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**FAILURE OF FAMILY REINTEGRATION INTO HOME FROM
EARLY PLAYS OF SAM SHEPARD**

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Abstract

Sam Shepard is not just a “western essayist”, but one who has the capacity to assess contemporary American culture through the symbols and topics of conventional Western American writing. His plays follow the liquidation of American society, in which characters are no more coordinated into their reality by adherence to habitual qualities and standards. Shepard raises the icons of this convention to send them slamming from a more prominent stature, delineates the whole-world destroying end of customary American society in which long-held qualities, especially those celebrated in Western American writing, are ceremonially exorcized to make space for some new, up till now unheard of America. Shepard's plays don't advance sequentially to these ends. Shepard, depicts the search for home within contemporary American culture. In this paper, we are focusing on Shepard's selected plays to depict the failure of family reintegration into Home or Family. Shepard's Fourteen Hundred Thousand (1967), The Unseen Hand (1972) and Mad Dog Blues (1972). Fourteen Hundred Thousand – is a play about Husband and Wife who tries to build a bookshelf. The Unseen Hand – is a play about Morphan brothers who lives far away from

their home. *Mad Dog Blues* – this play is all about a couple of best friends who were unhappy with their misguided lives set off to discover a treasure.

Keywords: reintegration, home, family bonding, American culture

Introduction

Shepard is not idealistic about what this society brings to the table. Shepard investigates the potential for making new values inside the geology of altered situations. Simultaneous with this enthusiasm for home- somewhere to be rather than the transient scene of the rock star, is a movement from the solitary individual to individuals seeing someone as a method for investigating conceivable reintegration's and the manufacturing of group. Shepard catches the guarantee and disappointments of a family, the diversion, excellence and sombreness that portray a gathering of individuals attempting to live respectively. His plays are not exclusively remarks on family devastation, however on the family soul that keeps on stating itself to survive. A family's conviction framework impacts both its lead and the ceremonies it makes to manage ordinary occasions and occasions that necessitate change. The weakness that Shepard's characters feel is an emotional depiction of the absence of family union.

Fourteen Hundred Thousand:

Fourteen Hundred Thousand depicts the endeavours of a husband and wife to assemble a bookshelf. The spouse keeps up that books, once read, should be disposed of; the wife is energetically appended to her gathering.

DONNA: (Still sitting) Hi, Mom. I see you brought up some of the books for me. Thanks.

MOM: Yes. A few. They made it very much tougher on me. They must weigh a great deal nowadays. They've changed since I was a school-girl in my schooling days.

TOM: I'm not up here for my health, you know. I have a job to do.

DONNA: It's worth it though, MOM. When they're all stacked in and divided into topical categories, it's really a sight to see.

MOM: Oh indeed. Libraries fascinate me to death. Like ancient tapestry or Chinese urns or butterfly collections that I've seen in the past. Many times. Goodness yes.

The key insecurity of both the bookshelf and their relationship probably remarks on how experience and groups are interwoven.

In the same way as other early Shepard plays, *Fourteen Hundred Thousand* (1967) is inexactly organized and nigh on, a gathering of visual pictures coming about because of accounts or from parts of activity in front of an audience.

DONNA: Do you! I didn't ask you to apologize to me for not having finished my bookcase. Did I? No I didn't. As a matter of fact I was talking to myself rather than to anyone in particular. I wasn't even conversing actually. Of course there was no way of you knowing that.

ED: I was just saying ---

DONNA: You were just going to say that you felt bad inside your heart because you didn't finish my bookcase when you were supposed to. That instead of finishing you pawned the job off on my husband and went off on a nifty vacation in the woods somewhere. And finally that you allowed my poor old mother to haul books up eight flights of stairs in the midst of her old age.

Books, as transportation of thoughts, craftsmanship, data and society, ought to possess a system that is competently as well as physically sound, rational and from the start the play's spotlight on building shelves is a cheerful one. At the same time the "outlook" of urban life separates into flat or fixed nature, while rural life is connected with being lost as opposed to getting away. The goliath cabinet serves to ridicule urban, provincial, and even idealistic endeavours to "house" American society.

