CHAPTER - V
The Other India

A vast country like India with a long tradition and multi-dimensional culture and innumerable languages and ways of life, superstitions, and sartorial culinary habits cannot be put into the strait jacket of absolute terms, like good and bad, glory and ugliness. There are many grey areas which do not fit into the framework of good and bad of the expatriate vision of India that is closer to the truthful understanding of the country. Expatriate writers have not entirely excluded this area of life from their works. The present chapter would deal with such areas of life which are realistic but not ugly or glorious. Writers have taken nationalistic approach hence picture becomes gloomy. Perhaps the common man comes into the picture of this area, so some of the works which deal with this aspect of Indian life would be subjected to analysis and interpretation in this chapter.

To speak about India in any novel in totality or just in few pages would require some exceptional qualities of precision or else it runs the risks of becoming irrelevant. However gifted the writer may be with language, words, phrases, idioms, history, imagination and vision; he may still be far from defining the ethos of people. Here the remark made by Mark Twain in the book *Reality and Myth in American Literature* ed., Kay S. House sounds quite apt:

When a thousand able novels have been written, there you have souls of the people; the life of the people, the search of the people; and not anywhere else can be had. And the shading of character, manners, feelings, ambitions, will be infinite. (RAMIAL 209)
This task of depicting India makes the most resolved writers, ambiguous especially when he is either an expatriate, immigrant or of foreign origin. Foster, Kipling, Myers and Masters have ambiguity as a common feature in their novels. Foster’s most celebrated novel on India *A Passage to India* has alleys of uncertainties, equivocal implications, recurring images and echoes of both sound and sense. In Kipling we can see uncertainty prevailing when he treats Lama sympathetically as a man, but condemns his search for Nirvana as phony and foolish. Joh Masters in his novels furthers this trend in his love hate relationship and attitude towards India and Indians. John Meyers too, sound ambiguous in his novel *The Near and the Far* for rendering an admiring tone to Bhupendra for renouncing and sacrifice, but abnegates Rajah Amar’s Buddhistic renunciation.

While dealing with the reality of India, the writers have been thrown to depicting contradictory and different facets of Indian reality. To John Richardson: reveals to John Mellors in *Merging with India*: ...Indians were the Sweetest people in the world and India as “heaven’s neighbouring state (MWI 84)

Where as Naipaul saw India as: …the poorest country in the world. …world’s largest slum. (AAOD 44)

Such judgments past with conviction on India depict negligible function of life.

A vast country like India has a complex culture and history. One can identify trends and facts to his researching, which may trigger new arguments. Thus India with all its contradictions and incongruities can build up opinion and belief on preconceived basis. And yet the entire construct may have illusory foundations that reflects fake picture of the Indian reality.
The biggest hurdle that the expatriate, immigrant and foreign writers face is to grasp the Indian reality in totality and to present it in reality. This hurdle increases when their stay in India is short and when they get delinked from it. To add to it understanding of Indian languages, his confinement to cities and not exploring rural areas where the majority lives intensify the crises.

Many a times the writers have gone out to the real India but could only gather its images in bits and pieces that too impressionistic. This can never become internal and centralized. The greater damage is inflicted when these distortions (though thought to be truths) are put into fiction make a distorted image of Indian reality. As the sensibilities, the behaviour and thinking are entirely different from the West, Kipling could comprehend the problem of understand Indian mind when in the book *The Work of Rudyard Kipling* he said:

You’ll never plumb the oriental mind
Think of sleek French priest in Canada;
Divide by twenty half breeds. Multiply by twice the Sphinx’s silence.
There’s your East,
And you are as wise as ever... (TWORK 45)

It is very easy to judge India in the light of Western values, and oft can be done in million ways. But Kipling holds the view that the east and the west can never meet. Even till these days this fault line exists.

India has been looked at with numerous angles which the native writers like R.K. Narayan, Mulkraj Anand, Raja Rao would comprehend unconsciously but which would become hard to a western writer. The advantage which the native writer draws is that he can comprehend people, situations although his
judicious treatment may be questioned, but he continues to remain the son of the soil. He is gifted with instinctive knowledge and does not bank on books and other sources for drawing information and obtaining knowledge. Indian writing in English travelled a long distance witnessing many twists and turns. But the ones who challenged initiating a new trend in English writing devoid of western sensibilities and imperial subjugation, were, R.K. Narayan, Raja Rao and Mulk Raj Anand. They were exact in defining the area of operation of Indian novel. They infused confidence by establishing the suppositions, the manner, coining a different language with its own idioms, portraying of character, treatment of themes, which carved out distinctive features for Indian novel in English. They discarded eluding style of the British inheritance.

Mulkraj Anand possesses traces of French and Russian influences and not just British traditions. He is a spontaneous writer and immediately establishes communication with his readers. Anand following the tradition of nineteenth century has and stress on characters and circumstances. He dwells upon social circumstances and influences, which has oppressive undercurrent. Even he has a natural leaning for picaresque. His, Village (1939), Across Black Waters (1940), and The Sword and the Sickle (1942), redeems the peasant boy Lal Singh, from North Indian village, who is suffocated by custom and religion, into the fearsomeness of 1914-18 war and commercialism in Europe, who returns back to India with a new political stance towards life. Anand speaks in the language of Indian people. He did not define Indian. He wrote for Indian redemption, Sabbath, exodus is biblical references.
The difference between native writer and expatriate writer is that India is not the setting but India becomes a character in the novels of expatriate writers. They have to be conscious of India as backdrop. Hence India emerges as chief character. India in V.S. Naipaul is a tragic character.

