

She Is Fit to Serve Thee

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Abstract- The aim of this research paper is to present before us the quagmire of a women. The feminine gender have been constrained under the ramparts of conventional, traditional stereotypes of men. Men who all the while brandishes the hammer of..., like the mighty and robust God Thor, the redound-er of all their miseries. Is entirely being looked down upon in every dimension of life, a subservient and as a mere paltry thing, trash indeed. Forsooth, an organizations have been made, schemes have been launched, endeavours are functional now, maneuvering adroitly for the welfare, betterment and upliftment of women, but still we witness the whopping assaults in practice perseverantly over the sex. It would not be an exaggeration to enunciate that women's reputation are in serious jeopardy. If we cannot do anything in defense now, a clock will strike..., when we will descry the women in emulous resolution like the macabre Zombies. Thus, to curb this nuisance we need to take stand against these menaces via the algebra of humanity. Such a vanguard, I assure you shall panacea all ills and evils which are in vie with women. So, be an alchemist today and prepare a dose of such an alchemy that will ameliorate the vibe of blunders which are in vogue against women.

Index Terms- Woman, Literary Aesthetics, Women, Romance, Bestiality, Social Constructs, Passion, Explosive Sperms, Sex Machine, Doll, Orgasmic Pleasure, Misogyny, Male Chauvinism, Concupiscence, Absurdity, Zabaran Hill, Marginalized, Complementary, Subservient, Masculinity, Androcentric posture, Syndrome, impotency, Genuflect, Phallogocentrism, Submissive, Dominant, Libido, Eros, Oppression.

I. INTRODUCTION

To be intact underneath the stunning effects of literary aesthetics and simultaneously try to absorb yourself in the world of romance. Oops! for them it could be mere lust. Then proffer forth that still, " I didn't savour verily the love of my darling, that makes it, you have not donned an absolute attire to your enamoured passions □ your bestiality. Penetrate her fully down to the depths of an unfathomable disappear. Or, I can assert my standpoint via the more valid social constructs that has been engineered for the derogatory use of women. Soak her nipples with the strokes of moistured licking, for which slobber is dribbling now as over from the fangs of canine drools down the infectious virus: rabies, or as from the clutches of fierce hounds does slip the flossy hare. And you relate capriciously fore, " she doesn't purveyor me the potion of oblivious exeunt, from so much 'refuses' and scores of get losts".

Men are always in the lurk to escape or to put it through the other way round, pecking and urinating like dogs via the ill-

reputed corners of harlots, in order to satiate the thirst of bestiality and shape their leering concupiscent desires. For them it does only mean the moments dereliction from the anxiety of routine triviality. But what about the horrendous anxiety of women? that slowly and gradually corrodes her luster and pleasant gleams away. As a rust eats away the permanency of wrought iron, sunshafts to snowflakes, termites to woods, maggots to carrion, blight to greenery, canker to trees, foliage to leaves, et cetera. So does t'is rudeness of parasitic man to woman. Thus, stealing away from the ground as a feeble cat when the dog trespasses into her premises. It's a total façade elevation which is persistently enveloping the current ambiance around in its grip of absurd vileness and that ever after stinks obnoxiously foul.

