

## A Devoted Son

Short Story by Anita Desai



**READING 5A** Analyze how complex plot structures and devices function and advance the action in a work of fiction.

**5B** Analyze the moral dilemmas and quandaries presented in works of fiction as revealed by the underlying motivations and behaviors of the characters.

### DID YOU KNOW?

Anita Desai . . .

- had her first short story published when she was just nine years old.
- has a daughter who is also a novelist.
- has also written a highly praised children's book.

### Meet the Author

## Anita Desai born 1937

Anita Desai (dā-sī') has won critical praise for her ability to capture the sights and sounds of a changing India. In her work, she explores the often uneasy blend of traditional lifeways and modern attitudes, of colonial legacy and national pride, that characterizes life in postcolonial India.

**Rich Heritage** Born to a German mother and an Indian father, Anita Desai grew up in northern India, near the city of Delhi. Until she began school, she spoke German at home and Hindi to friends and neighbors. At school, classes were taught in English, which she came to think of as “the language of books.” From these early years, Desai felt drawn to the “world of books” and went on to study English literature at the University of Delhi. She married in 1958 and shortly thereafter began her extraordinary writing career.

**Competing Roles** Desai took great care to separate her writing life from her role as a mother. She felt it frightened her children “to see their mother having a different life. . . . [They] think they know their mother . . . and then to discover her mind is actually elsewhere, it's not a comfortable feeling for them.” She organized her writing time around the children's school schedule, carefully hiding her

work when they returned home. Desai recalls these years were often “very lonely” but notes that this time gave her the luxury to develop her craft at her own pace.

Much of Desai's fiction portrays the interior worlds of people torn by competing obligations to family, society, and religion. Her characters often seek release from the social demands that impede their search for self, especially the sometimes suffocating intimacy of the Indian family. Many of her novels focus on family dynamics, including *Voices in the City* (1965), *Clear Light of Day* (1980), and *Fasting, Feasting* (1999).

**Reshaping Traditions** While Desai is well respected in the West, she is not widely read in India, whose tradition of English-language fiction dates only from the 1930s. She explains, “At one time all literature was recited rather than read and that remains the tradition in India.” To go out, buy a book, and then read it is “still a rather strange act . . . an unusual thing to do.” Her writing also features perspectives often overlooked in Indian literature, such as those of women, children, and the elderly. Desai's sensitivity to the complexity of change and the challenges of identity give her an important place in postcolonial Indian literature.

### Author Online

Go to [thinkcentral.com](http://thinkcentral.com). KEYWORD: HML12-1362



## ● LITERARY ANALYSIS: IRONY

All forms of **irony** consist of a contrast between expectation and reality. For example, **verbal irony** occurs when what is said is the opposite of what is really meant. This contrast between what the reader expects (the literal meaning) and the writer's true message can often go unnoticed. You'll need to pay careful attention to the writer's tone to catch these shifts in meaning. Desai typically uses irony to criticize her characters in a subtle, indirect way. In particular, her use of hyperbole, or exaggerated overstatement, is often meant ironically.

This story also features **situational irony**, a contrast between what a character or the reader expects and what actually happens. As you read the story, note the hopes and ambitions of the characters. Ask yourself whether success brings the rewards that the characters expected.

## ● READING SKILL: EVALUATE CHARACTERS' ACTIONS

Writers often intentionally create **ambiguity** by leaving aspects of a story open to interpretation. In this story, Desai portrays a father-son relationship whose true nature is left ambiguous. To understand this relationship, you'll need to **evaluate**, or make judgments about, the characters' actions.

As you read, create a graphic for each significant action taken by the father or the son in the story. Then answer the three questions provided. On the basis of your responses, evaluate the action as positive or negative.

Action:



Criteria for Evaluation:

- What motivations have prompted the action?
- What are its effects on other characters?
- Is it a reasonable response to the character's situation?



Complete the activities in your **Reader/Writer Notebook**.

## *What do children OWE their parents?*

It takes a lot of work and many sacrifices to raise a child. All that effort finally pays off when a child becomes an adult who is well prepared to lead an independent life. But what do children owe their parents for those long years of devotion and care? This story portrays one son's lifelong efforts to fulfill his obligations to his parents.

**QUICKWRITE** In your opinion, what obligations might a parent reasonably expect from a child? What expectations would you consider excessive? Express your thoughts in a short paragraph.



# A Devoted Son

Anita Desai

**BACKGROUND** Once a British colony, India became an independent nation in 1947. Some saw independence as an opportunity to return to authentically Indian ways of life. Others maintained that India would achieve greater success as a nation by adopting values and institutions from the West, a process known as modernization. Today, India is a society in transition, whose citizens confront startling gaps between rich and poor, old and new. The following story explores how the rush to adopt new, modern values changes one family in unexpected ways.

