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THE HORIZONS OF INDIAN ENGLISH NOVEL EXPLORED IN THE NOVELS OF AMITAV GHOSH

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Abstract:-The novel is the only developing genre and therefore it reflects more deeply, more essentially, more sensitively and rapidly, reality itself in the process of its unfolding. Only that which is itself developing can comprehend development as process. The novel has become the leading hero in the literary development of our time precisely because it best of all reflects the tendencies of a new world still in the making; it is, after all the only genre born of this new world and in total affinity with it.

Bakhtin was writing in a European context, but could have been addressing with even sharper relevance that of new literatures in English. Bakhtin identified the novel as the "open ended" literary form of the modern age, reflecting and bringing together many languages ("heteroglossia"). These languages are not simply linguistic, but socio-ideological" idioms and forms, voices from different strata of cultural experience.

Keywords: Amitav Ghosh, realism, Tradition, commercialism, colonialism.

INTRODUCTION

Amitav Ghosh's work introduces a number of "languages," including those of the Indian folk-tale, the *Mahabharata*, journalism, and the memory patterns of the extended family, radically de-constructing traditional novel forms. In a genre associated in Europe with "realism," Ghosh explores Vedic concepts of Maya (illusion) and transcendence to question the possibility of Western realism. In the opening section of *The Circle of Reason*, the village capitalist, Bhudeb Roy, organizes a festival to Saraswati which Ghosh identifies rather loosely as "the Hindu Goddess of Learning."² He has a six-foot image built, with spinning electric lights behind the eyes and a silver-foil halo. During the ceremony the rationalist Balam leaps onto the platform with defiling sandals and tears off the dyed cotton hair, revealing the clay underneath. "This is not Saraswati, Learning," he cries to the electrified crowd, "it is Vanity." At a deep level, the image of Saraswati is "Vanity" for in the Vedic tradition she is a feminine principle and aspect of nature, and only becomes "knowledge" in flowing through the enlightened devotee—Bhudeb Roy is certainly not enlightened. But Balam is equally benighted—he "exposes" the image not because this misrepresents the tradition, but because it does not represent his concept of Westernized rationalism.

Towards the end of the book there is another festival, the reenactment of Chitrangada's appearance to Arjuna. In the story, taken from the *Mahabharata* via Tagore, the warrior princess Chitrangada is granted the gift of physical beauty for a year in order to attract Arjuna. She becomes his lover, but Arjuna, not knowing the transformation, is drawn by hearsay to Chitrangada's other self. After the year, Arjuna sees her without her beauty, and understands the illusion of the physical. (382) The two episodes are alike and yet opposites. In the first, a religious image is unmasked, showing the crude substance beneath; in the second, physical reality is dissipated to reveal the spiritual.

In both, the real significance of the ritual has been missed. In the first, traditional belief has been prostituted as a means of publicity by the grossly materialistic Bhudeb Roy; in the second, the original legend has been sentimentalized by Tagore and is being played on a gramophone record, in a language the participants cannot understand, in an alien country. Chitrangada is being played by a prostitute, Kulfi. This does and does not invalidate

the myths. Misused and misunderstood, the two episodes do have a meaning—the first in the cycle of conflict within which Alu begins his quest for a higher meaning; the second, in the movement that redeems Kulfi (who is given a full ritual burial), and turns Alu back to India. Only through illusion can truth be found.

The concern with the cyclical process of the activity of life underpins the whole book. Reality is Maya, illusion, but only through Maya can reality be understood. The three sections of the novel follow the three Vedic Gunas—Sattva, Rajas and Tamas,—the three aspects of nature (prakriti) without which no action is possible, taking the development from rising awareness of "Reason," through "Passion," to "Death" or entropy. The process also brings together the divergent stylistic levels of the book—that of an exuberant folk-tale, of the emergence of a human community, and the dialectic between Indian and European consciousness in an alien predicament.

The opening sections focus on a village near the future India-Pakistan border, where Balaram embodies the impact of nineteenth-century scientific reason on India. For Balaram, the modern age began with Pasteur's development of disinfectant and inoculation, and Madame Curie's experiments with radium to control cancer cells. With these scientific discoveries Balaram believes superstition and ignorance were done away with and the scientific basis of life established. Armed with this knowledge he wages a heroic war against the corrupt commercialism of his arch-enemy, Bhudeb Roy. Yet the inadequacy of this view is hilariously underlined by Balaram's attempt to answer all problems, including war, with buckets of carbolic acid.