Truely, this is an obvious stance of cross sensuous dichotomy of the 'abstract' and the 'concrete'. Relishing the extraction of 'explosive sperms' while being under the spasm of 'iron hot' gratification. The headlong plunge into the game of carnal flesh, or nowadays everyone puts it by the manner of daily idle gibberish; immersed in the sea of roving indulgences, pure debauchery, dreaming about the tints of menstruation. Men have more knowledge about the periodic order of catamenial cycle than the gender themselves. All this and other swampy undergrowth of women should have been concealed in vicinity with the organic development of the class. But a kind of an unfortunate one could say, it turns to the gossip among relatives and develop into the dinner talk betwixt affinity, fraternity and afterwards gets divulged among some talebearer friends, . . . that "I have spent a night on the precipice of *Zabarwan* with the 'other' rather docile contestant", she was faithful as a cow. What a fun ah! The cream (lipsticks) of her lips, the sugar of her tongue, mouth full of caramel. The scintillating crystals of perspiration on her chubby cheeks were coruscating sparks like the twinkling stars out of Milky Way. Those moments with her were sulky enough to call her 'pataka' 'aafat' and some Hinglish constructs she is a 'rocket' fierce as a red 'bullet' loaded as the Russian 'tank' of lethal ammunition and the likelihood. Words used for the physical charms of women, are the "social construct" for an anatomy, the prevailing concept regarding the gender stereotypes. Traits that are conjectured to constitute, what is masculine and what's feminine. Are partially if not fully, generated by the androcentric ideology that has been scribbled up to now, mainly by masculinists to masculinity. Typically, the highly pivotal androcentric literary stuffs which directs the square attention on male protagonists: Oedipus, Ulysses, Hamlet, Faust, the Three Musketeers, Captain Ahab, Huck Finn □ who embody masculine characteristics and ways of feeling and pursue male-centred interests. To these male protagonists the female characters, when they act their role, are marginalized and are displayed either as complementary and in

subservient to masculine desires and enterprises. However, if they had to act in a leading part, they need to assume the guise of an androcentric posture. But it's incredibly an impregnable feat to accomplish: to have the taste of two dishes □ varied in flavour and colour □ under the canopy of same palate. Having such a serious melancholic syndrome of impotency in one's own person. You held her accountable for it. Nay no, not only t'is you (man) hurl the drugs (Viagra) □ gulped them down in profuse amount into the sluice of spermaduct for the long orgasmic pleasure, □ and what not around recklessly, available at the spot, as the mad bulls of Latin country; Spain. Held them responsible for the bitterness and lanky taste in intercourse. Yes man, you are in reality doddering, undergoing from erectile dysfunction. Then, why do you bear the trenchant malice in your bosom against her? Always yelling at her; the 'lady of the bed' 'the decorum of kitchen' 'the comfort of blanket', so on and so forth. These are the epithets among in abundance, women has earned so far. Malignancy in men that she has grown austere, barren, infertile.

Nonetheless, you went on to the extreme of saying, that she is not fit now for the business of aggressive activity, coitus, blood phallic entertainment. No man, I do have a sheer indignant repugnance for it, for why, when she surrender herself and her everything (including her body) to you, she had to deflate absolutely her majesty down to the savage dust, for an ounce of love from your part. For the camphor (here it's the perfume of love) of this mean and base love of today, she mingles herself and her portraiture of self status into the savage acts of male chauvinism. But you the man cast her aside after a company of couple of minutes. Sex machine the bizarre constructed noun for which she is notorious, a sort of toy that warms up the chambers of men (got freezed by the trenchant *Tcheliàklaan*) at night or at any time, for now there is no stipulated requirement, date or time for a man to have or to engage in sexual intercourse with a woman. Poor women can do naything except to comply to mens lustful needs. I surmise it the stupid genuflect of submission from her part to stoop or to yield in front of a man and to tour his beast (organ) in her hollow cavity (slit). And when it's over, men argue insane that she was/is not fit to serve thee.

II. WOMEN IN THE CANON OF INDO-EUROPEAN LITERARY THOUGHT:

It's was quite or probably is still now an acclaimed matter of fact and also from the perspectives of stalwarts of western literary canon, that west is unsurmountable in the shelves of imperial literature and which is fairly of high importance. The huge repertoire of academia is laden in the gigantic libraries of Europe more crucially involved the ledges of Oxford and Cambridge Universities' which are fraught with such a precious treasure. Thomas Babington Macaulay laid it once, " I have never found one among them [advocates of Indian tradition] who could deny that a single self of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia". But even in western literary canon women was (is) totally being looked down upon, as a mere paltry thing, trash indeed, suitable only for the purpose of sex, and kitchen chores. But with the advent of Mary Wollstonecraft's " *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*" (1792) John Stuart Mill's " *The Subjection of Women*" (1869) American Margaret Fuller's " *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*" (1845).

