a Buddhist monk (*Bhikkhu*) and eventually became a Marxist.[1] Sankrityayan was an Indian patriot, having been arrested and jailed for three years for his anti-British writings and speeches.[1] He is referred to as the 'Greatest Scholar' for his scholarship.[1] He was a polymath and polyglot.[1] The Government of India awarded him the civilian honour of the Padma Bhushan in 1963.[2]

Contents

Childhood

He was born as Kedarnath Pandey to a brahmin family[3] on 9 April 1893 in Pandaha village.[4] His ancestral village was Kanaila Chakrapanpur, Azamgarh district, in Eastern Uttar Pradesh.[5]

Philosophy

Initially, he was a keen follower of Arya Samaj of Swami Dayananda Saraswati.[*citation needed*] Then Buddhism changed his life.[*citation needed*] After taking Diksha in Sri Lanka he became Rahul (son of Buddha) also used his gotra (Sankritya) with his name and was finally called "Rahul Sankrityayan". He lost faith in God's existence but still retained faith in reincarnation.[*citation needed*] Later he became a Socialist and rejected the concepts of reincarnation and the afterlife. The two volumes of *Darshan-Digdarshan*, a collected history of the world's philosophy give an indication of his philosophy where the second volume is much dedicated to Dharmakirti's Pramana Vartika. This he discovered in a Tibetan translation from Tibet.[*citation needed*]

Travels

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Learn more

This section **does not cite any sources**. *(August 2022)*

Sankrityayan's travels took him to different parts of India including Ladakh, Kinnaur, and Kashmir.[*citation needed*] He also travelled to several other countries including Nepal, Tibet, Sri Lanka, Iran, China, and the former Soviet Union. He spent several years in the Parsa Gadh village in the Saran district in Bihar.[*citation needed*] The village's entry gate is named "Rahul Gate".[*citation needed*] While traveling, he mostly used surface transport, and he went to certain countries clandestinely; he entered Tibet as a Buddhist monk. He made several trips to Tibet and brought valuable paintings and Pali and Sanskrit manuscripts back to India.[*citation needed*] Most of these were a part of the libraries of Vikramshila and Nalanda Universities. These objects had been taken to Tibet by fleeing Buddhist monks during the twelfth and subsequent centuries when the invading Muslim armies had destroyed universities in India.[*citation needed*] Some accounts state that Rahul Sankrityayan employed twenty-two mules to bring these materials from Tibet to India. Patna Museum has a special section of these materials in his honor, where a number of these and other items have been displayed.[*citation needed*]

Books

Sankrityayan understood several languages and dialects, including Hindi, Sanskrit, Pali, Bhojpuri, Magahi, Urdu, Persian, Arabic, Tamil, Kannada, Tibetan, Sinhalese, French and Russian.[1] He was also an Indologist, a Marxist theoretician, and a creative writer.[1] He started writing during his twenties and his works, totaling well over 100, covered a variety of subjects, including sociology, history, philosophy, Buddhism, Tibetology, lexicography, grammar, textual editing, folklore, science, drama, and politics.[1] Many of these were unpublished.[1] He translated Majjhima Nikaya from Prakrit into Hindi.[1]

Rahul's Tombstone at Darjeeling.[*citation needed*] This tombstone is established at a place called "Murda Haati" which is a cremation ground downtown in the lower altitudes of Darjeeling around 25 minutes drive from the ChowRasta. The same place also has the tombstone of Sister Nivedita.[*citation needed*]

One of his Hindi books is *Volga Se Ganga* (*A journey from the Volga to the Ganges*) – a work of historical fiction concerning the migration of Aryans from the steppes of the Eurasia to regions around the Volga river; then their movements across the Hindukush and the Himalayas and the sub-Himalayan regions; and their spread to the Indo-Gangetic plains of the subcontinent of India. The book begins in 6000 BC and ends in 1942, the year when Mahatma Gandhi, the Indian nationalist leader called for the Quit India movement. It was published in 1942. A translation into English of this work by Victor Kiernan was published in 1947 as *From Volga to Ganga*.[6]

His travelogue literature includes:

Tibbat Me Sava Varsha (1933)
Meri Europe Yatra (1935)
Athato Ghumakkad Jigyasa
Volga Se Ganga
Asia ke Durgam Bhukhando Mein
Yatra Ke Panne
Kinnar Desh Mein

More than ten of his books have been translated and published in Bengali. He was awarded the Padmabhushan in 1963,[7] and he received the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1958 for his book *Madhya Asia Ka Itihaas*.[*citation needed*]

Personal life and family

Sankrityayan on a 1993 stamp of India

Rahul was married when very young and never came to know anything of his child-wife, Santoshi.[*citation needed*] Probably he saw her only once in his 40s as per his autobiography: *Meri Jivan Yatra*. During his stay in Soviet Russia a second time, accepting an invitation for teaching Buddhism at Leningrad University, he came in contact with a Mongolian scholar Lola (Ellena

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Narvertovna Kozerovskaya).[citation needed] She could speak French, English, and Russian and write Sanskrit. She helped him in working on Tibetan- Sanskrit dictionary. Their attachment ended in marriage and the birth of son Igor Rahulovich.[citation needed] Mother and son did not accompany Rahul to India after the completion of his assignment.[citation needed]
Late in life, he married Kamala Sankrityayan, who was an Indian writer, editor and scholar in Hindi and Nepali. They had a daughter Jaya Sankrityayan Parhawk,[8] one son, Jeta. Jeta is a professor of Economics at North Bengal University.[9]

Death

Rahul accepted a teaching job at a Sri Lankan university, where he fell seriously ill with diabetes, high blood pressure and a mild stroke.[citation needed] He died in Darjeeling in 1963.[citation needed]

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Volga Se Ganga

Publication history and translations

Sanskritayan wrote his debut novel *Jine Ke Liye* in 1938. Meanwhile, 1941-42, he was inspired by the historical stories of Bhagawat Sharan Upadhyay. Later he wrote 20 short stories while imprisoned in Hazaribagh Central Jail for taking part in Indian independence movement. [2] It was first published in 1943 and is considered one of the greatest Hindi book of modern Indian literature.[2]

It has been translated into many languages including Assamese, Marathi, Bengali, English, Kannada, Tamil, Malayalam, Telugu, Punjabi where he ran into several editions, besides foreign languages like Russian, Czech, Polish Chinese, and many more. [2] This book is now considered a classic in history of Indian literature. The first Bengali translation was published in 1954.The first Tamil translation was published in 1949 by Kanna.Muthaiyyah.

