

SMARTTECH EDUCATION

Feminist theorists on women and nationalism also point to the fact that women are made to bear the burden of cultural tradition which also exerts pressure on them to be exemplars of virtue. It is this burden of representation that Ila seeks to escape. In the nightclub scene where Robi enforces appropriate female behavior on her she tells the narrator that she has chosen to live in London to be free of your bloody culture and free of all of you. However Ila's nation of freedom is undercut by the narrator and Themma as well as Ila's own choices later in the narrative. Ila's attempt to free herself from the cultural burden of Indian womanhood is wrought with failure since she too is caught in other people's inventions. Thus when the narrator half jokingly imagines Nick's misdemeanors she bursts out:

Ila's situation is also a result of a failed cosmopolitanism. She falls a victim to cultural contradictions fitting in neither restrictive upper-class Bengali society nor in the easy and casual promiscuity of her society in London. She is exoticized by her group as our own upper-class Asian Marxist. Thus both her aspirations – of acceptance by Nick and attempted identification with European culture emerge as impossibilities. Her superior and privileged position as inheritor of a tradition of radical struggle from Tressawson and his friends her confident assumption of being a dominant actor in the stage of world history are undercut by the narrator. Her assertion that nothing important happens where you (the narrator) are and the dismissal of floods and famines as only local events and therefore not globally significant is a limited Eurocentric view

Dr. B.R. Ambedkar Biography Born: April 14, 1891 Died: December 6, 1956 Achievements: Dr. B.R. Ambedkar was elected as the chairman of the drafting committee that was constituted by the Constituent Assembly to draft a constitution for the independent India; he was the first Law Minister of India; conferred Bharat Ratna in 1990. Dr. B. R. Ambedkar is viewed as messiah of dalits and downtrodden in India. He was the chairman of the drafting committee that was constituted by the Constituent Assembly in 1947 to draft a constitution for the

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independent India. He played a seminal role in the framing of the constitution. Bhimrao Ambedkar was also the first Law Minister of India. Being rather young at present I am getting on in years but still I am rather young I have no particular adventures of my own to fall back upon. It would not much interest anybody here I suppose to know what a screw the Reverend is or what a griffin she is or how they do stick it into parents, particularly hair cutting and medical attendance. One of our fellows was charged in his half account twelve and sixpence for two pills tolerably profitable at six and three pence apiece I should think and he never took them either but put them up the sleeve of his jacket. As to the beef it is shameful. It is not beef. Regular beef is not veins. You can chew regular beef. Besides which, there is gravy to regular beef and you never see a drop to ours. Another of our fellows went home ill and heard the family doctor tell his father that he could not account for his complaint unless it was the beer.

Of course it was the beer and well it might be However beef and Old Cheeseman are two different things. So is beer. It was Old Cheeseman I meant to tell about not the manner in which our fellows get their constitutions destroyed for the sake of profit. Why, look at the pie crust alone. There is no flakiness in it. It is solid like damp lead. Then our fellows get nightmares and are bolstered for calling out and waking other fellows. Who can wonder Old Cheeseman one night walked in his sleep put his hat on over his night cap got hold of a fishing rod and a cricket bat and went down into the parlour where they naturally thought from his appearance he was a Ghost. Why he never would have done that if his meals had been wholesome. When we all begin to walk in our sleeps I suppose they will be sorry for it. Old Cheeseman was not second Latin Master then he was a fellow himself.

He was first brought there very small in a post chaise, by a woman who was always taking snuff and shaking him and that was the most he remembered about it. He never went home for the holidays. His accounts were sent to a bank and the bank paid

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them and he had a brown suit twice a year and went into boots at twelve. They were always too big for him, too. In the Midsummer holidays some of our fellows who lived within walking distance used to come back and climb the trees outside the playground wall on purpose to look at old cheeseman reading there by himself. He was always as mild as the tea and that is pretty mild I should hope, so when they whistled to him he looked up and nodded and when they said, Halloa old cheeseman what have you had for dinner? he said, boiled mutton and when they said, are it solitary old cheeseman? he said It is a little dull sometimes and then they said Well good bye old cheeseman and climbed down again. Of course it was imposing on old cheeseman to give him nothing but boiled mutton through a whole vacation but that was just like the system.

