Works Cited


A list of Papers Published in the Peer Reviewed Journals


Cry and Crisis have become universal due to Macro-man's mopping and monopolization of the world resources and markets. The great Indian middle class has resigned itself to job-cracy syndrome and its base is shrinking. With the shrinking middle class the ship of humanity is also sinking. The rodents are busy in the corridors of power collecting their accumulated ains and crumbs. Everybody is jumping like monkeys in the mundane life to pluck fruits from trees of inheritance and jostling with each other to enjoy the plush green grass of gratification heaped in their backyard. Gandhi's seven sins are written on the walls in bold letters, these are read out daily by everyone but never remembered and 'experimented' because lest not he/she may become Mahatma and be killed again!

- Editorial

Alakh Niranjan!
- A Flame without smoky-stains!
- Jyotirva+adhumka!
- Live Consciousness in All-beings!
Ode to Monsoon

At first doubts assemble,
Leading memories enough,
Huddled closed down,
Emerge,
Promises the manifest;
It seems
The ocean business
Indians all proclaim;
Give it all it takes
And then utter pandemonium;
As if on cue - Thunder applauds
Lightening crackles,
Wind on its knees whistles
Begins to sprint
Trees stoically surrender
To the lashing - Earth sighs!

Wrinkled skin, cracked lips,
Fissures on the tongue,
Craving moisture - Birds screech,
Take shelter on concrete ledges,
Women scurry. Pull off laundry
From clothes line - Kids peel out
Sheets from school diaries
To make paper boats,
Stand with nose pressed
To the window panes.

Farmers bring their
Palms together.
Scarecrow fidgets,
Rain falls - As if with vengeance,
Quarrelsome, taking creatures to task
For lack of patience and name calling.

Roads choked,
Pedestrians wade through floods,
Motorcyclists run for cover.
Municipality caught napping,
Sheepishly grins, water logging, drains choked.
Metereological officials smile on telly-
Long last Indian summer
Comes to an end!

Its official,
Monsoon has finally arrived
In the plains of north!

For now, despite the hiccups,
Everyone feels congenial enough
To celebrate;

Hail rain! Hail rain!

manta.agi@gmail.com
Panel for Literary Criticism

Research scholars may mail their articles to Dr. Poonam Dwivedi, co-editor for scrutinizing and editing as the literary criticism is to be approved by panel of co-editors. Please don't mind if your article is edited or shortened due to length and space.

- Editor

Contents

Contemporary Vibes Vol. 8 Issue 32 July-Sept, 2013 Rs. 20

ON THE COVER: C.V. Focus - Editorial
Scan & Design: Asha Chaudhary

INSIDE THE COVER

Ode to Monsoon - A poem
The Confluence - A poem

5 Letters' Hive

9 Editor's Desk

10 Literary Legend Speaks:

A.K. Choudhary - Interviewed by Prof. NDR Chandra
Joy of Giving - a poem
Angels - a poem

14 Indian Rationalist School of Thought

The Veneration of Knowledge
Let me climb back - a poem

18 Struggles

Encountering Racial & Gender Discrimination in Toni Morrison's Song of Solomon - A Research Article
Slave - a poem
Countdown: A Fear of Nuclear Catastrophe in South Asia
- A Research Article
India, Number One! - a poem

23 Feminine Fire

Quest for self: An Analysis of the Female Protagonists in Select Novels of Divakaruni - A Research Article

A Living State of Elderly Female - A Research Article
Musk Deer - a poem
Comfortable Companion - a poem
Snow Flakes - a poem
Communication within Fragmentation in Saul Bellow's Dangling Man - A Research Article

31 Monograph

The Dynamics of 32 Quarters & Eight Long Years of Crusade
Contemporary Vibes to Indian Rationalist School of Thought Moods and the Rainbow - a poem
A Trapped Soul - a poem

- Mamta Agarwal
- Dr. Poonam Dwivedi
- Premananda Panda
- P. Raja
- Anil K. Sharma
- Dr. Kaikbal Ahluwalia
- A. Sivaraj & Dr. R. Bharathi
- P. K. Mohanan
- R. Sankar
- Dr. K.V. Dominic
- P. V. L. Sainaja, Prof. N. Ramakrishna & Prof. C.R.S. Sarma
- Jesu Arul Christella
- K.P. Mahapatra
- P. K. Majumder
- Mohan Pathak
- S. Priyadarshini
- Dr. Poonam Dwivedi
- C. Narayarasan
- Santanu Halder