Synopsis

Volga Se Ganga is about the history of Indo–European people who were later known as the Aryans. The 20 stories are woven over a span of 8000 years and a distance of about 10,000 km.

The first story, "Nisha", is about cavemen living in Caucasia (southern Russia) about 6000 BC. The society or its precursor at that time was matriarchal and so the story is named after the leader of the family 'Nisha'. Although all the 20 stories are independent, the sequence in which they are arranged nevertheless serves a very important purpose. Here one can find a gradual transformation from a matriarchal society (the first two stories) to a patriarchal one (the rest), a gradual change from freedom to slavery, from acceptance of slavery to its loathing and the likes. If one is to believe Sankrityayan, then an apprehension for technological advancement is nothing new. People were wary of the newly better armament which was fast replacing the older stone equipment (fourth story – "Puruhoot" (Tajikistan 2500 BC)). The same story tells how an arms race was started during that period and how southerners amassed great wealth at the expense of the northerners.

The sixth story, "Angira" (Taxila 1800 BC), is about a man who wants to save the Aryan race from losing its identity to other races by teaching about their true culture (precursor to Vedic Rishis). The eighth story (*Pravahan* (700 BC. Panchala, U.P.). is about the upper class manipulating religion for their own vested interests and conspiring to keep people in dark for at least 2000 years). One can see how easily and frequently the Indians, the mid easterners and the Greeks mingled with each other in the times of Chanakya and Alexander by reading the tenth story *Nagdatt*, which is about a philosopher classmate of Chanakya who travels to Persia and Greece and learns how Athens fell to Macedonia. The eleventh story (*Prabha*, 50 AD) is about the famous (also the first Indian) dramatist Aśvaghosa, who adopted the Greek art of drama into Indian culture in a very beautiful and authentic way, and his inspiration. *Baba Noordeen* (1300), the 15th story is about the rise of Sufism. The seventeenth story *Rekha Bhagat* (1800 is about the barbarous rule of the East India company and the anarchy it brought to parts of India. The last story ("Sumer", 1942) is about a man who goes on to fight the Japanese because he wants Soviet Russia to triumph, for this nation according to him is the only hope left for humanity.

About the author

Rahul Sankrityayan was greatly influenced by Marxist ideas. This influence can be easily felt in the last three stories. Mangal Singh (the protagonist in 18th story) personally knows Marx and Engels and is amazed how Marx knows so much about India. He explains to Anne, his beloved, how Science is indispensable to India but unfortunately the Indians put faith above it. He goes on to fight the Britishers in the 1857 uprising with a strict code of conduct.

The author (original name *Kedarnath Pandey*) was so deeply influenced by Buddhism that he adopted it along with the name *Rahul* (The name of Gautam Buddha's son). This influence is also felt in his stories *Bandhul Mall* (490 BC, 9th story) and *Prabha*. Also the dynamical view of life which is at the centre of Buddhist philosophy can be seen. One more characteristic feature that deserves mention here is the simplicity of language. There are no pointless linguistic decorations here. The author instantly gets to the point just like Voltaire with *Candide*.

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Jon Krakauer

Early life

Krakauer was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, as the third of five children of Carol Ann (née Jones) and Lewis Joseph Krakauer. His father was Jewish and his mother was a Unitarian of Scandinavian descent.[1][2] He was raised in Corvallis, Oregon. His father introduced the young Krakauer to mountaineering at the age of eight. His father was "relentlessly competitive and ambitious in the extreme" and placed high expectations on Krakauer, wishing for his son to attend Harvard Medical School and become a doctor. Krakauer wrote that this was his father's view of "life's one sure path to meaningful success and lasting happiness."[3] He competed in tennis at Corvallis High School, and graduated in 1972. He went on to study at Hampshire College in Massachusetts, where in 1976 he received his degree in environmental studies. In 1977, he met former climber Linda Mariam Moore, and they married in 1980. They lived in Seattle, Washington, but moved to Boulder, Colorado, after the release of Krakauer's book *Into Thin Air*.[4]

Mountaineering

After graduating from college, Krakauer spent three weeks alone in the wilderness of the Stikine Icecap region of Alaska and climbed a new route on the Devils Thumb, an experience he described in *Eiger Dreams* and in *Into the Wild*.[3]:135–153 In 1992, he made his way to Cerro Torre in the Andes of Patagonia—a sheer granite peak considered to be one of the most difficult technical climbs in the world.[5]

In 1996, Krakauer took part in a guided ascent of Mount Everest. His group was one of those caught in the 1996 Mount Everest disaster, in which a violent storm trapped a number of climbers high on the slopes of the mountain. Krakauer reached the peak and returned to camp, but four of his teammates (including group leader Rob Hall) died while making their descent in the storm.[6]

A candid recollection of the event was published in *Outside* magazine and, later, in the book *Into Thin Air*. By the end of the 1996 climbing season, fifteen people had died on the mountain, making it the deadliest single year in Everest history to that point. This has since been exceeded by the sixteen deaths in the 2014 Mount Everest avalanche, and the 2015 earthquake avalanche disaster in which twenty-two people were killed. Krakauer has publicly criticized the commercialization of Mount Everest.[7]

Journalism

Krakauer in 2009

Much of Krakauer's popularity as a writer came from his work as a journalist for *Outside*. In November 1983, he was able to give up his part-time work as a fisherman and carpenter to become a full-time writer. In addition to his work on mountain climbing, the topics he covered as a freelance writer varied greatly; his writing has also appeared in *Architectural Digest*, *National Geographic Magazine*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Smithsonian*. Krakauer's 1992 book *Eiger Dreams* collects some of his articles written between 1982 and 1989.

On assignment for *Outside*, Krakauer wrote an article focusing on two parties during his ascent of Mt. Everest: the one he was in, led by Rob Hall, and the one led by Scott Fischer, both of whom successfully guided clients to the summit but experienced severe difficulty during the descent. The storm, and, in his estimation, irresponsible choices by guides of both parties, led to a number of deaths, including both head guides. Krakauer felt the short account did not accurately cover the event, and clarified his initial

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statements—especially those regarding the death of Andy Harris—in *Into Thin Air*, which also includes extensive interviews with fellow survivors.

In 1999, he received an Arts and Letters award for Literature from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.[8]

Books

Eiger Dreams

Eiger Dreams: Ventures Among Men and Mountains (1990) is a non-fiction collection of articles and essays by Jon Krakauer on mountaineering and rock climbing. It concerns a variety of topics, from ascending the Eiger *Nordwand* in the Swiss Alps, Denali in Alaska or K2 in the Karakoram, to the well-known rock climbers Krakauer has met on his trips, such as John Gill.

