

Hornbill

Textbook in English for Class XI
(Core Course)



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NCERT

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Foreword

THE National Curriculum Framework (NCF), 2005, recommends that children's life at school must be linked to their life outside the school. This principle marks a departure from the legacy of bookish learning which continues to shape our system and causes a gap between the school, home and community. The syllabi and textbooks developed on the basis of NCF signify an attempt to implement this basic idea. They also attempt to discourage rote learning and the maintenance of sharp boundaries between different subject areas. We hope these measures will take us significantly further in the direction of a child-centred system of education outlined in the National Policy of Education (1986).

The success of this effort depends on the steps that school principals and teachers will take to encourage children to reflect on their own learning and to pursue imaginative activities and questions. We must recognise that, given space, time and freedom, children generate new knowledge by engaging with the information passed on to them by adults. Treating the prescribed textbook as the sole basis of examination is one of the key reasons why other resources and sites of learning are ignored. Inculcating creativity and initiative is possible if we perceive and treat children as participants in learning, not as receivers of a fixed body of knowledge.

These aims imply considerable change in school routines and mode of functioning. Flexibility in the daily time-table is as necessary as rigour in implementing the annual calendar so that the required number of teaching days are actually devoted to teaching. The methods used for teaching and evaluation will also determine how effective this textbook proves for making children's life at school a happy experience, rather than a source of stress or boredom. Syllabus designers have tried to address the problem of curricular burden by restructuring and reorienting knowledge at different stages with greater consideration for child psychology and the time available for teaching. The textbook attempts to enhance this endeavour by giving higher priority and space to opportunities for contemplation and wondering, discussion in small groups, and activities requiring hands-on experience.

The National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT) appreciates the hard work done by the textbook development committee responsible for this book. We wish to thank the Chairperson of the advisory group in languages, Professor Namwar Singh and the Chief Advisor for this book, Professor R. Amritavalli for guiding the work of this committee. Several teachers contributed to the development of this textbook; we are grateful to their principals for making this possible. We are indebted to the institutions and organisations which have generously permitted us to draw upon their resources, materials and personnel. We are especially grateful to the members of the National Monitoring Committee, appointed by the Department of Secondary and Higher Education, Ministry of Human Resource Development under the Chairpersonship of Professor Mrinal Miri and Professor G.P. Deshpande for their valuable time and contribution. As an organisation committed to systemic reform and continuous improvement in the quality of its products, NCERT welcomes comments and suggestions which will enable us to undertake further revision and refinements.

New Delhi
20 December 2005

Director
National Council of Educational
Research and Training

About the Book

THIS textbook for Class XI is based on the English syllabus on the lines suggested by the National Curriculum Framework, 2005. It aims to help learners develop proficiency in English by using language as an instrument for abstract thought and knowledge acquisition.

In the Reading Skills section, the texts have been chosen to mirror the kind of serious reading in real life that a school-leaver should be capable of. The prose pieces are drawn from biographies, travelogues, science fiction, art and contemporary expository prose by writers from different parts of the world. Samples from journalistic writing have also been included. The play, placed centrally in the textbook, is on a theme that learners will particularly identify with and is in a lighter vein. The poems relate to universal sentiments and appeal to contemporary sensibilities.

Learners at this stage bring along with them a rich resource of world-view, knowledge and cognitive strategies. Teachers should encourage them to make educated guesses at what they read and help them initially to make sense of the language of the text and subsequently become autonomous readers. The Notes after every Unit help the teacher and learners with strategies for dealing with the particular piece.

The activities suggested draw upon the learners' multilingual experiences and capacities. Comprehension is addressed at two levels: one of the text itself and the other of how the text relates to the learners' experience. The vocabulary exercises will sensitise learners to make informed choices of words, while the points of grammar highlighted will help them notice the use of forms. The 'Things to Do' section at the end of every unit invites learners to look for other sources of information that will help them deal with learning tasks across the curriculum.

The section on Writing Skills prepares them for the kind of independent writing that a school-leaver will need to engage in for academic as well as real-life purposes. Help has been provided in a step-by-step manner to lead the learners on to make notes, summarise, draft letters and write short essays, paying attention to the form, content and the process of writing.

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a ¹**[SOVEREIGN SOCIALIST SECULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC]** and to secure to all its citizens :

JUSTICE, social, economic and political;

LIBERTY of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

EQUALITY of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all

FRATERNITY assuring the dignity of the individual and the ²[unity and integrity of the Nation];

IN OUR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY this twenty-sixth day of November, 1949 do **HEREBY ADOPT, ENACT AND GIVE TO OURSELVES THIS CONSTITUTION.**

1. Subs. by the Constitution (Forty-second Amendment) Act, 1976, Sec.2, for "Sovereign Democratic Republic" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)
2. Subs. by the Constitution (Forty-second Amendment) Act, 1976, Sec.2, for "Unity of the Nation" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)

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The Portrait of a Lady

A Photograph

“We’re Not Afraid to Die... if We
Can All Be Together”

Discovering Tut: the Saga Continues

The Laburnum Top

Landscape of the Soul

The Voice of the Rain

The Ailing Planet: the Green
Movement’s Role

The Browning Version

Childhood

The Adventure

Silk Road

Father to Son

Reading Skills

Effective reading is receiving from others their ideas and feelings.

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Effective reading involves

- ◆ understanding the text
- ◆ talking about the text
- ◆ thinking about language
- ◆ working with words
- ◆ noticing form and patterns.



11072CH01

1. The Portrait of a Lady

Khushwant Singh

**Notice these expressions in the text.
Infer their meaning from the context.**

- ◆ the thought was almost revolting
- ◆ an expanse of pure white serenity
- ◆ a turning-point
- ◆ accepted her seclusion with resignation
- ◆ a veritable bedlam of chirrupings
- ◆ frivolous rebukes
- ◆ the sagging skins of the dilapidated drum

My grandmother, like everybody's grandmother, was an old woman. She had been old and wrinkled for the twenty years that I had known her. People said that she had once been young and pretty and had even had a husband, but that was hard to believe. My grandfather's portrait hung above the mantelpiece in the drawing room. He wore a big turban and loose-fitting clothes. His long, white beard covered the best part of his chest and he looked at least a hundred years old. He did not look the sort of person who would have a wife or children. He looked as if he could only have lots and lots of grandchildren. As for my grandmother being young and pretty, **the thought was almost revolting**. She often told us of the games she used to play as a child. That seemed quite absurd and undignified on her part and we treated it like the fables of the Prophets she used to tell us.

She had always been short and fat and slightly bent. Her face was a criss-cross of wrinkles running from everywhere to everywhere. No, we were certain she had always been as we had

known her. Old, so terribly old that she could not have grown older, and had stayed at the same age for twenty years. She could never have been pretty; but she was always beautiful. She hobbled about the house in spotless white with one hand resting on her waist to balance her stoop and the other telling the beads of her rosary. Her silver locks were scattered untidily over her pale, puckered face, and her lips constantly moved in inaudible prayer. Yes, she was beautiful. She was like the winter landscape in the mountains, **an expanse of pure white serenity** breathing peace and contentment.

My grandmother and I were good friends. My parents left me with her when they went to live in the city and we were constantly together. She used to wake me up in the morning and get me ready for school. She said her morning prayer in a monotonous sing-song while she bathed and dressed me in the hope that I would listen and get to know it by heart; I listened because I loved her voice but never bothered to learn it. Then she would fetch my wooden slate which she had already washed and plastered with yellow chalk, a tiny earthen ink-pot and a red pen, tie them all in a bundle and hand it to me. After a breakfast of a thick, stale chapatti with a little butter and sugar spread on it, we went to school. She carried several stale chapattis with her for the village dogs.

My grandmother always went to school with me because the school was attached to the temple. The priest taught us the alphabet and the morning prayer. While the children sat in rows on either side of the verandah singing the alphabet or the prayer in a chorus, my grandmother sat inside reading the scriptures. When we had both finished, we would walk back together. This time the village dogs would meet us at the temple door. They followed us to our home growling and fighting with each other for the chapattis we threw to them.

When my parents were comfortably settled in the city, they sent for us. That was **a turning-point** in our friendship. Although we shared the same room, my grandmother no longer came to school with me. I used to go to an English school in a motor bus. There were no dogs in the streets and she took to feeding sparrows in the courtyard of our city house.