Mulkraj Anand may be charged for lacking concrete sagacity, the appetite for illustrations of R.K. Narayan and the metaphysical nature of Raja Rao. But what distinguishes him from the others is his empathy for the underprivileged, an understanding of social structure, and his ability to establish communication with his readers. Mulkraj Anand remained enveloped by the condition of villages, poverty, and the excesses of caste, orphans, harijans and laborers of the cities. He adopts a reformist role with anger bubbling. This way he comes closer to Dickens and Wells. The action covers a single day, when a ‘Catastrophe’ is triggered off, an accidental ‘touching’ in the morning. This has serious repercussions on the happenings of today which does not even spare the hockey match. The proposals to the three options to the solution of the problem of the untouchable are Christ, Gandhi and main Drainage – but Anand opts the last one. He is one of the many writers who moves by social motives, and is overpowered by theory and habitually adopts a pedagogical style. His novels *Untouchable*, *Coolie*, and *The Big Heart* (1945), make him the novelist of great power.

Raja Rao stands different from the other two members R.K. Narayan and Mulkraj Anand. He does not display any political commitment; he differs from Narayan in being poetic, metaphysical. *Kanthapura* is centered on the intensity
of Indian life, its physical immediacy, its traditional clothing and religious undertones. His *The Serpent and the Rope* (1960) is highly philosophical, without getting abstract. One can see a delicate mixing of Indian tenderness and of French clarity. Raja Rao has tried to unfold the secrets of human nature by analyzing its hero – Rama, a Brahmin boy from the South, brilliant; spiritually very sensitive but is profoundly sad.

On comparing the three, Anand appears more to be a reformist, R.K. Narayan who takes a role of a moral analyst to play, and Raja Rao with profound philosophy.

R.K. Narayan uses South Indian Town Malgudi as the backdrop in his novels, an imaginary town of Mysore. He tries to bring together western technique and eastern material. He successfully blends Indian sensibility into English art.

Narayan’s novel *The Sweet Vendor* (1967) has popular Malgudi at its centre. There is something new added to the complex tone that Narayan maintains in his fiction. There is hardly any ideology, but he heavily banks upon the nature of whatever that builds hope for humanity. In the *The Sweet Vendor*, Jagan the protagonist in a very dramatic manner decides to detach himself from a set of repetitions performed for sixty years, this was in lieu of spending and assisting a stone mason to chisel out the porous deity of Goddess. Thus he takes up recourse which is of typical Indian nature, where one has to delink himself at some point of life, to give way to others so that they continue in peace. Jagan is a pious, ritualistic, knower of scripture and a Gandhian. Despite his spiritual ambition, he has a flaw as this flight of ambition is cut short by his wish to count over some of the money taken over the counter. Narayan says: Conquer the taste and you will have conquered the self. (TSV 76)
His renunciation of the world is in league with the Indian tradition. He renounces the steady community life of Malgudi. Then he gives up his business and there is his complex relationship with his son. The world impresses the reader. The happenings in India are similar to that in Malgudi, which bears similarity with an individual life. Thus Malgudi is an image of India.

When India became independent there was a need to redefine the society, to bring out the burning problems these writer made earnest attempts. R.K. Narayan writes sociological novels, realist novels. Since English is read by the few powerful elite so the class struggle was brought to the fore to illuminate the rural life and problems of India. Most of the Indian writers who wrote in Hindi and regional languages were able to do it successfully. The most prominent among them is Munshi Premchand. This becomes quite clear in the novel *Kaga Ki Aag* by Himanshu Joshi, where the protagonist Gomti – husband – Pirma are symbols of weakness and there is exploitation of Gomti at the hands of society as she had a husband given to alcoholism. But when it was read it aroused a feeling which was of universal nature, on reading this a Chinese reader visited India in order to search for his lost sister.

Following the footsteps of trio, Rao, Nayaran and Anand, Kamla Markandaya left her imagination loose with a village setting and probes deeper into the tough life of Indian peasant in *Nector in a Sieve*. Then there is *Some Inner Fury* (1956) a story of a young educated woman and her English lover divided over Quit India Movement of 1942, which is focused in a marriage. *A Handful of Rice* (1966) deals with the poor in urban area. *Possession* (1963) is a novel of conflict between oriental spirituality and western materialism. However
she was heavily criticized for lack of insight into the life of Indian poor. She can masterly handle in analyzing relationship of persons with developed consciousness. Conclusively, she is at her best in handling the problems of educated middle class, she also exhibits the quality of delineating the self imposed laceration of the dissatisfied.

At a later point of time Ruth Prawer Jhabvala of Polish origin and who tied nuptials to an Indian, while living in Delhi for a very long period dealing with the problems of middle and upper class European and his Indian neighbours and associates.