Into the Wild

Into the Wild was published in 1996 and spent two years on *The New York Times* Best Seller List. The book employs a non-linear narrative that documents the travels of Christopher McCandless, a young man from a well-to-do East Coast family who, in 1990, after graduating from Emory University, donated all of the money ($24,000) in his bank account to the humanitarian charity Oxfam, renamed himself "Alexander Supertramp", and began a journey in the American West. McCandless' remains were found in September 1992; he had died of starvation in Alaska on the Stampede Trail at 63°52′5.96″N 149°46′8.39″W. In the book, Krakauer draws parallels between McCandless' experiences and his own, and the experiences of other adventurers. *Into The Wild* was adapted into a film of the same name, which was released on September 21, 2007.

Into Thin Air

In 1997, Krakauer expanded his September 1996 *Outside* article into *Into Thin Air*. The book describes the climbing parties' experiences and the general state of Everest mountaineering at the time. Hired as a journalist by the magazine, Krakauer had participated as a client of the 1996 Everest climbing team led by Rob Hall—the team which ended up suffering the greatest casualties in the 1996 Mount Everest disaster.

The book reached the top of *The New York Times*' non-fiction bestseller list, was honored as "Book of the Year" by *Time* magazine, and was among three books considered for the General Non-Fiction Pulitzer Prize in 1998. The American Academy of Arts and Letters gave Krakauer an Academy Award in Literature in 1999 for his work, commenting that the writer "combines the tenacity and courage of the finest tradition of investigative journalism with the stylish subtlety and profound insight of the born writer. His account of an ascent of Mount Everest has led to a general reevaluation of climbing and of the commercialization of what was once a romantic, solitary sport."

Krakauer has contributed royalties from this book to the Everest '96 Memorial Fund at the Boulder Community Foundation, which he founded as a tribute to his deceased climbing partners.

In a TV-movie version of the book, Krakauer was played by Christopher McDonald. *Everest*, a feature film based on the events of the disaster directed by Baltasar Kormákur, was released in 2015.[9] In the film, Krakauer is portrayed by Michael Kelly. Krakauer denounced the movie, saying some of its details were fabricated and defamatory. He also expressed regret regarding Sony's rapid acquisition of the rights to the book. Director Baltasar Kormákur responded, claiming Krakauer's first-person account was not used as source material for the film, and alleged that his version of events conflicted with the plot.[10]

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In the book, Krakauer noted that Russian-Kazakhstani guide Anatoli Boukreev, Scott Fischer's top guide on the expedition, ascended the summit without supplemental oxygen, "which didn't seem to be in [the] clients' best interest".[11] He also wrote that Boukreev descended from the summit several hours ahead of his clients, and that this was "extremely unorthodox behavior for a guide".[12] He noted however that, once he had descended to the top camp, Boukreev was heroic in his tireless attempts to rescue the missing climbers. Five months after *Into Thin Air* was published, Boukreev gave his own account of the Everest disaster in the book *The Climb*, co-written with G. Weston DeWalt.

Differences centered on what experienced mountaineers thought about the facts of Boukreev's performance. As Galen Rowell from the *American Alpine Journal* wrote to Krakauer, "the fact [is] that every one of Boukreev's clients survived without major injuries while the clients who died or received major injuries were members of your party. Could you explain how Anatoli [Boukreev]'s shortcomings as a guide led to the survival of his clients...?"[13] In an article in the Wall Street Journal, Rowell cited numerous inconsistencies in Krakauer's narrative, observing that Krakauer was sleeping in his tent while Boukreev was rescuing other climbers. Rowell argued that Boukreev's actions were nothing short of heroic, and his judgment prescient: "[Boukreev] foresaw problems with clients nearing camp, noted five other guides on the peak [Everest], and positioned himself to be rested and hydrated enough to respond to an emergency. His heroism was not a fluke."[14] Conversely, Scott Fischer, the leader of Boukreev's team who died on the mountain, had complained continuously about Boukreev's shirking responsibility and his inability to meet the demands put upon him as the top guide—complaints documented in transcripts of radio transmissions between Fischer and his base-camp managers[*citation needed*]. After the publication of *Into Thin Air* and *The Climb*, DeWalt, Boukreev, and Krakauer became embroiled in disagreements about Krakauer's portrayal of Boukreev. Krakauer had reached a détente with Boukreev in November 1997, but the Russian climber was killed by an avalanche only a few weeks later while climbing Annapurna.[15]

Under the Banner of Heaven

In 2003, *Under the Banner of Heaven* became Krakauer's third non-fiction bestseller. The book examines extremes of religious belief, specifically fundamentalist offshoots of Mormonism. Krakauer looks at the practice of polygamy in these offshoots and scrutinizes it in the context of the Latter Day Saints religion throughout its history. Much of the focus of the book is on the Lafferty brothers, who murdered Erica and Brenda Lafferty on July 24, 1984 in the name of their fundamentalist faith.[16]

In 2006, Tom Elliott and Pawel Gula produced a documentary inspired by the book, *Damned to Heaven*.

Robert Millet, Professor of Religious Understanding at Brigham Young University, an LDS institution, reviewed the book and described it as confusing, poorly organized, misleading, erroneous, prejudicial and insulting.[17] Mike Otterson, Director of Media Relations for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS), told the Associated Press, "This book is not history, and Krakauer is no historian. He is a storyteller who cuts corners to make the story sound good. His basic thesis appears to be that people who are religious are irrational, and that irrational people do strange things."[17]

In response, Krakauer criticized the LDS Church hierarchy, citing the opinion of D. Michael Quinn, a historian who was excommunicated in 1993, who wrote that "The tragic reality is that there have been occasions when Church leaders, teachers, and writers have not told the truth they knew about difficulties of the Mormon past, but have offered to the Saints instead a mixture of platitudes, half-truths, omissions, and plausible denials." Krakauer wrote, "I happen to share Dr. Quinn's perspective".[18]

In April 2022, a limited series of *Under the Banner of Heaven* was released by Hulu starring Andrew Garfield and Daisy Edgar-Jones.[19]

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Where Men Win Glory: The Odyssey of Pat Tillman

In the October 25, 2007, season premiere of *Iconoclasts* on the Sundance Channel, Krakauer mentioned being deeply embroiled in the writing of a new book, but did not reveal the title, subject, or expected date of completion. Doubleday Publishing originally planned to release the book in the fall of 2008, but postponed the launch in June of that year, announcing that Krakauer was "unhappy with the manuscript."[20]

The book, *Where Men Win Glory: The Odyssey of Pat Tillman*, was released by Doubleday on September 15, 2009. It draws on the journals and letters of Pat Tillman, an NFL professional football player and U.S. Army Ranger whose death in Afghanistan made him a symbol of American sacrifice and heroism, though it also became a subject of controversy because of the U.S. Army's cover-up of the fact that Tillman died by friendly fire. The book draws on the journals and letters of Tillman, interviews with his wife and friends, conversations with the soldiers who served alongside him, and research Krakauer performed in Afghanistan. It also serves in part as a historical narrative, providing a general history of the civil wars in Afghanistan.