Indeed Balaram's concepts of the "new science" were already out of date, Curie and Pasteur being both creators of a new consciousness and the inheritors of the old. Again Ghosh complicates the issue. For Balaram's reliance on a nineteenth-century pseudo-science, Phrenology, in fact approximates to the Indian "superstition" of popular religion and astrology that he opposes. His search for a new Western vision of reality, reflected in the chapter titled "a Pasteurised universe," brings to mind the Vedic legend of the creation of the world, in which the milk ocean of creation was churned by the gods and demons using a snake to separate the poison from the "amrit" (ambrosia). Shiva drank the poison, purifying (pasteurising) the universe. However the outcome was that only the gods drank the "Amrit": Ghosh suggests Balaram also has a one-sided strategy.

Into the story comes Alu, his name, literally "potato." Alu gains his name because his head, of such interest to Balaram, is lumpy like a spud. But Alu, who emerges as the real hero of the book, is also basic, \unlovely but ever-renewed, a child of the folk, a creature of the earth. While Balaram pursues his intellectual war against Bhudeb Roy in a landscape sacrificed by the internecine India-Pakistan conflict, Alu becomes a master-weaver. Weaving is a central image of the book, bringing together its many paradoxes and opposites. A craft, using the cotton indigenous to India from prehistoric times, it is a paradigm of Indian culture. Yet as a mechanical process, it embodies the commercial exploitation that undermines all human societies. "When the history of the world broke, cotton and cloth were behind it; mechanical man in pursuit of his own destruction . . . millions of African and half of America were enslaved by cotton." (57).

When a misdirected flare ignites Balaram's defensive arsenal, Alu escapes with a sewing machine and Balaram's Life of Pasteur. Pursued south to Kerala by the police detective Jyoti Das, who becomes a figure of death as the book progresses, Alu crosses the Indian ocean to the imaginary Gulf State of Al-Ghazira with a boatload of Indian women, destined for the town's brothels by Zindi. Sexual, predatory and physically dominating, Zindi is an ambivalent figure of womanhood whose machinations continue whatever quest idealism may pursue. Al-Ghazira is an oil state, a chaotic meeting of the traditional folk, the old tyranny of the Emirs, and the Western pressures of colonial administration and postcolonial exploitation.

A huge economic centre has risen in the desert as a monument to a progress no one wants: when it collapses, Alu is buried in the dead-centre, the rubble arrested by a fallen beam inches from his nose. When he emerges after days of meditation, it is with the inspiration that money, not germs, are destroying civilization. The vision is as flawed as that of Balaram, and when the revolutionary society led by Abu Fahl is crushed by the state, it is with Zindi, Kulfi (an inmate of Zindi's brothel) and an orphan child called Boss that Alu escapes. Following in reverse the routes by which European culture travelled to India, they reach Tunisia, chosen by Amitav Ghosh as an instance of a political integration of European and African cultures. Here the trio meet with an expatriate Indian doctor, Dr. Verma.

The "circle" is closing. For if Balaram came to his vision of reason through biology, attacking deviant microbes with his panacea of carbolic acid, Dr. Verma comes to a Hindu reverence of life also from a basic in microbiology. Dr. Verma even has a Life of Pasteur. In it she points out to Alu that the germ brings both death and makes the possibility of life. "It says without the germ 'life would be impossible because death would be incomplete.'" (356) It is Dr. Verma who organizes a dramatic reenactment of the play by Tagore, already mentioned, where the princess Chitrangada, returned to her plain appearance, is seen in her essence by Arjuna. Dr. Verma has to take what Indian actors she can find, and as noted above, when the scene is enacted, within the costumes Kulfi the prostitute takes the part of Chitrangada, while the warrior Arjuna is played by the police-agent Jyoti Das. Kulfi expresses a moment of intense sexual desire and crashes to the ground, clutching her heart, dead.

"Heavenly, Her fathers have gathered her to their heavenly abode" intones Dr. Verma, dressed as Madana, the God of Love. (400) The cycle of death and regeneration is almost complete. After Alu has gone to great lengths to give Kulfi a proper Indian burial, he is told by Dr. Verma that this will give him a reason for going home, and the book ends with Alu, Boss and Zindi, turning back towards India, while the death-bearing Jyoti Das looks towards

Europe.

The Circle of Reason is an extraordinarily accomplished first novel. It combines wit, intelligence and creative innovation to explore new possibilities for the novel form in the Indian context. Yet it is not wholly successful. The different narrative strategies pull apart, and the substructure, of knowledge working its way through the stages of the three Gunas, does not sufficiently unite the divergent sections. Moreover the work suffers from being too complex for its imaginative integrity: at times one becomes aware of Ghosh's manipulation.