Ruth Prawer Jhabvala expressed that her immigration to India from England was smoother and easier as compared to that of England from Germany, if everything was wonderful she expresses in *A Solitary Writers Window on the Heat and Dust of India : An Interview with Caroline Morehead* in *The Times*, London, 20 November 1975 : I was enchanted, it was paradise on earth. (TT 16)

Ruth Jhabvala accepted India and consciously tried to identify herself with it. She explains her side as an author in *Ruth Prawer Jhabvala’s Testament* in The Hindustan Times Weekly, 27 July 1980 :

I was pretending to be writing as insider, as if I didn’t know anything else. As if I wasn’t a European at all, had never heard of such a place. I don’t know I has the impudence to write like that ... about people who didn’t even think in English, let alone speak it. But I pretended knew them – no, more, I pretended I was them. For
instance I was always fond of writing about big beautiful sensual Indian women, full of passion and instinct; the opposite of myself, physically and in every other way. And yet I write about them, was them, wanted to be them. All this is quite inexplicable to me: those ten years, of delight and immersion and more (much more than acceptance). (‘Ruth Prawer Jhabvala’s Testament’ in The Hindustan Times Weekly, 27 July 1980)

But the dichotomy prevails with her also when in an interview with Paul Grimes she said in A Passage to US for Writer of India: An Interview with Paul Grimes, in New York Times, 15 May 1976:

I saw people eating in London... Everyone had clothes. Everything in India was so different – you know, the way people have to live. Human beings shouldn’t have to live like that, from birth to death. In India the degradation starts from birth – you have no choice...

...So after that visit I felt more and more alien to India. (NYT 14)

Ruth Jhabvala in Myself in India (1966) explains:

...the reaction of Western writers (both American and Europeans) to India witnesses three stages...first stage tremendous enthusiasm – everything in India is marvelous; second stage, everything Indian not so marvellous; third stage, everything Indian not so abominable. For some people it ends there, for others the cycle renews itself and goes on. (MII 9)

This finds expression where at the peak of her successful career as a novelist and writer in India, came to a grinding halt. She decided to leave India in
favour of the United States of America. In an interview to Patricia Mooney, for Newsweek in The Hindustan Times Weekly 27 July 1980, she said:

“For one thing I have gotten used to big country in India and all of a Europe seems a little small. America on the other hand is another vast country, and again its one of the contrasts. Everybody in New York seems to have same background as I have. After all I am a European Jew and so are a great number of New York. So the step from India to here is nothing as compared with the step I took from Europe to India. People here talk like me, think like me – and that is not in India, I’m an alien”. (HT 1)

*To Whom She Will* is on the backdrop of Delhi, which was witness to the mingling of two cultures from 1947. This partition initiated mass migration of people within the country from the South, West and the East to Delhi and to the other parts in search of employment. 1960’s saw a host of westerners rushing for India in search of spiritualism but this time it was not to conquer but to be conquered.

Ruth Jhabvala is short of finding solidity in reasoning out the commingling of the two communities that have same religion and ethnic heritage but a divided culture on distinction of wealth education and breeding. The divide line in *To Whom She Will* keeps widening as they are of fundamental nature and which cannot be bridged.

*Her Nature of Passion* is a caution note for Indian youth that deals with the newly emerging commercial class in Delhi. It is on narrowing the divide of the
generation gap in a world that is fast changing. There is a greater investigation of various aspects, sociological in nature that leads one to continue with money culture, especially in India where Post Independence situation compelled the foreigners to pass on their industries to the Indians.

With passing years Ruth Jhabvala matures by picking up themes that have political and social connotations in *Esmond in India* (1959) especially in 1950’s. There is a perfect weaving together of Western and traditional thinking. One hears about divorce opposite to the belief a woman’s husband is her God. There are inter-racial, inter-caste marriages that are acceptable in a society with traditional views. Then there is a rich educated class with western sensibilities dominating, but distanced from its own. It is a quest which is forged out of life the dualities – the materialistic and the idealistic views of life, which is a characteristic of India - the divide between have and have-nots. We can see this gulf which is given more attention and respect – this dualism is a design where he lays before us in depicting the Indo-European marriage.

Ruth Jhabvala in the *Householder* (1960) brings post independent India that has set itself on its industrial journey. This journey brings out conflict followed by revolution in terms of youth’s quest for identity. There she in-deliberately enters into an area of existentialism which however is unpalatable to Indian readers for cherishing strong emotional bondages among various members of the family and the society. One hardly comes across such lonely hunters. This western concept disturbs the very pivot on which the novel rotates. This novel incorporates the strategy of planning to render an infrastructure of developing nature which can be included it in the industrialized society. But now where does
she measure the extent of India’s modernization of her agriculture? This requires of rewinding one’s memory disc to the point of agricultural backwardness. And it is only possible when one has been a witness or a part of such a transformation.

_In A Backward Place_ (1965) is a sequel to the transformation of her own complex response to India into multiple responses of her European character. This reflects authors conflicting emotional and intellectual responses to India during this phase of her life. Sometimes she is positive, other times negative, and at other confusing. This ambivalence is found to creep in expatriate writers who miss sometime in comprehending the continuity.