Writing about the book in the *New York Times Book Review*, Dexter Filkins said that "too many of the details of Tillman's life recounted here are mostly banal and inconsequential," but also stated, concerning Tillman's death, "While most of the facts have been reported before, Krakauer performs a valuable service by bringing them all together—particularly those about the cover-up. The details, even five years later, are nauseating to read."[21] In his review in the *Los Angeles Times*, Dan Neil wrote that the book is "a beautiful bit of reporting" and "the definitive version of events surrounding Tillman's death.".[22]

Three Cups of Deceit: How Greg Mortenson, Humanitarian Hero, Lost His Way

Three Cups of Deceit is a 2011 e-book that made claims of mismanagement and accounting fraud by Greg Mortenson, a humanitarian who built schools in Pakistan and Afghanistan; and his charity, the Central Asia Institute (CAI). It was later released in paperback by Anchor Books.

The book—and a related *60 Minutes* interview broadcast the day before the book's release—were controversial. Some CAI donors filed a class-action lawsuit against Mortenson for having allegedly defrauded them with false claims in his books.[23] The suit was eventually rejected.[23] In December 2011, CAI produced a comprehensive list of projects completed over a period of years and projects CAI is currently working on.[24]

Mortenson and CAI were investigated by the Montana attorney general,[25] who determined that they had made financial "missteps", and the Attorney General reached a settlement for restitution from Mortenson to CAI in excess of $1 million.[26][27]

The 2016 documentary *3000 Cups of Tea* by Jennifer Jordan and Jeff Rhoads claims that the accusations against Mortenson put forward by *60 Minutes* and Jon Krakauer are largely untrue. Jordan said in 2014: "We are still investigating this story. So far, our findings are indicating that the majority of the allegations are grossly misrepresented to make him appear in the worst possible light, or are outright false. Yes, Greg is a bad manager and accountant, and he is the first to admit that, but he is also a tireless humanitarian with a crucially important mission."[28][29]

Missoula: Rape and the Justice System in a College Town

Missoula: Rape and the Justice System in a College Town (2015) explores how rape is handled by colleges and the criminal justice system. The book follows several case studies of women raped in Missoula, Montana, many of them linked in some way to the University of Montana. Krakauer

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attempts to illuminate why many victims do not want to report their rapes to the police, and he criticizes the justice system for giving the benefit of the doubt to assailants but not to victims. Krakauer was inspired[30] to write the book when a friend of his, a young woman, revealed to him that she had been raped.

Emily Bazelon, writing for the *New York Times* Book Review, gave the book a lukewarm review, criticizing it for not fully exploring its characters or appreciating the difficulty colleges face in handling and trying to prevent sexual assault.[30] "Instead of delving deeply into questions of fairness as universities try to fulfill a recent government mandate to conduct their own investigations and hearings—apart from the police and the courts—Krakauer settles for bromides," Bazelon wrote. "University procedures should 'swiftly identify student offenders and prevent them from reoffending, while simultaneously safeguarding the rights of the accused,' he writes, asserting that this 'will be difficult, but it's not rocket science.'"

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Unit-V Indian Literary Theory and Criticism Sem-I

U. R. Ananthamurthy

Udupi Rajagopalacharya Ananthamurthy (21 December 1932 – 22 August 2014) was an Indian contemporary writer and critic in the Kannada language. He was born in Thirtahalli Taluk and is considered one of the pioneers of the Navya movement.[1] In 1994, he became the sixth Kannada writer to be honored with the Jnanpith Award, the highest literary honour conferred in India.[2][3] In 1998, he received the Padma Bhushan award from the Government of India.[4] He was the vice-chancellor of Mahatma Gandhi University in Kerala during the late 1980s. He was one of the finalists of Man Booker International Prize for the year 2013.[5] He remained a fervent critic of nationalistic political parties until his death from kidney failure and cardiac arrest on 22 August 2014.

Early life

Ananthamurthy was born into Kannada-speaking Brahmin family[7] in Melige, in Tirthahalli taluk in the Shimoga District.[8] His education started in a traditional Sanskrit school in Doorvasapura and continued in Tirthahalli and Mysore. After receiving a Master of Arts degree from the University of Mysore, U. R. Ananthamurthy taught in the English department at University of Mysore (pictured) for a while before embarking to England for further studies on a Commonwealth Scholarship. He earned his doctorate from the University of Birmingham in 1966 for his dissertation thesis entitled "Politics and Fiction in the 1930.

Career

Ananthamurthy started his career as a professor and instructor in 1970 in English department of University of Mysore. He was the Vice-Chancellor of Mahatma Gandhi University in Kottayam, Kerala from 1987 to 1991.[11] He served as the Chairman of National Book Trust India for the year 1992. In 1993 he was elected as the president of Sahitya Academy. He served as a visiting professor in many Indian and foreign universities including Jawaharlal Nehru University, University of Tübingen, University of Iowa, Tufts University and Shivaji University.[1] Ananthamurthy served twice as the Chairman of the Film and Television Institute of India.[12] In 2012 he was appointed the first Chancellor of Central University of Karnataka.[13] He was also a reason for the establishment of Humanities department of Manipal University. Later in 2012 he served as a visiting faculty at Manipal Centre for Philosophy and Humanities, Manipal University for four months.

Literary works

Ananthamurthy's works have been translated into several Indian and European languages and have been awarded with important literary prizes.[1] His main works include "Prashne", "Aakasha Mattu Bekku", Samskara, Bhava, Bharathipura, and Avasthe. He has written numerous short stories as well. Several of his novels and short fictions have been made into movies.

Most of Ananthamurthy's literary works deal with psychological aspects of people in different situations, times and circumstances. His writings supposedly analyse aspects ranging from challenges and changes faced by Brahmin families of Karnataka to bureaucrats dealing with politics influencing their work.