Contemporary Vibes is owned, published, printed and edited by Anil K. Sharma, and got Printed from Sanjay Printers, Plot No. 404, Industrial Area, Phase-II, Chandigarh-160 002

Correspondence Add.: Contemporary Vibes, c/o Sanjay Printers, Plot No. 404, Indl. Area, Phase-II, Chd-160 002
E-mail: contemporaryvibes@gmail.com
Mobles: 9316134568, 7814931575
Contents

37 Express Yourself
Bhagat Singh: Revolution not Resolutions - A Research Article
Mohammed Singh Azad - a poem
Herta Müller's Nobel Lecture: My Reading - A Research Article
Squares or Stripes - a poem
 Masks - a Skit
Masked Sans Mask - a poem

46 Fiction
Seminar
Broken Wings of a dove

49 Book Review
The Confluence & Other Poems
Perfection And Inspiration - a poem
Pilethora of Dreams - a poem
Marginal Writing In English: Bengali and Other Regional Literature
Periphrasis - a poem
Capitalism Ruins Humanism - a poem
The Power of Poetry:
M & M (Murmurs and Musings)
Moods - a poem

- Dr. Poonam Dwivedi
- Dr. Jaideep Sarangi & Champa Ghosal
- Dr. Mohammed Fakruddin
- Prof. Deepika Srivastava

57 Historical Development of Thought in Indian English Literature
Introduction

ON THE LAST COVER: Gangotrri to Gangasagar - a poem
INSIDE THE LAST COVER: When I Met the Divine - a poem
Anarchy of Silence - a poem
Golf Players - a poem

Books for Review
All Publishers, Contributors, Writers, Critics and Poets with published works are requested to contact the following luminaries of literature for a speedy, short and in-time book reviews.

Dr. Kuldip Ahlawat
Jeevinder Singh
Dr. Suchit K. Arora
Prof. Pyar Laos Proust
Dr. Shujjat Hussain
# K-3595, Sector 22C, Chandigarh
# B-341, Gaziabad Bypass, New Delhi
# 3777, Dronabadi网页, Prerna-2, Near Sai Temple, Mumbai
# Ph: (mobile), Subhanabad, Dist. Kanpur, U.P. 20145
# 140, Friends Colony, Aligarh-202002

Dr. Shorun Kumar Singh
Dr. Shailesh Sarangi
Dr. Soyedda Sarangi
Dept of English, Jesus Chandra Chauhan College (Cultural Univeristy), 30, Tollygunge, Prince Anwar Singh Road, Kolkata-33, West Bengal,
Ph: 700033, e-mail: sarangij@gmail.com
Sent, Chandruni/Narayanpuram 441 (Rd.,) Flat No. 8006 (Block-B), Sonalde

Attention!
Dear Research Scholars/ Subscribers,
We have discontinued the Annual Subscription of £1,000.00 payable in favour of M.A. Trans Publications shall be in vogue for the next three years. You may therefore, be requested to send your Research Articles/subscriptions accompanied by Life Subscription only and not by Annual Subscription etc.
However, other contributors can continue sending their creative/ critical/ comments/ letters/ view/ without any subscription for acceptance as FREE FLOW OF THOUGHTS should continue...
Editor (Honorary) C.V.
A Research Article

Countdown: A Fear of Nuclear Catastrophe in South Asia

R.SANKAR

Amitav Ghosh is one of the eminent novelists of Indian writing in English. After the success of The Circle of Reason (1986), The Shadow Lines (1988), In an Antique Land (1993), The Calcutta Chromosome (1996), Dancing in Cambodia, At Large in Burma (1998) He published Countdown (1999), which has received the highest critical acclaim in India and abroad. On 11 May 1998 the Indian government tested five nuclear devices in Pokhran. Seventeen days later Pakistan tested nuclear devices of its own. Amitav Ghosh went to the Pokhran area, invited to join the Sinchen glacier in the Karakoram mountains. His next visit to Pakistan and Nepal. Countdown is a part of this journey's conversation with many hundred of people in India, Pakistan and Nepal. This book describes about different opinions on test of nuclear devices in India and Pakistan.