In The Shadow Lines, Ghosh finds a sharper unifying focus. The novel brings together the forms of the autobiographical novel and the family chronicle, to subvert both. "I am born" begins Dickens' David Copperfield. "In 1939, thirteen years before I was born," begins The Shadow Lines. Ghosh's novel introduces a family "tree," but it is not the legally-defined family of European society, of Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga or Thomas Mann's Buddenbrooks—rather, it is the Asian extended family of loyalties, affections and associations. This becomes so complex that even the narrator confesses confusion and the novel is to some extent about the meaning of family relationships in a disintegrating world. "Shadow Lines" of the title refers both to lines of separation, and the invisible links which bind.

There are several lines of family introduced—that of the narrator, based in Calcutta; that of his grandmother's sister, associated with Dhaka, and two further lines bringing into the story Robi and Ila. But the blood relationships merge with those forged by intimacy, as with the British family, linked through domicile in India, of Lionel Tresawson. The narrator's closest links are with Mayadebi, his grandmother's sister, and with her son Tridib, the enigmatic older friend through which the "I" narrator experiences much of his life.

For if Circle of Reason is about "Knowledge," Shadow Lines is about "Knowing." The novel moves through an intricate weaving back-wards and forwards in time. Narrative sequence is constantly frustrated by the intrusion of memory—memory working not, as in James Joyce's Ulysses, as a stream-of-consciousness, so much as remembered family histories, restructured in a search for meaning. Memories sharpen into focus, then blur: "Although I cannot remember when it happened any more than I can remember when I first learnt to tell the time or tie my shoelaces."³ "I don't know, I can't tell: that world is closed to me, shut off by too many years spent away." (13) Can we ever be sure? One of the most vivid episodes in the novel, a sexual encounter in a bombed theatre, is related by Tridib to May and so taken at third hand by the narrator. But even Tridib cannot be certain of how far his memory has been accurate: "he didn't know whether it had really happened or he had imagined it." Yet this does not invalidate memory. "Reality" for its own sake does not have any specific truth. "Ila who claims to be "objective" remembers the cities she has visited by the airport lavatories.(26) Tridib gives meaning to his experience through his imagination, but not willfully. He teaches the narrator to "use [his] imagination with precision." (29)

Not that the ostensibly "practical" Ila is free from illusion. One of the recurrent motifs in the book is the mental creation of a house from another, secret, place—a vivid expression of the relationship between real and imagined "homes." Arriving in the Tresawson's house in London, the narrator knows the position of every room. This is because when a child he had been taken to hide in a cellar below Ila's family home in Dhaka, where they had "played houses." Ila had traced out for him an imaginary house, which we discover is identical in form to the London house where Ila had spent her childhood. In the cellar, as they play at having a family, it becomes clear their doll-child represents the earlier Ila. Yet the doll is blue-eyed and befriended and protected by the son of the house, Nick Price. In reality Ila was dark, and Nick deserted her: Ila's underground imagination evades reality rather than clarifying it.

The novel gains stature by placing the individual themes starkly in a contemporary context. The shadow lines divide and link peoples and nations. The novel takes place largely on the newly-created Indo-Pakistan border which divides the family and its past. What is this border? Flying over it, the grandmother expects to see some sign. The father laughs—no, it will not be a long black line with green on one side and scarlet on the other. But the grandmother's question is a serious one. If there are no physical signs, where is the difference? Why cannot people as in the past travel from Dhaka to Calcutta without anyone stopping them? What are the shadow lines'? (154-55)

Their dual meaning emerges in the final sections of the book when the grandmothers discover a relative, turning senile, left behind in a hostile Dhaka. They go to rescue him—with Robi, May and Tridib. He is trying to escape from the mob when May and Tridib run to his rescue—May is protected by being English, but Tridib, throwing himself to his own death, drawn by the 'shadow line' of imaginative sympathy. Why he should do it is the mystery left by the book. As May says, "He gave himself up; it was a sacrifice. I know I can't understand it. I know I mustn't try, for any real sacrifice is a mystery." (252)

The profoundly personal ending of the book is different indeed in tone to that of Ghosh's first novel. But both end with a ritual, a religious intimation of the cycle and continuation of life. Ghosh's work to-date extends the scope of the novel, not only within its own narrative, but moving outward and beyond the strategies of words, to an exploration of i.e past and the future of the culture he has inherited.

