



STYLISTICS IN THE TRANSLATED STORIES BY ALLADI UMA AND M. SRIDHAR IN *AYONI AND OTHER STORIES*

Mrs. B. Santhi Sree

(Dept of English, Maris Stella College, Vijayawada – 8.)



The present paper deals with the study of stylistics in the translated stories by Alladi Uma and M.Sridhar in 'Ayon and Other Stories'. The stylistics is a meeting ground of language and literature. It is the study of the use of language in literature; the study of language as a complement and aid to the study of literature; a characteristic manner of expression; how a particular writer or speaker says things. It is such a part of linguistics as concentrates on variation or innovation in the use of language, often, but not exclusively, with special attention to the most conscious and contemplated use of language in literature. Stylistics is not a stylish word, but it is well connected.

Though the short story is the powerful genre in Telugu Literature, its formal strength has not received the critical attention it deserves. Talking of stylistics and forms, Alladi Uma and M. Sridhar employed storytelling, conversations, dialogues, dramatization, poetic form, self expression, and metaphors in her translations as in the original text. Silences were also part of her way of writing.

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Sripada's story is amazing in that it employs women's silences to very good effect – silences that have been recognized as significant in feminist literary theory many years later. In Sripada's story "Walking on Hot Coals" the child widow does not

opens the mouth she will have no place to live.

Throughout out the stories we find the silences.

"It's only if I wished to die that I would dare oppose you. It would do you lot of good."

"What did you say? What are you blabbering? You think I'll poison you? Why are you saying such atrocious things, you wintry scorpion, you corpse of a widow?"

"..."

"How you sting wretched woman!"

"..."

Well, die if you must, but if you must, but if you don't get paste ready by the time I get up from my nap, see what I'll do to you!"

"..." (1)

"I'll squash you under my feet, but I won't let you die."



"..." (2)

Chalam's "Argument" is entirely in a woman's voice – that of the protagonist. The protagonist in the story unfortunately became an unwedded mother through her profession of adultery. But she did not want the child to be born into this world. She was accused of killing the child in her womb so as to say that she got aborted, which in turn was a crime. She was brought before the court of judgment where she seeks justice. The author writes in her own words.

"Your honour, before passing judgment on me, considers the things I'm telling you!

Like me, you too have desires. Your body is like mine – made of flesh and blood, not iron. The soul that is in me and everyone else shines in you as well. Even though you turn your heart into stone, it still beats within you. You're not a machine that measures crime, decrees a punishment and then flings it at my face! Listen to me, please, to all that I have to say and then, if you consider it just, acquit me" (3)

The above passage shows the feeling of author for the sufferings inflicted upon women. Indirectly he seeks justice for women especially who were trapped into the clutches of prostitution. Through his story, he made the reader to feel like him and like the suffering woman.

Rachakonda Viswanatha Sastry writes the short story "Values" in the form of a poem. A mixing of generic boundaries of this kind must have been revolutionary in 1950, the year this story was written. It is the story of a woman whose profession is prostitution. It's not just a story of the lust and enjoyment but a story of reconciliation on the part of the man who feels sorry for the woman he met but for the whole female race. Not just female race but he feels for having disgraced the humanity. For having degraded himself, her, and everything. Above all he feels for dishonoring God.

"To give me pleasure for twelve minutes the price of that woman, in this commercial age, is a rupee and a half. The agreement is not fixed by mutual consent, for our contract is a rupee and eight annas. Depending on person, time,

status and purse, the value might increase or decrease."(4)

Vivina Murthy's "One Step" is different in that it intersperse letters in the narrative. This is the story of traditional arrangement of wedding proposals for a boy and a girl. After the boy seeing the girl was over, the boy gave his consent to his father that he was in favor of the girl. The engagement was over. The boy asked for one year time for the marriage celebration. Meanwhile the boy wanted to write letters to the girl expressing all his expectations of the girl's behavior after the marriage.

"My dear Lalitha, I'll make use of this one year's time to turn you around to my views and ideas...."

"To

Mama garu,

I never thought that you would read, you could read and that you would reply to my letter to Lalitha" Oh! People are capable of anything! (5)

All the letters written by Murthy were replied by her. And some were replied to her father as well. After knowing his views and ideas for the new life that they are going to enter, Lalitha responds that she is not interested in a man who takes things for granted.

Vivina Murthy writes very excitedly the conversation in the form of letters.

"... If we succumb to the fears within our heart, then the world will not be visible to us. If we get rid of those fears, then the whole world will be ours.