When the results appeared in the morning papers, Rakesh scanned them, barefoot and in his pajamas, at the garden gate, then went up the steps to the veranda<sup>1</sup> where his father sat sipping his morning tea and bowed down to touch his feet.<sup>2</sup>

“A first division, son?” his father asked, beaming, reaching for the papers.

“At the top of the list, Papa,” Rakesh murmured, as if awed. “First in the country.”

Bedlam broke loose then. The family whooped and danced. The whole day long visitors streamed into the small yellow house at the end of the road, to congratulate the parents of this *Wunderkind*,<sup>3</sup> to slap Rakesh on the back and fill the house and garden with the sounds and colors of a festival. There were garlands and *halwa*,<sup>4</sup>  
10 party clothes and gifts (enough fountain pens to last years, even a watch or two), nerves and temper and joy, all in a multicolored whirl of pride and great shining vistas newly opened: Rakesh was the first son in the family to receive an education, so much had been sacrificed in order to send him to school and then medical college, and at last the fruits of their sacrifice had arrived, golden and glorious.

## Analyze Visuals ►

What can you **infer** about the family depicted in this image?

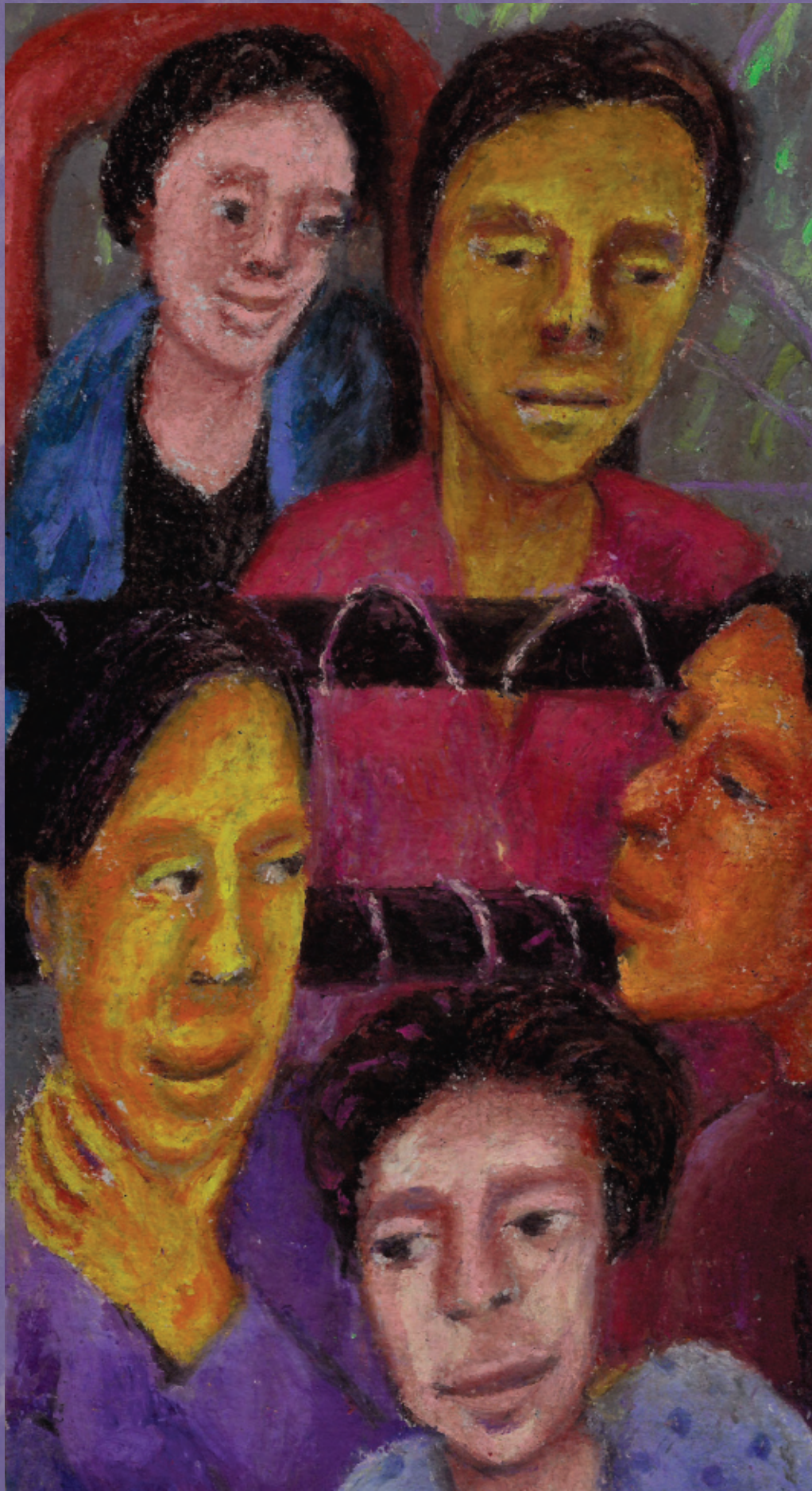
1. **veranda** (vē-răn'də): a roofed, often partly enclosed porch or balcony extending along the outside of a building.