As the years rolled by we saw less of each other. For some time she continued to wake me up and get me ready for school. When I came back she would ask me what the teacher had

taught me. I would tell her English words and little things of western science and learning, the law of gravity, Archimedes' Principle, the world being round, etc. This made her unhappy. She could not help me with my lessons. She did not believe in the things they taught at the English school and was distressed that there was no teaching about God and the scriptures. One day I announced that we were being given music lessons. She was very disturbed. To her music had lewd associations. It was the monopoly of harlots and beggars and not meant for gentlefolk. She said nothing but her silence meant disapproval. She rarely talked to me after that.

When I went up to University, I was given a room of my own. The common link of friendship was snapped. My grandmother **accepted her seclusion with resignation**. She rarely left her spinning-wheel to talk to anyone. From sunrise to sunset she sat by her wheel spinning and reciting prayers. Only in the afternoon she relaxed for a while to feed the sparrows. While she sat in the verandah breaking the bread into little bits, hundreds of little birds collected round her creating **a veritable bedlam of chirrupings**. Some came and perched on her legs, others on her shoulders. Some even sat on her head. She smiled but never shooed them away. It used to be the happiest half-hour of the day for her.

When I decided to go abroad for further studies, I was sure my grandmother would be upset. I would be away for five years, and at her age one could never tell. But my grandmother could. She was not even sentimental. She came to leave me at the railway station but did not talk or show any emotion. Her lips moved in prayer, her mind was lost in prayer. Her fingers were busy telling the beads of her rosary. Silently she kissed my forehead, and when I left I cherished the moist imprint as perhaps the last sign of physical contact between us.

But that was not so. After five years I came back home and was met by her at the station. She did not look a day older. She still had no time for words, and while she clasped me in her arms I could hear her reciting her prayers. Even on the first day of my arrival, her happiest moments were with her sparrows whom she fed longer and with **frivolous rebukes**.

In the evening a change came over her. She did not pray. She collected the women of the neighbourhood, got an old drum and started to sing. For several hours she thumped **the sagging**

skins of the dilapidated drum and sang of the home-coming of warriors. We had to persuade her to stop to avoid overstraining. That was the first time since I had known her that she did not pray.

The next morning she was taken ill. It was a mild fever and the doctor told us that it would go. But my grandmother thought differently. She told us that her end was near. She said that, since only a few hours before the close of the last chapter of her life she had omitted to pray, she was not going to waste any more time talking to us.

We protested. But she ignored our protests. She lay peacefully in bed praying and telling her beads. Even before we could suspect, her lips stopped moving and the rosary fell from her lifeless fingers. A peaceful pallor spread on her face and we knew that she was dead.

We lifted her off the bed and, as is customary, laid her on the ground and covered her with a red shroud. After a few hours of mourning we left her alone to make arrangements for her funeral. In the evening we went to her room with a crude stretcher to take her to be cremated. The sun was setting and had lit her room and verandah with a blaze of golden light. We stopped half-way in the courtyard. All over the verandah and in her room right up to where she lay dead and stiff wrapped in the red shroud, thousands of sparrows sat scattered on the floor. There was no chirruping. We felt sorry for the birds and my mother fetched some bread for them. She broke it into little crumbs, the way my grandmother used to, and threw it to them. The sparrows took no notice of the bread. When we carried my grandmother's corpse off, they flew away quietly. Next morning the sweeper swept the bread crumbs into the dustbin.

Understanding the text

Mention

1. The three phases of the author's relationship with his grandmother before he left the country to study abroad.
2. Three reasons why the author's grandmother was disturbed when he started going to the city school.

3. Three ways in which the author's grandmother spent her days after he grew up.
4. The odd way in which the author's grandmother behaved just before she died.
5. The way in which the sparrows expressed their sorrow when the author's grandmother died.

Talking about the text

Talk to your partner about the following.

1. The author's grandmother was a religious person. What are the different ways in which we come to know this?
2. Describe the changing relationship between the author and his grandmother. Did their feelings for each other change?
3. Would you agree that the author's grandmother was a person strong in character? If yes, give instances that show this.
4. Have you known someone like the author's grandmother? Do you feel the same sense of loss with regard to someone whom you have loved and lost?

Thinking about language

1. Which language do you think the author and his grandmother used while talking to each other?
2. Which language do you use to talk to elderly relatives in your family?
3. How would you say 'a dilapidated drum' in your language?
4. Can you think of a song or a poem in your language that talks of homecoming?

Working with words

- I. Notice the following uses of the word 'tell' in the text.
 1. Her fingers were busy *telling the beads* of her rosary.
 2. I would *tell her* English words and little things of Western science and learning.
 3. At her age *one could never tell*.
 4. She *told us* that her end was near.

Given below are four different senses of the word 'tell'. Match the meanings to the uses listed above.

1. make something known to someone in spoken or written words
2. count while reciting
3. be sure
4. give information to somebody

II. Notice the different senses of the word 'take'.

1. to *take to* something: to begin to do something as a habit
2. to *take ill*: to suddenly become ill

Locate these phrases in the text and notice the way they are used.

III. The word 'hobble' means to walk with difficulty because the legs and feet are in bad condition.

Tick the words in the box below that also refer to a manner of walking.

haggle	shuffle	stride	ride	waddle
wriggle	paddle	swagger	trudge	slog

Noticing form

Notice the form of the verbs italicised in these sentences.

1. My grandmother was an old woman. She *had been* old and wrinkled for the twenty years that I *had known* her. People said that she *had* once *been* young and pretty and *had* even *had* a husband, but that was hard to believe.
2. When we both *had finished* we would walk back together.
3. When I came back she would ask me what the teacher *had taught* me.
4. It was the first time since I *had known* her that she did not pray.
5. The sun was setting and *had lit* her room and verandah with a golden light.

These are examples of the past perfect forms of verbs. When we recount things in the distant past we use this form.

Things to do

Talk with your family members about elderly people who you have been intimately connected with and who are not there with you now. Write a short description of someone you liked a lot.

Notes

Understanding the text

The tasks cover the entire text and help in summarising the various phases of the autobiographical account and are based on the facts presented.

- Ask the students to read the text silently, paragraph by paragraph, and get a quick oral feedback on what the main points of each are. For example: Para 1– description of grandmother and grandfather’s photograph.
- At the end of the unit ask students to answer the comprehension questions first orally and then in writing in point form. For example, when he went to the:
 - village school
 - city school
 - university

Talking about the text

Peer interaction about the text is necessary before students engage in writing tasks. The questions raised in this section elicit subjective responses to the facts in the text and also open up possibilities for relating the events to the reader’s own life and establish the universality of the kind of relationship and feelings described in the text.

Thinking about language

The questions here try to:

- make the reader visualise the language that must have been used by the author and his grandmother
- think about their own home language

- find equivalents in their language for English phrases
- relate to songs with emotional import in their own language.

Working with words ■

Highlight different uses of common words like 'tell' and 'take'; words used for different ways of walking; and semantically-related word groups. You could add to the items by using the dictionary for vocabulary enrichment.

Noticing form ■

Make students notice the use of the past perfect form of the verb that frequently appear in the text to recount the remote past. You could practise the form with other examples.

Things to do ■

Relating the topic of the text to the reader's real-life experience; writing about a person who one holds dear.

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A Photograph

Shirley Toulson

The cardboard shows me how it was
When the two girl cousins went paddling,
Each one holding one of my mother's hands,
And she the big girl — some twelve years or so.
All three stood still to smile through their hair
At the uncle with the camera. A sweet face,
My mother's, that was before I was born.
And the sea, which appears to have changed less,
Washed their terribly transient feet.

Some twenty — thirty — years later
She'd laugh at the snapshot. "See Betty
And Dolly," she'd say, "and look how they
Dressed us for the beach." The sea holiday
Was her past, mine is her laughter. Both wry
With the laboured ease of loss.

Now she's been dead nearly as many years
As that girl lived. And of this circumstance
There is nothing to say at all.
Its silence silences.

Infer the meanings of the following words from the context.

paddling

transient

Now look up the dictionary to see if your inference is right.

Think it out

1. What does the word 'cardboard' denote in the poem? Why has this word been used?
2. What has the camera captured?
3. What has not changed over the years? Does this suggest something to you?
4. The poet's mother laughed at the snapshot. What did this laugh indicate?
5. What is the meaning of the line "Both wry with the laboured ease of loss."
6. What does "this circumstance" refer to?
7. The three stanzas depict three different phases. What are they?