The Pokhran tests followed on 11th May 1998. The tests was great joy for the Political leaders and sympathizers. They organized festivities handed out celebratory sweetmeats on streets. Some of the leaders said to construct a monument at Pokhran a 'monument of strength' that could be visited by pilgrims. On 28 May 1998, Pakistan had tested nuclear devices of its own, in response to the Pokhran tests. This had a sobering effects. The rupee had fallen to a historic low, the stock market index plummeted, prices had soared. The government grasp on power was none too secure. (6) While travelling to Pokhran Ghosh founds there were broods of peafowl in the thorny branches of the trees that lined the road. There was scrub to interrupt the eye's journey towards the horizon. In Pokhran Ghosh meets with Manohar Joshi, who grown up in Pokhran. He narrates when "he was twelve in 1974, when a nuclear device was first tested in the district. The Prime Minister was Indira Gandhi .........we never heard of cancer before in this area. But people began to get cancer after the test. There were strange skin diseases. People used to scratch themselves all the time. There were sore on their skin. (7-8) But people don't protest against nuclear tests. On 11 May 1998, a squad of soldier had driven up all the villagers to move out of their houses to open ground. The villagers sat under trees and waited, it was very hot. The temperature touched 48 degree centigrade. There was tremendous shaking in the ground and a booming noise. They saw cloud of dust and black and white smoke shooting akways. There was cracks in their wall. The blast split the underground tanks, emptying them of water.

The mastermind behind India's nuclear policies was K.Subrahmanyan, a civilain defence affairs expert. He says - nuclear weapons are the currency of global power. Nuclear weapons are not military weapons. Their logic is that of international politics. The international system of security has been progressively brought under a global order that provides for the hegemony of the five nuclear weapons powers. India wants to be a player and not an object of this global nuclear order.' (13) Chandan Mitra, a historian with an Oxford doctorate. In his article entitled 'Explosion of self Esteem', published after the test of 11May. The bomb is the global currency of self esteem. The two hundred years of colonialism robbed us of our self - esteem. We do not have national pride like the British, the French, the German , the American have. Our achievement, our worth, our talent was always negated and devised. Mahatma Gandhi's freedom movement was to rebuild our sense of self esteem. Even if you don't have gun. When you look at India and ask how best you can instil a sense of national pride, the bomb seems to be as good as answer as any. Chandan is not only Indian who regards the lest as a self assertion. The people thought that the test would lead to more respect for India and Indian. Dr.G.Padanambah, the Director of the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore writes:

The recent nuclear test explosions have created a tremendous euphoris in India. India has many, many problems, but we are tired of being depicted in the West as having negative qualities. Given this treatment, one clutches at any "victory" that makes one feel like an entity to be counted. (18) During interaction with the Defence Minister of India Ghosh said: 'Are you really completely comfortable with recent nuclear test?' He said: I have been opposed to the bomb test from 19th of July 1996. Lok Sabha was debating the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (C.T.B.T.) and had various meeting on this, various campaigned against the nuclear test in different universities were arranged. But I said that if today the five nation which have nuclear weapons tell us how to behave and what weapon we should have, then we should keep all our option open - every option. But that was implied...........I don't think many Indians care about the country, By Indian means those in highest places. If they cared they wouldn't have been looting the treasuries as they are and they wouldn't be allowing the crooks of the world to treat this country as a grazing ground. Some day we will sink and this is not anything to do with China or with Pakistan. (29) When Ghosh visited Kashmir he was interested to learn senior military officers view of the nuclear tests. Many military personal believes that India needs a nuclear deterrent, some feels that the test of 11May have resulted in certain security benefit for both India and Pakistan by bringing their secret nuclear programmes into the open. None of the general believed that nuclear weapon were harmful for mankind. 

Amitav Ghosh flew from New Delhi to Lahore, this was his first visit to Pakistan. Ghosh went to see Mr.J.A.Rahman, Director of the Human Rights Commission. He said 'In Pakistan we have never out of crisis', but this the worst it is ever been. He is sixty year old, a member of the generation that came of age before partition of the subcontinent. According to him both India and Pakistan have been losing ground decade after decade. We have wasted the years of Independence. Dr.Akmal Hussain, an industrialist and London trained economist. He explained about economic collapse in Pakistan. Pakistan had been living beyond it means for many years. The debts had reached a point where they were beginning to outpace the country's revenue. The government's entire budget spent on two items, debt servicing and
defence. In May when India carried out its nuclear test, Pakistan responded with its own test, there was a sudden choking in the lines of credit that had kept the economy alive. The currency losing a third of its value in a matter of a few weeks. Qazi Hussain Ahmed, the leader of the Jam'iat-e Islami, the principal religious party in Pakistan, says:

"We are not for nuclear weapons, we are ourselves in favour of disarmament. But we don't accept that five nations should have nuclear weapons and others shouldn't. We say, let the five also disarm. If those five want to keep their weapons, then we say others also have a right to do the same. In matters of science, technology and knowledge we cannot accept that any nation has a monopoly."