When they did not give him boiled mutton they gave him rice pudding pretending it wals a treat. And saved the butcher. So Old Cheeseman went on. The holidays brought him into other trouble besides the loneliness because when the fellows began to come back not wanting to he was always glad to see them which was aggravating when they were not at all glad to see him and so he got his head knocked against walls and that was the way his nose bled. But he was a favourite in general. Once a subscription was raised for him and to keep up his spirits he was presented before the holidays with two white mice, a rabbit, a pigeon and a beautiful puppy.

Old cheeseman cried about it especially soon afterwards when they all ate one another. Of course old cheeseman used to be called by the names of all sorts of cheeses double glo'sterman, family Cheshireman, Dutchman, North Wiltshireman, and all that. But he never minded it. And I do not mean to say he was old in point of years because he was not only he was called from the first old cheeseman. At last old cheeseman was made second Latin Master. He was brought in one morning at the beginning of a new half and presented to the school in that capacity as Mr. Cheeseman. Then our fellows all agreed that old cheeseman was a spy and a deserter who had gone over to the enemy camp and

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sold himself for gold. It was no excuse for him that he had sold himself for very little gold two pound ten a quarter and his washing as was reported.

It was decided by a Parliament which sat about it that Old cheeseman mercenary motives could alone be taken into account and that he had coined our blood for drachmas. The Parliament took the expression out of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. When it was settled in this strong way that old cheeseman was a tremendous traitor, who had wormed himself into our fellows secrets on purpose to get himself into favour by giving up everything he knew, all courageous fellows were invited to come forward and enrol themselves in a Society for making a set against him. The President of the Society was First boy, named Bob Tarter. His father was in the West Indies and he owned himself that his father was worth Millions. He had great power among our fellows and he wrote a parody, beginning Who made believe to be so meek That we could hardly hear him speak Yet turned out an Informing Sneak? old cheeseman. and on in that way through more than a dozen verses, which he used to go and sing, every morning, close by the new master's desk. He trained one of the low boys too a rosy cheeked little Brass who did not care.

are what he did, to go up to him with his Latin Grammar one morning, and say it so: Nominatives Pronominal, Old Cheeseman, RARO EXPRIMITUR, was never suspected, NISI DISTINCTIONIS, of being an informer, aut emphasis gratia, until he proved one. UT, for instance, vos damnastis, when he sold the boys. QUASI, as though, DICAT, he should say, pretaerea nemo, I'm a Judas! All this produced a great effect on Old Cheeseman. He had never had much hair; but what he had, began to get thinner and thinner every day. He grew paler and more worn; and sometimes of an evening he was seen sitting at his desk with a precious long snuff to his candle, and his hands before his face, crying. But no member of the Society could pity him, even if he felt inclined, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's conscience.

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So Old Cheeseman went on, and didn't he lead a miserable life! Of course the Reverend turned up his nose at him, and of course SHE did, because both of them always do that at all the masters, but he suffered from the fellows most, and he suffered from them constantly. He never told about it, that the Society could find out; but he got no credit for that, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's cowardice. He had only one friend in the world, and that one was almost as powerless as he was, for it was only Jane. Jane was a sort of wardrobe woman to our fellows, and took care of the boxes. She had come at first, I believe, as a kind of apprentice, some of our fellows say from a Charity, but I don't know, and after her time was out, had stopped at so much a year.

So little a year, perhaps I ought to say, for it is far more likely. However, she had put some pounds in the Savings' Bank, and she was a very nice young woman. She was not quite pretty; but she had a very frank, honest, bright face, and all our fellows were fond of her. She was uncommonly neat and cheerful, and uncommonly comfortable and kind. And if anything was the matter with a fellow's mother, he always went and showed the letter to Jane. Jane was Old Cheeseman's friend. The more the Society went against him, the more Jane stood by him. She used to give him a good- humoured look out of her still-room window, sometimes, that seemed to set him up for the day.