Notes

Poems are included to heighten students' sensitivity to literary writing and to appreciate rhythm and sound patterns in language. Follow these steps:

- Read the poem aloud once without the students looking at the poem. Ask them a few general questions.
 - Re-read the poem with the students looking at the poem. Ask a few more questions to check comprehension.
 - Ask students to read the poem silently and answer the questions given, first orally and then in writing.
-
- The poem 'A Photograph' is placed after 'The Portrait of a Lady' because of the thematic relation between the two.
 - The questions seek to examine factual and inferential comprehension, establish empathy and draw attention to the structure of the poem and choice of words.



11072CH02

2. “We’re Not Afraid to Die... if We Can All Be Together”

Gordon Cook and Alan East

**Notice these expressions in the text.
Infer their meaning from the context.**

- ◆ honing our seafaring skills
- ◆ ominous silence
- ◆ Mayday calls
- ◆ pinpricks in the vast ocean
- ◆ a tousled head

In July 1976, my wife Mary, son Jonathan, 6, daughter Suzanne, 7, and I set sail from Plymouth, England, to duplicate the round-the-world voyage made 200 years earlier by Captain James Cook. For the longest time, Mary and I — a 37-year-old businessman — had dreamt of sailing in the wake of the famous explorer, and for the past 16 years we had spent all our leisure time **honing our seafaring skills** in British waters.

Our boat *Wavewalker*, a 23 metre, 30 ton wooden-hulled beauty, had been professionally built, and we had spent months fitting it out and testing it in the roughest weather we could find.

The first leg of our planned three-year, 105,000 kilometre journey passed pleasantly as we sailed down the west coast of Africa to Cape Town. There, before heading east, we took on two crewmen — American Larry Vigil and Swiss Herb Seigler — to help us tackle one of the world’s roughest seas, the southern Indian Ocean.

On our second day out of Cape Town, we began to encounter strong gales. For the next few weeks, they blew continuously. Gales did not worry me; but the size of the waves was alarming — up to 15 metres, as high as our main mast.

December 25 found us 3,500 kilometres east of Cape Town. Despite atrocious weather, we had a wonderful holiday complete with a Christmas tree. New Year's Day saw no improvement in the weather, but we reasoned that it had to change soon. And it did change — for the worse.

At dawn on January 2, the waves were gigantic. We were sailing with only a small storm jib and were still making eight knots. As the ship rose to the top of each wave we could see endless enormous seas rolling towards us, and the screaming of the wind and spray was painful to the ears. To slow the boat down, we dropped the storm jib and lashed a heavy mooring rope in a loop across the stern. Then we double-lashed everything, went through our life-raft drill, attached lifelines, donned oilskins and life jackets — and waited.

The first indication of impending disaster came at about 6 p.m., with an **ominous silence**. The wind dropped, and the sky immediately grew dark. Then came a growing roar, and an enormous cloud towered aft of the ship. With horror, I realised that it was not a cloud, but a wave like no other I had ever seen. It appeared perfectly vertical and almost twice the height of the other waves, with a frightful breaking crest.

The roar increased to a thunder as the stern moved up the face of the wave, and for a moment I thought we might ride over it. But then a tremendous explosion shook the deck. A torrent of green and white water broke over the ship, my head smashed into the wheel and I was aware of flying overboard and sinking below the waves. I accepted my approaching death, and as I was losing consciousness, I felt quite peaceful.

Unexpectedly, my head popped out of the water. A few metres away, *Wavewalker* was near capsizing, her masts almost horizontal. Then a wave hurled her upright, my lifeline jerked taut, I grabbed the guard rails and sailed through the air into *Wavewalker's* main boom. Subsequent waves tossed me around the deck like a rag doll. My left ribs cracked; my mouth filled with blood and broken teeth. Somehow, I found the wheel, lined up the stern for the next wave and hung on.

Water, Water, Everywhere. I could feel that the ship had water below, but I dared not abandon the wheel to investigate. Suddenly,

the front hatch was thrown open and Mary appeared. "We're sinking!" she screamed. "The decks are smashed; we're full of water."

"Take the wheel", I shouted as I scrambled for the hatch.

Larry and Herb were pumping like madmen. Broken timbers hung at crazy angles, the whole starboard side bulged inwards; clothes, crockery, charts, tins and toys sloshed about in deep water.

I half-swam, half-crawled into the children's cabin. "Are you all right?" I asked. "Yes," they answered from an upper bunk. "But my head hurts a bit," said Sue, pointing to a big bump above her eyes. I had no time to worry about bumped heads.

After finding a hammer, screws and canvas, I struggled back on deck. With the starboard side bashed open, we were taking water with each wave that broke over us. If I couldn't make some repairs, we would surely sink.

Somehow I managed to stretch canvas and secure waterproof hatch covers across the gaping holes. Some water continued to stream below, but most of it was now being deflected over the side.

More problems arose when our hand pumps started to block up with the debris floating around the cabins and the electric pump short-circuited. The water level rose threateningly. Back on deck I found that our two spare hand pumps had been wrenched overboard — along with the forestay sail, the jib, the dinghies and the main anchor.

Then I remembered we had another electric pump under the chartroom floor. I connected it to an out-pipe, and was thankful to find that it worked.

The night dragged on with an endless, bitterly cold routine of pumping, steering and working the radio. We were getting no replies to our **Mayday calls** — which was not surprising in this remote corner of the world.

Sue's head had swollen alarmingly; she had two enormous black eyes, and now she showed us a deep cut on her arm. When I asked why she hadn't made more of her injuries before this, she replied, "I didn't want to worry you when you were trying to save us all."

By morning on January 3, the pumps had the water level sufficiently under control for us to take two hours' rest in rotation. But we still had a tremendous leak somewhere below the waterline and, on checking, I found that nearly all the boat's

main rib frames were smashed down to the keel. In fact, there was nothing holding up a whole section of the starboard hull except a few cupboard partitions.

We had survived for 15 hours since the wave hit, but *Wavewalker* wouldn't hold together long enough for us to reach Australia. I checked our charts and calculated that there were two small islands a few hundred kilometres to the east. One of them, Ile Amsterdam, was a French scientific base. Our only hope was to reach these **pinpricks in the vast ocean**. But unless the wind and seas abated so we could hoist sail, our chances would be slim indeed. The great wave had put our auxilliary engine out of action.

On January 4, after 36 hours of continuous pumping, we reached the last few centimetres of water. Now, we had only to keep pace with the water still coming in. We could not set any sail on the main mast. Pressure on the rigging would simply pull the damaged section of the hull apart, so we hoisted the storm jib and headed for where I thought the two islands were. Mary found some corned beef and cracker biscuits, and we ate our first meal in almost two days.

But our respite was short-lived. At 4 p.m. black clouds began building up behind us; within the hour the wind was back to 40 knots and the seas were getting higher. The weather continued to deteriorate throughout the night, and by dawn on January 5, our situation was again desperate.

When I went in to comfort the children, Jon asked, "Daddy, are we going to die?" I tried to assure him that we could make it. "But, Daddy," he went on, "we aren't afraid of dying if we can all be together — you and Mummy, Sue and I."

I could find no words with which to respond, but I left the children's cabin determined to fight the sea with everything I had. To protect the weakened starboard side, I decided to heave-to — with the undamaged port hull facing the oncoming waves, using an improvised sea anchor of heavy nylon rope and two 22 litre plastic barrels of paraffin.

That evening, Mary and I sat together holding hands, as the motion of the ship brought more and more water in through the broken planks. We both felt the end was very near.

But *Wavewalker* rode out the storm and by the morning of January 6, with the wind easing, I tried to get a reading on the sextant. Back in the chartroom, I worked on wind speeds,

changes of course, drift and current in an effort to calculate our position. The best I could determine was that we were somewhere in 150,000 kilometres of ocean looking for a 65 kilometre-wide island.

While I was thinking, Sue, moving painfully, joined me. The left side of her head was now very swollen and her blackened eyes narrowed to slits. She gave me a card she had made.

On the front she had drawn caricatures of Mary and me with the words: "Here are some funny people. Did they make you laugh? I laughed a lot as well." Inside was a message: "Oh, how I love you both. So this card is to say thank you and let's hope for the best." Somehow we had to make it.

I checked and rechecked my calculations. We had lost our main compass and I was using a spare which had not been corrected for magnetic variation. I made an allowance for this and another estimate of the influence of the westerly currents which flow through this part of the Indian Ocean.

About 2 p.m., I went on deck and asked Larry to steer a course of 185 degrees. If we were lucky, I told him with a conviction I did not feel, he could expect to see the island at about 5 p.m.