2. **touch his feet:** In India, the touching of the feet is a sign of respect given to an elder.

3. **Wunderkind** (vöön'dər-kīnd') *German*: a child of remarkable talent or ability; a child prodigy.

4. **halwa** (hăl'wä): a pudding made from almonds (*badam halwa*), carrots (*gajar halwa*), or semolina (*sooji halwa*) boiled in milk with sugar and cardamon.







To everyone who came to him to say, “*Mubarak*,<sup>5</sup> Varma-ji, your son has brought you glory,” the father said, “Yes, and do you know what is the first thing he did when he saw the results this morning? He came and touched my feet. He bowed down and touched my feet.” This moved many of the women in the crowd so much that they were seen to raise the ends of their saris<sup>6</sup> and dab at their tears while the men reached out for the betel leaves and sweetmeats<sup>7</sup> that were offered around on trays and shook their heads in wonder and approval of such exemplary filial behavior. “One does not often see such behavior in sons any more,” they all agreed, a little enviously perhaps. Leaving the house, some of the women said, sniffing, “At least on such an occasion they might have served pure *ghee*<sup>8</sup> sweets,” and some of the men said, “Don’t you think old Varma was giving himself airs? He needn’t think we don’t remember that he comes from the vegetable market himself, his father used to sell vegetables, and he has never seen the inside of a school.” But there was more envy than rancor in their voices and it was, of course, inevitable—not every son in that shabby little colony at the edge of the city was destined to shine as Rakesh shone, and who knew that better than the parents themselves?

And that was only the beginning, the first step in a great, sweeping ascent to the radiant heights of fame and fortune. The thesis he wrote for his M.D. brought Rakesh still greater glory, if only in select medical circles. He won a scholarship. He went to the U.S.A. (that was what his father learnt to call it and taught the whole family to say—not America, which was what the ignorant neighbors called it, but, with a grand familiarity, “the U.S.A.”) where he pursued his career in the most prestigious of all hospitals and won encomiums<sup>9</sup> from his American colleagues which were relayed to his admiring and glowing family. What was more, he came *back*, he actually returned to that small yellow house in the once-new but increasingly shabby colony, right at the end of the road where the rubbish vans tipped out their stinking contents for pigs to nose in and rag-pickers to build their shacks on, all steaming and smoking just outside the neat wire fences and well-tended gardens. To this Rakesh returned and the first thing he did on entering the house was to slip out of the embraces of his sisters and brothers and bow down and touch his father’s feet. **A**

As for his mother, she gloated chiefly over the strange fact that he had not married in America, had not brought home a foreign wife as all her neighbors had warned her he would, for wasn’t that what all Indian boys went abroad for? Instead he agreed, almost without argument, to marry a girl she had picked out for him in her own village, the daughter of a childhood friend, a plump and uneducated girl, it was true, but so old-fashioned, so placid, so complaisant

#### **A IRONY**

Reread lines 31–38.

Exaggerated overstatement, or **hyperbole**, is one device used to create **verbal irony**. What two examples of hyperbole can you find in these lines?

5. **Mubarak** (mōō-bār’ək) *Arabic*: “blessed.” Many Arabic words are used in India, especially among Indian Muslims; Arabic is the language of the Muslim holy book, the Koran.

6. **saris** (sā’rēz): women’s outer garments worn mainly in India and Pakistan. A sari is a length of cloth with one end draped over the shoulder or head and the other wrapped around the waist to form a skirt.

7. **betel** (bēt’l) **leaves and sweetmeats**: The leaves of the betel palm are commonly chewed in Asia as a digestive stimulant. Sweetmeats are sugared treats such as candy, sweetened nuts, or crystallized fruit.

8. **ghee** (gē): a clarified, semifluid butter widely used in Indian cooking.

9. **encomiums** (ĕn-kō’mē-əmz): glowing tributes; strong praise.

that she slipped into the household and settled in like a charm, seemingly too lazy and too good-natured to even try and make Rakesh leave home and set up independently, as any other girl might have done. What was more, she was pretty—really pretty, in a plump, pudding way that only gave way to fat—soft, spreading fat, like warm wax—after the birth of their first baby, a son, and then what did it matter? **B**

For some years Rakesh worked in the city hospital, quickly rising to the top of the administrative organization, and was made a director before he left to set up  
60 his own clinic. He took his parents in his car—a new, sky-blue Ambassador<sup>10</sup> with a rear window full of stickers and charms revolving on strings—to see the clinic when it was built, and the large sign-board over the door on which his name was printed in letters of red, with a row of degrees and qualifications to follow it like so many little black slaves of the regent.<sup>11</sup> Thereafter his fame seemed to grow just a little dimmer—or maybe it was only that everyone in town had grown accustomed to it at last—but it was also the beginning of his fortune for he now became known not only as the best but also the richest doctor in town.