And Camille Paglia's " *Vamps and Tramps*" (1994). By t'is concerted approach of theirs' via the canonical landmarks, have been catalogued above, the panorama of feminist studies started to lengthen into wide prospect. Simone de Beauvoir's " *The Second Sex*" (1949), a wide-ranging critique of the conventional opinionated misogynist views and stereotypes on women, more aptly on the identification of the gender, reserved merely for negative objects, even "Other" to man as the dominating "Subject", who is assumed to manifest humans and humanity. Still the gadfly of misogyny - curse that continue to hover over womens' acme persistently. Writers and artists of variegated genres depicted the women gender under the subordination of mens phallus, (from the Phallogocentrism of Jacques Lacan) instances are: D.H. Lawrence, Jean Genet, Norman Mailer, Henry Miller, poet Robert Browning, and to some extent is evident in the erotic poems of John Donne, Pablo Neruda, Lord Byron et cetra, the latter even vehemently remarked it once " *I regard them (women) as very pretty but inferior creatures*" .

In India, the poetess Kamala Das, describes via her art the predicament of women in a contemporary society. Through her subtle art of poetry she quite ably fetch the trauma of womens mind forth into the surface level. In her poetry we commonly trace the committed theme: the quagmire of a women in general. But in particular the woman which has been bound under the conventional traditional clichés of man. And the way she has portrayed the man in her art as a fierce tiger who always ready on his quadruped hind legs to pounce upon the 'dove like antelope' and compared him to the mighty and thunderous god Thor. Who all the while brandishing the hammer. The redound-er of all the miseries.

Also, even the singers and the song composures does promote the content of their albums' by degrading, expunging and abrading the speciality of women. Some specimens are; T. Pean, Justin Bieber, Akon and Enrique Iglesias. Spanish singer and songwriter, composure: Louis Fonsi and the rapper Daddy Yankee. I have listened to some of their songs □ and savour the music □ which are appealing to the senses, ex. gr., the recent made fiery hit blockbuster song, " *Despacito*", references of 'magnet' and 'metal' have been employed by the songwriter in the song which telescopes the ardent lascivious virility of men towards women. In the context of Indian Bollywood cinema, look at Bohemia, Honey Sing, Raftaar et cetra, et cetra. Young generation is totally engulfed in their fashion of nude rapping. They're entirely tearing women's clothing apart, at first they were doing so taciturnly, now in front of all - on stage, in film industry. What an irony, those whom should be put behind the bars, should be suspended by the gallows, or at least should be appended by the mulct for doing so, are roaming in luxury, are being festooned by roses and garlands decked by the beads of diamond. They're the masters of an engines: *Rolls-Royce*. Twenty four carat *Rolax* timepiece loose round their wrists and eyes draped via the golden rimmed spectacles of *Ray-Ben*. The brim of their hats decorated by myrtles. Houses embellished by the grains of gold. All this magnificence of creamy layer has been garnered by them at the invasion which they had raked at women together in the maxillary convulsions. They call it the business, to get it right, in whatever way possible, right or wrong they don't bother an ounce about anything or about anyone. Made her their property. Now there is an industry of them.

