Chapter IV

From Death in Life to Life in Death

Sunrise in Fiji
Sunrise in Fiji is the most complex of all Nahal's novels. It brings into focus the alienated individual in a supposedly developing country. In a way it focuses on modern India. In Sunrise in Fiji, as K. Venkata Reddy observes,

Nahal succeeds well in his attempt to drive home to us the need to achieve a synthesis and reconciliation of the modern, materialistic civilization, given to the business of making money and building up one's career, and the spiritual way of life. Modern civilization, symbolizing railways, telegraphs, ships, cars, aeroplanes, radios and television, caters to the body, the external rather than to the internal in man. But, a spiritual way of life – self-abnegation, nonviolence and contentment – is concerned with the soul or the spirit, rather with the internal than with the external in man. Only a synthesis of the materialistic and spiritualistic ways of life can make man really happy.

Quoting Viney Kirpal, Venkata Reddy states, "This is proved in the novel through the life and death of Harivansh, whose restlessness and agitation 'continue till he recovers contact with the spiritual elements of life.'"

In terms of structure, the novel is constructed as a narrative by a succession of loosely connected incidents rather than by an integrated plot. Chaman Nahal has selected the most appropriate type of narrative, the
episodic, to make Harivansh analyze his own thoughts and deeds. All the episodes in the novel can be put under three heads: self-alienation, self-analysis, and self-realization.

The novel is about both the individual and society. Through the life of Harivansh, *Sunrise in Fiji* traces the growing materialism in society and the gradual spiritual impoverishment. Harivansh Batra, the protagonist, is a successful architect and builder. He is unsentimental, rationalistic and secular, and is not bothered about the "metaphysical dung" and "religious shit" (82) embodied in Indian philosophy. The novel explores the inner working of the mind of this unusually successful man. He apparently appears as one who has everything that one can possibly hope for. Yet, in his own view, he has been doing nothing but playing "games of being bored" (80). He lives in a desensitized world. He seems to have become a misanthrope when he refers to his fellow human beings as "the stinking humanity" (22). It is from this deceptive world that Harivansh decides to run away in search of the elusive truth. Feeling emotionally exhausted, he plans a visit to Fiji in order to introspect and redefine his goals of life. He plans his journey in such a way that it helps him find out if there is nothing in human life beyond the body (23) and to apprehend what is there at the end of the line (27). Thus the novel probes into the complexities of the elusive truth and of human existence.
Though Harivansh has built many houses, he has not been able to build a home for himself: "He had built hundreds upon hundreds of homes but why had his own home remained unfinished, why had his own life brought him no peace?" (19). For him even marriage is coming together of two bodies devoid of any heartfelt emotions. Marriage is only for physical pleasure and not for a sense of emotional fulfilment. All through his forty-five years of life, he has always given importance to the body and the mind and never to the heart. All these years life has been a meaningless routine for him:

Turning thirty. Turing forty. Turning forty five. The New Year resolutions that he had made in his life – and broken.
The New Year Decade resolutions! He would soon be at the start of another decade and he loathed to think of having to make up yet another set of homilies. Exercise every day. Give alms to the poor. Eat less sweets. That kind of nonsense. (1)

The story of Harivansh raises a question and answers it. The question is about human happiness and why – in spite of all the physical comforts provided by modern consumer societies, which fulfil all bodily needs and wants – man still remains lonely and unhappy. Lack of mental peace makes his life miserable. However, in the case of Harivansh, a
critical analysis of his life helps him change from a stark materialist to a man of sympathy and understanding.

Harivansh comes from a small town, Sonipat, in Punjab. He travels widely on business trips abroad, has achieved success and wealth, and considers himself perfectly integrated into the sophisticated modern world. However, he leads an uncomfortable life as he is uprooted from the past and at the same time not comfortably integrated into the present. He is an incomplete man and a sense of failure surrounds him. It is towards the end of the novel that he realizes the truth of life and thus, we can say, his journey is from ennui to a sense of accomplishment.