However, all this was not accomplished in the wink of an eye. Naturally not. It was the achievement of a lifetime and it took up Rakesh's whole life. At the  
70 time he set up his clinic his father had grown into an old man and retired from his post at the kerosene dealer's depot at which he had worked for forty years, and his mother died soon after, giving up the ghost with a sigh that sounded positively happy, for it was her own son who ministered to her in her last illness and who sat pressing her feet at the last moment—such a son as few women had borne.

For it had to be admitted—and the most unsuccessful and most rancorous of neighbors eventually did so—that Rakesh was not only a devoted son and a miraculously good-natured man who contrived somehow to obey his parents and humor his wife and show concern equally for his children and his patients, but there was actually a brain inside this beautifully polished and formed body  
80 of good manners and kind nature and, in between ministering to his family and playing host to many friends and coaxing them all into feeling happy and grateful and content, he had actually trained his hands as well and emerged an excellent doctor, a really fine surgeon. How one man—and a man born to illiterate parents, his father having worked for a kerosene dealer and his mother having spent her life in a kitchen—had achieved, combined and conducted such a medley of virtues, no one could fathom, but all acknowledged his talent and skill.

It was a strange fact, however, that talent and skill, if displayed for too long, cease to dazzle. It came to pass that the most admiring of all eyes eventually faded and no longer blinked at his glory. Having retired from work and having lost  
90 his wife, the old father very quickly went to pieces, as they say. He developed so many complaints and fell ill so frequently and with such mysterious diseases that even his son could no longer make out when it was something of significance and

## **B** EVALUATE ACTIONS

Reread lines 49–57.  
What seems to motivate Rakesh's choice in marriage?

## Language Coach

**Idioms** An **idiom** is a phrase with a figurative, rather than literal, meaning. You can often figure out the meaning of an idiom through its **context**—the words, phrases, and sentences that surround it. What do you think *giving up the ghost* means in line 72? How can you tell?

10. **Ambassador**: the Hindustan Ambassador, the first car to be manufactured in India. The model was launched in 1948, a year after India achieved its independence from British rule.

11. **black slaves of the regent**: British colonial officers often referred to Indians as blacks, and considered them racially inferior. A regent is one who acts as a ruler or governor.



when it was merely a peevish whim. He sat huddled on his string bed most of the day and developed an exasperating habit of stretching out suddenly and lying absolutely still, allowing the whole family to fly around him in a flap, wailing and weeping, and then suddenly sitting up, stiff and gaunt, and spitting out a big gob of betel juice as if to mock their behavior.

He did this once too often: there had been a big party in the house, a birthday party for the youngest son, and the celebrations had to be suddenly hushed, covered up and hustled out of the way when the daughter-in-law discovered, or thought she discovered, that the old man, stretched out from end to end of his string bed, had lost his pulse; the party broke up, dissolved, even turned into a band of mourners, when the old man sat up and the distraught daughter-in-law received a gob of red spittle right on the hem of her new organza<sup>12</sup> sari. After that no one much cared if he sat up cross-legged on his bed, hawking and spitting, or lay down flat and turned gray as a corpse. Except, of course, for that pearl amongst pearls, his son Rakesh. **C**

It was Rakesh who brought him his morning tea, not in one of the china cups from which the rest of the family drank, but in the old man's favorite brass tumbler, and sat at the edge of his bed, comfortable and relaxed with the string of his pajamas dangling out from under his fine lawn night-shirt, and discussed or, rather, read out the morning news to his father. It made no difference to him that his father made no response apart from spitting. It was Rakesh, too, who, on

### **C EVALUATE ACTIONS**

Reread lines 89–107.

Describe the effect of the father's actions on the other characters. What changes might Varma be responding to?

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12. **organza**: a sheer, stiff fabric, often made from silk.



*Untitled*, Chittaprosad Bhattacharya. Pastel on paper, 20.5" × 30". © Delhi Art Gallery, Pvt., Ltd., Delhi, India.

returning from the clinic in the evening, persuaded the old man to come out of his room, as bare and desolate as a cell, and take the evening air out in the garden, beautifully arranging the pillows and bolsters on the divan in the corner of the open veranda. On summer nights he saw to it that the servants carried out the old man's bed onto the lawn and himself helped his father down the steps and onto the bed, soothing him and settling him down for a night under the stars.

120 All this was very gratifying for the old man. What was not so gratifying was that he even undertook to supervise his father's diet. One day when the father was really sick, having ordered his daughter-in-law to make him a dish of *soojie halwa* and eaten it with a saucerful of cream, Rakesh marched into the room, not with his usual respectful step but with the confident and rather contemptuous stride of the famous doctor, and declared, "No more *halwa* for you, Papa. We must be sensible, at your age. If you must have something sweet, Veena will cook you a little *kheer*,<sup>13</sup> that's light, just a little rice and milk. But nothing fried, nothing rich. We can't have this happening again."