In the geography of human history no culture is an island. In effect *tumid* was a region in the sense of the word *desa*, or the French pays—'country' is too loaded a term to use—an area. . . not 'independent' but distinctive and singular, and precisely because of that, enmeshed with its neighbors in an intricate network of differences.²

Is this, then, another irony of history, doubly confirming the appropriative powers of the dominant discourse: that like the subaltern himself, those who set out to restore his presence end only by borrowing the tools of

that discourse, tools which serve only to reduplicate the first subjection which they effect, in the realms of critical theory?'³ Rosalind O'Hanlon, 'Recovering the Subject: *Subaltern studies and* Histories of Resistance in Colonial South Asia', *Modern Asian Studies*, 22, 1 (1988), p. 218.

My interest in Ghosh's work arose initially from a growing concern with the way theories of colonial discourse have become globalized, while the practice of a good deal of post-colonial criticism has become overly theoreticized and predictable. Ghosh's training in historical and anthropological research, his eschewing of grand theoretic gestures and his links with the SUBALTERN STUDIES project, make his work an interesting site around which current arguments in post-colonial theory can be conducted.

Ghosh's writing reflects the recent concern of anthropologists with the porosity of cultural boundaries. As Renato Rosaldo argues, 'In contrast with the classic view, which posits culture as a self-contained whole made up of coherent patterns, culture can arguably be conceived as a more porous array of intersections where distinct processes cross from within and beyond its borders'.⁴ The characters in Ghosh's novels do not occupy discrete cultures, but 'dwell in travel' in cultural spaces that flow across borders—the 'shadow lines' drawn around modern nation states. Yet, like Edward Said's *Orientalism*, these novels also remain bound in the notion of a universal humanity and like the otherwise very different work of Homi K. Bhabha, they postulate a global theory of the colonial subject. As the Australian anthropologist Nicholas Thomas argues, 'Orientalist. . . pre-occupations . . . can be displaced, not by a new universalism, but by interest in a plethora of differences that would crosscut ethnic-cultural totalities'.⁵ Ghosh's ethnography *in an antique land* follows this trajectory. Influenced by his association with the Subaltern Studies scholars, Ghosh returns to a rigorous mode of empirical research recover the historically situated subjectivities of a network of traders and their slaves operating between North Africa and south-west India during the Middle Ages. This cultural space is a vast, borderless region with its own hybrid languages and practices which circulate without national or religious boundaries. Ghosh's nuanced and self-reflexive writing means that the subaltern consciousness remains a trace rather than a presence, 'a theoretical fiction' that allows him.

In the article, 'The Transit Lounge of Culture', the American anthropologist James Clifford has attempted to frame Ghosh's work in the context of recent developments in the discipline of anthropology. Texts like Gloria Anzaldua's *Borderlands/La Frontera* have shifted anthropology away from the study "of separate, authentic cultures toward the borderlands between cultures;" away from separate to 'comparative inter cultural studies'. Such diaspora cultures are not oriented towards lost origins or homelands, but are produced by ongoing histories of migrations and transnational cultural flows. Once we begin to focus on these inter-cultural processes, Clifford argues, the notion of separate, discrete cultures evaporates; we become aware that all cultures have long histories of border crossings, diasporas and migrations.⁷

In *Culture and Truth: The Remaking of Social Analysis*, Clifford's colleague Renato Rosaldo describes a symptomatic exchange between delegates at a conference where the contesting paradigms within anthropology were vividly expressed in the metaphors of a museum and a garage sale:

... at a conference ... on the crisis in anthropology, Cora Du Bois, a retired Harvard professor, spoke of the distance she felt from the 'complexity and disarray of what I once found a justifiable and challenging discipline. ... It has been like moving from a distinguished art museum into a garage sale'. The images of the museum, for the classic period, and the garage sale, for the present strike me as being quite apt, but I evaluate them rather differently than Du Bois. She feels nostalgia for the distinguished art museum with every thing in its place, and I see it as a relic from the colonial. She detests the chaos of the garage sale, and I find it provides a precise image for the postcolonial situations where cultural artifacts flow between unlikely places, and nothing is sacred, permanent or sealed off. . . . The image of the garage sale depicts our present global situation. . . . Ours is definitively a postcolonial epoch . . . the third world has imploded into the metropolis.

