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THE REVOLT OF CLASSIC LITERATURE

There is a common understanding that all that's been written in a language is the literature in the language. A more refined version of the meaning is the addition of the qualifying term 'having an artistic sense and a lasting impression'. But is that it? Is that what literature truly means? Are all news ever reported eloquently, having a lasting impression by virtue of the incident being one to stand out in history, literature? Shakespeare would disagree. Chaucer would consider this classification abysmal. Dostoevsky and Kafka wouldn't withstand such extraneous correlations. But some would consider literature elitist for not including what doesn't stand this predilection.

The truth of the fact is, the mere concept of boxing and defining literature is Contemporary Literature. Its roots are shaky. The idea is more ruined than the ruins it originated in. To anyone who claims so, was just bewitched by the illusion this concept carries. To start from the basics, a little knock-knock at the doors of the past. So who decides what literature truly is? Who gets to define it? There can be a short answer: Nobody. Or there can be a longer, literary answer told through a story titled: The Revolt of Classic Literature.

Once upon a time, in a ramshackle wooden shelf lived a bunch of tattered hardbound thoughts, called the classic literature. They were pretty, rusty, and a little dusty. They lived a life of ignorance and lack of recognition. Its world of tinted glass with specks of dust. Despite, Classic Literature having everything from romanticism to comedy to tragedy to satire to psychology to crime thriller all at the same time, no one really

bothered to pick them up and take a look. They had one of all genres, some even indistinguishable genres, while any other shelf could hardly even get one of the genres right. They were all on their own. No friends, no family, no company, just musky air and lots of dust that had already started choking it. They were captives of their own creations. Classic Literature was always lonely and craved for company. Its favorite get away activity was watching the world do. It longed for LIFE.

One fine morning, as Classic Literature was admiring beyond its dust stricken glass panels, something happened to catch its sight. Another world like theirs. Only it was all glass and glittery and had luxuries. It was a shiny, metallic almirah in sparkling blue, that stood glistening even in the tiny dim light of the library. There lived another hardbound idea like Classic Literature, called Contemporary Literature. They were like Classic Literature's alter ego. Contemporary Literature had everything they pined for. It had friends, music, laughter and an air of something Classic Literature couldn't identify. It was glittery, enchanting, and rather enticing. Everyone that walked by the blue shelf couldn't help but caress the spines and read the titles. While Classic Literature stood there unnoticed, their titles vanishing, their existence almost forgotten.

Contemporary Literature lived on the grounds of extravagance and had the skies of dreams and the horizons of unheard possibilities. Terms, Classic Literature had never heard of. Contemporary Literature lured Classic Literature. It had never seen LIFE so up-close. All Classic Literature wanted to be, was Contemporary Literature.

Having planned for the conversation all night, Classic Literature asked Contemporary Literature out. Fortunately, it agreed. Congeniality was yet another quality of Contemporary Literature.

On went their conversation. Contemporary Literature told Classic Literature everything about music, friends, family, company, togetherness, extravagance, luxury and LIFE in general. Classic Literature was overwhelmed. It couldn't have asked for more. Their little meetups kept on for a while, when yet another fine day, Classic Literature noticed how the world squinted and frowned seeing them together. The stares only kept increasing with every passing moment, soon it got to Classic Literature's nerves. It was time to decide. To end it for once and for all.

On the following date, Classic Literature cried its heart out to Contemporary Literature. Contemporary Literature stood up for Classic Literature and gave a verdict. Tears have a way with decisions, from Brontë sisters to John Green everyone has made readers shed tears. It said that the world would only stop if they were to unite, forever. Classic Literature rolled with happiness. It would finally get to experience all that it longed for. It could hear music, make friends, laugh its heart out and above all, it wouldn't have to choke in the dust anymore. Classic Literature would finally meet LIFE.

Upon the decided date of union, Classic Literature and Contemporary Literature stood hand in hand in front of the world. They looked each other in the eye, stepped back, surged the cosmos within and collided with all their might.

There was silence. Nothing changed. Classic Literature was Classic Literature and Contemporary Literature was Contemporary Literature.

With a crackling sound, Classic Literature's dusty shelf shattered. The world gasped. The splinters of wood flew far. The dust, the murkiness, the mugginess vanished. The light from the lamp shimmered. And the dust turned to glitter. Everyone stood aghast. Nothing but there was dust settling slowly where Classic Literature was, a

moment ago. The world saw the Real Classic Literature. It was nothing what they imagined.

Contemporary Literature caught Classic Literature in its arms. It held Classic Literature with a firm grip, spun it around and there arose a bright streak of light, like the most beautiful nebula. And then there was nothing. Contemporary Literature and Classic Literature had united, lingering behind was the sweet fragrance of tranquility, solace and pure bliss. The world never saw them again but they all know, they are out there in the Universe, together. Traveling the skies, singing to the stars and exploring the spaces, above and beyond. Since then there is no Classic Literature or Contemporary Literature separately when it comes to readers, just Classical Literature of Contemporary times. The world saw this tale of love come to life. Out there, somewhere in the ever-expanding universe, the lovers reside, happily ever after.

The bottom line is: Literature is a rather subjective term. What is truly literary to one is not to another. It doesn't stand on the grounds of uniformity. Consequently, it cannot have a universal definition. The only test there truly is: the test of time. Any written piece that would stand and survive that, it would be literature. Some worthy of being taught as part of the educational curriculum, some a lesson, some merely for criticism.