The old man who had been lying stretched out on his bed, weak and feeble after  
130 a day's illness, gave a start at the very sound, the tone of these words. He opened his eyes—rather, they fell open with shock—and he stared at his son with disbelief that darkened quickly to reproach. A son who actually refused his father the food he craved? No, it was unheard of, it was incredible. But Rakesh had turned his back to him and was cleaning up the litter of bottles and packets on the medicine shelf and did not notice while Veena slipped silently out of the room with a little smirk that only the old man saw, and hated.

*Halwa* was only the first item to be crossed off the old man's diet. One delicacy after the other went—everything fried to begin with, then everything sweet, and eventually everything, everything that the old man enjoyed. The meals that  
140 arrived for him on the shining stainless steel tray twice a day were frugal to say the least—dry bread, boiled lentils, boiled vegetables and, if there were a bit of chicken or fish, that was boiled too. If he called for another helping—in a cracked voice that quavered theatrically—Rakesh himself would come to the door, gaze at him sadly and shake his head, saying, "Now, Papa, we must be careful, we can't risk another illness, you know," and although the daughter-in-law kept tactfully out of the way, the old man could just see her smirk sliding merrily through the air. He tried to bribe his grandchildren into buying him sweets (and how he missed his wife now, that generous, indulgent and illiterate cook), whispering, "Here's fifty *paise*" as he stuffed the coins into a tight, hot fist. "Run down to  
150 the shop at the crossroads and buy me thirty *paise* worth of *jalebis*,<sup>14</sup> and you can spend the remaining twenty *paise* on yourself. Eh? Understand? Will you do that?" He got away with it once or twice but then was found out, the conspirator was scolded by his father and smacked by his mother and Rakesh came storming into the room, almost tearing his hair as he shouted through compressed lips,

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13. *kheer* (kîr): an Indian rice pudding usually spiced with cardamom.

14. *paise* (pî-sâ') . . . *jalebis* (jə-lā'bēz): *Paise* is the plural of *paisa*, a monetary unit of India and neighboring countries, equal to 1/100 of a rupee. *Jalebis* are Indian desserts made of coil-shaped, deep-fried batter.



“Now Papa, are you trying to turn my little son into a liar? Quite apart from spoiling your own stomach, you are spoiling him as well—you are encouraging him to lie to his own parents. You should have heard the lies he told his mother when she saw him bringing back those *jalebis* wrapped up in filthy newspaper. I don’t allow anyone in my house to buy sweets in the bazaar, Papa, surely you know  
160 that. There’s cholera in the city, typhoid, gastro-enteritis<sup>15</sup>—I see these cases daily in the hospital, how can I allow my own family to run such risks?” The old man sighed and lay down in the corpse position. But that worried no one any longer. **D**

There was only one pleasure left the old man now (his son’s early morning visits and readings from the newspaper could no longer be called that) and those were visits from elderly neighbors. These were not frequent as his contemporaries were mostly as decrepit and helpless as he and few could walk the length of the road to visit him any more. Old Bhatia, next door, however, who was still spry enough to refuse, adamantly, to bathe in the tiled bathroom indoors and to insist on carrying out his brass mug and towel, in all seasons and usually at impossible  
170 hours, into the yard and bathe noisily under the garden tap, would look over the hedge to see if Varma were out on his veranda and would call to him and talk while he wrapped his *dhoti*<sup>16</sup> about him and dried the sparse hair on his head, shivering with enjoyable exaggeration. Of course these conversations, bawled across the hedge by two rather deaf old men conscious of having their entire households overhearing them, were not very satisfactory but Bhatia occasionally came out of his yard, walked down the bit of road and came in at Varma’s gate to collapse onto the stone plinth built under the temple tree. If Rakesh were at home he would help his father down the steps into the garden and arrange him on his night bed under the tree and leave the two old men to chew betel leaves and  
180 discuss the ills of their individual bodies with combined passion.

“At least you have a doctor in the house to look after you,” sighed Bhatia, having vividly described his martyrdom to piles.<sup>17</sup>

“Look after me?” cried Varma, his voice cracking like an ancient clay jar.

“He—he does not even give me enough to eat.”

“What?” said Bhatia, the white hairs in his ears twitching. “Doesn’t give you enough to eat? Your own son?”

“My own son. If I ask him for one more piece of bread, he says no, Papa, I weighed out the *ata*<sup>18</sup> myself and I can’t allow you to have more than two hundred grams of cereal a day. He *weighs* the food he gives me, Bhatia—he has scales to  
190 weigh it on. That is what it has come to.”

“Never,” murmured Bhatia in disbelief. “Is it possible, even in this evil age, for a son to refuse his father food?”

“Let me tell you,” Varma whispered eagerly. “Today the family was having fried fish—I could smell it. I called to my daughter-in-law to bring me a piece. She came to the door and said No . . .”