Most of his novels are on reaction of individuals to situations that are unusual and artificial. Results of influences of sociopolitical and economic changes on traditional Hindu societies of India and clashes due to such influences – between a father and a son, husband and wife, father and daughter and finally, the fine love that flows beneath all such clashes are portrayed by Ananthamurthy in his works. This is evident in his stories like Sooryana Kudure (The Sun's Horse)", Mouni (Silent Man)", "Karthika,

"Ghatashraddha" etc. It does not mean that Ananthamurthy is just clinging to portraying only such somewhat standard subjects of Indian literature of his period. His novelette Bara (Drought) portrays the dynamics of a drought-stricken district of Karnataka and the challenges and dilemmas a bureaucrat may face in such situations.

Personal life

U. R. Ananthamurthy met his wife Esther in 1954 and they were married in 1956. They had two children, Sharath and Anuradha. He resided in Bangalore for most of his later life. His son in law Vivek Shanbhag also is a famous writer in Kannada.

Political career

U. R. Ananthamurthy made an unsuccessful run for the Lok Sabha in 2004 in which he stated that his prime ideological objective in opting to contest the elections was to fight the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP).[15]

A Janata Dal (Secular) leader and former Prime Minister of India H. D. Deve Gowda had made an offer for Murthy to contest for his party. However, after the Janata Dal (Secular) worked a power sharing agreement with the BJP, Murthy said:

I will never forgive my friends in the Janata Dal (Secular) for joining hands with the BJP.[16]

Ananthamurthy also contested for the Rajya Sabha elections from state assembly in 2006.[17]

The idea proposed by Ananthamurthy to rename ten cities in Karnataka including Bengaluru from their colonial forms to actual native forms was accepted by the Government of Karnataka and the cities were renamed on the occasion of the golden jubilee celebrations of the formation of Karnataka.[18]

Controversies

In June 2007, Ananthamurthy declared that he would not take part in literary functions in future in the wake of strong criticism for his reaction on S.L. Bhyrappa's controversial novel Aavarana that appeared in a section of the media.[19]

In 2013, Murthy's statement that there is a reference in the Mahabharata to Brahmin's consuming beef drew flak from Hindu religious leaders. Vishwesha Teertha Swami of Pejawar Math commented that there was no reference to Brahmins consuming beef in the conversation between Bhishma and Yudhishtira or anywhere else in the Mahabharata and Murthy's statement came as a surprise to him.[20]

A vocal critic of the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh and Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP)/Jan Sangh for over 50 years, Murthy said in 2013 that he would not live in the country ruled by BJP leader Narendra Modi.[21] He later clarified that those remarks were made when he was "overcome by emotion" and said that he had no such plan, though he continued to oppose BJP.[22] Murthy was given special police protection after he began receiving threatening phone calls.[23] Later when Modi became the Prime Minister he was given a free ticket to Pakistan by a group of Modi supporters called "NaMo Brigade".[24] After Murthy's death was announced on 22 August 2014, several BJP and Hindu Jagarana Vedike were booked for celebrating his death by bursting crackers at four places in Mangalore and one spot in Chikkamagaluru.[25]

literary circle around Rabi

The Literary Situation in India: Search for an Identity

I

The situation could have turned into a series of laudatory speeches in these days of seminars in India to celebrate centenaries of well-known Indian and international figures. But the secretary of the Ministry of Education which hosted the seminar to celebrate the Aurobindo centenary was a sensitive Hindi poet, who made the occasion an excuse to discuss problems of contemporary writing in the Indian languages. After the Minister paid the expected tributes to Aurobindo and called upon the writers to uphold Indian culture, work for national integration, world peace, etc., we settled down to business. We had met in one of the dingy provincial capitals of North India, and among us we had writers in Hindi, Bengali, Marathi, and Kannada, and an internationally famous Indian painter.

The discussion inevitably turned into a topic that obsesses us Indian writers these days: why is the western mode of thought and writing the model for us? Why aren't we original in our treatment of form and content in the novel, drama, or poetry?

While Indian dance and music are uniquely Indian, why does contemporary Indian literature take its bearings from the literature of the West?

Are we really a nation of mimics, victims of English education which has conditioned the faculties of our perception so much that we fail to respond freshly to the immediate situation in India? Should we read Brecht in order to discover that our folk theater can be used? Why do we import even our radicalism via Ginsberg, Osborne, or Sartre? And our reaction against the West—isn't it often emotional, while intellectually we remain bound to western modes of thought?

But the language that we used to discuss these questions was English, as it had to be. And the names and examples that dominated our discussion were different from those fashionable ten years ago. In the place of Eliot and Yeats, dear to us for the impact of Indian philosophy on them, we used now the ideas of Camus, Kafka, Sartre, and Lukacs. We admired the achievement of Russian masters, who seemed better influences for us than the Anglo-Saxon writers who are anti-metaphysical and pragmatic in their outlook. Wasn't the Russian literary scene before the revolution very similar to ours, in its struggle between the Westernizers and the Slavophiles? Dostoevsky with his metaphysical brooding was closer to the Indian temperament than the writers of the novels of manners. Still it was Shaw and Galsworthy, rather than the more poetic Synge and Chekhov, who influenced the previous generation of writers in India.

As we were discussing these questions, ironically with examples from the West rather than from our own literatures, some of which have a history of a thousand years, and quite a few writers radical and disturbing in their vision, the painter narrated to us an incident which deeply moved me. Before I relate what he said, let me describe how we dressed, which is important for the point I want to make.

The Bengali writer and a Hindi writer wore white dhoti and collarless long Indian shirts, which nearly all nationalist Indians wore during our struggle for freedom. The Bengali writer had a Marxist background (only he spoke in Bengali which was translated to us), and the Hindi writer was a Gandhian socialist of the Lohia school. Two Hindi writers and a Marathi writer, who were in their thirties and modernists in their writing, wore pants and jubba and had long hair—now the accepted attire of bohemian and artistic Indian intellectuals. (Even in this dress one looks middle class in India. The film stars have popularized it among the young of the rich and middle classes.) Only the painter looked authentically unmiddle class —with his flowing hair and beard, collarless shirt and dhoti not elegantly gathered and worn in the Bengali fashion, but tucked around the waist carelessly in the South Indian style. He could have been genuinely taken for a wandering Indian *sadhu* except for his powerful and well articulated English. Perhaps a remark made by me in the course of the discussion on the search for Indian identity had prompted him to speak, or perhaps I am mistaken. Anyhow, this is what I had said.