The remaking of social analysis Rosaldo describes in his book has re-defined anthropology's field of study, while at the same time drawing attention to the role of the observer in producing that field. In this new context, 'the fiction of the uniformly shared culture increasingly seems more tenuous than useful'. 'More often than we usually care to think,' Rosaldo argues, 'our everyday lives are crisscrossed by border zones, pockets and eruptions of all kinds'. . . . Along with "our" supposedly transparent cultural selves, such borderlands should be regarded not as analytically empty transitional zones but as sites of creative cultural production that require investigation.'⁹

James Clifford illustrates this new paradigm with an allegorical reading of Amitav Ghosh's text, 'The Imam and the Indian', a chapter from what was then his work-in-progress, *In an Antique Land*, which Clifford assumed to be a short story.¹⁰ The novel describes the expectations of an anthropologist doing fieldwork in an Egyptian village, which he assumes to belong to a settled, 'authentic' culture. What he finds, instead, is a palimpsest of movement, travel and inter-cultural cross in that is centuries old: 'The men of the village had all the busy restlessness of airline passengers in a transit lounge. Many of them had worked and travelled in the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf... a few had visit Europe: some of them had passports so thick they opened out like in' blackened concertinas.'¹¹ Clifford argues that there could be no better image of post modernity than this an Egyptian villa with an airline transit lounge. Ghosh's writing, he argues, draws attention to the complex 'roots' and 'routes' that make up the relations between cultures: 'Everyone is on the move, and they have been centuries: dwelling-in-travel.'¹²

One consequence of the paradigm shift in anthropology has been to foreground the 'literariness' of

ethnography. As James Clifford put it in the preface to *Writing Culture*, 'the 'literariness' of anthropology— and especially of ethnography—[is] much more than a matter of good writing . . . Literary processes . . . affect the ways cultural phenomena are registered'.¹³ The fact that Amitav Ghosh has been able to move freely in his writing between anthropology, history and fiction is symptomatic of the extent to which traditional boundaries between those disciplines have themselves broken down.

Ghosh's first novel, *The Circle of Reason* (1986), concerns the picaresque adventures of Alu, a weaver from a small village near Calcutta, who leaves home to travel across the Indian Ocean to the oil town of al Ghazira on the Persian Gulf. Reviewers of the novel read it as an allegory about the destruction of traditional village life by the modernizing influx of Western culture, and the subsequent displacement of non-European peoples by imperialism. In the long opening section, set in the village of Lalpukur, Alu is apprenticed as a weaver, while his uncle, Balam, the village schoolmaster, is obsessed with Western ideas, epitomized by his passion for phrenology and the writings of Pasteur. Balam establishes the Pasteur School of Reason, alternatively bores and terrorizes people with his scientific notions, and eventually destroys the village by sterilizing it with carbolic acid. Anthony Burgess read the episode as a satire on Western imperialism: while Alu for tradition, Balam 'stands, in his demented way, for progress'.¹⁴ *The Circle of Reason* certainly explores the relation between mimic and imperialism. But Burgess's argument that it juxtaposes, traditional cultures with a diasporic, post-colonial culture is a heading made within the paradigm of classical ethnography. For Ghosh, even societies that appear to be static and traditional are always already diasporic.

Amitav Ghosh is distinct from several other writers of contemporary times as he takes a long shot of history and presents a complex picture of how people and events are inextricably interwoven into the fabric of history and how people realize the historicity of contemporary period as in the Indian struggle for independence.

An acute sense of being part of history in the sense that the forces, which fuel and propel the changes, either political or socio-economic touch and penetrate the private lives of individuals leaving them lesser or no choice in directing their lives but having to obey forces and issues larger than themselves. There are several philosophies of history which attempt to explain and interpret, not only as to how historical events happen but also why they happen but none of them can offer a satisfactory explanation other than saying that they depend upon three coordinates – the man, moment and the milieu.

Basically history moves in two streams or strands - the first slow and steady accepting and assimilating changes in the gradual process and acquiring new beliefs, values and practices while eclipsing some of them when they have out-lived the utility and purpose and sudden catastrophic changes like revolution which erupt like a volcano accumulating force and pressure over a period like French, Russian and Chinese revolutions. Scores of historical novels have been written from different perspectives and the writers tend to recreate the historical events in an accurate manner as much as possible in spite of the creative license they have. There can be no better illustration of the French revolution than "A Tale of Two Cities", Napoleon invasion of the Russia in "War and Peace" or the Russian Revolution in Gorky's 'Mother' and Pasternak's 'Dr. Zhivago' to indicate as to how history and personal lives of people are interwoven such that the collective fury of historical forces alter the lives of people, sometimes beyond recognition and often irretrievably.