#### **D EVALUATE ACTIONS**

Reread lines 137–147.

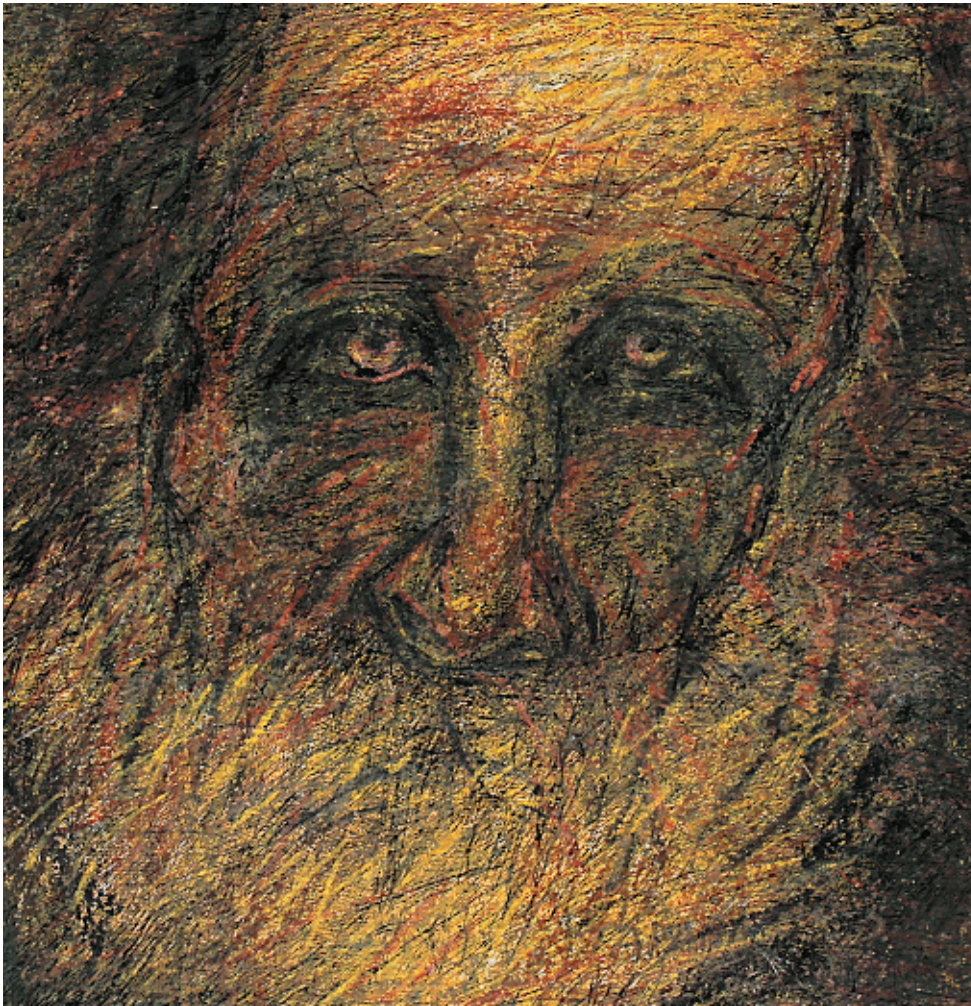
Summarize the changes Rakesh makes in his father’s life. Does Rakesh seem aware of how these changes affect his father? Explain.

15. **cholera** (kŏl’ə-rə) . . . **gastro-enteritis**: diseases that can be caused by contaminated food or water.

16. **dhoti** (dŏ’tē): a loincloth traditionally worn by Hindu men in India.

17. **piles**: hemorrhoids.

18. **ata** *Hindi*: grain or cereal. Hindi is one of the main languages of India.



*Untitled*, Tapan Ghosh. Mixed media on paper, 9.75" × 9.75". © Delhi Art Gallery, Pvt., Ltd., Delhi, India.

"Said No?" It was Bhatia's voice that cracked. A *drongo*<sup>19</sup> shot out of the tree and sped away. "No?"

"No, she said no, Rakesh has ordered her to give me nothing fried. No butter, he says, no oil—"

200 "No butter? No oil? How does he expect his father to *live*?"

Old Varma nodded with melancholy triumph. "That is how he treats me—after I have brought him up, given him an education, made him a great doctor. Great doctor! This is the way great doctors treat their fathers, Bhatia," for the son's sterling personality and character now underwent a curious sea change. Outwardly all might be the same but the interpretation had altered: his masterly efficiency was nothing but cold heartlessness, his authority was only tyranny in disguise. **E**

There was cold comfort in complaining to neighbors and, on such a miserable diet, Varma found himself slipping, weakening, and soon becoming a genuinely sick man. Powders and pills and mixtures were not only brought in when dealing with a  
210 crisis like an upset stomach but became a regular part of his diet—became his diet,

#### **E EVALUATE ACTIONS**

Reread lines 201–206. Summarize Varma's understanding of Rakesh's actions. Is his interpretation reasonable? Explain.