Asma Jahangir, Pakistan's leading human rights lawyer and a figure of legend among democratic activities everywhere. Her views about nuclear test in India seems Indian are merely running laps in a race of prestige in the contest of the Olympic Games. They believe that they and Pakistani counterparts are essentially in agreement on the nature of the game and the rules that regulate it. When Ghosh asked question to Asma 'do you feel that a nuclear was a possibility?' She said: anything is a possibility between India and Pakistan. Because our policies are irrational. Our decision making is ad hoc. We have been surrounded by disinformation about each other. We have a historical enmity. We have this whole emotionalism of Jihad against each other. On our part it is a lobby that will never accept the existence of Pakistan. We are fatalistic nation who believe that whatever has happened - famine, accidents, drought - it is the will of God. We cannot accept our catastrophe."

Dr. Durrssameen Ahmed, a Lahore psychologist, with many friends in India says:

'I see Pakistan as a male child trying to detach itself from its maternal matrix. India is the devouring mother trying to consume its own child. It's a mutual obsession between mother and son and psychology is full of it. If they don't let go they will destroy each other. It would seem that the possibility was there from the start, with Kashmir as a serpent in the paradise of independence. Nuclear war is not just likely, I would say there is a certain inevitability to it. Frankly I am terrified; terror is an understatement."

Both India and Pakistan have ballistic missiles. India's major nuclear weapons production, is thought to be concentrated in a single unit the Babha Atomic Research Centre in Bombay. Both the nations to destroy each other's production and storage capacities with in single strike. Several major cities in India and Pakistan are with a few hundred miles of each other, once launched missiles would take five minutes to reach their target.

M.V. Ramanna, a researcher in the Security Studies programme at MIT, had drafted a research paper on the internet. The paper analysis the possible effect of a nuclear strike on Bombay and New Delhi. The nuclear weapons that India and Pakistan currently possess are probably not greatly different, in destructive potential, from that were dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1947. According to Ramanna's calculation, the actual temperature would be well short of the theoretical limit of a hundred million degrees, it would reach only tens of million of degree. The fireball of 300,000 degrees would be enough to kill every living thing with several hundred feet of the point of explosion. Those caught in open ground would evaporate: those shielded by the buildings thick wall would be incinerated. South Block and North Block, like many of the ceremonial building in New Delhi are made of pink Rajasthan sandstone. In Hiroshima and Nagasaki granite surfaces and ceramic tiles were found burnt to ashes. The two Blocks would probably melt like a candlewax. Ramanna estimated that in the event of a fifteen kiloton nuclear explosion in Bombay the number of people would die, over a period of a few weeks would be between 150,000 to 800,000. In the event of similar explosion in the Pakistani cities of Karachi or Lahore, the figure would be roughly similar to that of Bombay.

Dr. Usha Srivastava, a member of a group called International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. She says the population of Delhi doubled over the last few decades. The total number of hospital bed in the city had increased slightly. She estimated that only six to seven thousand beds in the government run hospitals. These hospitals were already crowded with the patients three or four patients sometimes shared a single bed. The doctors treated several dozen patients in the course of an hour. New Delhi's major hospitals are located within a few miles of the city centre. They would not survive in the blast. In India there is only one hospital ward that specializes in burn injuries, and it can treat about two hundred patients at a time. This ward too would not survive in the blast. In the event of a nuclear explosion in New Delhi, Dr. Srivastava said: "The ones who will be alive will be jealous of the dead ones."

If a nuclear explosion takes places in India or Pakistan. There will be no food, no clean water and no prospect of medical care. Millions and Millions of people will begin to walk to reach safe places. Many will be nursing burns and other severe injuries. Epidemics will break out. The title Countdown indicates that the countdown of nuclear threat starting, which is dangerous for mankind.

Reference

R. Sankeer, C/o Shri Kannan Traders, Opp. United Bank of India, P.O. Jungliaghat, Port Blair -744101, P.O. Box No.502

India, Number One!