In an interview to Sudhakar Ratnakar Jamkhandi, Chaman Nahal says that the theme of *Sunrise in Fiji* is loneliness. He says that the novel suggests “the jump you make into the unknown when you go to a new country.” An interesting point to note here is that Harivansh Batra does not suffer loneliness only in Fiji. In fact, he goes to Fiji to find out the reason for his sense of loneliness. This view is supported by Nahal himself when he says that one of the major themes in his novels is “the theme of individual pride, individual integrity, individual loneliness, and individual sorrow.” (emphasis added). Harivansh, though he finds himself many times in a sea of humanity, cannot escape from his loneliness because he has built walls around him and neither does he try to break the walls nor does he allow anyone else to do so. It is only towards the end of the novel
that Harivansh realizes the importance of friendship, which makes one break the shackles of loneliness and develop a heart-to-heart relationship.

*Sunrise in Fiji* comprises eleven chapters, each with an appropriate title. The novel also has an epigraph, a passage from a poem by Chaman Nahal’s daughter, Anita Nahal Arya:

Stares a crowd of eyes

At a single beam,

An orange spot of hope

In an ocean of fury.

The four lines sum up the theme of the novel: people trying to find the truth about life, to lead life not as robots but as true human beings. The passage also suggests that if one is eager to know the truth, and if one makes an earnest effort to find it, one can certainly find a ray of hope which leads to fulfilment.

Chapter I, “Today and Tomorrow,” begins abruptly with the sentence “The prayers came only afterwards” (1). The narrative swings between the past and the present and thus reveals to us the various episodes in the life of Harivansh Batra. In fact, the past and the present are so intertwined that each merges into the other. The various events in his life are critically analyzed by the protagonist, so that he can find what is in store for him after travelling through the dark tunnel. As he himself says,
The very idea of the journey was to be done with the passions of the world. How long could one go on with those passions? He had had more than his share of them in the forty-five years he had spent on this earth. Not of the body alone, but of the mind too. Jealousy, hatred, envy, fear. When he decided to go to Fiji to land a building contract, he was well near the end of his tether...above all there was this pressure on his mind – of how well or badly he had lived his life. (1)

At the very beginning of the novel, we are told, although indirectly, that Harivansh has lived a mechanical life; in fact it was mere existing and not living:

Harivansh had travelled extensively. All his trips were business trips, to attract foreign investment or to collaborate with a foreign builder in a local project. He disembarked, went through immigration, checked in at a hotel, met his counterparts, played the usual game of dining and wining with them, succeeded in contracting the deal or did not succeed, and was flying back home. He visited no art galleries, saw no plays or movies, paid only scant attention to the local architecture – something that was in the direct line of his profession. (1-2)
This aspect of his character is reaffirmed in the description about his reaction to the field of study chosen by Pratibha:

....the department of English, Harivansh absolutely loathed these literary types. Whereas the need of the hour was action – in a poor country like ours. Men like Bhabha and Sarabhai. No Tagores. Oh, God, for God’s sake, for your own bloody sake, give us no more Tagores. At least for the next one hundred years. (3)

However, though Harivansh refuses to be emotional, there is still place for emotions in his heart which ultimately surface towards the end of the novel. This is amply proved when Harivansh received the news of Pratibha’s marriage. Though his reactions show signs of self-pity, it is a sense of regret that Harivansh felt at losing Pratibha:

Harivansh lost the ground under his feet. Did he really expect Pratibha to pass her days in grief, weeping over a cynic of bastard? The letters she had written him for the first couple of years! Imploring, beseeching, begging. And the fucking bastard that he was, he had not even replied to her, staying smug in his…. (4)

It is to analyze his deeds and misdeeds that Harivansh chose Fiji as venue, “to what use had he put these days? What had he made of the time that was at his disposal?” (11). An interesting point is that Harivansh chose
to travel against time, from West to East, which is also symbolic of his
going back to his past in order to judge himself, a man of forty-five years,
in the present: “Go to see not how well you stand in the eyes of others but
in your own eyes. You were given a great gift – the gift of life. What have
you made of the gift?” (11). The entire novel, thus, probes into the
complexities of human existence – the narrative moving back and forth
simultaneously, encompassing in its range the interrelated social, religious,
and cultural milieu of India, Sri Lanka, Australia, and Fiji without losing
sight of their materialism and the resulting ethos.