Then with a heavy heart, I went below, climbed on my bunk and amazingly, dozed off. When I woke it was 6 p.m., and growing dark. I knew we must have missed the island, and with the sail we had left, we couldn't hope to beat back into the westerly winds.

At that moment, **a tousled head** appeared by my bunk. "Can I have a hug?" Jonathan asked. Sue was right behind him.

"Why am I getting a hug now?" I asked.

"Because you are the best daddy in the whole world — and the best captain," my son replied.

"Not today, Jon, I'm afraid."

"Why, you must be," said Sue in a matter-of-fact voice. "You found the island."

"What!" I shouted.

"It's out there in front of us," they chorused, "as big as a battleship."

I rushed on deck and gazed with relief at the stark outline of Ile Amsterdam. It was only a bleak piece of volcanic rock, with little vegetation — the most beautiful island in the world!

We anchored offshore for the night, and the next morning all 28 inhabitants of the island cheered as they helped us ashore.

With land under my feet again, my thoughts were full of Larry and Herbie, cheerful and optimistic under the direst stress, and of Mary, who stayed at the wheel for all those crucial hours. Most of all, I thought of a seven-year-old girl, who did not want us to worry about a head injury (which subsequently took six minor operations to remove a recurring blood clot between skin and skull), and of a six-year-old boy who was not afraid to die.

Understanding the text

1. List the steps taken by the captain
 - (i) to protect the ship when rough weather began.
 - (ii) to check the flooding of the water in the ship.
2. Describe the mental condition of the voyagers on 4 and 5 January.
3. Describe the shifts in the narration of the events as indicated in the three sections of the text. Give a subtitle to each section.

Talking about the text

Discuss the following questions with your partner.

1. What difference did you notice between the reaction of the adults and the children when faced with danger?
2. How does the story suggest that optimism helps to endure “the direst stress”?
3. What lessons do we learn from such hazardous experiences when we are face-to-face with death?
4. Why do you think people undertake such adventurous expeditions in spite of the risks involved?

Thinking about language

1. We have come across words like ‘gale’ and ‘storm’ in the account. Here are two more words for ‘storm’: typhoon, cyclone. How many words does your language have for ‘storm’?

- Here are the terms for different kinds of vessels: yacht, boat, canoe, ship, steamer, schooner. Think of similar terms in your language.
- 'Catamaran' is a kind of a boat. Do you know which Indian language this word is derived from? Check the dictionary.
- Have you heard any boatmen's songs? What kind of emotions do these songs usually express?

Working with words

- The following words used in the text as ship terminology are also commonly used in another sense. In what contexts would you use the other meaning?

knot	stern	boom	hatch	anchor
------	-------	------	-------	--------

- The following three compound words end in -ship. What does each of them mean?

airship	flagship	lightship
---------	----------	-----------

- The following are the meanings listed in the dictionary against the phrase 'take on'. In which meaning is it used in the third paragraph of the account:

take on sth: to begin to have a particular quality or appearance; to assume sth

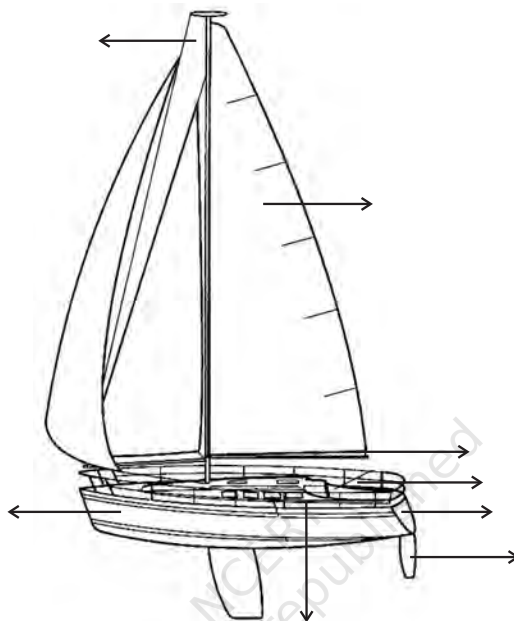
take sb on: to employ sb; to engage sb
to accept sb as one's opponent in a game, contest or conflict

take sb/sth on: to decide to do sth; to allow sth/sb to enter e.g. a bus, plane or ship; to take sth/sb on board

Things to do

- Given on the next page is a picture of a yacht. Label the parts of the yacht using the terms given in the box.

bow	cabin	rudder	cockpit
stern	boom	mainsail	mast



2. Here is some information downloaded from the Internet on Ile Amsterdam. You can view images of the isle if you go online.

Location	South Indian Ocean, between southernmost parts of Australia and South Africa
Latitude and longitude	37 92 S, 77 67 E
Sovereignty	France
Political status notes	Part of French Southern and Antarctic Lands
Population	35
Census notes	Meteorological station staff
Land area in square kilometres	86

3. Locate Ile Amsterdam on the world map.

Notes

This is a first person account of an adventurous ordeal that a family experiences.

Understanding the text ■

This section deals with factual and global comprehension. Practice is given in describing and noticing text organisation.

Talking about the text ■

Peer interaction about subjective responses to the text; empathy with and comment on universal experiences; and human behaviour related to risk-taking and adventure.

Thinking about language ■

- Variety of terms for a particular item in different languages
- English words derived from Indian languages
- Linking language to music (boatmen's songs)

Working with words ■

- 'Ship' terms as homonyms.
- Compound words with '-ship' with different connotations
- Phrasal verbs

Things to do ■

- Honing reference skills by finding facts from the Internet, the encyclopedia, and maps
- Exposure to various genres of fact presentation



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3. Discovering Tut: the Saga Continues

A. R. Williams

**Notice these expressions in the text.
Infer their meaning from the context.**

- ◆ forensic reconstruction
- ◆ scudded across
- ◆ casket grey
- ◆ resurrection
- ◆ funerary treasures
- ◆ circumvented
- ◆ computed tomography
- ◆ eerie detail



He was just a teenager when he died. The last heir of a powerful family that had ruled Egypt and its empire for centuries, he was laid to rest laden with gold and eventually forgotten. Since the discovery of his tomb in 1922, the modern world has speculated about what happened to him, with murder being the most extreme possibility. Now, leaving his tomb for the first time in almost 80 years, Tut has undergone a CT scan that offers new clues about his life and death — and provides precise data for an accurate **forensic reconstruction** of the boyish pharaoh.

An angry wind stirred up ghostly dust devils as King Tut was taken from his resting place in the ancient Egyptian cemetery known as the Valley of the Kings*. Dark-bellied clouds had **scudded across** the desert sky all day and now were veiling the stars in **casket grey**. It was 6 p.m. on 5 January 2005. The world's most famous mummy glided head first into a CT scanner brought here to probe the lingering medical mysteries of this little understood young ruler who died more than 3,300 years ago.