Speaking of Kannada literature, I had observed that there were distinctly two generations of writers—those who belonged to the Gandhian era, and us. In order to clarify certain issues, I had ventured to generalize recklessly (which most of us were doing anyhow) and described these generations as "insiders" and "outsiders" respectively. Some "insiders" even grew a tuft, wore caste marks, chewed betel, and, more often than not, came from a rural background. Along with their Gandhian idealism, their sensibilities bore the distinctive features of their castes and regions, and they wrote as if the English education they received was inconsequential. I had in my mind some great Kannada writers like Bendre, Putina, and Masti, and I was of course rashly generalizing, for it was not unusual in the past to describe these writers as the Wordsworth, Shelley, Hardy, Shaw, etc., of Kannada. Yet I was not wholly wrong in thinking of them as "insiders" in comparison with my generation of writers. There is no doubt we look and think differently from them. We admire their insider's knowledge of Indian tradition but reject their celebratory attitude toward Indian traditionalism. They made it possible for us to write, but we had to rebel against their conservative clinging to certain aesthetic modes. Some modern writers are, as a result, more inventive in their writing, but . . . haven't we also moved closer to the West in our experimentation, thus risking rootlessness in our own tradition? I raised the question, but as a practicing modernist writer myself I also tried to argue that there was no need to be unnecessarily anxious about it. We all write in the Indian languages, and this fact has a profound consequence on what we actually do in our languages, however much we expose ourselves to the West in search of ideas and forms. The "insiders" and "outsiders" can't remain mutually exclusive. The fact that we write in an Indian language, like Kannada, kept alive by the oral traditions of the illiterate rural people, as well as a thousand-year-long native literary tradition, which has behind it an even longer pan-Indian Sanskrit tradition, has its own influence on what its recent writers do with their exposure to the West. The medium shapes the writer, even when he is shaping it. The writer influenced by the West may think and feel like an outsider, and yet he has to be an insider to the language created by the peculiar congruence of indigenous and Sanskrit classical traditions, folk tradition, and now the impact of spreading western education. If you borrow western technology and science, its culture too is bound to influence you, and where else can the integration of conflicting strains in our life be achieved except in one's language?

I was at pains not to appear eclectic in my approach. I wanted my friends to see the emergence of a new Indian identity in our literature as the result of a dialectic, not a mixture, of the living old and new, which would be germane to the genius of our languages. Kannada writers had such a relationship with Sanskrit literature once, and our achievement in the past was

not a copy of Sanskrit; in some writers at least it was unique—although within the context of Sanskritic tradition. In my argument I had assumed that language rejects what is willfully and artificially imported into it, and discerning literary criticism can distinguish between what is genuine and what is faked without going into the abstract and unsolvable question of how much of western influence is good for us.

Moreover, I argued, the language, Kannada, may have a literary tradition of a thousand years; still the contemporary writer can only use the current language that has become a part of his experience in his own lifetime. The search for the language adequate to one's creation is also a continuous one; it varies from one work to another.

When the writer influenced by western literatures chooses to write in a language like Kannada, he has made a moral choice. If the ideas that are still not of my language are embodied in my language creatively, then it becomes a part of the living tradition of my language.

I said that one uses only the current language of one's life time; but perhaps it is even narrower than this. As a writer I have felt often that my essential language is what I acquired during my childhood in a village and what I have been able to add to it—not superficially but experientially—in the process of growing up. In the actual business of writing don't we all know how much of our knowledge and our acquired language is really superfluous and useless? The magic of literary creation lies in actualizing new facets of experience; suggesting the inarticulate while articulating the particular and the given; conquering new domains of experience which are not yet the property of my language. If I should do all these in a language that has become my own only from the days of my childhood, then that language which has roots in me must have roots outside me as well—in its tradition of a thousand years, and what is affecting the lives of the people who speak that language today. If the western impact on us is a reality, how can we wish it away? I will have to relate myself to it with my language, which, if it has to have evocative power, should have its roots in the language of the ancient poets, and its current life in the idiomatic vigor of the illiterate peasant's speech.

As a creative writer I work on this assumption, but I can't wholly silence my literary conscience with that argument. Hence what the painter said, his extraordinary appearance and ability as an artist adding to the power of his argument, deeply disturbed me. In retrospect what he said may seem simple to me now, but the fact that I was disturbed by his argument (and a few other writers were also impressed like me), is an indication of a profound disquiet among the Indian writers today in their search for identity.

The painter was travelling through villages in North India studying folk art. A lonely cottage at the foot of a hill attracted his eye. As he approached

the cottage, he was puzzled by a piece of stone which he saw inside the cottage through the window; it was decorated with *kunkum*—the red powder that our women wear on their foreheads as an auspicious sign—and flowers. He wanted to photograph the stone that the peasant worshipped and he asked the peasant who was weaving a basket outside the cottage if he could bring the stone outside the cottage into the sun so he could take a picture. After taking the photograph, the painter apologized to the peasant in case the stone he worshipped was polluted by moving it outside. He had not expected the peasant's reply. "It doesn't matter," the peasant said, "I will have to bring another stone and anoint it with *kunkum*." Any piece of stone on which he put *kunkum* became God for the peasant. What mattered was his faith, not the stone. Do we understand the manner in which the peasant's mind worked?—the painter asked us. Can we understand his essentially mythical and metaphorical imagination which directed his inner life? Will Lukacs and Russell, who influence the structure of our thinking now, help us see instinctively the way this peasant's mind worked? That is why we don't understand the complex pattern of ancient Indian thought, its daring subjectivity, caught as we are in the narrow confines of western scientific rationality. In his simplicity the peasant still keeps alive the mode of thinking and perception, which at the dawn of human civilization revealed to the sages of the Upanishads the vision that Atman *is* Brahman. Shouldn't we prefer the so-called superstition of the peasant, which helps him see organic connections between the animal world, the human world and the nature surrounding him, to the scientific rationality of western science that has driven the world into a mess of pollution and ecological imbalance?

The painter continued: The western education has alienated us utterly from this peasant who belongs to the category of the seventy percent of the illiterate Indian mass. There is no gap for him between what he perceived subjectively and objectively. As his senses were actively engaged with the world outside him, he had no time to reflect on the luxury of the existentialist problem of whether life was meaningful. If we don't understand the structure and mode of this peasant's thinking, we can't become true Indian writers. Therefore we should free ourselves from the enslaving rationalist modes of western scientific thinking, from which even their great writers are not totally liberated. Only then we will be able to see what connects this peasant vitally to his world that surrounds him and to his ancestor, who perhaps plowed the same patch of land some three thousand years ago. The western modes of perception will not help us understand what sustains this peasant—whether it is liberalism, scientific positivism, or even Marxism—these European-born theories only serve to make us feel inferior and thus turn our country into an imitative copy of the West.