K. V. Dominate

Sixty percent of my countrymen declared in open place
Six hundred and twenty six million.
My country is number one in the world!

Dear my brothers and sisters abroad,
don't you see my country's growth?

Ninety seven percent of my country men have no access to clean drinking water.
Yet the government claims the country is fast growing!

True, growth is there in number of multi-millionaires
who are even less than two percent.
CV FOCUS

"Paradoxically Gandhian idea of human existence i.e. struggle for good cause, service for others, and creative work for the humanity has been reversed by the avowed followers of Gandhism. Now, ‘Struggle’ has to be for the amassing massive wealth by always remaining in the corridors of powers and for being a billionaire-crony-capitalist. “Service” for others has befallen with the neo-liberalization to its lowest ebb, hence, it starts from one’s home and ends in one’s house rendering human existence to be a “Self-fish” shuttling in the shallow waters of himself/herself."

- Editorial

Jagat + Guru
Conscientious / Awakened
Dispeller of Darkness
Teacher / Master of the World
(Misnomer)
The Teenager’s Nightmare

CHANDRAMONI NARAYANSWAMY

It is still afternoon, there is light
and many pedestrians traverse the road
yet there is a nameless fear
in Ranjana’s mind as she stands
waiting for the bus ten minutes late.

Suddenly from nowhere drives up a van
Three hefty youths like beasts alight
grab the girl and push her in
and drive away at lightning speed.
A napkin is stuffed into her mouth.
Her screams get struck in the throat.

The van driven at break-neck speed
halts near a lonely dilapidated shed
She is dumped there and pinned down
and raped by one after another.
She writhes in agony and nearly faints
sees one advancing with a plastic rope
murder writ large on his face.
She wakes up with a scream of terror.

Bathed in cold sweat she looks around
She is lying in her own bed
It was a dream after all
Yet may become real one day
He mother comes running, strokes her head
trying to comfort silently, asks no question
wipes her eyes, sighs in helplessness.
She understands, this happens very often.

To be abducted, raped and murdered
is the nightmare of every adolescent girl.
They envy the victims of female foeticide
who have spared this horrifying ordeal
worse than being ripped in the bud.
Ranjana stares at her mother tearfully
with an unspoken question in her eyes.
Why did you let me live, mother?

FESTIVAL OF DEATH

Malabika Mukerjee

A corpse right on the middle of the road!
The suburban by-pass!
A handful of follies, the usual roadside fuss!
Thank God, it’s not mine.
Here I’m returning safe and fine.

If possible, with the speed of light
wish to get away from the harrowing sight.
That lower middle class frenzy
should not obfuscate my expensive Suzuki.

My sweet home, creaseless dressing gown,
two casual pegs, cheers, your pretentious frown.
Your ornamental suree boarder not obedient,
pale cheek, supple waist, smiles faint.
I slip on the drive way, a cupful of intoxication.
And then like an old experienced batman
save myself from a handful of attack.

And then a violent shake, a sudden jerk,
Find myself again on that wretched by-pass
Oh! God! still lying there that corpse!

The crepel darkness of the dead face
My teacher father it resembles.
Scattered here and there treasure island
pieces of chalks, pencils, troops of sand.

I rub sweat from my forehead, cold, and lifeless.
Surrounding reverberates with military march of death
 Burning there in the crematorium, who inside?
The corpse and exhausted me just beside!!

Whirlpool

Dr. CM Rao

The end I know
I know, you, too, know it
of course, it certainly comes
but when and how
I am sure nobody knows
but meanwhile
before it comes
the self-centred many
in a chasing hurry
strut over the blood-strewn norms and values and ethics
and achieve their own ends.
Can they ever jump it or stop it
except hurling down their simple souls
voluntarily, even by force
into the deep whirlpool
of endless beginnings.
Panel for Literary Criticism

Research scholars may mail their articles to Dr. Poornam Dwivedi, co-editor for scrutinizing and editing as the literary criticism is to be approved by panel of co-editors. Please don't mind if your article is edited or shortened due to length and space.