Her last (other) two novels: _A New Dominion_ (1972) and _Heat and Dust_ (1975) there is a paradigm shift from portraying Indians who adapt or resist changes in the social climate to that of Europeans who desperately tried to be homogenous in Indian part or shed off an alien culture.

Ruth Jhabvala tries to reason her relationship with an attitude towards India while depicting numerous responses of her character that are European. She stresses that she has turned her eye towards her India. The fact remains that it is an active display of her emotional and mental relationship with India. She swings from seamy to hopeful side and then perplexing, as she believes that a westerner has essentially to undergo such stages during his stay in India.

Ruth Jhabvala’s _Heat and Dust_ brought squall storm with it. It had a rampaging effect on critics who conceived that it is a pre-determined effort to create malice in the minds of readers after reading it. They realized that the image of India portrayed in it is not just negative but projecting a detrimental
view of India. However some of the critics like Anita Desai and Yasmin Gunaratne praised the novel and did not find anything that was anti-India. In fact the very theory in Indian rising from the physical plains to the spiritual one in connection with its relationship with her that has been treated with caution as not to go for such assimilation. She tries to renew her response to India as she remains dejected over the Indians adaptability to absorb, who genuinely come to learn about it and does not allow those who are skin deep in their endeavour.

Arundhati Roy comes down the writer’s aisle in recent time. She is not given to paint India an exotic India, but want to be actual in her portrayal. The ideas are triggered off from within she is not an exotic or a voice from the imperial past. She is a post independence writer. She has been termed as to be post modernistic than Rushdie or others.

*The God of Small Things* can be seen heading away from colonialism to nationalism. The lineage in a family is restricted to three generations of recent time, and 1960’s being the latest. The colonial presence was fading away in the sand’s of time and a new India is seen emerging, with faint streaks of the past. Roy talks about the experiences of the last two generations which springs back to forties and then dashes forwards to sixties. Ammu who is the key figure of second generation and her daughter Rahel who had a strong narrative voice is born in 1962.

The dominant image is the house that has its history which on the side of the river stands in the center of an abandoned rubber estate; which belonged to an English man. This house in Ayemenym in Kerala, is witness to violence, exploitation, and contest. This house which was a witness to a suicide became a
legal battlefield. The clock goes back to sixties the two most moving incidents are the drowning of Chako’s daughters Sophie Mol, and his ex wife Margeret. The audacious act committed by Velutha, the paravan (untouchable) who gathers strength, who loves Ammu, the Syrian Christian, and he is mercilessly killed by local police. The house symbolizes the communal feud and rifts. The novel begins with a note of dejection for love being frustrated by the inhuman communal laws.

One of the writers of pre-independence era, Khushwant Singh, moans over splitting of multicultural society. His disillusionment speeds up in A Train to Pakistan. The village Mano Majra is an embodiment of concord despite having people of all faiths. But the concord is broken by the jarring voice of partition. Khushwant analyzing philosophically laments through the monologue of Iqbal:

  Who could be – one little man – do in this enormous impersonal land of four hundred million? Could he stop killing? Obviously, not, everyone Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Congressite, League, Akali or Communist are deep in it.

  Only Gandhi could have done it. Even the pious love of Jagga for Nooran by throwing his life before the iron wheels could not stop the rushing train of division. (ATTP 161)

He vehemently attacks religious intolerance.

He says:

  ...for Hindus it means little besides caste and cow protection, for the Muslims circumcision and keshar meat, for the Sikh long hair and hatred of Muslim for the Christian, Hinduism,
with a soul to pee; for the Parsis, fire-worship and feeding vultures. (ATTP 161-162)

Khushwant’s agony intensifies in his novel Delhi. The people who were abandoned by Pakistan during partition make Delhi their home, and helped building the city, felt uprooted immediately after Indira Gandhi’s assassination. They are termed as traitors and are shamelessly thrown to cinders. This countries who saved the country many a times underwent a second experience of dispossession.

Khushwant Singh metaphorically designated, Delhi the soul of India, as a Hijda (a eunuch). Delhi the soul of India like Bhagmati always lured plunderers and assaulters. Its sensuousness and special charm has attracted many. Despite several invasions it could retain its charm. But when she reappears after long years of separation, it is with sparse hair, dabbed with henna. No teeth, squashed mouth, hair brittle about her. He wonders was this the same lustful Bhagmati. Delhi an embodiment of multiculturalism lost its radiance with the outbreak of Hindu-Sikh riot. Khushwant through Budhha Singh triggers mind boggling questions : What freedom? Freedom for what? Lost, bill, everyone talk of freedom, freedom – don’t know what freedom means. (ATTP 167)

But then the question arises that do these expatriates hold passport to taking India abroad and define with precision that this is what India is all about? Essentially one is made to believe that in portraying true India a writer has to undergo trials of time, has to bear frets and fevers – and has to have roots in the land where his tree has branches of perception, sensibilities and imagination, identity and empathy blossoms.
This however puts their writing motif under suspicion as these expatriates do really want to portray actual India, either with nostalgia or disenchantment or reconfirming this decision of bidding adieu in search of greener pastures. Or do they have commercial motif or yearning to get popularized in the reading fraternity by chanting magic spell abracadabra that is India, which has always aroused curiosities, awe inspiration and sensation in the reading world. Probably it is a strange mix of both that lures them to write about India while they treat foreign soil as their home.