As I said, we were moved by the painter's argument. In the midst of

Camus, Sartre, Kafka, and Lukacs, he had stood before us, an authentic Indian who was untouched by the ideas of any of these writers whom we were using as points of reference to define our positions.

In retrospect a doubt nagged me. Isn't the authentic Indian peasant, whose imagination is mythical and who relates to nature organically, also a current radical reaction against western materialism, which has begun to exercise an influence on the educated middle class writers of India? What if these spiritual reactions to the West are their way of keeping fit, and the "decline of the West" theory is a glibly repeated humbug?

In India, Mahatma Gandhi, who himself approximated the Indian peasant in his appearance, in his mode of thinking, and in his political imagery, still chose Pandit Nehru, the westernized Indian, as his successor. I don't think that the children of that peasant will believe in the magic of transforming the stone into God, nor did the painter work on his canvas that way —he sought an objective form, there, on the canvas, for his perceptions and ideas, and he couldn't ignore the experimentations in western painting.

Still why did the painter move me with his argument? Why do we educated Indian writers of my generation—most of whom now belong to the middle class intelligentsia—suffer from a nagging self-doubt? Why are we all soliloquists and monologuists—stream of consciousness technique is very popular with our novelists—whereas the older generation of writers, who were also English educated and belonged to the upper classes and castes in India, did not think that their perceptions were limited to themselves? Perhaps as they belonged to a generation that was involved in the struggle to free India, they felt a common destiny with the masses of India, which in the post-independent India we don't feel. They did think that they wrote and spoke for the whole country—whatever be the quality of their writing, a good deal of which was sloppy, sentimental and revivalist. I even envy the home-spun plain khadi clothes they wore, which were egalitarian symbols in the post-independent India of Gandhi but which no longer are, because they are the clothes of our corrupt politicians and ministers. We do not think that we can be intensely personal and universal at the same time —a confidence which is important for the creation of great art. As a result we keep reacting rather than creating; we advocate the absurd, or in reaction to it admire the authentic Indian peasant—all of them masks to hide our own uncertainties. In the morass of poverty, disease, and ugliness of India, isn't the westernized Indian inauthentic, and inconsequential, and the traditional peasant an incongruous and helpless victim of centuries of stagnation?

Why did it seem to us that to be authentically Indian we should idealize the simple peasant? We had great Indian writers in the past who had a quarrel with the belief patterns of traditional India. In their search for an authentic mode of existence, twelfth-century mystical poets in my language,

Basavanna, Allama, and the woman poet Akka, were very impatient with the naive acquiescence and resignation of the traditional Indian mind. They didn't emulate the peasant, but tried to rouse him into an awareness of his inner potential. The great Indian tradition was not merely spiritual and devotional; we had the materialist Lokayata School, the Sankhya System, and Jainism and Buddhism which were atheistic. It is a tradition of an intense conflict of world views, yet our revivalists prefer to select only one aspect of it. Isn't this debilitating romantic strain in us also due to our obsession with the West?

I shall summarily try to pose the question like this: the continuity of tradition of rural India, and the gymnastics of the Indian intellectual which begin and end with him, have remained apart, unrelated. Why is there still no reaching out to each other? Why are we not fully possessed of the vital problems of India? And why don't we have the confidence and desire to affect the thinking of the peasant who, in turn, should become creative as some of them did in the twelfth century in my language? If and when the writers of our country give such immediate responsive attention to our situation, would we not then be less obsessed with the West, and wouldn't much that is happening in the West today seem irrelevant to us? The noble Nehru ran the affairs of the country with his face always turned to the West. What will the post-Nehru generation of writers do? Would Gandhism and Maoism, which have many similarities, create in our countries the situation that necessitates the kind of attention I spoke of? But then, wouldn't our literature become monotonous, burdened with one theme, one purpose, one attitude? As Yeats said:

> Hearts with one purpose alone
> Through summer and winter seem
> Enchanted to a stone
> To trouble the living stream.

II

I should take a more professional look at the problem and clarify issues as they are, rather than lose myself in wild speculation as I did now. Yet I do not regret revealing to you the tenor and trend of our minds in India today. I don't want to pretend that I have overcome the painter's argument; the peasant does bother me, like Anna Karenina's dream in Tolstoy's novel, and I am worried that the underlying assumption of the literary culture in which I write is potentially capable of making the peasant's mode of existence and thinking irrelevant to me. And a large part of the reality of my country is still him, and he is there in my language, whose vigor of expression has been preserved by him.

Between any two literatures there can be roughly three kinds of rela-

tions: first, the relation of the master and the slave; second, the relation of equals; third, the relation between a developed country like Europe or America and a developing nation like ours. The example for the first is the way the white men imposed their culture on the blacks in America. Yet no imposition can be completely successful—as in music, in literature too, the minority culture of the blacks may contain the creative nucleus that will influence the literature of the whole country. The interaction between the English and the French literatures illustrates the second kind of relationship. When a French historian writes the history of English literature, it is possible that he sees a French writer at the back of all the important English writers.

The third kind of relationship is more complex than the first two. I use economic categories to describe this relationship rather than terms like East and West, for the thought patterns arising from the division of mankind into East and West are often simplistic. In my own country, as it must be evident from my talk, it results in either imitation or frigid conservatism. Only because I am born an Indian I refuse to think that it is a crime to respond more to Tolstoy or to Shakespeare than, say, to Pampa's epic in my language. I must also be aware when I say this that the novels of Karanth in my language, although they fall short of the world masterpieces I admire, are much more relevant to me in forming my sensibility.

We are a very poor, humiliated nation now, but with a rich and highly sophisticated culture in the past. This creates many psychological complications in our relation to the West. The influence of western literatures may either sharpen our attention to our own reality, or it may take our minds away from what is most relevant to our situation. This is the heart of the problem—how can we have a mature relationship? Is it ever possible to have a mature relationship of equals, when the relationship is one-sided? America wants our gurus, but will she ever *need* our poets and novelists and respond to them, as we respond to American writers? And even this response is often out of proportion to the real merit of the writers—which is still another problem of uncritical acceptance of received opinions from the West.