- Editor

Contents

Contemporary Vibes  Vol. 9  Issue 35  April-June, 2014  Rs. 20

ON THE COVER: C.V. Focus - Editorial
Scan & Design: Asha Chaudhary

INSIDE THE COVER:
The Teenager's Nightmare - A poem
Festival of Death - A poem
Whitpool - A poem

Letters' Hive
- C. Narayanaswamy
- Malabika Mukerjee
- Dr. CM Rao

Editor's Desk
- P. K. Majumder

11 Struggles
Rainbow as Symbolism in Ntozake Shange's colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is Enuf - A Research Article
Arun Jost's The Foreigner: An existential study of Marns Freedom and Responsibility - A Research Article
Awakening of Memories - a poem
The Glass Palace - A Conscious Reflection of the Historiography of Burma - A Research Article
A Page of History - a poem
Post Colonial Identities: A study of South Asian Characters in Amitav Ghosh's novels - A Research Article
The Apparent and the Real - a poem

21 Feminine Fire
A Sparrow at the Windowsill: A Feministic Approach to Anita Nair's Ladies Couple - A Research Article
Arise from Slumber: Eternal Love - a poem
Kiranj Desai's The Inheritance of Loss: First Impressions - A Research Article

25 Essays
European and Indian Civilisations: Naipaul's Contradictions to Tagore's Ideas - An Essay
Diction - a poem
Chambal's 'This Promising Age': A Critical Analysis - An Essay
The Uppermost Ring - a poem
I Lean Deep Into My Own Fold - A Poem

- M. Kishore Kumar & G. Arpithavel Raja
- S. S. Dwivedi
- Dr. Kailash Ahluwalia
- Dr. R. Barathi
- Dr. Pashupati Jha
- R. Sankar
- Dr. S. C. Pande
- P. Saravana Kumar & Dr. D. Shanmugam
- Deeya Bhattacharyya
- Dr. Sadhana Sharma
- Dr. R. Bharathi
- Aju Mukhopadhyay
- P. Selvaraj
- Dr. Dalip K. Kherpal
- Y. Madan B Gandhi
- R. Bala R Gotur
Contents

Rhythmic Socialism in Anil K. Sharma's Verses - A Research Article
- Dr. Poonam Dwivedi
- Dr. J. S. Anand

Friends For Ever - A poem
- P. Gopi Chand & P. Naga Suseetha

Fathers In Dattani's Where There is a Will 'Dance Like a Man' - A Research Article
- Parah Siddiqui

The Unfulfilled Love - A poem
- Prof. Hazara Singh
- Prof. Hazara Singh
- Dr. Q.P. Arora

35 Express Yourself
Imperialism Collapses - A Research Article
- Anil K. Sharma

Subhas Chander Bose - Liberator of East - a poem
- Dr. J. Thagayaiah

The Masked Dragon - A Poem
- Dr. K. Nandy

Beyond the Threshold - A Poem
- Dr. Poonam Dwivedi

Seven Indian English Poets: An Analytical study - A Research Article
- G. S. Pratap

42 Book Review
An Untold Story of a Pebble
- Mamta Agarwal

Baking Bread - A Poem
- Ada Aharoni

You and I Can Change the World
- R. K. Gupta

Soulmates - A Poem
- Manohar Mouli

The Wheel Will Turn
- Sumita Nandy

Poetry - A Poem
- Nandini Sahu

Together - A Poem
- Chittaranjan Misra

Autobiography of A Sufi
- Dr. Shaleen K. Singh

The Sequence - A Poem
- Tejaswini Patil

Desirous Water
- Dr. T. Chakravarty

51 Historical Development of Thought in Indian English Literature
'Nehruvian Nativity' and Aftermath of Indian English Literature - A Research Article
- Anil K. Sharma
- Anil K. Sharma

57 Ceaseless Caravan of Indian English Authors

ON THE LAST COVER: My Big Fat Ego - a poem
- Anil K. Sharma

INSIDE THE LAST COVER: Magic Moments in March - a poem
- Dr. Biplob Majumdar

Attention!

Dear Research Scholars/ Subscribers,
We have discontinued the Annual Subscription of CV and only Life Subscription of Rs. 2000/- payable in favour of M's Trans Publications shall be in vogue for the times to come. You are, therefore, requested to send your Research Articles/subscriptions accompanied by Life Subscription only and not by Annual Subscription etc.

However, other contributors can continue sending their creative/critical/comments/letters/views without any subscription for acceptance as FREE FLOW OF THOUGHTS should continue...

Editor (Honey) C.V.