This takes us to yet another question, and then does Nativism hold the valid passport in portraying India. Do native writers have the stronghold over depicting real India? Let us first make things easier by understanding what this native is word is all about. G.N. Devy in his key note address on Desivad as given in the book Nativism in Literature edited by Makarand Paranjpe says:

The term native has its source in ancient European languages, just as the equivalent Indian term desi has its roots in its ancient Indian usage. The native or the naive as its older, associated form was, is a person who does not travel much, is more or less land locked, bound to his village and the soil, and who produces something of practical use to his community. Such a person is, therefore a productive person and is bound to resoil through a somewhat economy of emotion...

In medieval Spanish literature the term naive was put in opposition to the term ‘Picaro’. The picaro was a man of this world, widely traveled and morally flexible. In order to seek advancement in life
mostly of the material kind, the picaro left his village, adventured far and wide, sacrificed the norms of natural piety, at times quite cheerful cheated and told lies, but in the process acquired a new kind of knowledge. His knowledge was not derived from his understanding of the soil of village; it was derived from his understanding of human nature. It held him in learning to quest after acquisition. (NIC 7)

The intention of bringing all the native writers in chapter V to the fore is to project an India which their nativity propels to do. It must have become quite clear that they have greater solidity on erecting their ideas and perception about India. However I would not like there should be a dogmatic understanding of the world, as the keeping of Nativism in narrow confines runs the risk of triggering nationalism of a dangerous kind or regionalism of anarchic nature. This can precipitate disintegration of national policy. The very demand of Khalisthan, Kashmir, NE Provinces, Mahanadu, Telangana, Bundelkhand, Bodo Land, Saurashtra, Vidarbha and many others, has rung warning bells of balkanization of India.

Bhalchand Nemade in Nativism in Literature, a translated article in the book edited by Makarand Paranjpe quotes categorically : A great writer writes primarily for his own time and for his own community. (NIN 235)

He adds that recognition may be incidental and is not very important. He quotes example of Shakespeare and Dante by saying that they were basically native writers. And it was there imperial might for gendering them status of world writers. He says :
Actually in great writer there is always the dormant potential of becoming universal. Any literally work, sculpture, piece of music, or painting is an inseparable part of its environs, place and period. Its stylistic principles forms and structures bears the unmistakably stamp of its native place and time. (NIL 235)

By bringing all these to limelight I am not trying to constrict the confines of all the aforesaid writers of native origin. In fact it is see that their Nativism is not devoid of universality. There is no conflict between the two. In fact in this universality we appreciate so many native elements of varied regions in their context. The most popular example of all these, *The Arabian Nights*, *Panchtantra*, or *The Jatak Kathaien* that get popularized in international arena and were absorbed in their culture. But then the nativism of Indian writer is not isolated or self-centered. There is no essence of superiority complex.

Bhalchandra Nemade tells, Al Baruni in his account says that nativism had reached its perverse heights in 10th century AD initiated by Brahmin dominated Hindu society. But it was the liberal Muslims who laid the foundation of Indian society and saved it from doom.

Bhalchandra Nemede says:

Nativism evokes a whole constellation of feeling, perception, thought, enlightenment and memory which grown due to ones attachment to geographical area… Nativism is a response of the people to the past and also to the future. It is a lifestyle of a whole group, past and future societies collective power of reflection and emotion is expressed through nativism. (NIL 251)
In referring to a galaxy of Indian writers in English only Ruth Pravar Jhabvala remains ostracized from the coterie writers, from native writers, and this is by definition.

Thus then the claim made by Salman Rushdie, in the novel, *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*: The only people who see the whole picture are those who step out of the frame... (TGBHF 28) This gets nullified. His plight is that he is not totally uprooted or alienated himself from his native ground, nor the immigrant culture has assimilated him into itself or he has not integrated himself with it.

There exists an ambivalent love-hate relationship. The expatriate writer images his homeland in positive terms – the glory or grandeur of the country – or in negative terms as an area of darkness of the wounded civilization. Salman Rushdie in *The Ground Beneath her Feet*, chooses to look at the seamy side of the country in terms of corruption, decadence and dying moral values. He agrees that the solidity of ground beneath her (of India) feet, as a nation is softening. This has being resulted by severing of good communal relations, something in which we prided in. *In Midnight’s Children* there is a lamentation for paradise lost. He is dejected on witnessing Kashmir issue, emergency, electoral frauds, imposition of Nehru family, futility of nuclear explosion and red tapism. *The Moor’s Last Sigh* has also dejection, desperation expressed over growing fundamentalism of the Hindu and Muslim groups, the underworld operation of the Big business houses in Bombay and blood spilling gangwars. It is also a sigh of a person, who is not Hindu, about the devastating Ayodhya events and the venomous after effects. He selects a Jew’s opinion that is not dogmatic and has foundation in pluralistic values and is aware of the hazardous path on which India
is trotting. V.S. Naipaul while in quest for identity visited India in 1962 but he became hysteric over the officialdom and procedural blockades. He says: “In Lutyen’s city I required privacy and protection. Only then I was released from the delirium of seeing certain aspects of myself magnified out of recognition”.

