

Early Twentieth-Century Fiction  
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Prof. Andrew Goldstone ([andrew.goldstone@rutgers.edu](mailto:andrew.goldstone@rutgers.edu))  
(Murray 019, this week Weds. 11:30–2:30)

November 15, 2016. Faulkner, concluded; Anand (1).



William Faulkner understood this better than almost any other American writer.

Toni Morrison, “Mourning for Whiteness,” *New Yorker*, November 21, 2016 (accessed [online](#), November 14, 2016).

## what we don't see

When we pass the negroes their heads turn suddenly with that expression of shock and instinctive outrage. "Great God," one says; "what they got in that wagon?"

Jewel whirls. "Son of a bitches," he says...It is as though Jewel had gone blind for the moment, for it is the white man toward whom he whirls. (229)

"Thinks because he's a goddamn town fellow," Jewel says. (229)

We mount again while the heads turn with that expression which we know; save Jewel. (231)

## the second paper

- ▶ due November 29 on Sakai Assignments
- ▶ 6-8 pp.
- ▶ evidence, motive, and argument
- ▶ topics...



The Edinburgh Geographical Institute

## periphery again

A brook ran near the lane, once with crystal-clear water, now soiled by the dirt and filth of the public latrines situated about it, the odour of the hides and skins of dead carcasses left to dry on its banks, the dung of donkeys, sheep, horses, cows and buffaloes heaped up to be made into fuel cakes. (9)

He jumped aside, dragging his boots in the dust, where, thanks to the inefficiency of the Municipal Committee, the pavement should have been but was not. (41)

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(Before us the thick dark current runs.)

## expatriates

Dublin, 1904.

Trieste, 1914.

(Joyce, *Portrait*)

Trieste–Zürich–Paris

1914–1921

(Joyce, *Ulysses*)

Simla—s.s. *Viceroy of India*—Bloomsbury

September–October 1933

(Anand, *Untouchable*)

## whose words?

He thought:

—The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words *home*, *Christ*, *ale*, *master*, on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.

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(*Portrait*, 159)

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(*Portrait*, 159)

## Discussion

Describe some aspects of the novel's relationship to Standard English in its narrative language. Compare this to Bakha's relationship to Standard English. Generalize later. Find specific examples first.

## audiences

“Bhangi! (Sweeper) Bhangi!” (81)

(16n)

He remembered so well the Tommies’ familiar abuse of the natives: ‘*Kala admi zamin par hagne wala*’ (black man, you who relieve yourself on the ground). (18)

‘You are becoming a gentreman, ohe Bakhya! Where did you get that uniform?’ (16)

## language and affiliation

Gandhi: Why don't you write in your language?

K. C. Azad: I have no language. My mother tongue is Punjabi. But the Sarkar [government] has appointed English and Urdu as court languages!...Few of us write in Punjabi. The only novel writer is Nanak Singh. There are no publishers in Punjabi or Urdu....In English—my novel may get published in London...

Gandhi: Acha! Write in any language that comes to hand. But say what Harijans say!

(Anand, *Little Plays of Mahatma Gandhi* [1991; qtd. in Shingavi, *The Mahatma Misunderstood*])

## “say what Harijans say”

For, although he didn't know it, to him work was a sort of intoxication which gave him a glowing health and plenty of easy sleep. (18)

How a round base can be adjusted on a round top, how a sphere can rest on a sphere is a problem which may be of interest to those who think like Euclid or Archimedes. It never occurred to Sohini to ask herself anything like this. (22)

## local affiliations

Simla—s.s. *Viceroy of India*—Bloomsbury  
September–October 1933

- ▶ Anand arrives in London 1925 to do a Ph.D. at UCL
- ▶ works at Woolfs' Hogarth press 1929–1930
- ▶ E.M. Forster helps *U* to publication by left-wing house Wishart in 1935 after 19 rejections (too much feces in it)

next

- ▶ *Untouchable*, continued