There is reference to death through the obituary notes in the
newspapers. Maybe Harivansh has a premonition of the approaching death
which also makes him more critical about the life he has led. Yet the irony
is that he has not extricated himself from the clutches of his mechanical
life. He calculates life not in terms of the events but in terms of the clock
hours. On his flight to Fiji, he “calculates” his life:

Soon during the course of his journey to Fiji, he would be
forty five. Multiply 45 by 365. Harivansh looked at the
lighted panel of the calculator. 16425. Deduct the first three
years when he might have been mostly sleeping, unaware of
the separation of day from night. Three into 365 was 1095.
Subtract 1095 from 16436. That leaves you with 15341. (10)
His busy schedule never allowed him to go beyond his calculations and enjoy the beauty of life. Lost in the world of calculations, Harivansh did not know all these days what he had made of the time that was at his disposal. However, now that he has decided to know what use he has put all these days to, he decides to do nothing else except spend time for himself and not for his business:

A day of reckoning was to come, said most religions he knew of. Why not do the reckoning yourself? Yes, go on this trip to Fiji but do not rush. Forget, forget altogether, that this is a business trip. Go to do the reckoning...and as Harivansh planned his itinerary, he did what he had done on none of his earlier trips; he decided on stopovers, stopovers unconnected with his business. Then alone could he think clearly. He never believed in leisure; he believed in accomplishment. This time leisure was prerequisite of that accomplishment, to make a clear reckoning of himself. (11)

Chapter II, "Enclosed Spaces," reflects the life Harivansh has led all these years and the life he wants to come out of. As the title of the chapter suggests, Harivansh lived in enclosed spaces, as metaphorical as they were real. He is so fed up with life in enclosed spaces that he seems to have developed a hatred for them: “He had built so many rooms, slept, quarreled, intrigued in so many of them, he had lost respect for
them...what dens of villainies they were, these rooms” (12). When he gets down at Bombay on his way to Fiji and starts searching for a boarding house, Harivansh recollects the experience he had with a prostitute in New York. His feeling of suffocation had a relief when he spent time with her in a park: “In an instant Harivansh understood her. She was his true comrade in arms, this girl he had made love to; she was as nauseated by what went on behind closed doors as he” (13). Through these two passages, the novel seems to suggest the difference between closed minds and open hearts through the symbols of the room and the park respectively.

Another event which shows that Harivansh has been trying to go back to the innocent years of his childhood is when he remembers that as a child he used to wash his clothes. He thinks, “....was not life really simple, if one wanted to keep it simple?...yes, life was simple if one wanted it that way. Why had it become so complicated for him, then?” (15). However, Harivansh has not yet come out of the pull of his mind. When he sees a fair on the beach, he becomes a philosopher for a moment but immediately withdraws into his shell: “The world itself was a fair, Harivansh wanted to tell himself. Instead he said, don’t be sentimental, go and eat” (16). Even in choosing a restaurant, “...he went into the restaurant that his mind had chosen for him” (16). This clearly shows how Harivansh has always been guided by his mind not his heart. However,
that the process of searching for the truth has begun in Harivansh is brought to our notice through his thoughts in the restaurant:

He had told himself clearly enough, Harivansh Batra, no lying while you do the reckoning, no hiding behind euphemism. You have to put your hand upon your heart and speak the truth. In the kind of language that truth demands. No masks, no disguises, for once look at yourself as you really are. (19)

The next stop in Harivansh’s journey to the truth is Colombo. We notice that a feeling of nausea towards the physical pleasures of life is growing strong in him: “Wasn’t there anything else in human life beyond the body?” (23) he asks himself. The following passage shows the realization taking place in him about the difference between an artificial life and a life close to Nature:

... he saw something more imposing than all those structures: the mighty Indian Ocean.... With a soft sound the surf hit the shore and the black sea threw up a gush of cold, wet breeze that came wafting up the esplanade. At Juhu, the people were assembled to escape the city .... Here everyone was with an offering. ... as though saying, ‘Thank you for being there.’ (23-24)

The sandal incident that takes place in this chapter has great significance in terms of the plot of the novel and also plots of almost all
novels of Chaman Nahal. Compatibility, according to Nahal, is the cornerstone of any relationship, especially husband-wife relationship.

While Harivansh is walking along the beach, he finds an abandoned sandal, almost new and of a good brand. Picking it up by the strap, he walks around for a long time looking for the boy who has lost his sandal. Suddenly he chances upon him standing under the electric light:

... a barefoot child of may be six, wearing a half-sleeved shirt and knickers and holding up a sandal by the strap! He was a thin, lively child, with his hair perfectly parted on one side. And he was saying to Harivansh: ‘That’s my sandal, sir.’