She used to pass out of the orchard and the kitchen garden (always kept locked, I believe you!) through the playground, when she might have gone the other way, only to give a turn of her head, as much as to say "Keep up your spirits!" to Old Cheeseman. His slip of a room was so fresh and orderly that it was well known who looked after it while he was at his desk; and when our fellows saw a smoking hot dumpling on his plate at dinner, they knew with indignation who had sent it up. Under these circumstances, the Society resolved, after a quantity of meeting and debating, that Jane should be requested to cut Old Cheeseman dead; and that if she refused, she must be sent to Coventry herself. So a deputation, headed by the President, was

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appointed to wait on Jane, and inform her of the vote the Society had been under the painful necessity of passing. She was very much respected for all her good qualities, and there was a story about her having once waylaid the Reverend in his own study, and got a fellow off from severe punishment, of her own kind comfortable heart. So the deputation didn't much like the job. However, they went up, and the President told Jane all about it. Upon which Jane turned very red, burst into tears, informed the President and the deputation, in a way not at all like her usual way, that they were a parcel of malicious young savages, and turned the whole respected body out of the room.

Consequently it was entered in the Society's book (kept in astronomical cypher for fear of detection), that all communication with Jane was interdicted: and the President addressed the members on this convincing instance of Old Cheeseman's undermining. But Jane was as true to Old Cheeseman as Old Cheeseman was false to our fellows, in their opinion, at all events, and steadily continued to be his only friend. It was a great exasperation to the Society, because Jane was as much a loss to them as she was a gain to him; and being more inveterate against him than ever, they treated him worse than ever. At last, one morning, his desk stood empty, his room was peeped into, and found to be vacant, and a whisper went about among the pale faces of our fellows that Old Cheeseman, unable to bear it any longer, had got up early and drowned himself.

The mysterious looks of the other masters after breakfast, and the evident fact that old Cheeseman was not expected, confirmed the Society in this opinion. Some began to discuss whether the President was liable to hanging or only transportation for life, and the President's face showed a great anxiety to know which. However, he said that a jury of his country should find him game; and that in his address he should put it to them to lay their hands upon their hearts and say whether they as Britons approved of informers, and how they thought they would like it themselves. Some of the Society considered that he had better run away until he found a forest where he might change clothes

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with a wood-cutter, and stain his face with blackberries; but the majority believed that if he stood his ground, his father, belonging as he did to the West Indies, and being worth millions, could buy him off.

All our fellows' hearts beat fast when the Reverend came in, and made a sort of a Roman, or a Field Marshal, of himself with the ruler; as he always did before delivering an address. But their fears were nothing to their astonishment when he came out with the story that Old Cheeseman, "so long our respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge," he called him, O yes! I dare say! Much of that!, was the orphan child of a disinherited young lady who had married against her father's wish, and whose young husband had died, and who had died of sorrow herself, and whose unfortunate baby (Old Cheeseman) had been brought up at the cost of a grandfather who would never consent to see it, baby, boy, or man: which grandfather was now dead, and serve him right, that's my putting in, and which grandfather's large property, there being no will, was now, and all of a sudden and for ever, Old Cheeseman's! Our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, the Reverend wound up a lot of bothering quotations by saying, would "come among us once more" that day fortnight, when he desired to take leave of us himself, in a more particular manner. With these words, he stared severely round at our fellows, and went solemnly out.

There was precious consternation among the members of the Society, now. Lots of them wanted to resign, and lots more began to try to make out that they had never belonged to it. However, the President stuck up, and said that they must stand or fall together, and that if a breach was made it should be over his body, which was meant to encourage the Society: but it didn't. The President further said, he would consider the position in which they stood, and would give them his best opinion and advice in a few days. This was eagerly looked for, as he knew a good deal of the world on account of his father's being in the West Indies.

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After days and days of hard thinking, and drawing armies all over his slate, the President called our fellows together, and made the matter clear. He said it was plain that when Old Cheeseman came on the appointed day, his first revenge would be to impeach the Society, and have it flogged all round. After witnessing with joy the torture of his enemies, and gloating over the cries which agony would extort from them, the probability was that he would invite the Reverend, on pretence of conversation, into a private room, say the parlour into which Parents were shown, where the two great globes were which were never used, and would there reproach him with the various frauds and oppressions he had endured at his hands. At the close of his observations he would make a signal to a Prizefighter concealed in the passage, who would then appear and pitch into the Reverend, till he was left insensible. Old Cheeseman would then make Jane a present of from five to ten pounds, and would leave the establishment in fiendish triumph.