The Indian struggle for independence right from 1885 to 1947 accompanied by the holocaust and trauma of partition which wrecked and uprooted the lives of millions while killing thousands of people still has resonances and reverberations in contemporary partition literature of which Amitav Ghosh's *The Shadowlines* is a vivid and graphic example. Several people, now old, underwent the agony and affliction of being disturbed and displaced from the place of their birth like the writer Khushwant Singh still laments that his home place is no longer in India but in Pakistan and claims to have shed many bitter tears over his implacable loss. The partition of India is not on the basis of cultural divide but that on political basis with leaders fighting for satisfying their own demands and drawing imaginary lines on the political map of the country with scant regard or respect for the inter-meshed lives of the people. As Shakespeare points out in *Julius Caesar* the tide of human affairs subsides as time passes on leaving the traces and debris behind and often assimilated into the lives of people who may not be aware of how they came to be what they are, being ignorant of the silent forces that shaped their lives. It is only people with a broad understanding and vision of human life and its social evolution that can understand the course of history and the turns it has taken, along with the impact of other cultures in the process of living.

The induction and imposition of colonialism on Afro-Asian societies injected new force and energy into the socio-economic structure even though exploitation in nature is beneficial to the colonial ruler. Till the time these societies were caught up in a repetitive and cyclical mode of existence underscored by feudal structures of production and administration. The rise of industrialism in Europe coincided with the search for cheap raw materials and labour along with new centers of commerce and exchange. The colonial rule was supported with collusion from native rulers and sheer force of modern weaponry in the initial stage which later was substituted by political and bureaucratic administration with help and participation from the indigenous dominant groups. This has led to gradual changes in socio-economic structures and way of life paving the way for the creation of modern society on the lines of the European societies way of living. How this process has worked at different levels of socio-economic and psychological process is a very interesting study undertaken by post-modern philosophers like

Michael Foucault who radicalized the approach towards the study of societies at different stages of growth and evolution.

History, as a narrative of human socio-economic and political evolution, has multiple perspectives and depends not only upon the philosophy and perception of the historian who select his facts for chronological presentation but also which segment of society and from whose angle it is presented, counts a lot in understanding it. The best evidence for this argument is the recent development of a new school “The Sub-altern studies” which is history from below or rather history of the unarticulated masses. The colonial rulers indicted their own version of the history of the colonized which they projected as being stagnant and stratified which as rulers they were able to extricate and reset on the path of progress. This kind of skewed and slanted history gained much popularity among the people of the rulers who believed that their rule is beneficial to the colonized people and that they are rendering selfless service to their upliftment. These histories cleverly concealed the plunder, loot and exploitation of the rulers and the merchant class and presented the oppressive colonial rule as an altruistic one.

In contrast to the colonizers version of history, the indigenous historian rectifies and resets the picture of history from the oppressed and exploited peoples point of view and reveals the seamy side of colonial rule which is not presented in official version. There is a need not only to present a corrected picture of indigenous history but also to evolve a new methodology of identifying facts and underlining their significance as argued by D.D Kosambi in his popular history book “An introduction to the study of Indian history”