Harivansh was so astonished, he lost his speech. He thought it was a futile search which eventually would have to be given up. Quietly he handed the sandal to the boy, who put both of them on and stood facing him, smiling softly. (25)

Some critics feel that this is a supernatural experience: “There is a postscript to this experience. The child collects his sandal and disappears. It is then that Harivansh realizes it was not a real child at all. The supernatural experience proves to have the value of self-confirmation for him. He knows now that he shall be able to realize his objective if he tries hard enough.”

However the point here is not whether it is a real or a supernatural experience, but the focus the incident throws on one of the
major themes of the novel, man-woman relationship: "The two halves always met and matched, if one made a real effort" (28).

Harivansh Batra represents another characteristic of modern man, absence of innocence and fascination for nothing. However, "As a child, Harivansh had an enormous fascination for the occult. He believed in all the gods and goddesses and was only too willing to be terrified by their anger or soothed by their love" (29). It is this loss of innocence that has made the modern world a waste land. Harivansh wants to escape from this waste land to a land of innocence, and that is why he undertakes a journey towards the eastern horizon, which signifies rebirth, resurrection. And Harivansh knows that if one wants to achieve self-realization, one has to seek it in one's own way. This view is confirmed by the Buddhist monk who tells Harivansh, "You must seek your salvation by yourself" (39).

The basic question that the novel seems to ask is, "What is the reason for the loss of a person's identity as an individual?" For Harivansh both the family and society seem to have a strong influence on the growth of a person as an individual. As he recollects, his family, his father and sisters, never gave him the freedom to be himself. He feels that while his family tried to stunt his growth, "this Bombay and this England had totally ruined his character" (54). However, "The idea that he had deliberately fabricated unhappiness for himself persisted with him. No, they were all good people, his father, his mother, his sisters. Only he had read meanings
into their harmless gestures, and driven himself into a state” (80). The point to note here is that Harivansh’s interpretation of his family’s attitude towards him, not their true intentions, had an impact on his life.

Harivansh became a victim of circumstances in that he lost his identity as he was influenced by a society that gives greater importance to physical pleasures than spiritual growth: “He wanted to be free, he wanted to soar high in the sky. And the desires of the body always dragged him down” (48). Even in his relationship with Pratibha he was not sure of what he really wanted. He always considered marriage a trap and believed that love and marriage are different:

‘Don’t you want me?’ Pratibha said, opening her eyes.

‘Yes, very much.’

‘Why don’t you then?’

‘I love you, Pratibha.’

‘Well, have me then.’

‘No. I can’t marry you.’

‘Have me all the same.’

‘No.’

She regarded him with bemused eyes.

‘Afraid of being trapped?’

‘Yes.’ (75)
The next stopover in his journey to Fiji is Sydney. As mentioned earlier, the process of self-analysis has begun. In Sydney he gets an opportunity to compare his sense of loneliness and boredom with that of people who come from a so-called affluent and advanced society. Harivansh's concern for the lonely man in Sydney, who is “holed up” in a hotel room, is but a reflection of his own empty life. It projects his awareness of the futility of his own life, a life bereft of its early joys, a life which is nothing but “a meaningless negation” (86) for him. When he sees the man dying of loneliness, “The truth of his own empty life stood up before him like a bared saber, ready to stab him. He himself had nothing but played games of being bored, games of being lonely, while he rolled in plenty” (80). The following passage reiterates his sense of loneliness and boredom:

He did not quite know what he wanted, but there was an ache in him, a call, a pain which twisted and tortured him all along, especially in the night. Rationalize it and you might say it was an ache for love. Rationalize it and you might say it was an ache for success. Rationalize it and you might say it was an ache for the unknown. (78)

When Harivansh talks about loneliness, it is not so much physical loneliness as metaphorical loneliness. Whether he is alone or with people,
his sense of loneliness never leaves him. The only positive factor about
being with people is that it makes him not think of his guilts:

...Harivansh wanted to have no truck with people, he wanted
to be by himself. And yet he hated being alone as well.

