**Conclusion**

Rushdie is a multidimensional character. He is a novelist, a journalist, an essayist and sometime a critic too. The most interesting fact is that he remained quite successful in every field he entered. Rushdie is a deep-reaching novelist and has squarely set himself in the great linguistic Mainstream. Consequently, it was unanimously decided that the big shift in Indian Writing in English, post independence-era, came with Rushdie's Midnight's Children because he established what had remained since then "the most distinctive pattern for the Indian novel, the family chronicle that is also a history of the nation, a distorted autobiography that embodies in an equally distorted form, the political life of India."

Rushdie's style is Sharp, brassy, polished, lapidary, nervous and vivid in turns. His skill lies in his ability to describe experience in a peculiar idiom so that the texture of the experience comes through. He can articulate the philosophical moral complexities of human life without losing that life itself. One gets an extraordinary sense of the infinite ramifications of human life, its unpredictableness, its inconclusiveness in Rushdie's
novels. Rushdie is much like his book - wide ranging and insightful; full of asides, anecdotes and clever.

In Rushdie's novels, the main thrust is on the life of the individual, on Myriad inner impressions, passing fancies and fleeting thoughts, together with his razor-like sharp awareness of the futility of existence. In Salman Rushdie's concept of novels, form, pattern, rhythm, perspective or the singleness of vision are of utmost value. The most prominent feature of Rushdie's fictional art is the delineation of character. He does something unique by portraying each of his individuals as an unsolved mystery.

Irony, humour, parody, satire and comic view of the world are the most important ingredients of Rushdie's art. Rushdie presents a realistic taste of Modern Indian life with a distinct fabular element. It is this spectacular variety that enthralls the global audience. His keen insight and acute observation, his ability to penetrate beyond the Mist are indubitably his assets, but his most important contribution is the exploration of unconventional theme, sparing neither the mythological prophets nor the historical, high profiles.

After this much of analysis of Rushdie's work, I
would say that Rushdie is one of the finest writers in Anglo-Indian literary scene after independence. He has given a new dimension and definition to the literature. He is unique in every aspect, whether it is his narrative technique, art of showing and telling, making the incidents lively to come into the scene. And so, he is being hailed as a major novelist. Apart from it all, to read him is to be instantly charmed by him.

Salman Rushdie is a good writer. No, that won't do. An excellent writer. But I must be more precise. An excellent storyteller. Oh, spell it out, spell it out : Salman Rushdie is a master of story creation.

Midnight's Children is not a masterpiece, but it is a typical reflection of a master story creator. Not a storyteller - a story creator, for that is what Rushdie excels at. Surely Rushdie labored over each chapter, each paragraph, yes, even each line, to create a labyrinth of themes, a plethora of allusions, a pickle-factory of twists and turns. Midnight's Children is not a masterpiece because its creator did just that : masterfully create a story.

(I see doubt on Padma's face. "Doesn't everyone like Salman Rushdie ?" she cries. "Except of course for... It was
a so so good story. Mister, what are you saying?)

And I, of course, must agree. Midnight's Children is a good story, but that brings us back to definitions and to meanings. Semantics is indeed its undoing. "Story" has many meanings and in this case it means a creation. A fabrication of sorts. A better story one could not ask for. But, outside of its masterful montage of events, where is its meaning?

(Padma is frowning again, so I must make myself clear.)

Midnight's Children is indeed full of meanings and symbols. Symbols cut out of a perforated, blood-stained sheet. A sheet through which Aadam Aziz examined the patient which would one day be his wife. A sheet which would one day be used as a Hallowe'en costume of a ghost, the symbol of walking death. A sheet that can even hide truth, as the sheet which cloaked the Brass Monkey, alias the Voice of Pakistan, a beautiful voice that did not speak of inner realities. A sheet stained in blood - is Rushdie symbolizing the nations of India (nations, for there are three, not one) that were bloodily cut out of a large, blanketing empire?