The colonial rule has introduced, though unwittingly, a new awareness which was not found in Indian history earlier as earlier groups or communities came, settled and became assimilated into the broad spectrum of the Indian way of life like Muslims, Parsees etc. The coming of English people created a new socio-cultural situation in which they not only maintained their identity and way of life strictly segregated from the lives of Indians but aggressively attacked the indigenous cultures as primitive and barbaric with their own culture as the criterion for which there cannot be worse testimony than their ignorant account of early rulers and their ilk. The English rulers never integrated into Indian societies but drained the country's resources with tremendous efficiency and whatever development they created is either incidental or subsidiary to the main goal of exploitation. What is more painful is the collaboration of the native elite who disdained the masses as beasts of burden and who are hand in glove with alien rulers and rather amorous and imitative of their habits and lifestyle. Ironically, it is under the exploitative and oppressive rule of the British that a new sense of self-awareness and political and cultural consciousness emerged as a response and challenge to the claim of rulers that Indians are unfit to govern themselves. It also awakened the indigenous people to a sense of cultural identity which became a powerful tool and means to forge the struggle for freedom. Historical consciousness is awareness of how the course of events of a particular society or country shaped the evolution of the country that we see it in the present form. They can be socio-political or cultural in nature only the latter has long term impact and often may not be totally assimilated into the indigenous culture as we still perceive in India. Amitav Ghosh based his narration on the facts and figures of history but uses his imagination to recreate the live atmosphere it was delving into the minds, attitudes and behaviour patterns of people and how their collective thinking and behaviour modulated and controlled their lives. It may not be a simple singular mode of narration of using linear method of history. As the recent critical school “new historicism” founded by Stephen Greenblatt argues a serious and committed artist, at least in the recent times, is a chronicler in a rather indirect way by being suggestive, which is no less important than the version presented by the historian, as the former captures the “Zeitgeist” the spirit and core of the times which a historian cannot do. He presents the collective psyche of the people and probes into what motivates, animates and drives their lives. It is almost for a gifted writer to portray the mind of the nation and there are several outstanding examples like the impact of the novel ‘Anandmath’ on the Indian freedom struggle and Gorky's mother on “Russian Revolution”. The writer has the facility to go backward to what happened in the past and also forward to what may happen in future. This kind of shuttling between the past and future and interweaving them like a warp and weft reveals not only the vision and artistic imagination of the writer but also his craftsmanship like a master weaver. It often happens that when an artist looks back either on his own history and culture or that of another he may indulge in regret and sorrow as Stephen Dedalus in ‘A Portrait of the artist as Youngman’ who grimly declares that “History is the nightmare from which I am trying to awaken” as often the history of the colonized are. It is these suppressed, marginalized and often erased histories that become the staple of Ghosh's writings who sets on a new course of excavating the obfuscated and carefully ignored histories because there is a mutual and reciprocal relationship between power and discourse each legitimizing the other.

Amitav Ghosh has undertaken the unenviable and burdensome task of unearthing or excavating the erased or buried history of the colonial people who have been most ruthlessly and shamelessly exploited and plundered by colonizers to enrich themselves but were careful not to allow the records of exploitation to see the light of the day. For all the wealth they have drained from the country the little benefits they have done in terms of education and administration have constantly been highlighted as the benefits of British rule. It is a lopsided and biased account of colonial history and no official historian set the record straight by showing the seamy and unseemly side of colonial plunder. It reminds one of the cryptic comment of Virginia Woolf that “Nothing has really happened until it has been recorded. Edward Gibbon the great historian who produced a comprehensive

and voluminous account of the fall of the Roman Empire surveys the course of human events as they occur and draws the melancholic conclusion that “History is little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. When one reads the creative account of history presented in the novels of Ghosh in “The Shadow Lines”, or “An Antique Land” or “The Glass Palace” one becomes painfully aware of how the earlier generations of common people have been crushed under the heel of imperialism.

The narrative talent of Ghosh is employed in the process of inscribing a new, hitherto ignored chapter of suppression and slavery in the annals of world history which till now presented a conqueror’s account of events. He gave a new turn not only to Indian writing in English, but also to the marginalized and sub-altern perspective to history of how it is the collective effort and unpaid labour of the masses that created the surplus in which the rulers luxuriated and created their versions of history. Though not a Marxist by ideological commitment, his humanist sympathies are no less evident in the way he recreated the life of suffering misery and dire poverty which drove people across the seas in search of better life than that they endure at the place of their birth.

Unlike the writers of the past whose reflection of reality does not go beyond the culture in which the text is grounded, the modern writers are writers on the move as the people migrate across the globe in search of green pastures and the writers also follow them in search of their own stories. Their works are no longer works of imagination with elements of reality incorporated into them but an assortment of diaries, documents, travelogues and several other complementary information to strengthen the authenticity of writing.

Fiction is no longer an outcome of the writers imagination in a globalised world but one way of rooting oneself based on the culture and history portrayed in the text because of the constant mobility of the people across the globe. It gives a sense of fulfillment or even a sense of belonging which is a powerful and fundamental need of all human beings.

“Fiction, at its best, provides us with ‘addresses’ for the lost actors in the historical chronicle. By dwelling on small details and bestowing on ordinary lives an attention that the historian’s stricter annals cannot afford, a writer creates and interior history. Such an internalized record of emotions runs parallel to explicit factual accounts and fills them out. At this elusive juncture, so to speak, story meets history and makes it a little more comprehensible. A genre like the novel, especially, is suited to the task of bringing content back to those empty frames from which the colonial subject is always vanishing.”¹

The task undertaken by Ghosh is an attempt to recreate the past in such a way that the intelligent reader is made to ponder over the meaning and implications of one’s history and how it influences the present and future course of action. In his novels “The shadow lines” and “The Glass Palace”, Ghosh relates the story of partition and how the lines are drawn to divide the people. “The Glass Palace” is a recreation of British rule in Burma and the ruthless exploitation it is subjected to, reducing it to a state of poverty and misery and the impact of the second world war in further ruining Burma. The narrative stops at the struggle launched by Aung San Suu Kyi to install democracy in Burma.