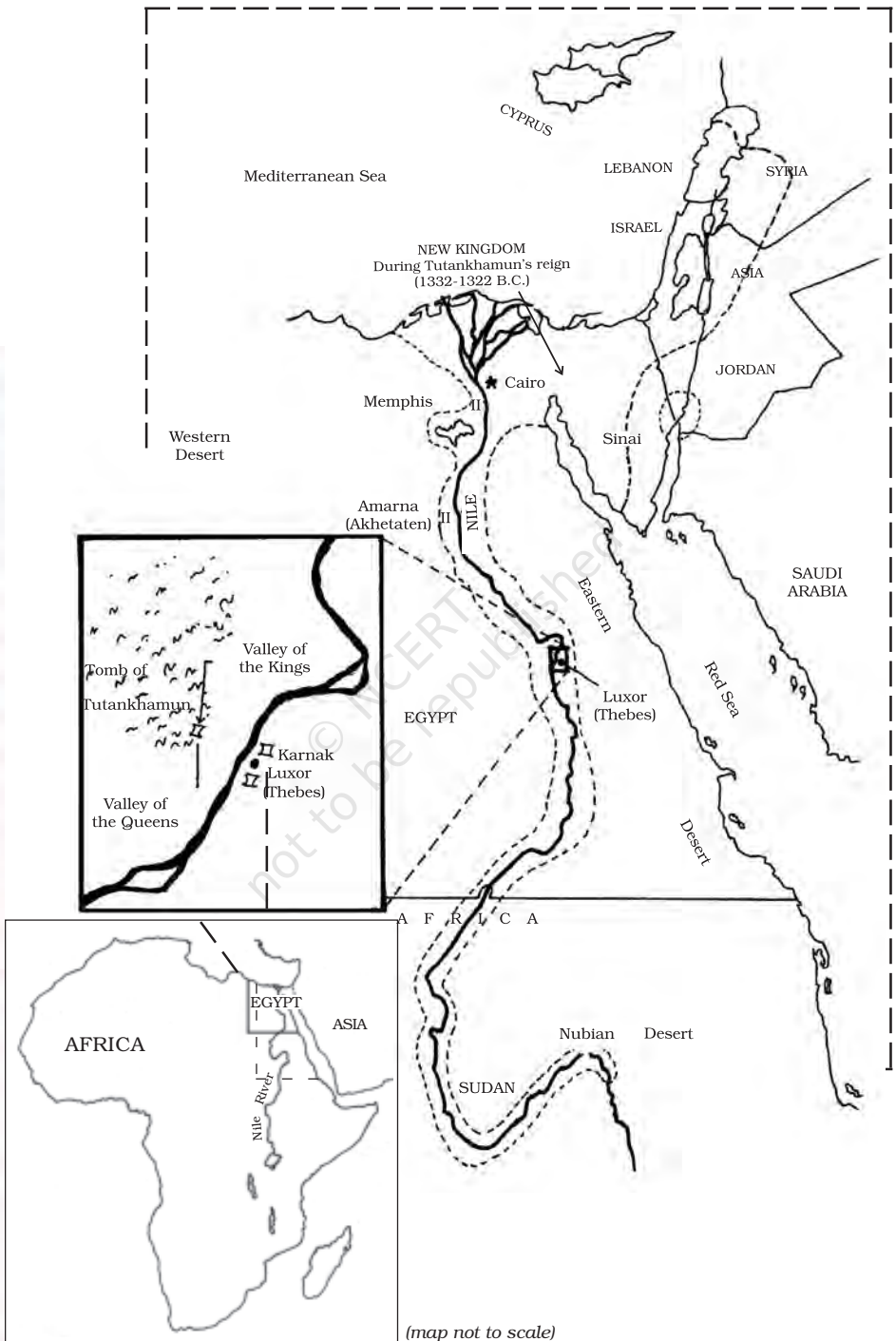
All afternoon the usual line of tourists from around the world had descended into the cramped, rock-cut tomb some 26 feet underground to pay their respects. They gazed at the murals on the walls of the burial chamber and peered at Tut's gilded face, the most striking feature of his mummy-shaped outer coffin lid. Some visitors read from guidebooks in a whisper. Others stood silently, perhaps pondering Tut's untimely death in his late teens, or wondering with a shiver if the pharaoh's curse — death or misfortune falling upon those who disturbed him — was really true.

"The mummy is in very bad condition because of what Carter did in the 1920s," said Zahi Hawass, Secretary General of Egypt's Supreme Council of Antiquities, as he leaned over the body for a long first look. Carter—Howard Carter, that is — was the British archaeologist who in 1922 discovered Tut's tomb after years of futile searching. Its contents, though hastily ransacked in antiquity, were surprisingly complete. They remain the richest royal collection ever found and have become part of the pharaoh's legend. Stunning artefacts in gold, their eternal brilliance meant to guarantee **resurrection**, caused a sensation at the time of the discovery — and still get the most attention. But Tut was also buried with everyday things he'd want in the afterlife: board games, a bronze razor, linen undergarments, cases of food and wine.

After months of carefully recording the pharaoh's **funerary treasures**, Carter began investigating his three nested coffins. Opening the first, he found a shroud adorned with garlands of willow and olive leaves, wild celery, lotus petals, and cornflowers, the faded evidence of a burial in March or April. When he finally reached the mummy, though, he ran into trouble. The ritual resins had hardened, cementing Tut to the bottom of his solid gold coffin. "No amount of legitimate force could move them," Carter wrote later. "What was to be done?"

The sun can beat down like a hammer this far south in Egypt, and Carter tried to use it to loosen the resins. For several hours

* See map on next page



he set the mummy outside in blazing sunshine that heated it to 149 degrees Fahrenheit. Nothing budged. He reported with scientific detachment that “the consolidated material had to be chiselled away from beneath the limbs and trunk before it was possible to raise the king’s remains.”

In his defence, Carter really had little choice. If he hadn’t cut the mummy free, thieves most certainly would have **circumvented** the guards and ripped it apart to remove the gold. In Tut’s time the royals were fabulously wealthy, and they thought — or hoped — they could take their riches with them. For his journey to the great beyond, King Tut was lavished with glittering goods: precious collars, inlaid necklaces and bracelets, rings, amulets, a ceremonial apron, sandals, sheaths for his fingers and toes, and the now iconic inner coffin and mask — all of pure gold. To separate Tut from his adornments, Carter’s men removed the mummy’s head and severed nearly every major joint. Once they had finished, they reassembled the remains on a layer of sand in a wooden box with padding that concealed the damage, the bed where Tut now rests.

Archaeology has changed substantially in the intervening decades, focusing less on treasure and more on the fascinating details of life and intriguing mysteries of death. It also uses more sophisticated tools, including medical technology. In 1968, more than 40 years after Carter’s discovery, an anatomy professor X-rayed the mummy and revealed a startling fact: beneath the resin that cakes his chest, his breast-bone and front ribs are missing.

Today diagnostic imaging can be done with **computed tomography**, or CT, by which hundreds of X-rays in cross section are put together like slices of bread to create a three-dimensional virtual body. What more would a CT scan reveal of Tut than the X-ray? And could it answer two of the biggest questions still lingering about him — how did he die, and how old was he at the time of his death?

King Tut’s demise was a big event, even by royal standards. He was the last of his family’s line, and his funeral was the death rattle of a dynasty. But the particulars of his passing away and its aftermath are unclear.

Amenhotep III — Tut’s father or grandfather — was a powerful pharaoh who ruled for almost four decades at the height of the eighteenth dynasty’s golden age. His son Amenhotep IV succeeded him and initiated one of the strangest periods in the history of

ancient Egypt. The new pharaoh promoted the worship of the Aten, the sun disk, changed his name to Akhenaten, or 'servant of the Aten,' and moved the religious capital from the old city of Thebes to the new city of Akhetaten, known now as Amarna. He further shocked the country by attacking Amun, a major god, smashing his images and closing his temples. "It must have been a horrific time," said Ray Johnson, director of the University of Chicago's research centre in Luxor, the site of ancient Thebes. "The family that had ruled for centuries was coming to an end, and then Akhenaten went a little wacky."

After Akhenaten's death, a mysterious ruler named Smenkhkare appeared briefly and exited with hardly a trace. And then a very young Tutankhaten took the throne — King Tut as he's widely known today. The boy king soon changed his name to Tutankhamun, 'living image of Amun,' and oversaw a restoration of the old ways. He reigned for about nine years — and then died unexpectedly.

Regardless of his fame and the speculations about his fate, Tut is one mummy among many in Egypt. How many? No one knows. The Egyptian Mummy Project, which began an inventory in late 2003, has recorded almost 600 so far and is still counting. The next phase: scanning the mummies with a portable CT machine donated by the National Geographic Society and Siemens, its manufacturer. King Tut is one of the first mummies to be scanned — in death, as in life, moving regally ahead of his countrymen.

A CT machine scanned the mummy head to toe, creating 1,700 digital X-ray images in cross section. Tut's head, scanned in 0.62 millimetre slices to register its intricate structures, takes on **eerie detail** in the resulting image. With Tut's entire body similarly recorded, a team of specialists in radiology, forensics, and anatomy began to probe the secrets that the winged goddesses of a gilded burial shrine protected for so long.

The night of the scan, workmen carried Tut from the tomb in his box. Like pallbearers they climbed a ramp and a flight of stairs into the swirling sand outside, then rose on a hydraulic lift into the trailer that held the scanner. Twenty minutes later two men emerged, sprinted for an office nearby, and returned with a pair of white plastic fans. The million-dollar scanner had quit because of sand in a cooler fan. "Curse of the pharaoh," joked a guard nervously.

Eventually the substitute fans worked well enough to finish the procedure. After checking that no data had been lost, the technicians turned Tut over to the workmen, who carried him back to his tomb. Less than three hours after he was removed from his coffin, the pharaoh again rested in peace where the funerary priests had laid him so long ago.

Back in the trailer a technician pulled up astonishing images of Tut on a computer screen. A grey head took shape from a scattering of pixels, and the technician spun and tilted it in every direction. Neck vertebrae appeared as clearly as in an anatomy class. Other images revealed a hand, several views of the rib cage, and a transection of the skull. But for now the pressure was off. Sitting back in his chair, Zahi Hawass smiled, visibly relieved that nothing had gone seriously wrong. "I didn't sleep last night, not for a second," he said. "I was so worried. But now I think I will go and sleep."