But it is (and I realize that I seem to be contradicting myself here, but bear with me) exactly Rushdie's technique that
provides the only detraction from the book's perfection. The story was planned. Created. The fact that Shiva was named Shiva was no coincidence. That Parvati-the-witch was named Parvati. And that their offspring had the ears of an elephant, a human Ganesh. This is all transparent to anyone of even a cursory background of Hinduism.

...while I finish what I was trying to say. Rushdie can take any sentence, any word, and dive into its definition, constructing links, making analogies, playing with meanings. Even hints of Mohammed and Jibreen in this work (192). (The story of the theft of the hair of the prophet (333), by the way, occurs in other of his works, East, West, for example.) "Rann of Kuchh" and "Rani of Kutch Nahi." Kutch Nahi means "nothing," and if one were to examine this closer, one could find a multitude of meanings below the surface, I'm sure.

Rushdie knows his stuff. He knows how the name, Allah, was created (350). He's quite correct when he notes the "futility of statistics" when referring to the ten million refugees who fled from East-Pakistan to India in 1971: "like all numbers larger than one thousand... (ten million) refuses to be understood" (427). He knows his number, all right: 420 (immortalized
by the Hindi films, "Sri 420" and the Russian shoes that show up later in Satanic Verses) is associated with "fraud, deception, and trickery" (325); Hindu legal codes will back him up.

Rushdie masterfully has every number and statistic in place - in place and ready, a skeleton ready for a body, and Rushdie readily provides the body. The allusions and plays on words are everywhere - Rushdie isn't content to leave out any of his clever contrivances, nothing that the chapter "Alpha and Omega" could have also been named, "Thicker Than Water" (270). With the skeleton of facts and the flesh of clever circumstances, Rushdie is still not content - he must also provide the interpretation, and suddenly "Alpha and Omega" suddenly means more than the first and the last letters of the Greek alphabet, coming in the middle of the story, but it stands for two types of blood, A and O, which revealed that Saleem was not the true child of his father, and blood was what rushed to Amina's cheeks -Rushdie spells it out for you. But Rushdie, master that he is, has constructed more meanings than even he himself explains, for surely he was well aware that He whom the Christian faith believes to be the Savior, the "Alpha and Omega," was similarly (in certain New Testament books, anyway) revealed to be not of his earthly father, just as Rushdie's Saleem
fell a divine calling to be the Savior of his homeland.

The fact is that Rushdie, with all his facts, statistics, all his clever plots and complex allusions, his magnificent imagery, has fashioned an excellent story. But this story—that-has-been-fashioned is left somewhat (OK, Padma, just a wee bit) cold and impersonal. Something almost too unreal, something that is too much of a creation to come alive and actually be touched.

_Midnight's Children_ is a story that makes excellent reading. It's classic Rushdie that's what makes it excellent. But it's that excellency— that Rushdie ability to create-a-perfect-story—is what keeps it from perfection.

Though written by a Muslim and concerned at considerable length with the militant (and militaristic) Muslim state of Pakistan, _Midnight's Children_ impressed me as profoundly Hindu in its sensibility. Confronted by a novel of such size, complexity, and originality, the reviewer gropes about for analogies. The riot of gods and goddesses, hooded cobras, flying nymphs, multi-headed demons, garlanded bulls, elephants, monkeys, and capulating couples point to an aesthetic that, like the religion underlying it, is based upon a principle of maximum
inclusion. Beside such a teeming world-mountain, even the most intricately arabesqued mosque appears nearly as chaste and symmetrical as the Parthenon.

The opening section, occupying over a hundred tightly printed pages, is not only densely populated but contains sufficient action, both realistic and fantastic, to stock half a dozen contemporary novels of the short, well-made variety.