The expatriate writers Rushdie, Amitav Ghosh, and Shashi Tharoor mix the past, present and future and the imperial and colonial cultures in their fiction. They tamper with the received history, rewrite and realign it “from the point of view of the victims of its deconstructive progress”. Rushdie’s *Midnight’s Children* (1981) dislocates time and place, shifts perspectives and narratorial voices to give several versions of the subcontinent’s post-colonial history and compels the readers to ‘reexamine their concept of history’. His *Shame* (1983) re-presents the subcontinental historical and cultural realities.

Shashi Tharoor’s *The Great Indian Novel* (1989) is a post modernist, deconstructive novel attempting “to retell the political history of 20th century India through a fictional recasting of events, episodes and characters from the Mahabharata”. It merges myths, fairy tales, legends, and contemporary realities into an epic structure. The Great Indian Novel swiftly moves through the incidents of freedom struggle such as Jallianwala Bagh Massacre, peasants’ and industrial workers’ movement, Gandhi’s Dandi march, Partition, independence and the dark period of Emergency and its consequences in an allegorical vein. As Ayyappa Paniker remarks: “The superimposition of the political events of the 20th century on the basic structure of the Mahabharata is made plausible by variations in stylistic levels and tones”. Tharoor’s *Show Business* (1991) throws light on the Bombay film industry and the lives of film actors turned politicians echoing NTR and MGR. It refers to Bofor’s scandal and the scandals involved by actors. The novel suggests that the essence of politics, like that of cinema, is lies. Tharoor’s recent novel *Riot* deals with the communal vandalism that shocked the Indian in 1989. According to Tharoor, it answers the questions of identity, religious and political, and suggests that we are prisoners of constructions of our own mind. His recent work *Nehru* is a biography of Jawaharlal Nehru. It throws light on the historical happenings and traces democracy, secularism, mixed economy and non-alignment as the pillars of Nehru’s legacy.

Amitav Ghosh, like his contemporaries, is influenced by the political and cultural milieu of post-Independence India. His *Circle of Reason* (1986) is written in the mode of Rushdie’s magical realism with the folktale charm of *Arabian Nights*. It deals with the continuing tradition of cultural exchange for India westwards across the Indian Ocean to the Gulf States and Egypt. *The Shadow Lines* (1998) represents the different narratives of the self and nation which can conflict only with destructive results. Set in Calcutta of the year 1960s, it moves through Calcutta and Dhaka and London. The time span of the novel extends from 1939 to 1979 with 1964 being a very

important year for the characters. Memory links the past and the present. “Concept of national identity gets a raw deal because the same incident namely the theft of the prophet’s hair in Kashmir provokes riots both in Dhaka and Calcutta. It reveals the fact that more people were slaughtered in these riots of 1964 than those in Indo-China war in 1962. The lines drawn through the Indians by the colonizers during the reign are still able to show the impact of their dark shadows on the situation and incidents in decolonized India and Pakistan. Quite ironically, the ideals of religious tolerance and fraternity nurtured by the freedom struggle suddenly seem to lose meaning. In an Antique Land (1992) is a non-fictional novel blending an oriental tale with epistolary fiction. Ghosh’s childhood experience of riots in Dhaka and the consequences of Iraqi war of 1990 came to the fore. It acquires the postcolonial undertones in hinting at the fact that the colonial historians did not care to note the achievements of their subjects, the colonized people. It is “a blending of fact and fiction, mingling multiple points of view and a different areas of knowledge in history, anthropology, sociology, religion, geography, trade and magic. The Calcutta Chromosome (1996) is a mystery novel. It discusses the two worlds of science and counter-science, European rationality and Indian myths against the backdrop of Calcutta’s streets, markets and monuments. It deals with the connection between science, history and colonialism. Countdown (1999) expresses Ghosh’s views on the nuclear lobby both in Indian and Pakistan. The motivation behind India’s nuclear programme, according to Ghosh, is not the imagined threat to our northern frontiers, but the country’s ambition to be counted as a “great power”. The Glass Palace (2000) is an epic novel with historical material at the core. Ghosh, it appears, read hundreds of books, travelogues and other writings and visited and revisited several places that figured in the novel to impart authenticity to his work. The history of twentieth century is told across three generations spread over three interlinked parts of the British Empire: Burma, Malaya and India.

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