Mural in King Tut's tomb showing King Tut with Osiris, the god of the afterlife

By the time we left the trailer, descending metal stairs to the sandy ground, the wind had stopped. The winter air lay cold and still, like death itself, in this valley of the departed. Just above the entrance to Tut's tomb stood Orion — the constellation that the ancient Egyptians knew as the soul of Osiris, the god of the afterlife — watching over the boy king.

(Source: *National Geographic*, Vol 207, No. 6)

Understanding the text

1. Give reasons for the following.
 - (i) King Tut's body has been subjected to repeated scrutiny.
 - (ii) Howard Carter's investigation was resented.
 - (iii) Carter had to chisel away the solidified resins to raise the king's remains.
 - (iv) Tut's body was buried along with gilded treasures.
 - (v) The boy king changed his name from Tutankhaten to Tutankhamun.
2.
 - (i) List the deeds that led Ray Johnson to describe Akhenaten as "wacky".
 - (ii) What were the results of the CT scan?
 - (iii) List the advances in technology that have improved forensic analysis.
 - (iv) Explain the statement, "King Tut is one of the first mummies to be scanned — in death, as in life..."

Talking about the text

Discuss the following in groups of two pairs, each pair in a group taking opposite points of view.

1. Scientific intervention is necessary to unearth buried mysteries.
2. Advanced technology gives us conclusive evidence of past events.
3. Traditions, rituals and funerary practices must be respected.
4. Knowledge about the past is useful to complete our knowledge of the world we live in.

Thinking about language

1. Read the following piece of information from *The Encyclopedia of Language* by David Crystal.

Egyptian is now extinct: its history dates from before the third millennium B.C., preserved in many hieroglyphic inscriptions and papyrus manuscripts. Around the second century A.D., it developed into a language known as Coptic. Coptic may still have been used as late as the early nineteenth century and is still used as a religious language by Monophysite Christians in Egypt.

2. What do you think are the reasons for the extinction of languages?
3. Do you think it is important to preserve languages?
4. In what ways do you think we could help prevent the extinction of languages and dialects?

Working with words

1. Given below are some interesting combinations of words. Explain why they have been used together.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| (i) ghostly dust devils | (vi) dark-bellied clouds |
| (ii) desert sky | (vii) casket grey |
| (iii) stunning artefacts | (viii) eternal brilliance |
| (iv) funerary treasures | (ix) ritual resins |
| (v) scientific detachment | (x) virtual body |

2. Here are some commonly used medical terms. Find out their meanings.

CT scan	MRI	tomography
autopsy	dialysis	ECG
post mortem	angiography	biopsy

Things to do

1. The constellation Orion is associated with the legend of Osiris, the god of the afterlife.

Find out the astronomical descriptions and legends associated with the following.

- (i) Ursa Major (Saptarishi mandala)
 - (ii) Polaris (Dhruva tara)
 - (iii) Pegasus (Winged horse)
 - (iv) Sirius (Dog star)
 - (v) Gemini (Mithuna)
2. Some of the leaves and flowers mentioned in the passage for adorning the dead are willow, olive, celery, lotus, cornflower. Which of these are common in our country?
 3. Name some leaves and flowers that are used as adornments in our country.

Notes

Understanding the text ■

Factual comprehension: giving reasons, listing

Talking about the text ■

Debate on issues raised in the text related to rediscovering history with the help of technology; respect for traditions (reflection on issues)

Thinking about language ■

Extinction of language and language preservation

Working with words ■

Understanding adjectival collocations; common medical terms

Things to do ■

- Relating astronomical facts and legends (across the curriculum)
- Finding out botanical correlates



The Laburnum Top

Ted Hughes

The Laburnum top is silent, quite still
In the afternoon yellow September sunlight,
A few leaves yellowing, all its seeds fallen.

Till the goldfinch comes, with a twitching chirrup
A suddenness, a startlement, at a branch end.
Then sleek as a lizard, and alert, and abrupt,
She enters the thickness, and a machine starts up
Of chitterings, and a tremor of wings, and trillings —
The whole tree trembles and thrills.
It is the engine of her family.
She stokes it full, then flirts out to a branch-end
Showing her barred face identity mask

Then with eerie delicate whistle-chirrup whisperings
She launches away, towards the infinite

And the laburnum subsides to empty.

laburnum: a short tree with hanging branches, yellow flowers and poisonous seeds

goldfinch: a small singing bird with yellow feathers on its wings

Find out

1. What laburnum is called in your language.
2. Which local bird is like the goldfinch.

Think it out

1. What do you notice about the beginning and the ending of the poem?
2. To what is the bird's movement compared? What is the basis for the comparison?
3. Why is the image of the engine evoked by the poet?
4. What do you like most about the poem?
5. What does the phrase "her barred face identity mask" mean?

Note down

1. the sound words
2. the movement words
3. the dominant colour in the poem.

List the following

1. Words which describe 'sleek', 'alert' and 'abrupt'.
2. Words with the sound 'ch' as in 'chart' and 'tr' as in 'trembles' in the poem.
3. Other sounds that occur frequently in the poem.

Thinking about language

Look for some other poem on a bird or a tree in English or any other language.

Try this out

Write four lines in verse form on any tree that you see around you.

Notes

This poem has been placed after a text which has references to names of plants for thematic sequencing.

Understanding the poem ■

- Glossing of 'laburnum' and 'goldfinch'
- Factual understanding
- Movement of thought and structuring (poetic sensitivity)
- Focus on figures of speech and imagery used (poetic sensitivity)
- Attention to sounds, lexical collocations (poetic sensitivity)

Thinking about language ■

- Finding equivalents in other languages (multilingualism)
- Relating to thematically similar poems in other languages (multilingualism)
- Attempt at creativity

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4. Landscape of the Soul

Nathalie Trouveroy

*Notice these expressions in the text.
Infer their meaning from the context.*

- ◆ anecdote
- ◆ delicate realism
- ◆ figurative painting
- ◆ illusionistic likeness
- ◆ conceptual space

A WONDERFUL old tale is told about the painter Wu Daozi, who lived in the eighth century. His last painting was a landscape commissioned by the Tang Emperor Xuanzong, to decorate a palace wall. The master had hidden his work behind a screen, so only the Emperor would see it. For a long while, the Emperor admired the wonderful scene, discovering forests, high mountains, waterfalls, clouds floating in an immense sky, men on hilly paths, birds in flight. “Look, Sire”, said the painter, “in this cave, at the foot of the mountain, dwells a spirit.” The painter clapped his hands, and the entrance to the cave opened. “The inside is splendid, beyond anything words can convey. Please let me show Your Majesty the way.” The painter entered the cave; but the entrance closed behind him, and before the astonished Emperor could move or utter a word, the painting had vanished from the wall. Not a trace of Wu Daozi’s brush was left — and the artist was never seen again in this world.

Such stories played an important part in China’s classical education. The books of Confucius and Zhuangzi are full of them; they helped the master to guide his disciple in the right direction. Beyond the **anecdote**, they are deeply revealing of the spirit in

which art was considered. Contrast this story — or another famous one about a painter who wouldn't draw the eye of a dragon he had painted, for fear it would fly out of the painting — with an old story from my native Flanders that I find most representative of Western painting.

In fifteenth century Antwerp, a master blacksmith called Quinten Metsys fell in love with a painter's daughter. The father would not accept a son-in-law in such a profession. So Quinten sneaked into the painter's studio and painted a fly on his latest panel, with such **delicate realism** that the master tried to swat it away before he realised what had happened. Quinten was immediately admitted as an apprentice into his studio. He married his beloved and went on to become one of the most famous painters of his age. These two stories illustrate what each form of art is trying to achieve: a perfect, **illusionistic likeness** in Europe, the essence of inner life and spirit in Asia.

In the Chinese story, the Emperor commissions a painting and appreciates its outer appearance. But the artist reveals to him the true meaning of his work. The Emperor may rule over the territory he has conquered, but only the artist knows the way within. "Let me show the Way", the 'Dao', a word that means both the path or the method, and the mysterious works of the Universe. The painting is gone, but the artist has reached his goal — beyond any material appearance.