19. *drongo*: a type of bird found in Asia, Africa, and Australia, usually black with a forked tail.



complained Varma, supplanting the natural foods he craved. There were pills to regulate his bowel movements, pills to bring down his blood pressure, pills to deal with his arthritis and, eventually, pills to keep his heart beating. In between there were panicky rushes to the hospital, some humiliating experiences with the stomach pump and enema, which left him frightened and helpless. He cried easily, shriveling up on his bed, but if he complained of a pain or even a vague, gray fear in the night, Rakesh would simply open another bottle of pills and force him to take one. “I have my duty to you, Papa,” he said when his father begged to be let off. **F**

220 “Let me be,” Varma begged, turning his face away from the pills on the outstretched hand. “Let me die. It would be better. I do not want to live only to eat your medicines.”

“Papa, be reasonable.”

“I leave that to you,” the father cried with sudden spirit. “Let me alone, let me die now, I cannot live like this.”

“Lying all day on his pillows, fed every few hours by his daughter-in-law’s own hands, visited by every member of his family daily—and then he says he does not want to live ‘like this,’” Rakesh was heard to say, laughing, to someone outside the door.

230 “Deprived of food,” screamed the old man on the bed, “his wishes ignored, taunted by his daughter-in-law, laughed at by his grandchildren—that is how I live.” But he was very old and weak and all anyone heard was an incoherent croak, some expressive grunts and cries of genuine pain. Only once, when old Bhatia had come to see him and they sat together under the temple tree, they heard him cry, “God is calling me—and they won’t let me go.”

The quantities of vitamins and tonics he was made to take were not altogether useless. They kept him alive and even gave him a kind of strength that made him hang on long after he ceased to wish to hang on. It was as though he were straining at a rope, trying to break it, and it would not break, it was still strong. He only hurt himself, trying.

240 In the evening, that summer, the servants would come into his cell, grip his bed, one at each end, and carry it out to the veranda, there setting it down with a thump that jarred every tooth in his head. In answer to his agonized complaints they said the Doctor Sahib<sup>20</sup> had told them he must take the evening air and the evening air they would make him take—thump. Then Veena, that smiling, hypocritical pudding in a rustling sari, would appear and pile up the pillows under his head till he was propped up stiffly into a sitting position that made his head swim and his back ache. “Let me lie down,” he begged. “I can’t sit up any more.”

250 “Try, Papa, Rakesh said you can if you try,” she said, and drifted away to the other end of the veranda where her transistor radio vibrated to the lovesick tunes from the cinema that she listened to all day.

So there he sat, like some stiff corpse, terrified, gazing out on the lawn where his grandsons played cricket,<sup>21</sup> in danger of getting one of their hard-spun balls in

#### **F IRONY**

Recall Varma’s ambitions for his son. What is ironic about his situation in lines 207–218?

#### **Language Coach**

**Derivations** Words derived from another word or base are derivations. *Incoherent* (line 231) is one of several words derived from *cohere*, which means “to stick together (either physically or logically).” List other derivations of *cohere* and their meanings. What does *incoherent* mean?

20. **Sahib** (sā’īb): a term of respect in India, the equivalent of *sir*.

21. **cricket**: a team sport played with bats and a ball, popular in Britain and India.

his eye, and at the gate that opened onto the dusty and rubbish-heaped lane but still bore, proudly, a newly touched-up signboard that bore his son's name and qualifications, his own name having vanished from the gate long ago.

At last the sky-blue Ambassador arrived, the cricket game broke up in haste, the car drove in smartly and the doctor, the great doctor, all in white, stepped out. Someone ran up to take his bag from him, others to escort him up the steps. "Will you have tea?" his wife called, turning down the transistor set, "or a Coca-

260 Cola? Shall I fry you some *samosas*?"<sup>22</sup> But he did not reply or even glance in her direction. Ever a devoted son, he went first to the corner where his father sat gazing, stricken, at some undefined spot in the dusty yellow air that swam before him. He did not turn his head to look at his son. But he stopped gobbling air with his uncontrolled lips and set his jaw as hard as a sick and very old man could set it.

"Papa," his son said, tenderly, sitting down on the edge of the bed and reaching out to press his feet.

Old Varma tucked his feet under him, out of the way, and continued to gaze stubbornly into the yellow air of the summer evening.

"Papa, I'm home."

270 Varma's hand jerked suddenly, in a sharp, derisive movement, but he did not speak.

"How are you feeling, Papa?"

Then Varma turned and looked at his son. His face was so out of control and all in pieces, that the multitude of expressions that crossed it could not make up a whole and convey to the famous man exactly what his father thought of him, his skill, his art.


"I'm dying," he croaked. "Let me die, I tell you."

"Papa, you're joking," his son smiled at him, lovingly. "I've brought you a new tonic to make you feel better. You must take it, it will make you feel stronger

280 again. Here it is. Promise me you will take it regularly, Papa."