The President explained that against the parlour part, or the Jane part, of these arrangements he had nothing to say; but, on the part of the Society, he counselled deadly resistance. With this view he recommended that all available desks should be filled with stones, and that the first word of the complaint should be the signal to every fellow to let fly at Old Cheeseman. The bold advice put the Society in better spirits, and was unanimously taken. A post about Old Cheeseman's size was put up in the playground, and all our fellows practised at it till it was dented all over. When the day came, and Places were called, every fellow sat down in a tremble. There had been much discussing and disputing as to how Old Cheeseman would come; but it was the general opinion that he would appear in a sort of triumphal car drawn by four horses, with two livery servants in front, and the Prizefighter in disguise up behind. So, all our fellows sat listening for the sound of wheels. But no wheels were heard, for Old Cheeseman walked after all, and came into the school without any preparation. Pretty much as he used to be, only dressed in black. "Gentlemen," said the Reverend, presenting him, "our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of

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knowledge, is desirous to offer a word or two. Attention, gentlemen, one and all!" Every fellow stole his hand into his desk and looked at the President. The President was all ready, and taking aim at old Cheeseman with his eyes. What did Old Cheeseman then, but walk up to his old desk, look round him with a queer smile as if there was a tear in his eye, and begin in a quavering, mild voice, "My dear companions and old friends!"

Every fellow's hand came out of his desk, and the President suddenly began to cry. "My dear companions and old friends," said Old Cheeseman, "you have heard of my good fortune. I have passed so many years under this roof, my entire life so far, I may say, that I hope you have been glad to hear of it for my sake. I could never enjoy it without exchanging congratulations with you. If we have ever misunderstood one another at all, pray, my dear boys, let us forgive and forget. I have a great tenderness for you, and I am sure you return it. I want in the fulness of a grateful heart to shake hands with you every one. I have come back to do it, if you please, my dear boys."

Since the President had begun to cry, several other fellows had broken out here and there: but now, when Old Cheeseman began with him as first boy, laid his left hand affectionately on his shoulder and gave him his right; and when the President said "Indeed, I don't deserve it, sir; upon my honour I don't;" there was sobbing and crying all over the school. Every other fellow said he didn't deserve it, much in the same way; but Old Cheeseman, not minding that a bit, went cheerfully round to every boy, and wound up with every master, finishing off the Reverend last. Then a snivelling little chap in a corner, who was always under some punishment or other, set up a shrill cry of "Success to Old Cheeseman! Hooray!" The Reverend glared upon him, and said, "MR. Cheeseman, sir." But, Old Cheeseman protesting that he liked his old name a great deal better than his new one, all our fellows took up the cry; and, for I don't know how many minutes, there was such a thundering of feet and hands, and such a roaring of Old Cheeseman, as never was heard. After that, there was a spread in the dining-room of the

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most magnificent kind. Fowls, tongues, preserves, fruits, confectionaries, jellies, neguses, barley-sugar temples, trifles, crackers, eat all you can and pocket what you like, all at Old Cheeseman's expense. After that, speeches, whole holiday, double and treble sets of all manners of things for all manners of games, donkeys, pony-chaises and drive yourself, dinner for all the masters at the Seven Bells (twenty pounds a-head our fellows estimated it at), an annual holiday and feast fixed for that day every year, and another on Old Cheeseman's birthday, Reverend bound down before the fellows to allow it, so that he could never back out, all at Old Cheeseman's expense.

And didn't our fellows go down in a body and cheer outside the Seven Bells? O no! But there's something else besides. Don't look at the next story-teller, for there's more yet. Next day, it was resolved that the Society should make it up with Jane, and then be dissolved. What do you think of Jane being gone, though! "What? Gone for ever?" said our fellows, with long faces. "Yes, to be sure," was all the answer they could get. None of the people about the house would say anything more. At length, the first boy took upon himself to ask the Reverend whether our old friend Jane was really gone? The Reverend (he has got a daughter at home, turn-up nose, and red) replied severely, "Yes, sir, Miss Pitt is gone."

The idea of calling Jane, Miss Pitt! Some said she had been sent away in disgrace for taking money from Old Cheeseman; others said she had gone into Old Cheeseman's service at a rise of ten pounds a year. All that our fellows knew, was, she was gone. It was two or three months afterwards, when, one afternoon, an open carriage stopped at the cricket field, just outside bounds, with a lady and gentleman in it, who looked at the game a long time and stood up to see it played. Nobody thought much about them, until the same little snivelling chap came in, against all rules, from the post where he was Scout, and said, "It's Jane!" Both Elevens forgot the game directly, and ran crowding round the carriage..