A classical Chinese landscape is not meant to reproduce an actual view, as would a Western **figurative painting**. Whereas the European painter wants you to borrow his eyes and look at a particular landscape exactly as he saw it, from a specific angle, the Chinese painter does not choose a single viewpoint. His landscape is not a 'real' one, and you can enter it from any point, then travel in it; the artist creates a path for your eyes to travel up and down, then back again, in a leisurely movement. This is even more true in the case of the horizontal scroll, in which the action of slowly opening one section of the painting, then rolling it up to move on to the other, adds a dimension of time which is unknown in any other form of painting. It also requires the active participation of the viewer, who decides at what pace he will travel through the painting — a participation which is physical as well as mental. The Chinese painter does not want you to borrow his eyes; he wants you to enter his mind. The landscape is an inner one, a spiritual and **conceptual space**.

This concept is expressed as *shanshui*, literally ‘mountain-water’ which used together represent the word ‘landscape’. More than two elements of an image, these represent two complementary poles, reflecting the Daoist view of the universe. The mountain is *Yang* — reaching vertically towards Heaven, stable, warm, and dry in the sun, while the water is *Yin*— horizontal and resting on the earth, fluid, moist and cool. The interaction of *Yin*, the receptive, feminine aspect of universal energy, and its counterpart *Yang*, active and masculine, is of course a fundamental notion of Daoism. What is often overlooked is an essential third element, the Middle Void where their interaction takes place. This can be compared with the yogic practice of *pranayama*; breathe in, retain, breathe out — the suspension of breath is the Void where meditation occurs. The Middle Void is essential — nothing can happen without it; hence the importance of the white, unpainted space in Chinese landscape.

This is also where Man finds a fundamental role. In that space between Heaven and Earth, he becomes the conduit of communication between both poles of the Universe. His presence is essential, even if it’s only suggested; far from being lost or oppressed by the lofty peaks, he is, in Francois Cheng’s wonderful expression, “the eye of the landscape”.

[excerpt from ‘Landscape of the Soul: Ethics and Spirituality in Chinese Painting’, slightly edited]

Getting Inside ‘Outsider Art’

When French painter Jean Dubuffet mooted the concept of ‘art brut’ in the 1940s, the art of the untrained visionary was of minority interest. From its almost veiled beginnings, ‘outsider art’ has gradually become the fastest growing area of interest in contemporary art internationally.

This genre is described as the art of those who have ‘no right’ to be artists as they have received no formal training, yet show talent and artistic insight. Their works are a stimulating contrast to a lot of mainstream offerings.

Around the time Dubuffet was propounding his concept, in India “an untutored genius was creating paradise”. Years ago the little patch of jungle that he began clearing to make himself a garden sculpted with stone and



A Rock Garden sculpture made of broken bangles by Nek Chand

recycled material is known to the world today as the Rock Garden, at Chandigarh.

Its 80-year-old creator-director, Nek Chand, is now hailed as India's biggest contributor to outsider art. The fiftieth issue (Spring 2005) of *Raw Vision*, a UK-based magazine pioneer in outsider art publications, features Nek Chand, and his Rock Garden sculpture 'Women by the Waterfall' on its anniversary issue's cover.

The notion of 'art brut' or 'raw art', was of works that were in their raw state as regards cultural and artistic influences. Anything and everything from a tin to a sink to a broken down car could be material for a work of art, something Nek Chand has taken to dizzying heights. Recognising his art as "an outstanding testimony of the difference a single man can make when he lives his dream", the Swiss Commission for UNESCO will be honouring him by way of a European exposition of his works. The five-month interactive show, 'Realm of Nek Chand', beginning October will be held at leading museums in Switzerland, Belgium, France and Italy. "The biggest reward is walking through the garden and seeing people enjoy my creation," Nek Chand says.

BRINDA SURI

Hindustan Times, 28 August 2005

Understanding the text

1. (i) Contrast the Chinese view of art with the European view with examples.
(ii) Explain the concept of *shanshui*.
2. (i) What do you understand by the terms 'outsider art' and 'art brut' or 'raw art'?
(ii) Who was the "untutored genius who created a paradise" and what is the nature of his contribution to art?

Talking about the text

Discuss the following statements in groups of four.

1. "The Emperor may rule over the territory he has conquered, but only the artist knows the way within."
2. "The landscape is an inner one, a spiritual and conceptual space."

Thinking about language

1. Find out the correlates of Yin and Yang in other cultures.
2. What is the language spoken in Flanders?

Working with words

- I. The following common words are used in more than one sense.

panel	studio	brush
essence	material	

Examine the following sets of sentences to find out what the words, 'panel' and 'essence' mean in different contexts.

1. (i) The masks from Bawa village in Mali look like long *panels* of decorated wood.
(ii) Judge H. Hobart Grooms told the jury *panel* he had heard the reports.
(iii) The *panel* is laying the groundwork for an international treaty.

- (iv) The glass *panels* of the window were broken.
 - (v) Through the many round tables, workshops and *panel* discussions, a consensus was reached.
 - (vi) The sink in the hinged *panel* above the bunk drains into the head.
2. (i) Their repetitive structure must have taught the people around the great composer the *essence* of music.
 - (ii) Part of the answer is in the proposition; but the *essence* is in the meaning.
 - (iii) The implications of these schools of thought are of practical *essence* for the teacher.
 - (iv) They had added vanilla *essence* to the pudding.
- II. Now find five sentences each for the rest of the words to show the different senses in which each of them is used.

Noticing form

- A classical Chinese landscape is not meant to reproduce an actual view, *as* would a Western figurative painting.
- *Whereas* the European painter wants you to borrow his eyes and look at a particular landscape exactly as he saw it, from a specific angle, the Chinese painter does not choose a single viewpoint.

The above two examples are ways in which contrast may be expressed. Combine the following sets of ideas to show the contrast between them.

1. (i) European art tries to achieve a perfect, illusionistic likeness.
- (ii) Asian art tries to capture the essence of inner life and spirit.
2. (i) The Emperor commissions a painting and appreciates its outer appearance.
- (ii) The artist reveals to him the true meaning of his work.
3. (i) The Emperor may rule over the territory he has conquered.
- (ii) The artist knows the way within.

Things to do

1. Find out about as many Indian schools of painting as you can. Write a short note on the distinctive features of each school.
2. Find out about experiments in recycling that help in environmental conservation.

Notes

Understanding the text ■

Factual and global understanding

Talking about the text ■

Discussing spiritual experiences

Thinking about language ■

- Inter-cultural philosophical viewpoints and related terms
- Knowing about the languages of the world

Working with words ■

Using words according to their function

Noticing form ■

Use of conjunctions to express contrast

Soaring Interest in Chinese Art

A painting by an 86-year old Chinese master has gone under the hammer for a record 30 million yuan, highlighting soaring world interest in Chinese art.

The work by Wu Guanzhong depicting a cluster of colourful parrots sitting on tree branches smashed the previous record price for a Chinese ink painting of 23 million yuan for a twelfth century masterpiece by the Song Dynasty emperor, Huizong. "Wu Guanzhong has successfully melded Chinese and Western artistic traditions," said Ma Zhefei, marketing manager from China's Poly Art and Culture Co.

The Voice of the Rain

Walt Whitman

And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the
bottomless sea,
Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether
changed, and yet the same,
I descend to lave the droughts, atomies, dust-layers of
the globe,
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent,
unborn;
And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my
own origin,
And make pure and beautify it;
(For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfilment,
wandering
Reck'd or unreck'd, duly with love returns.)

■ **impalpable:** something that cannot be touched

lave: wash; bathe

atomies: tiny particles

latent: hidden

■

Think it out

- I.
 1. There are two voices in the poem. Who do they belong to? Which lines indicate this?
 2. What does the phrase “strange to tell” mean?
 3. There is a parallel drawn between rain and music. Which words indicate this? Explain the similarity between the two.
 4. How is the cyclic movement of rain brought out in the poem? Compare it with what you have learnt in science.
 5. Why are the last two lines put within brackets?
 6. List the pairs of opposites found in the poem.

- II. Notice the following sentence patterns.
 1. And who art thou? *said I* to the soft-falling shower.
 2. I am the Poem of Earth, *said the voice of the rain.*
 3. *Eternal I rise*
 4. For song... *duly with love returns*

Rewrite the above sentences in prose.

- III. Look for some more poems on the rain and see how this one is different from them.

Notes

This is a nature poem celebrating the coming of the rain.