Dr. Shaleen K. Singh
Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi

Dept. of English, Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri College (Kolkata University), 30, Belghar, Prince Anwar Shah Road, Kolkata-33, West Bengal, Pin-700033, e-mail: sarangi@chaudhuri.edu

# Soi Niharika, Patuli Seni, Bubanber-243601
Post-Colonial Identities:
A Study of south Asian Characters in Amitav Ghosh's novels

R. SANKAR

Post-colonial literatures are a result of the interaction between imperial culture and the complex of indigenous culture practices. As a consequence, 'Post-Colonial theory' has existed for a long time before that particular name was used to describe it. Once colonized people had cause to reflect on and express the tension that ensued from this problematic and contested, but eventually vibrant and powerful mixture of imperial language and local experience, post-colonial theory came into being.

The term 'Post-colonial' is resonant with all the ambiguity and complexity of the many different cultural experiences it implicates all aspects of the colonial process from the beginning of colonial contact. Post-colonial critics and theorists should consider the full implications of restricting the meaning of the term to after-colonialism or after-independence. All post-colonial societies are still subject in one way or another to overt or subtle forms of neo-colonial domination, and independence has not solved this problem. The development of new elites within independence societies, often buttressed by neo-colonial institutions, the development of internal divisions based on racial, linguistic or religious discriminations, the continuing unequal treatment of indigenous people in settler invader societies—all these testify to the fact that post-colonialism is a continuing process of resistance and reconstruction. This does not imply that post-colonial practise is seamless and homogenous but indicates the impossibility of dealing with any part of the colonial process without considering its antecedents and consequences.

Post-colonial theory involves discussion about experience of various kinds: migration, slavery, suppression, resistance, representation, difference, race, gender, place, and responses to the influential master discourses of imperial Europe such as history, philosophy and linguistics, and the fundamental experience of speaking and writing by which all these come into being.

The opening scene of Amitav Ghosh's The Glass Palace also introduces us to a question that is repeated throughout this momentous epic narrative, the question authority and, in particular, the authority to interpret new signs as they appear on the constantly changing landscape of colonized territory. Questions of economic, artistic, cultural and national authority emerge in the novel's portrayal of two families over three generations, pushed apart and pulled together by the forces of capitalism. Colonialism and insurgency movement. It is Ghosh's particular talent to interlace these questions with telling of his characters live and to use them to probe deeply into the intricate nature of colonialism as it is lived on a daily level and as its legacy is transmitted over time.

The Glass Palace is about geographical entities, space, distance and time. Many stories have been woven together. There are many characters. It is a saga of many families, their lives and their connection with each other. The Glass Palace is the story of an Indian orphan Rajkumar. Who is transported to Burma by accident. Rajkumar the boy who is eleven years old is remarkable for his exploring spirit, keen perception and his ability to take calculated risks. He works in tea stall of a matronly lady Ma Cho. He loves exaggerating his age just to feel like an audit. He is established as bold, and remarkable. Once Rajkumar lands in Mandalay, his life long search for places and people begins. He is taken in by the city.

When the fort's full immensity revealed itself, Rajkumar came to a halt in the middle of the road. The citadel was a miracle to behold, with its mile-long walls and its immense moat. Thecrenelated ramparts were almost three storeys high, but of a soaring lightness, red in colour, and topped by ornamental gateways with seven tried roof. Long straight roads radiated outwards from the walls, forming a neat geometrical grid. So intriguing was the ordered pattern of these streets that Rajkumar wandered far afield, exploring. (5)

At Mandalay he is helping Ma Cho to run dbah just outside the royal palace. He gets curious about the fort, therefore he asked Ma Cho regarding the fort and Ma Cho had seen the fort's part inside and she says:

'It's very large, much large than it looks. It's city in itself, with long roads and canals gardens. First you come to the house of officials and noblemen. And then you find yourself in front of a stockade, made of hung teakwood posts. Beyond lie the apartments of the Royal Family and their servants hundreds and hundreds of rooms, with gilded pillars and polished floors. And right at the centre there is a vast hall that is like great shaft of light, with shining crystal walls and mirrored ceiling. People call it 'The Glass Palace.'

At the outset of the novel readers are given a brief glimpse of the palace through the awe-struck eyes of an eleven year old Urchin as it was being sacked and plundered by the local people before the British takeover. The Glass Palace is Symbolic of power as well as fragility of imperialism.