Chasm after chasm would start opening before him the instant
he was alone. Half the night, he lay on bed suffering these
chasms. They revealed to him only his guilts, only the regrets
that he had accumulated along the line. And being with
people saved him from those chasms. Being with people and
yet not being with them. (82)

The fear of loneliness continues to haunt Harivansh as he thinks
about the dying man: “A man out there was dying of loneliness, a man out
there was dying for a cause, a dream, a wish that had perhaps remained
unfulfilled. At the center of Harivansh’s heart sat an enormous negation”
(86). It is at this point that Harivansh tries to see if life can be made
meaningful. He recollects his boyhood and how his life was in the
company of his father and mother. He fails to understand why he has lost
the joy of his early life: “Had a dream of his been wiped out, or had he not
allowed a dream to blossom?” (86). He decides to contact Pratibha so that
he can have her company. A point to note here is that Harivansh seems to
be more interested in Pratibha’s company than in consoling her on her
husband’s death. He does not seem to be sure about what he expects from Pratibha and sends her cables without a word of endearment.

When Harivansh finally reaches Fiji, he is drawn towards another “holed up” person, Rukmani, Robin’s mother. Robin, with her flashing smile, firm body, and dance-like movement attracts his attention. However his mind is preoccupied with the thoughts of Pratibha:

Man does not live by bread alone, he remembered his Bible.

Man does not live by spirit alone, either. What does man live by then? Ah, if only he knew! What he did know was that he was trying to recover the precious Pratibha he had in a hurry once thrown away. And while that search was on, already another woman had started to worm her way into his imagination. (88)

Chaman Nahal’s narrative technique is clearly visible when we go to the beginning of the novel, whose second sentence is “Harivansh had not travelled this distance to sleep with another woman. The very idea of the journey was to be done with the passions of the world” (1). This sentence refers to the passion of Harivansh and Robin towards each other: “Robin was only offering him what he himself desired so feverishly: her languidly beautiful body” (105). Repeating the second sentence in the novel, Harivansh thinks,
...he had not come this distance to sleep with another
woman.... he was now waiting for Pratibha, to begin
something more, something that he couldn’t precisely say
what but which he was sure was there, had to be there. No,
life was no longer a negation to him; he was learning himself
another alphabet. (105)

Harivansh needs to take refuge because his sufferings were not less
than those of the man in Sydney. He wants someone to open himself out
to. He wants to shed his loneliness. He wants to acquire something
worthwhile to live for. His conversation with Rukmani has, at least for a
short period, a soothing effect on Harivansh:

He was in a state of exhilaration. For the first time in his life
he had done what amounted to a sharing; he had shared
feelings. A small bond that had been created between two
strangers. Without going anywhere near each other
physically, they had gone closer than Harivansh had even
been to any other person (110-111).

However, Rukmani is another “holed up” person. When Harivansh
asks Robin why she considers her mother mad, Robin says,

None of us knows. For the last three months she would have
nothing to do with any of us. One morning she shaved her
head off and went into seclusion. She would not talk to
anyone, she would not see anyone. The maid carries her food to her, and she only scowls at her. We do not know what has come over her. (111)

Harivansh is the only person Rukmani confides in, “drawing him into the folds of her life, telling him of secrets she had withheld even from her child” (120). She gives him an account of the various incidents in her life that made her what she is now. In Rukmani’s case it can be said that she was more sinned against than sinning. Maybe to overcome her suffering she chooses death as the best choice and thus releases herself, and also her self, from being “holed up.”

As W. E. John observes, “It is difficult to miss the existential streak in the portrayal of Harivansh.” Though he has overwhelming lust for sex, Harivansh chose not to have Pratibha, proving that “His consciousness is clearly a willing and deciding consciousness attempting to understand what he is really searching for.” It is this same consciousness which compels him to avoid marrying Pratibha when she, as widow meets him again in Fiji on his invitation. He tries to find excuses for not being able to receive her into his life: “She was not the same Pratibha...she had transformed herself altogether...the mischief in her had vanished, the laughter gone dry, her mind clogged, her senses too perhaps” (136). But he knows well that these are only lame excuses and the true reason is something different.

When earlier he had an opportunity to have Pratibha,
...a strange divinity shone through her. Not on the face alone – on the entire body. She was as though possessed. Possessed by a ghost, by a good ghost. Possessed by Sheranwali Mata. And he felt humbled before that divinity, and he held back.