Understanding the poem

- Voices in the poem
- Sense of the poem
- Relating to the process of rainfall scientifically (across the curriculum)
- Noticing sentence structure in poems
- Comparison with other rain poems



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5. The Ailing Planet: the Green Movement's Role

Nani Palkhivala

**Notice these expressions in the text.
Infer their meaning from the context.**

- ◆ a holistic and ecological view
- ◆ sustainable development
- ◆ languish
- ◆ ignominious darkness
- ◆ inter alia
- ◆ decimated
- ◆ catastrophic depletion
- ◆ transcending concern

The following article was written by Nani Palkhivala and published in The Indian Express on 24 November 1994. The issues that he raised regarding the declining health of the earth continue to have relevance.

ONE cannot recall any movement in world history which has gripped the imagination of the entire human race so completely and so rapidly as the Green Movement which started nearly twenty-five years ago. In 1972 the world's first nationwide Green party was founded in New Zealand. Since then, the movement has not looked back.

We have shifted — one hopes, irrevocably — from the mechanistic view to **a holistic and ecological view** of the world. It is a shift in human perceptions as revolutionary as that

introduced by Copernicus who taught mankind in the sixteenth century that the earth and the other planets revolved round the sun. For the first time in human history, there is a growing worldwide consciousness that the earth itself is a living organism — an enormous being of which we are parts. It has its own metabolic needs and vital processes which need to be respected and preserved.

The earth's vital signs reveal a patient in declining health. We have begun to realise our ethical obligations to be good stewards of the planet and responsible trustees of the legacy to future generations.

The concept of **sustainable development** was popularised in 1987 by the World Commission on Environment and Development. In its report it defined the idea as “Development that meets the needs of the present, without compromising the ability of future generations to meet their needs”, i.e., without stripping the natural world of resources future generations would need.

In the zoo at Lusaka, Zambia, there is a cage where the notice reads, ‘The world’s most dangerous animal’. Inside the cage there is no animal but a mirror where you see yourself. Thanks to the efforts of a number of agencies in different countries, a new awareness has now dawned upon the most dangerous animal in the world. He has realised the wisdom of shifting from a system based on domination to one based on partnership.

Scientists have catalogued about 1.4 million living species with which mankind shares the earth. Estimates vary widely as regards the still-uncatalogued living species — biologists reckon that about three to a hundred million other living species still **languish** unnamed in **ignominious darkness**.

One of the early international commissions which dealt, **inter alia**, with the question of ecology and environment was the Brandt Commission which had a distinguished Indian as one of its members — Mr L.K. Jha. The First Brandt Report raised the question — “Are we to leave our successors a scorched planet of advancing deserts, impoverished landscapes and ailing environment?”

Mr Lester R. Brown in his thoughtful book, *The Global Economic Prospect*, points out that the earth's principal biological systems are four — fisheries, forests, grasslands, and croplands — and they form the foundation of the global

economic system. In addition to supplying our food, these four systems provide virtually all the raw materials for industry except minerals and petroleum-derived synthetics. In large areas of the world, human claims on these systems are reaching an unsustainable level, a point where their productivity is being impaired. When this happens, fisheries collapse, forests disappear, grasslands are converted into barren wastelands, and croplands deteriorate. In a protein-conscious and protein-hungry world, over-fishing is common every day. In poor countries, local forests are being **decimated** in order to procure firewood for cooking. In some places, firewood has become so expensive that "what goes under the pot now costs more than what goes inside it". Since the tropical forest is, in the words of Dr Myers, "the powerhouse of evolution", several species of life face extinction as a result of its destruction.

It has been well said that forests precede mankind; deserts follow. The world's ancient patrimony of tropical forests is now eroding at the rate of forty to fifty million acres a year, and the growing use of dung for burning deprives the soil of an important natural fertiliser. The World Bank estimates that a five-fold increase in the rate of forest planting is needed to cope with the expected fuelwood demand in the year 2000.

James Speth, the President of the World Resources Institute, said the other day, "We were saying that we are losing the forests at an acre a second, but it is much closer to an acre-and-a-half to a second".

Article 48A of the Constitution of India provides that "the State shall endeavour to protect and improve the environment and to safeguard the forests and wildlife of the country". But what causes endless anguish is the fact that laws are never respected nor enforced in India. (For instance, the Constitution says that casteism, untouchability and bonded labour shall be abolished, but they flourish shamelessly even after forty-four years of the operation of the Constitution.) A recent report of our Parliament's Estimates Committee has highlighted the near **catastrophic depletion** of India's forests over the last four decades. India, according to reliable data, is losing its forests at the rate of 3.7 million acres a year. Large areas, officially designated as forest land, "are already virtually treeless". The actual loss of forests is estimated to be about eight times the rate indicated by government statistics.

A three-year study using satellites and aerial photography conducted by the United Nations, warns that the environment has deteriorated so badly that it is 'critical' in many of the eighty-eight countries investigated.

There can be no doubt that the growth of world population is one of the strongest factors distorting the future of human society. It took mankind more than a million years to reach the first billion. That was the world population around the year 1800. By the year 1900, a second billion was added, and the twentieth century has added another 3.7 billion. The present world population is estimated at 5.7 billion. Every four days the world population increases by one million.

Fertility falls as incomes rise, education spreads, and health improves. Thus development is the best contraceptive. But development itself may not be possible if the present increase in numbers continues.

The rich get richer, and the poor beget children which condemns them to remain poor. More children does not mean more workers, merely more people without work. It is not suggested that human beings be treated like cattle and compulsorily sterilised. But there is no alternative to voluntary family planning without introducing an element of coercion. The choice is really between control of population and perpetuation of poverty.

The population of India is estimated to be 920 million today — more than the entire populations of Africa and South America put together. No one familiar with the conditions in India would doubt that the hope of the people would die in their hungry hutments unless population control is given topmost priority.

For the first time in human history we see a **transcending concern** — the survival not just of the people but of the planet. We have begun to take a holistic view of the very basis of our existence. The environmental problem does not necessarily signal our demise, it is our passport for the future. The emerging new world vision has ushered in the Era of Responsibility. It is a holistic view, an ecological view, seeing the world as an integrated whole rather than a dissociated collection of parts.

Industry has a most crucial role to play in this new Era of Responsibility. What a transformation would be effected if more

businessmen shared the view of the Chairman of Du Pont, Mr Edgar S. Woolard who, five years ago, declared himself to be the Company's "Chief Environmental Officer". He said, "Our continued existence as a leading manufacturer requires that we excel in environmental performance."

Of all the statements made by Margaret Thatcher during the years of her Prime Ministership, none has passed so decisively into the current coin of English usage as her felicitous words: "No generation has a freehold on this earth. All we have is a life tenancy — with a full repairing lease". In the words of Mr Lester Brown, "We have not inherited this earth from our forefathers; we have borrowed it from our children."

Understanding the text

1. Locate the lines in the text that support the title 'The Ailing Planet'.
2. What does the notice 'The world's most dangerous animal' at a cage in the zoo at Lusaka, Zambia, signify?
3. How are the earth's principal biological systems being depleted?
4. Why does the author aver that the growth of world population is one of the strongest factors distorting the future of human society?

Talking about the text

Discuss in groups of four.

1. Laws are never respected nor enforced in India.
2. "Are we to leave our successors a scorched planet of advancing deserts, impoverished landscapes and an ailing environment?"
3. "We have not inherited this earth from our forefathers; we have borrowed it from our children".
4. The problems of overpopulation that directly affect our everyday life.

Thinking about language

The phrase 'inter alia' meaning 'among other things' is one of the many Latin expressions commonly used in English.

Find out what these Latin phrases mean.

1. prima facie
2. ad hoc
3. in camera
4. ad infinitum
5. mutatis mutandis
6. caveat
7. tabula rasa

Working with words

- I. Locate the following phrases in the text and study their connotation.
 1. gripped the imagination of
 2. dawned upon
 3. ushered in
 4. passed into current coin
 5. passport of the future
- II. The words 'grip', 'dawn', 'usher', 'coin', 'passport' have a literal as well as a figurative meaning. Write pairs of sentences using each word in the literal as well as the figurative sense.

Things to do

1. Make posters to highlight the importance of the Green Movement.
2. Maintain a record of the trees cut down and the parks demolished in your area, or any other act that violates the environment. Write to newspapers reporting on any such acts that disturb you.

Notes

Understanding the text ■

- Environmental issues
- Social issues

Talking about the text ■

- Contemporary issues
- Envisioning the future

Thinking about language ■

Latin expressions commonly used

Working with words ■

- Connotations
- Finding literal and figurative meanings

Things to do ■

Making children aware of their responsibilities towards the environment