Dolly's son Dinu, one of the survivors in this vast of interwoven families runs a modest photo studio The Glass Palace where young people stilled by the military dictatorship of present day Burma, gather to open their minds to discuss books, pictures and ideas. Needless to say that the symbolism of the title is not laboured. Without making an added effort.

In the 19th century, Britain was expanding its commercial interests, especially in its colonies. India in particular had become not just a continent to exploit and rule, but a source of raw labour and military muscle machine humming. With the end of slavery in the empire in 1833, Thousands of poor, willing Indian workers were recruited fort work in Burma, Fiji, the Caribbean and Africa on plantation, in docks, mills and railroads, while others were conscripted in The Glass Place calls a 'Vast garrison'.

This is the complicated backdrop from Ghosh's novel, which centres on the fascinating story of Indians in Burma, by the late 19th century, there was a sizable Indian community in Burma; many were recruited to fill the lowly positions, others, such as Rajkumar, came to prosper as merchants in the growing economy.
In the 20th century, as India’s independence movement gained strength, and England and Japan faced off in East Asia, these overseas Indians stood at a particularly agonizing crossroads, which tested their sense of national identity. Tragically, the idyll of Indian families in Burma ended in 1942, during the Japanese invasion, when the thousand were forced to flee by foot through jungle and mountains back to India.

Rajkumar is the quintessential opportunist, in the best sense of the word. He makes his first money recruiting in indentured workers in India, then builds up a teak export business in the hills of Burma. Through Rajkumar we can observe the wheels in the British commerce transforming the subcontinent and its other colonies into a vast network of trading and exploitation. And through this book aims at a deep critique of empire, Ghosh does not have so narrow an agenda as to simply bash the imperial masters. After all, in the new colonial system, someone like Rajkumar is not stuck in his born station in 1862, but given a greater chance to succeed on his own initiative. Instead, through the novel’s characters, Ghosh shows the subtle questions of allegiance that come to torment them all.

The initial impulse for a colonial enterprise, as is well known, is often commercial leading to the establishment of a trading post or some such outfit. Thus, it is the Burmese teak and the Malay rubber that spur the British colonial drive. With a prescience beyond his years, the seven year old Mathew reports to his unbelieving friend Rajkumar what his father, Saya John, has told him, namely, that the English:

What all the teak in Burma. The King won’t let them have it so they’re going to do away with him. (15)

India makes a fortune out of indenturing them in Burma, Rajkumar and Saya John both aliens, settle into teak trade and later into rubber trade while the only glimpse one has of the local populace in the novel. Indians not only make money in the process but also provide the British with an active workforce to systematically rob Burma of its natural resources. The Indian in the administrative service as representative of the British play their role in humilitating the Burmese royally.

The third dimension is the exodus of Indians from Burma in 1941-42, the rise of Burmese nationalism with General Aung San and its abrupt end with his assassination in 1947. This was followed by independence in 1948, which only led to more confusion, civil war and finally the coup that led General Ne Win to power and Burma to decades of internal oppression and external oblivion. Under the pretext of defending Burma, against neo-colonialism and foreign aggression a re-colonization of Burma took place at its own people who had stepped into their colonizer’s shoes.

More significantly, the novel dwells on the larger question of the formation of national conscience. This question not only knits the innumerable strands of the story together, but metamorphoses an otherwise melodramatic story into a profound tale of three nations caught in a period of turmoil.

The novel quite obviously reflects on the situation in the former colonies from the point of view of colonized. In a sense, it is about the deconstruction of the history of the nations and reformation of the same. Speaking about his work in an interview, Amitav Ghosh said: “My fiction has always been about places that are the states in the process of coming undone or communities coming undone or remaking themselves in many ways”. (Outlook,

August 19, 2002).

Works Cited:

R.Sasikar, Assistant Professor in English, Dr. B.R. Ambedkar Institute of Tech., Port Blair, Andaman & Nicobar Islands.

The Apparent and the Real
Dr. S.C. Pande
I have heard physicists
Experimenting with spectrum
I have seen shades in Kaleidoscope
But never did come
Alive the rainbow
Against the backdrop
Of azure sky
Rising fantastically
From yonder valleys
Skipping over
Now the house-tops
Then the horizon
Fading afar
Ilusion sans allusion
The shadow of the light
By the night on the lake
And the day long fog
An owning to landscape
The chinor trees
Across the Mall
Siding swiftly
To appear then disappear
By the night
Teeming down
The lamp posts
A perennial re-creation
The apparent or the real.