By isolating the particular clustering of figures, events, and themes, I have perforce neglected scores of others. Bombay movie stars, millionaire boy gurus, snake-charmers, soothsayers, sadhus, pop singers (Saleem's sister becomes one), purposefully deformed beggars, contortionists, extortionists, merchants, magicians, and servants - there is room on the Indian world-mountain for all of these and more. The episodes in which they appear - some of them consisting of hardly more than a paragraph - are wonderfully brought to life, often charming, often shocking. One must not underestimate the novel's playfulness, its absurdities, its highjinks - elements that continuously undercut the despair of its political vision. This playfulness extends to the literary echoes from the West - to the preoccupation with nose-size (blatantly, a phallic "displacement")
from Tristram Shandy, to the excremental and olfactory exuberance of Rabelais, to Forster's Dr. Aziz, and to Proust's Madeleine, which, in Midnight's Children, is transmogrified into a certain grasshopper-green chutney that serves as a key to the realms of lost time.

As must be clear by now, no one should pick up Midnight's Children in the expectation of a rousing good story, Western-style. Whatever larger narrative movement it possesses is constantly impeded, dammed up, clogged. The novel's momentum is supplied not by sustained action but by style - a style that seems almost miraculous in its range and adaptive capacities. Saleem's voice incorporates many voices, ranging from the babu-English of Padma ("Oh, mister, what to say? Everything is my own poor fault!") to the "bloody-good-show" slang of the generals; in its own right it is prolix, vivacious, allusive, and highly literate, capable of many shadings and of both subtle and abrupt shiftings of tone.

Earlier reviewers have noted the affinities of Midnight's Children not only to Tristram shandy but to The Tin Drum and One Hundred Years of Solitude; in its endless correspondence, in the elaboration of its images into a web of
interconnected symbols, Rushdie's novel also suggests Jony Barth's Letters.

Overall, its an ultimate novel with an extraordinary sense of humour and one of the most important books in the English speaking world of this generation.

Due to the uniqueness, his novels bagged many prestigious award. In 1981, Midnight's Children not only won the Booker Mc Connell Award, but also James Tait Black Memorial Prize and the English speaking union literary Award. After the Publication of Midnight's Children, within no time the British and American critics as well as the media appropriated him to the bangwagon of post modernism and postcolonialism. Rushdie has actually conjured up a striking new genre by mixing freeflight fairy-tale with savage political indictment. Emulating the ancient masters of the art of personal vengeance, he excels at creating the grotesque on such overwhelming scale as to reduce the object of his dislike into ridiculous. His political antagonism to the unfortunate shape that freedom took in the Indian subcontinent of his birth, making him and his family unwilling victims and the despicable developments of the two nations that followed, have been transformed into miserable laughing stocks by
this curious medium of attack through a fictional family story interwined with dismal political history in a comic strain in Midnight's Children. This strikes a reader as the most abvious aspect of his unparalleled charm.

Since he is a post colonial and post modernist writer, his style is utterly different and outstanding. And for this reason itself, on the occasion of 50th year of independence it was Rushdie, not any other Indian writer who got invited by the New York Times to write about India and Indian literature. That Rushdie, in his article made the preposterous claim that creative writing in India was only in English and not in any regional languages only expected. It is this aspect of the Rushdie Phenomenon - a sort of literary Darwinism that one find so alarming.

Salaman Rushdie's novels are quite fascinating and founds the readers at once. He transforms a simple story into a fictional tale so artistically that a reader won't remain uncharmed by the story.

Irrigated by the twin fountains of fantasy and prophecy, the greater flowering of Rushdie's genius is witnessed in winding purely magical episodes of the grotesque from which
even malice is snuffed off in refinement - products of absurd, existential vision short of all philosophy. Midnight's Children, the earlier and larger book, built on a grander epic scale offers more of these.

His picturisation of each and every, big or small incident is so touching that the whole scene seems to be happening infront of the reader's eyes. And whatever may be controversial about Rushdie, he is undoubtedly among the immortals of the art of Parody. His par-excellence can be seen in the art of historography and individuality and fantasy and narrative technique too.

Salman Rushdie is well-versed in English Literature, and has made Masterly use of reverberating literary allusions by way of parody in his novels. Rushdie has brought into his writing the first look emerging from new language rythms, exploiting to great advantage.

To conclude, it has to be admitted that despite some weakness, Rushdie has been experimenting with new forms and new techniques. His works on the whole have life and substance, and present a convincing picture of human existance. His writing style is incredibly dense and rich.