(74)

But now,

Why indeed did he want to marry her? She was substantially the same, she had not changed much, yet there was something missing. Yes, that was it. The good ghost in her and Sheranwali Mata were no longer there; they had fled her. She was a clean and a neat woman and she would make a good wife to him. The empty bed by his side would forever be filled and he would have someone to turn to in his nightmares. There would be no solitude, no need for him to run to deserted paan shops. Above all, there would be no deceit, no counterfeit emotion he had to simulate with this or that person. The voids in his heart would be filled, the chasms planted with warmth and sunshine. But would the voids be filled, with the good ghost in her gone? (139-140).

Harivansh, thus, realizes that his life with Pratibha, who calls him “a museum piece” (163), will not be the one he wanted. He develops fear and conflict in his mind. He wonders if he is beyond redemption. He feels that
there is no reprieve for him at this stage. However, when he comes to the conclusion that he is cornered, almost “holed up” like the man in Sydney, and decides to commit suicide, he makes yet another existential choice. He recollects his conversation with Rukmani, which enables him to realize that friendship is essentially and infinitely more valuable than love because it does not pass away. Chaman Nahal, in his *Silent Life*, expresses the same view when he says,

Unredeemed love has its perils; its barbs can singe and burn the human heart. But so does unredeemed emotion of any other kind – like the longing for children. Love, in any case, is a highly tenuous frenzy which spends itself so quickly. The person you pursue and run after so assiduously, you come to loathe in a matter of months. Love legends of Heer Ranjha or Sohni Mahinwal stop a little short of actual fulfilment or they would have petered out in like manner. It was good Romeo and Juliet died the way they did, otherwise they would have witnessed the same withering away. It’s a fine ploy, a building block, in fiction to move the story forward. *In actual life, love is only an idle fancy.* (Emphasis added) (20-21)

Harivansh recollects of what Rukmani told him:

‘...Love certainly helps. There is something which helps even more. Which helps the most.’
‘What?’ His heart was wrenched out of his body and placed on his shivering hand.

‘Friendship.’

‘Friendship?’ the heart was throbbling in his sweaty palm.

‘Yes, friendship.’ (116-117)

As mentioned earlier, the past and present are so intricately intertwined in the novel that each merges into the other, suggesting to the reader that the two cannot be separated from each other. The first sentence in the novel, “The prayers came only afterwards” (01), is connected to the last chapter, “Prayers.” In this chapter we find Harivansh a changed man. He prays to god for five things in life:

‘My first prayer to you, Lord, is for health.’ (144)

His prayer is for the health of the unborn of the world so that they can suffer the buffeting of this planet: “With health their chances of bearing that beating would be improved – bearing and enjoying it. Without health you would be nowhere” (144).

‘My second prayer to you, Lord, is for money.’ (147)

Harivansh, a practical man, knows that to survive decently in the world one needs money. To the question how much money does one need, the answer is, “Just enough, Lord, let’s leave it at that” (148).

‘My third prayer to you, lord, is for good looks.’ (153)
One of his regrets in life is that he could not get more from life because he was not handsome.

'My fourth prayer to you, Lord, is for knowledge.' (155)

Harivansh prefers intuitive knowledge to formal knowledge though he knows that both are necessary: “...let there be formal knowledge. Only stretch it a little, stretch it a little, Lord, to include the other type as well” (160).

'My fifth and last prayer to you, Lord, is for love.' (164).

However, after mentioning these prayers, when Harivansh is on the verge of ending his life by throwing himself into the sea, the compelling force of Rukmani's reassurance of her faith in friendship draws him back.

Rukmani appears before him in vision and advises him, “Before you jump in, would you alter one of your prayers... Don't pray in the name of love, pray in the name of friendship. Friendship is infinitely more valuable than love” (emphasis added) (169).

This reassurance makes him change his fifth prayer:

“My fifth prayer to you, Lord, is not for love but for friendship.” (170)

It is interesting to notice that Chaman Nahal once made a similar list for a happy life:

1. Good health
2. Money
3. Good looks
4. Knowledge

5. Friendship

As Harivansh, who seems to have realized his self, walks back, he misses his step, slips down among the boulders, and dies. Though Harivansh meets an accidental death, he dies with a sense of fulfilment. He overcomes his loneliness and is no longer “holed up” like Rukmani or the lonely man in Sydney. It is, for him, a new sunrise, a new dawn. Thus the novel describes Harivansh’s life as a journey from death in life to life in death.
REFERENCES


3. Chaman Nahal, Interview, by Sudhakar Ratnakar Jamkhandi 42.


7. W. E. John 137.