The Unseen Hand

With *The Unseen Hand*, Shepard again mines the rich mythic territory of America's old west, presenting the Morphan siblings, a wild trio of gunfighters whom he sets against the futurist powers of extraterrestrial despots. From these social relics seems Blue Morphan, a 120-year-old rancher. He exists in the deserted car and is himself minimal more than a dispose of the American West.

The envisioned Eden of Fourteen Hundred Thousand is no place to be seen in *The Unseen Hand*, which utilizes sci-fi to investigate institutional pressure and brain control. Shepard incorporates 36 figures from the past (the Western criminal), the present (the AII American kid), and the future (the Other-World dissident) to make an expansive farce of socio-social discrimination.

SYCAMORE: What about the south?

WILLIE: A vast primitive region of swamps and lagoons. We must enter Nogoland by this route since we'll surely be spotted by Raven guards if we attempt to come in from the north.

BLUE: What's up there?

WILLIE: Desert. Nothing. The sky never changes. No day and no night. No atmosphere of any kind. Not even craters to break up the land-scape. W would surely be seen.

"Nogoland" is both America and the spot in an inaccessible universe from which Willie comes. He lands in Azusa, California and enrolls the help of a 120-year-old gunfighter, Blue Morphan, and his long-dead siblings in liberating his kin from the "Magicians of the High Commission." Willie's kin are embedded with a concealed hand that makes a horrifying fit at whatever point their considerations rise above those of the conjurers. On the off chance that we do endeavour to examine the inside spaces of the psyche to reproduce a home for ourselves, we are vanquished by inconspicuous social and political weights. In spite of the fact that Shepard both respects and scrutinizes them, the Old West customs of tough independence, spontaneity, and roughness encapsulated in the Morphans end up being unimportant to the complexities of a mechanical society.

The genuine battle in *The Unseen Hand* is in the middle of Willie and the Kid, an incarnation of the most dull, pretentious, banner waving components in residential community centre - class America. He alludes to the others as "hippie creep" and "commie faggot". Earlier, Blue had portrayed a period (probably the sixties), when there was an unrest yet things kept with it. The Kid is a champion of the stasis and of the slender religious community particles that helped make this so. In light of him, Willie starts a custom mantra that is really the Kid's

discourse regressive, and his demonstration of enchantment liberates Willie and his kin from the concealed hand. The arrangement is tall tale like in its straightforwardness, however it likewise recommends the deconstruction of power by turning around its dialect with the goal that it blasts itself. Accordingly for Shepard, the best weapons are still dialect and the creative energy.

Mad Dog Blues

Mad Dog Blues is bound with self-portraying entries about the irritating impacts of the city, drug enslavement, division from one's home and family and the hazard of money hungry fortune seekers who spot casing and fortune before friendship. Shepard appears to part himself into two heroes here, with Kosmo and Yahoodi speaking to opposing factions inside his cognizance: Yahoodi, the medication fanatic who inclines toward seclusion however prefers not to be desolate, is lost in misery and vicious destruction toward oneself; Kosmo, the tall, incline rancher, is attempting to overcome such darker drives and discover a way home. At a certain point, the mortal level headed discussion between these two goes so far as to bring the play to stop. Yahoodi, having submitted suicide, is gotten back to life Kosmo who blames him for surrendering their story before it is done. Yahoodi reacts, "I'm battling with something that needs to live".

Basically (kid in this play truly challenges exemplification), several closest companions who are troubled with their misinformed lives set off to find themselves and discover a gold fortune, all going with rock score. Their hunt is on the other hand supported and loaded by mythic and memorable assumes that have their own particular stake in the entire issue. Shepard takes us through a fantasy scene that appears to range from San Francisco's Golden Gate to a bland wilderness, possibly in South America.