(AAOD 84)

Other than his trip to Kashmir, he remained disenchanted with it. His observations on political, economic and social fields are very peripheral. In *India A Wounded Civilization* in Vijayanagar, ruins he attributes that Hinduism had come to a culminating point and: “Popular Hinduism so easily decays in barbarism”. (IAWC 16)

He holds the view that despite democracy, five year plans and industrialization that have wrought changes, all this is of no vein. India does not completely delink its ties with the past. He observed: The crisis of India is not only political or economical. The larger crisis is of a wounded civilization that has at last become aware of its inadequacies and is without intellectual means to move ahead. (IAWC 18)

About Bihar and Rajasthan he makes quite scathing remarks.

In *India A Million Mutinies Now* he begins reading positive note on its post independence achievement. But this is short lived. On driving from Mumbai airport to the city he witnesses multitudes of men and huts and all its ugliness and then saffron colour with cross swords of sena, symbolizing war and conquest. Then there is a feeling of alienation (which exists in western society) and thus he distances from native writers, what the country has achieved in
sacrificing for the winning of freedom. Then there is a lack of abjectness. His visit after a few decades startles him to see an India with wealth that can be seen apparently and a host of confident Indians as achievers and yet amidst them is an anxiety of a middle man that India is going from bad to worse. However writer finds a note of pro-Hindu stance, but then he denies saying that he is all against sectarianism: “I didn’t put on these saffron robes and start going about to those conferences, or preaching in public”. (IMMN 416)

Naipaul sees a silver lining in dark cloud. But we can not take his views on Indian as the final or authentic one. It requires much revision.

Bharati Mukherji deviates slightly in anchoring her intention not just only making the maximum out of the melting pot, but also ambitiously catapulting to a platform which can render her the status of a writer par excellence. She departs from India to Canada out of marital compulsions, but her distancing from India had started immediately after her first return from Canada with Clark Blaise and together they wrote Days and Nights in Calcutta. She could see the drift in her sense of belongingness. She does use India and Indian characters as culinary tools in her imaginative cooking but all of them can be seen shedding Indian identity either in fulfilling somebody’s wish. She considers India as a land of despair and land without future. She uses Indian backdrop out of compulsion as she is not assimilated in a country (Canada) where she reaches with a hope of starting a new life. She is one of the few expatriate who does keep harping an Indian note. The immigration to USA gives her a vent to express her dislodged psyche of being rejected by a country when she cherished to start a home. The Indian characters that she picks up are different from others; they pass from the phases of exploitation to the stage of exploiters or achievers, from weak to strong.
Bharati Mukherjee in an interview in BBC World Service. confesses that: "violence is closely related to Diaspora it is the shedding of one’s identity and weaving a new one and physical violence metaphysically depicts psychic damage but has yet another dimension to it. (file:/A/Ibmpc1/linux/docs/Her Story BBC World Service html)

Since Bharati Mukherjee’s journey from India to Canada in pursuit of winning a writer’s identity got a rude shock of getting rejected by the Canadians. Subsequently as a reaction she turned into an activist till she got her bearings right in America. The violence in her novels is the tool of an intelligent writer who wants to capitalize on violence which the west always craves for and which is innate in its society. The journey from India to the west becomes an epitome of evolution, the characters throw away their submissiveness; through this the west is projected as renderer of justice. It was out of compulsion she moulds them as the ones full of rebellion. She would not have achieved success, had she portrayed docile characters and characters that subjugate before the incidents or fate. Bharati Mukherjee yearns from fame through her works; nonetheless making maximum out of the melting pot is not a distant objective also. She in her later works picks up American locale, lexicon and sensibilities in trying to create a yet new genre in America, which is that of an American immigrant, grounded in American nativeness. However Ruth Prawer Jhabvala falls under the same category but the setting for her is India. She may be said to be a generation ahead of Bharati Mukherjee. A few decades ago India shatters her glass palace which she had dreamingly built after migrating to India; she desperately runs back to America only to regain her lost identity.
There is no such ambition however in Gita Mehta so as to compete with any Indian writer abroad or to make maximum of the greener pasture. Her marriage to the celebrity who is in the game of money making takes away the frets and fevers of doing it herself. Gita Mehta tries to weave a new image of India. While staying in America, she does not stop over, she reads and thinks about the cultural vibrancy and depth which India offered once. The Indian values, the philosophy, the culture which is ever luminescent however some dullness had crept in it in the recent past and the present. She takes a detached view of this decay; she gives her verdict that it is the basic spirit of Indian culture which people have not absorbed. The handling of cultural issues at the hands of ignorant ones has led to more commercialization, as a result, cheats, thugs and jugglers have become the torch-bearers of Indian culture. What is more significant about Gita Mehta unlike any other immigrant that with the passing of years she becomes more and more internalized in picking up India themes, (encompassing cultural milieus), and lexicon. While living in America she has invented a new language of literature and it may be seen as an attempt of recreating India for Indians and the world, with special reference to A River Sutra. While internalizing her in this book she tries to unravel the deep feeling of the inner cognizance of man. She leaves an indelible mark on the reader’s mind. Gita Mehta’s stance stands apart from the other writers as while trying to play the true representative of Indian culture, she keeps raising hopes into the minds of Indian but more so ever in the Americans who thought that the only way to attain nirvana is to catch a jet to India. She steers them to the path of eternal peace which is to believe in man and nothing beyond. Man is the greatest truth. It is the variance of human nature that keeps one’s interest alive. This is the
panacea for all, which the modern time has up its sleeve. She takes up a yet another daunting task of portraying an India which has tradition and modernity walking hand in hand rather than being locked horns. Gita Mehta differs from her contemporaries in adopting a lucid style in her narrative. She does not seem to be marred by nostalgia or the violent and hegemonic views of the west. There is an immediate need of capturing a wider readership. Initially it appears to be written for Indian readers but significantly she catches attention of the international readership.