Varma's mouth worked as hard as though he still had a gob of betel in it (his supply of betel had been cut off years ago). Then he spat out some words, as sharp and bitter as poison, into his son's face. "Keep your tonic—I want none—I want none—I won't take any more of—of your medicines. None. Never," and he swept the bottle out of his son's hand with a wave of his own, suddenly grand, suddenly effective. **G**

His son jumped, for the bottle was smashed and thick brown syrup had splashed up, staining his white trousers. His wife let out a cry and came running. All around the old man was hubbub once again, noise, attention.

290 He gave one push to the pillows at his back and dislodged them so he could sink down on his back, quite flat again. He closed his eyes and pointed his chin at the ceiling, like some dire prophet, groaning, "God is calling me—now let me go." 

#### **G** EVALUATE ACTIONS

In lines 285–286, the author describes Varma's action as "suddenly grand, suddenly effective." What message might Varma be trying to send his son by breaking the bottle?

22. *samosas* (sə-mō'səz): Indian turnovers consisting of fried dough filled with seasoned vegetables or meat.



## Comprehension

1. **Recall** What is the first thing Rakesh does when he sees his exam results?
2. **Summarize** What disagreement causes Varma to change his feelings toward Rakesh?
3. **Clarify** Why are Varma and Bhatia so shocked when the daughter-in-law refuses Varma's request for fried fish?



**READING 5A** Analyze how complex plot structures and devices function and advance the action in a work of fiction. **5B** Analyze the moral dilemmas and quandaries presented in works of fiction as revealed by the underlying motivations and behaviors of the characters.

## Literary Analysis

4. **Analyze Conflict** Rakesh becomes exposed to Western values while studying medicine in the United States. Do you think he would have remained on good terms with his father if he had never left India, or is the conflict that develops between them inevitable? Support your answer.
5. **Interpret Imagery** In her descriptions, Desai often juxtaposes images of traditional India with those suggesting modern attitudes and values. What contrasting images do you see in each of the following passages?
  - discussion of Rakesh's American education (lines 31–45)
  - account of Rakesh's medical career (lines 58–67)
  - description of Varma's healthy diet (lines 137–159)
  - the doctor's arrival at home (lines 256–260)
6. **Interpret Irony** Varma's expectations for his son are realized, but with consequences he did not anticipate. What message about ambition and the drive for modernization does Desai convey with this use of irony?
7. **Evaluate Characters' Actions** Review the graphics you created as you read. Which character do you find more sympathetic, Rakesh or Varma? In your opinion, is Rakesh really a devoted son? Cite examples that support your answers.

## Literary Criticism

8. **Critical Interpretations** Critics have commented on Desai's use of imagery, calling it "a remarkable quality of her craft" and one of the most important literary devices in her work. Do you agree or disagree with this opinion? Support your answer with details from the story.

*What do children **OWE** their parents?*

According to Indian tradition, what obligations do children have toward their parents? In your own family, what obligations do you feel you owe to your parents?

## Writing in the Wake of Colonialism

Writers from former British colonies have faced multiple challenges. Some, including Wole Soyinka and Nadine Gordimer, have encountered censorship; others have faced exile and even death threats in response to their provocative writings. Conversely, some have heard complaints that their work is not political enough, or—as in Gordimer’s case—that they are not qualified to write on certain topics. And numerous critics have questioned the choice of many writers, such as Anita Desai, to write in English—the language of the colonizers. Yet a writer’s job at heart is to speak the truth—to describe the world as he or she sees it.

*“I happen to have lived in a politically charged atmosphere and milieu all my life; but I was writing long before I was aware of what politics was, so I don’t really write out of motivation of politics. I began to write looking for explanations for life.”*

—Nadine Gordimer

The world known and described by postcolonial writers is a world in transition, and one of great political and social tension. Any truthful explanations of life in such a world are bound to be provocative.

### Writing to Reflect

Review the selections by Soyinka, Gordimer, and Desai. Choose one piece and write an essay in which you reflect on the various responses it might have provoked when it was first published. Point to details from the text and explain how they might affect sympathetic or unsympathetic readers. Finally, explain your own view of the piece, both as a work of literature and as a work of social commentary.

#### Consider

- the kinds of people represented in the selection
- what, if any, social critique is rendered by the author
- what you know about the selection’s social and political context
- your impression of the author’s purpose in writing the piece
- the piece’s overall effectiveness



A South African farm, such as the one depicted in “Six Feet of the Country”

### Extension Online

**INQUIRY & RESEARCH** For the selection you chose, do an online investigation to learn more about its social and political context. Find out what you can about the author’s native (or chosen) country and the cultural and political developments there since the end of colonial rule. Also consider whether what you have learned changes your earlier reflections on the story or poem. Deliver a brief report on your findings.



**WRITING 15A** Write an analytical essay.