Dr. Lohia, a great Gandhian socialist thinker of India, once described Indian intellectuals either as backward-looking, sideways-looking or forward-looking. The backward-lookers entertain the illusion that the solution to our problem lies in the revival of our past. (Which aspect of our past? The revivalists are highly selective; they ignore the skeptical and rationalist aspects of our past.) If this is the typical thinking of the conservative upper castes in India, the cosmopolites in India always look sideways. Shall we be like America? Or Russia? Or France? Or Britain? They too speak very emotionally about the ancient glory of India, yet they seek their intellectual motivations from the West. They can get very upset about the American atrocities in Vietnam, but they don't raise a finger against the burning of

the huts of the untouchable castes by the landlords of Andhra Pradesh in India. They admire Ginsberg's protest and ungentlemanly ways, yet when one of our earnestly radical legislators removed his *chappal* to beat the corrupt ministers in the Assembly, they were utterly shocked by his lack of manners. They wear the hippie costume, but the material is imported terylene.

But if you think that the great scientific and cultural progress of the West, with its exploration of space and its undoubted creative energy, is related to the famine and hunger among the illiterate peasants of the rural areas of Gulbarga and Bijapur in my state, and that these two interrelated phenomena are bound to react mutually as our people are roused to consciousness, then we have to become forward-looking; not only the people of the East but those of the West, too. The forward-looking Indian will then have to work for approximation among mankind—which is possible only through a new technology, and a new political and economic order—which are again related. For the writer in India who has such a vision, the famine in an Indian village, a new literary experiment in French literature, the science that has caused enormous wealth in one part of the globe and poverty in another, the ancient mystical poetry of Kabir and Basavanna—which he may read wearing western dress, but which still moves him to the depths—all these coalesce into an immediate contemporary reality. He has to make connections much more than he does now, or much of contemporary western literature which he reads does. As a writer, then, he will have to struggle to embody his vision in a language in which you can write like Blake and not analytically like Russell, and which unlike European languages is still rural.

I am sorry to have slipped into such a high note again. I spoke of the cliché postures of backward-looking orientalism, and imitative westernization—they are really the same. The great sage of the Upanishads, Yajnavalkya, was not an orientalist; he was not bothered about his Indian identity. Imitation either of our own past or of Europe leads to sterility; and attention to the immediate reality is warped. Also, as I have indicated earlier, the Indian orientalist chooses to uphold a highly simplified version of India, the image of India created during our freedom fighting renaissance, an image again molded in the Victorian narrow sensibility. Even Mahatma Gandhi was essentially a puritan and lacked the richness and complexity of ancient Indian thought.

In reaction against the orientalists and the westernizers, some of our really intelligent and sophisticated writers have created a new kind of work of art, which, apparently, looks Indian and original. Yet in a very subtle manner these works are also Indian equivalents of western models. The conceptual framework into which the material is organized is western. The material is Indian—the details of life, the myths, the folklore, the legends are all there, but you feel "Why should I read this after reading Kafka or Camus?" You

can't borrow the style or form of these writers without their philosophy, their concept of man; it is not neutral like classical realism. I would say there are some "mental frames" today in western literature, born out of certain definitions and concepts of man which dominate the literature of the world, and certainly of India, and this has resulted in monotony. Therefore the Indian writer looking for a new mode of perception is certainly attracted by the simple peasant who has remained through the centuries impenetrable to the cultures of the conquerors. It is important to know that he exists; our hypersensitive, highly personal nightmares will at least be tempered with the irony of such knowledge.

The question then could be put this way: in India, what should happen to the whole country so that we will be forced out of the grooves that I have been speaking of?

III

I will not attempt an answer to this big question but will try to take another look at what makes these grooves in our cultural situation. Is there a relationship between what the writer creates and the expectations of an ideal reader? What I wish to say now is based on the assumption that the *implicit* awareness of his potential ideal reader is one of the important factors entering into the writer's creative process—the embodying process of bringing a work into existence in a particular cultural context. Let me see then what has been happening in my language. In the classical period of Kannada literature nearly a thousand years ago, the ideal reader, who belonged to the elite class forming a very small fraction of the society which could read and write, could presumably read Sanskrit also. Therefore he brought to his reading of Kannada aesthetic expectations formed from his study of Sanskrit. The best of Kannada literature in the past is original within the context of Sanskrit literature. Its departures are important, yet they are departures. No good writer limits himself to the expectations of the reader; he extends them, but within a given context. Even now the literates in my language are hardly thirty percent, and the discerning ideal reader of our literary works is one whose sensibility is formed by a study of English literature. This is the cultural situation in which we are writing; the peasant at the foot of the hill can't read me. His consciousness may enter my work as an "object" for others like me to read, which will be very different from what would have been if I were aware in my creative process that he was also my potential reader. The socio-economic process that will make him a potential reader may also make him a man of the sideways-looking middle class like us. Is it possible then to have a different context for writing in a country like India?

Yet there is literature in India which cuts across this framework. There were revolutionary periods in our history which saw important socio-cul-

tural changes brought about by great religious movements. These religious poets worked in the oral tradition, and therefore in the creative process itself they had before them both literate and illiterate people. Thus when the illiterate masses were not mere objects and themes of literary creation, but participants in the act of communication, our regional literature underwent a change not only in theme, but in its aesthetic structure. In an important way, this literature created in the oral tradition, since it was not conditioned by the expectation of the Sanskrit educated literati, becomes most daring and original in its imagery, metaphor, and rhythmic structures. There is a big gap between the language and rhythm of classical literature in Kannada of the twelfth century and the language I use today. But the language and rhythm of the mystical poetry of Basavanna, Akka, and Allama, who are also of the twelfth century, are like those of the language in which I write today. And these poets were radical in their attitudes too. I must make an important point here; their audience which cut across social barriers was an *immediate* one for them. It was not a mass audience to whose taste they catered. The difference is significant.

I don't foresee such a socio-cultural and religious turmoil challenging us to create outside the defined frameworks of the cultural and literary expectations of our highly limited reading public. The oral tradition is still there in India, but the urge to work in it is not found among our English educated middle class writers. The expansion of the reading public, whether it is brought about by the present system in India or by the kind of Indian Marxists we have now, will again be through a process of modernization and industrialization—and therefore such a literate mass may not create for the writers a qualitatively different writing situation. What we see of the Marxist progressive writing in India is propagandist; its relation with its audience is hackneyed and unproductive; it is not truly a dialogue in Pablo Ferer's sense.

I hope you will appreciate why I can't neatly end this paper. What is the best that a writer who has this awareness can do? Perhaps write for himself. But that is not even ideally possible—I would like to add—and yet . . .