The author Simone de Beauvoir claims that, "... One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman... It is civilization as a whole that produces this creature..., which is described as feminine. "

Not only this alone, women is now on buffer-stock, if you are in the business of écriture (writing) and looking for the stroke of inspiration then make woman your muse (pretending) the 'submissive' and you the 'dominant'. Muse which in your language you pronounce the inspiration. Is in actuality the woman whom you use, re-use, mis-use and after you satiate your libidinal hunger of eros then abuse her, hurl her down to the dungeons of greasy abyss, to the extreme of south pole, among the blood-sucking leeches and blind annelids. Ah! man, what is this? The lady, what will become of her? to whom you had once said, " You are the most beautiful girl/lady/woman, my eyes have ever profound." Then prioritizes the process of woolgathering, dreams in a La La Land, Castles in the Air, and a tour to the Disney World. But let me tell you t'is all is a fancy, a mere fabrication from his part, it's a hoodwink to those who did believe or listen to his boggy contrived faux love story. Because at the last sec. when she needed you the most as compared to her father and mother, you tell her " excuse me, I'm changing the narrative altogether " " She is not fit to serve thee", I abhor you the most, you slut" still calling it the inspiration, fie upon you men. What have become out of you? Pooh! man.

Woman the reservoir of patience against whom from ancient times it has been levied that savage battles have been fought, empires have been demolished, ships have been launch'd, and a massive bloodshed occurred. Solid example is the paramour 'Helen Of Troy'. Everybody was (is) concerned about the death and destruction caused by the infidelity of Helen, but no one paid heed to the quagmire of Helen's mind. Or, have a look at the Duchess in Robert Browning's " *My Last Duchess*", when the psycho Duke (psycho out of my frenzy for his inhumane act) uttered;

... " *Much the same smile? . . . I gave commands;*

Then all smiles stopped together". (Verse, 47-48)

Robert Browning (*My Last Duchess*) Collection, Bells and Pomegranates (1841-1846).

She was innocent, neutral from prejudices, still the Duke of Ferrara usurp her life from her. Of which he had no provision to take, control, steal or to usurp. I must promulgate it here " that beauty is the body of a woman, " for men there is no other truth beauty besides the subtle beauty of womens' frothing breasts. Swollen as the pregnant grapes of an Arabia. Men is in love with a body of women, her waist, curves and bends and in her millionth place of virtue. That was then only in ancient Greece in Helena's possession. For her everyone was insanely after, she was the subject of dreams of everymen, the darling Scuba of passionate youths. The cause for the bramble and contest, the spill of mandragora in streets, especially the sheer idiosyncratic shower of morning. As in every night the film of my dreams does flicker languidly for my intended, but when morning come into consciousness, severe our congealed ties apart. Only moan and penetrating suspiration at hand. And the numb ache of my heart.

Whatever there may be, in reality she is your part not what you have surmised her from times immemorial, your servant, sole mate, property and possession, and can exploit her the way you want. And among the top elemental requirements she is your basic need. Then why are you catapulting her thus, into the malign eyes

of public. Modern technology has made people savvy, well-informed, shrewed but abreast with it made them savage, barbarous, peevish, crude, selfish, so their acts are uncanny enough to demolish her. Slyly acting under the disguise of humanity but in actual they have the viperish adjectives, they don't care for anyone except the benefaction of their own. Public cannot contribute to cast her identity high towards the prismatic affects of welkin, rather they're keenly interested in the soap opera. No matter, where and what about, but there should have to be something for gossip and they love in adhering to comments on, Fiction have taken people by the hip, evacuated the pith of reality from their minds out, indoctrinated by the steroids of fallacious dogmas. So does their ideology that is totally perverted. They're absorbed entirely in the dramatology or dilemmas of others, so tenacious to it, as their cycle of life are driven forth by the sprockets of (its) fabric mechanism, automatically fleeing from the functional reality.

Nevertheless, t'is all to women, is not quite appropriate, an utter change in global scenario is in regard against such a vitriolic syndrome. Because she is now an insufficient fellow garbed herself in the cloaks of vanity. She is looking for fulcrum, which only you can provide her. If you can't, then be ready for her resolution (that could be about anything). It reminds me of a dialogue from a movie " *Chennai Express* ", produced back in ten's, if applied in reverse on men, can sound like this " *Don't underestimate the power of a common nari* " a hindi word for a woman. She is fully capable in deracinating the roots of foundational edifices. One such prototype in literature is discernible in the character of Bertha Rochester, who set into ablaze the gigantic chateau (literally the English mansion- the Thornfield Hall, but was grand and adorably spectacular like the French chateau) of Mr Rochester.

However, Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar's " *The madwoman in the Attic*" (1979; rev. 2000), aptly provides the mental quagmire and psychodynamics of women writer in the nineteenth century literature. The intention is the 'anxiety of authorship', resulting from the platitudeness that literary creativity is an exclusively male prerogative, effected in women writers, such as; Brontë Sisters and George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), a psychological duplicity that projected a monstrous counterfigure to the idealized heroine, typified by Bertha Rochester the mad woman in Charlotte Brontë's " *Jane Eyre*", such a figure is usually in some sense the authors double, an image of her own anxiety and 'rage'. God has given her the powers of defiance to defend the atrocity of men. She knows very well how to put the power of that God-given potential into practice, in order to eke out her ends from the men. But she is abiding what we call now 'on significance'. Otherwise, she does have had ever a subtle knack to put into proof her might for devastation. Translating one Kashmiri proverb into English, when a Maharaja (compound word of Sanskrit and Hindi for the king) once reigned being told by the praja common word for people, to whom he was serving, " Your majesty, an elephant has grown out of control, " he descended but not in jiffy, rather via retaining composure and replied in calm reticence, " Thank God woman hasn't". Means that it's very easy to command the furious beasts and their ferocity, but once woman knows her bounds for ..., she becomes invincible.

Hence, stop trying to be the godfather to women. Gender is crooked by birth, don't try to straighten her thus. " *She is a*

delicate sex, she needs to be protected", a statement once made by the stalwart, the column, the beam of feminist studies in Kashmir university's English department, Prof. Hamida Nayeem (quote from her lecture). When she was delivering the lecture on Henrik Ibsen's, social play, " *A Doll's House*" (1884) . She vividly demonstrate before the girl students the role model of Nora, (But in actuality, she was in concitation: instigating them to be resilient against the tyranny and oppression of men). Nora was trying to please her husband, in every way possible, she can. But how was he in contrast piling up her miseries in one way or other. Absolutely he had made her situation bizarre, which she had thought she would never conquer. But it's an incredible that she overcame him and dexterously overpowered his bulwarks of male strength. Thus, she deem it quite appropriate to step outside from the ramparts of patriarchal construction into the world where women is liberate to inhale in the free air, roam un-fettered in the buoyancy of euphoric winds, where there are no shackles to cuff her hands or manacles to inhibit the foot.

Helmer. Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till tomorrow.

Nora(putting on cloak). I can't spend night in a strange man's house. (Act.3rd.page no.121)

herself into the world of women where they are being given an absolute authority of their own. Where there are no complexes of any sort: superiority or inferiority, no boss nor client. No 'submissive' no one 'dominant'. Where she could make her own individual choices. That she does, when she slammed the door at her husband and become at the first time: The Nora' for her own self.

III. CONCLUSION

Therefore, consider if there is a provision for individual choice. Then why don't you understand, in that estimated proportion comes the provision for womens rights too. Where they could rise their images above from the weight (figure) of mere

sexual toy. So, come forth and forward today the helping hand, I can assure you of that it doesn't need any herculean approach to consummate. Come then let's do it man, what are you waiting for? As it has been proclaimed by someone, "Board now onto the Noah's Ark: propelling via the fierce cyclones, contrite solemnly ere it shall too late".

If you can't, then at least don't manifest her thus. "She is fit to serve thee." If you consider her that she is not fit for you, then you aren't either fine for her. Go to hell you stupid fellow, you ought to die in a ditch somewhere or in a pound of shallow water. Like some old oblivious frog... . Man, that you rightly are, plus parallel to spiky monster. Pooh! Man.

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