Looking into the lexical aspects of the expatriates Rushdie emerges as the forerunner in coining a new language which draws mixed reaction from his reader. The reaction that of enchantment, bewilderment, elation for victory over the tools of colonial masters, disgust for polluting the language, and respect for bilinguals. Rushdie has been lauded for setting a new trend in Indian English Writing by rendering a language that has descaled itself of British imperialism. Rushdie’s *Midnight’s Children* is considered to be the turning point in Indian English Writing. He was applauded for initiating a chain reaction among the Indian English Writers who could now write in English with confidence and not be perturbed about the free play of language game, or of rejection by the readers in the country or in the west. He has gone steps ahead of where R.K. Narayan, Mulkraj Anand, Raja Rao had begun. He has also surpassed Arun Joshi, Jhabvala, and Anita Desai: who were too monotonous and tradition bound. Rushdie adopts a challenging stance while using his language. He uses Hindi-Urdu spuriously into English so as to break the fortification of English masters and to hoist a victory flag. It has been a point of argument about his induction
Hindi-Urdu words phrases and collocations. But he has not tried to mould it from within. These are mere garnishing tactics or sprinkling spices to give something exciting. Inclusion of Hindi native words in English can be seen in G.V. Desani work *All About H. Hatter* (1948) : ...Payal, Jhumka... (AAHH 91)

Rushdie’s resorting to bilingual style is a part of his strategy to arouse greater curiosity and to draw larger number of readers, especially in the west. The reading of such types of novel abounding in Hindi-Urdu/Hindustani leads to western readers to comprehend only half of it. This triggers off greater curiosity to unveil the meaning especially when one is trying to read between the lines or is trying hard to demystify the text. Words like : Shiva Knocknees, Brassmonkey, Parvati the debauch, Rani of Cooch Naheen, Cutia, Kaliyuga, Bhelpuri, Mango Kasaundy, Baap-re-baap. (MC 239, 391)

This would also keep the scholars scratching their heads and pursuing their academic activities in untying the knots. Rushdie can be admired for the reasons that despite his migration to England at an early age he could keep his Hindi/Urdu/Hindustani in proper shape/chaste.

However while dabbling with bilingualism Rushdie falls short of finding a ground which the other native writers could do. This makes come short of achieving and depicting bicultural, traditional and bilingual traits. As Prof. Harish Trivedi rates writers of Indian languages Nirmal Verma, Krishna Baldev Vaid, Manohar Shyam Joshi and Vishnu Khare above Rushdie for being more competent as bilinguals and bicultural. Prof. Harish Trivedi says in his article ‘Salman the Funtoosh : Magic Bilingualism in Midnight’s Children’ in *A Book*
of Reading edited by Meenakshi Mukherjee: ...their (writers of Indian language) bilingualism is grounded rather than uprooted, and sub-terraneously pervasive rather than flagrantly sporadic, as especially in the case of Nirmala Verma (STFMBIMC 88).

He sees more bilingual inter textuality more extensive plausible, intimate, inward in recent Hindi novels of Surendra Verma, Mujhe Chand Chahiye and Kali-Katha: via Bypass by Alka Saraogi (1998) for masterly narrating the nation.

Another intention if Rushdie that comes to the fore is that he wants to acquire the pedagogical seat of a prophet in translating India as its true representative.