Mad Dog Blues varies from Shepard's different works in that the social components he uses to create these topics are all the more specifically the focal point of investment. The play is actually a mind boggling performance of the quality and breaking points of pop culture, our mentality to it, and its impacts on us. Mad Dog Blues is unmistakably an American play and just a creative ability that has become on American films, radio shows, mash magazines and

music could have considered it. Shepard's presentation underlines this, for each one character in his band, dialect, motions and melodies shows up as the perfect articulation he could call his own picture and each, in the same way as examples of faithfulness in a basilica of American mainstream culture, conveys his recognizing qualities. Shepard's arrangement incorporates more than simply the characters and ensembles. Indeed the sound impacts are drawn from our social memories.

KOSMO: But I'm a country boy.

MAE: Then go back to the country. Quit draggin' my time. I'll take that treasure myself. I've done it before without no help from a man and I'll do it again.

KOSMO: But which way is home? I don't know where to start. We don't even have a compass. I'm lost. We're both lost.

Kosmo asks: "But which way is home? I don't know where to start" and these Shepard plays speak to various diverse beginnings in the mission for roots and perpetual quality.

Mad Dog Blue's (1972), like *The Unseen Hand*, contains phenomenal figures in an open structure, yet in this play Shepard concentrates on figures from pop culture. The two journeyers in *Mad Dog Blues*- Kosmo, a rock star, and Yahooodi, a drug pusher- "support each other's inability to function". They lessen the endeavour at reshaping the disorder of prominent pictures to a "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" gold chase that prompts avarice, strife, distrustfulness and passing. Their vision turns into a rushed replay of mainstream film pictures instead of a campaign for qualities or an odyssey of development. The "gold" they at long last get ends up being a great many flask tops, the denial from enthusiastic utilization.

MAE: Quit blubbering. We got the treasure now. Help me get him off of it.

(They pull Yahooodi off the treasure.)

KOSMO: He didn't have to do it. There was other ways. He didn't have to off himself. Why'd he do it?

MAE: We're rich! We're rich!

KOSMO: All you care about is the money. I've lost a friend.

Underneath the feeling of fun in this play is one of fumes particle and contradicted to the mission for false gold is a quest for home, buttressed by the thought that everybody is "lonely and hungry for love". Both the two men and their manifestations lapse into talk of homesteads and dairy cattle farms, of raising families, refinding roots, and rejoining the wife and children. Along these lines even their fantasies get to be wistful re-runs of evaluation B Westerns. Toward the end of the play, Shepard adjusts this stereotypical rendition of home: the lines "Home got no rules / it's in the heart of a fool" connection having a place not to property yet to a position of feeling, association and helplessness. Since none of the characters really occupies this space, home stays, best case scenario a signal of trust and honesty.

Conclusion

Shepard comes back to the topic of the cooperatively trapped relationship, the couple who cannot live with or without each other, whose relationship exemplifies the need/dread issue or methodology/evasion clash normal for the confused self. Incomprehensibly, in any case, even while maintaining the self from one perspective, eventually (if not from the start) this self item comes, then again, to be experienced (because of transference contortion or genuine reiteration) as a delegate of the first terrible or persecutory article and, thus, seems to debilitate re-injury and annihilation toward oneself. Either the great article is occupied or being accessible definitely ends up being terrible: for no situation, shy of fruitful treatment, is a great self toward oneself item in a feasible relationship.

The chore of reshaping the social debris and wreckage is a troublesome one, hampered by numerous powers: by the internal divisions of the characters and the resultant clashing cravings: by what is undesirable or bankrupt in the past which is passed on, frequently by father to child; by the controllers of "within" who oversee influence, riches and even awareness: by what Benedict Nightingale marks the "obsessional conduct" of characters whose employments of impulses to make character are "foredoomed"; by distance from the area; by the appearing void once an environment is stripped of the old myths and of well known and high society; and by the claustrophobic, undermining nature of American family life as portrayed by Shepard.

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