Good Bye forever." (6)

Story telling gets a new dimension when a woman speaks, and Volga makes a girl child, who has been dragged into the flesh trade, tell an altogether different story from the one she wanted to write when she was younger is inextricably linked, as much to the conditions that have necessitated the new story, as to her desire to depart from familiar modes of storytelling.

"I wrote a story in my ninth year. I sent it to a magazine. It was not published. Nobody knows about this. I never told anybody – not my nanna, not my amma, not my ammamma. Not even my friend, Radha Rani. I looked forward eagerly to its



publication for about six or seven months. Then I forgot all about it. Now three years after that story, when I feel like writing a story once again, I remember that Chandamama story, my first one. There is no connection between that story and the one I want to write now."

How wonderful that story was! How good the people in it! How well they looked after the Princes with the beautiful with wings who came down to them! They gave her all she wanted. They listened to the wonders of the world she came from....After having written such a wonderful story, my new story embarrasses me. I feel upset. That story was my dream. This story was my own story. I, who had dreamt such a beautiful dream in my ninth year... how transformed I am after three years How nightmare like my life has become! I want to tell everyone what I am today. By telling this story, I want to prove that I am not the person people around me think I am, but the person who wrote Chandamama story. That's my desire. And it has been tormenting me so much that the only reason I have remained alive this last year is to write this story, I will die after writing it."(7)

Metaphors and colours to the story create interest in the reader and facilitate an easy understanding. Abburi Chaya Devi questions our notions of art, and of a woman as a decorative piece, through her employment of the metaphor of bonsai for the life of a woman. She wants us to perceive the stunted growth of the woman in a cramped space.

"But, Ammalu, what's this? Why have you planted the Turai and Pomegranate trees in these flower pots? See, how stunted they have become! If, like flower plants, you put these trees in pots instead of letting them grow freely in the backyard, how will they grow?" She asked, surprised, feeling sorry for the trees. I burst into laughter. Akkayya was perplexed."

"I did it on purpose. It's special method. It's called bonsai in Japan. You can grow even a huge banyan tree in a flower pot. You can grow even with its roots hanging down from the branches. You have no idea how beautiful a pomegranate tree looks when you keep cutting its branches, changing the pot now and then; trimming it into a small- sized tree and making it bear fruit! Do you know how carefully you

have to tend this small tree? Bonsai is a great art", I said.

But it seemed as if Akkayya didn't appreciate what I said. "I don't know. You have confined a turayi tree to a flowerpot when it could have grown to the height of a building", she sighed...

" Look at that tree.... look at how many people are standing under it without getting wet", she said, as if it was something out of the ordinary. I saw nothing unusual in it. Realizing that I had not understood what she was getting at, she said again, "look how tall that turayi has grown. Out in the open, see how freely it has grown. However powerful the sandstorm, it hasn't bowed a little bit. Moreover, it has provided shelter to so many people, and is protecting them. Imagine how many would find respite from the hot sun under its shade!"

"not that it is surprising, Ammalu. Look at the bonsai you have tended so lovingly! It looks proper and sweet, like a housewife. But see how delicate it is. You have to tend it very carefully. It can't even withstand a small dust storm or squall... Isn't it because of the difference in the way one brings up a boy and a girl that a woman's life is like that of a bonsai?"

My heart was touched by Akkayya's words. Just as one frees a bird from the cage to let it fly, I felt the urge to free the bonsai trees from their flowerpots." (8)

Kuppili Padma goes a step further by using the metaphor of the dirty kitchen rag to represent the use and throw status of the woman who plays the role of a mother. Getting up from a deep sleep in the middle of the night to soothe a child who has woken up after wetting the bed, then picking up the child and walking up and down till it is lulled back to sleep, carrying the child all over the place trying to feed it, wiping its running nose, looking after the child night and day when it has a fever – all these are the duties of mother.

"As I remove the heated pot of rasam from the stove, my eyes fall on the kitchen rag. To drain the rice, to remove the vessel from the stove, to hold the vessel in place while stirring the curry, to wipe the hands –



for these and so many other things the kitchen rag is indispensable. But has anyone ever considered it a valuable thing? ...

Is there any difference between the mother who works day and night, who sacrifices all her energy for her children, and this kitchen rag?

My children ignore me today in much the same that I once ignored my mother. This is what has happened to Janaki. Tomorrow Janaki's daughters and my own will face the same situation.

Even though times have changed and modern conveniences adorn the house, the rag has not disappeared from the kitchen. Even though an extremely civilized world surrounds us, the woes of a mother will never end" (9)

The study ends on a note of hope that someday everyone has a new vision, a new hope and a new mentality arises in the society.

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