Rushdie while falls short in contesting with the native writers in using bilingualism in India, where as in the west he created waves. Rushdie confesses in the Imaginary Homelands that he write for:

In the core of Midnight’s Children I certainly felt that if it is sub continental readers had rejected the work, I should have thought it a failure, no matter what the reaction in the West. So I could say that I write for, people who feel part of the things I write about, but also for everyone else I can reach. (IH 19-20)

Rushdie appears to have fallen short ofshouldering the responsibility of depicting hybridity. Although critics say that he has brought it to the limelight. All his effort of weaving a vibrant hybridity appears to be foppish. He lacks the depth of native writers who are rooted in their soil. Rushdie seems to be wearing a garb of linguistically depicting cultural hybridity.
Bharati Mukherjee categorizes herself as being a part of American tradition rather than Indian one. In the article in magazine Span, June 1990 the article *Bharati Mukherjee: The Immigrant Sensibility* she says: “I view myself as an American author in the tradition of other American authors whose ancestor’s arrived at Ellis Island”. (S 35) It is perplexing to note that Bharati Mukherjee blatantly rejected Indian tradition because of being nurtured and educated and culturally sensitized in India for twenty one initial years of her life. Probably she wears an American identity where she does not seem happy to fall into the Asian immigrant community which becomes evident by mentioning of “Ellis Island”. By doing this she is trying to pygmitize the tradition of Indian writing in English to which she should belong she assesses Indian writer in English:

There is a large difference between myself and these authors. Unlike writers such as Anita Desai and R.K. Narayan, I do not write in Indian English about Indians living in India. My role models, view of the world and experiences are unlike theirs. These writers live in a world in which there are still certainties and rules. They are part of this society’s mainstream, wonderful writers as they are I am unable to identify with them because they describe characters who fit into their community in different ways than my naturalized American’s fit into communities in Queens or Atlanta. (S 35)

Bharati Mukherjee states in a way that distances her from the group of Indian writers in English. As falling into this category stands a greater chance of rejection by the western, especially American readers. However she may distance herself from Indian English but for the spelling and few lexical items; she remains no different linguistically from the Indian writers in English.
If one goes through her works one finds that it is Bharati Mukherjee’s desperation to run away from India and being termed as Indian as they associate her with poverty, dirt and oppression. And secondly by mere jugglery of using American lexical claims and spellings she wants to sound American. Bharati tries to sound modest in an interview as what separates her from other Indian writers? She says in an interview by Ron Hogn:

I think my work from Darkness onwards, so from about 1985 to the present, is hard for some readers to understand because I don’t fit into any easy slots. I am a woman who was born in Calcutta, but I have lived in America, my entire adult life and consider myself an American. My literary soul was formed by literature from around the world, but especially American literature. I’m an American writer of Indian origin. I am not doing an exotic ghetto, National geographic Indian number, and I am not making reader feel good about those locales…. aren’t we quaint, aren’t we sweet, aren’t we sentimental and emotionally expressive. I am showing whiter American and their world in a different way, so they’ll never be able to walk down their own streets quite the same way after reading my books. (file:/A/ibmpcl/linux/Bharati Mukherjee, Ron Hogn More beatrice interview.htm)

But one cannot deny that twenty one formative years in India has given easy access to Americanism. Despite her claim she stands no different from Indian writers in English. One can look of Indianisms instinctively ingrained in her works. In Wife one comes across: (Bharat, Kurta, Khadi ka Pyjama, Halwa, Gur, Chalo Jaldi-
Jaldi) (W 81) and in Darkness : “Kali Mata”. (D 71) Thus all her claims of being an American writer in terms of linguistic terms is only skin deep and is just another tool to woo American reader. As a writer one can see she values power of word choice and placement of punctuation, imagery texture, pacing all the strategies that she employs to articulate her vision as precisely as she can.

Similarly Gita Mehta by retaining her Indianised English tries to create curiosity into the minds of her western readers. She intelligently picks up an Indian stance as she is fully aware that adopting an American stance in America would result in crash landing. She adopts a technique which renders spontaneity to her narrative. She frequently introduces Indianism as in A River Sutra : (Quwwali, Kabirvadi, Naga Baba... (ARS 112) in Karma Cola : the little itself, ‘Yama’ Punjab, Guru, Atman”. (KC 149) This she does intentionally without leaving a foot note. She knows that this partial comprehending would incite (provoke) western readers to unfold all the myths that is bound around these words and phrases.

However Naipaul’s language is lucid and linguistically correct. Being a produce of colonialism and spending rest of his life in England he does not seem to bring about genetic change in language from within or from outside. Although Naipaul includes Indianism in his India A Million Mutinies Now : “Dalit’ ‘Panther’, ‘Khan Samah’, ‘Nirankari’ (IAMMN 213, 220) and in India : A Wounded Civilization : ‘Dharma’, ‘Ramraj’, ‘Swaraj’, ‘Pathan’. (IAWC 60, 75) But he does not adopt what may be called an arrogant stance by English in not explaining these Indianisms. Thus linguistically he tries to tread the path set by the colonizer not budging an inch in giving a different hue to it. He uses language with ease and coolness.
Arundhati Roy who may safely be called a native writer uses English with finesse and gives delicate touch. She remains comfortable with the change wrought around British English words and sounds. She is not pretentious novelist. She is self conscious like Raja Rao who in his preface in *Kanthapura* (1971) says is not easy since : one has to convey in a language that is not one’s own the spirit that one’s own. (K 27)

She plays with the language in her own style without exhibiting any sense of urgency and being self conscious and complex. One can see that she plays with the language the way she wants and leaves an imprint of her culture. But in her use of language she seems to be free from the specters of post colonial tension, ambivalence or complications.

Thus these expatriate writers have to struggle hard in portraying actual India despite their success in the west. Their writing is always looked with suspicion doubting authenticity in their native land.