NARCOPOLIS
BY
JEET THAYIL
The cover page of the book is so well designed that it clearly shows the smoke coming out of the pipe relevant to dreams of the person and also it side effects in the form of snake ‘King Cobra’ whose venom is so poisonous that no one can be escaped from its effect. It also shows the dual personality of the person which clearly resembles with the thought process inside the mind after and before intake of the drugs.

Source: themanbookerprize.com
Jeet Thayil

Source: articles.timesofindia.indiatimes.com
CHAPTER 5

NARCOPOLIS

5. INTRODUCTION

This chapter explains about the author and his qualifications, achievements, experience and style of writing in detail. Also covers the role of Old Bombay (Narcopolis, 1) called as Mumbai in this particular novel Narcopolis and how it affects peoples’ lives and how people are striving to pass through difficulties they face. The novel clearly portrays evolution of broken and great metropolis stretching is described in the novel over three decades. Indian novels are celebrated because of the Narcopolis subverts and encounters traditional literature. Narcopolis explains about God, drug, addiction, love, sex, death and perversion.

5.1 JEET THAYIL

Jeet Thayil is the Indian Novel writer who born in Kerala on 13th October 1959 to the writer and Editor George and Ammu George. His father is a journalist, who writes hard-hitting articles on society and politics for New Indian Express. Thayil’s sister is also a famous journalist. He got married to Shakti Bhatt who is a celebrated editor and blogger. Shockingly, she passed away in 2007, at an exceptionally young age, of a brief disease. She was well known amongst literary circles. The government has even instituted an award in her honor.

George worked in various places such as Hong Kong, New York and India. Hence, Thayil was educated mostly in foreign countries. He completed his post-graduation in department of Arts at Sarah Lawrence College (New York). He has received awards and grants from British Council and the Rockefeller Foundation, Foundation of Arts in New York and Arts council in Swiss.
Narcopolis, a debut novel written by Thayil describes about the Old Bombay, during the period from 1970 to 1980. Thayil’s debut novel, *Narcopolis* (Faber, 2011) is set in Old Bombay, during the time period of 70s and 80s. This novel reveals secret history of the city, when opium offered a path to second rated heroin. He created this novel by engraved.

### 5.1.1 WORKS DONE BY JEET THAYIL

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**EDITOR**

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Table 7 Works done by Jeet Thayil
5.1.2 ACHIEVEMENTS

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| 1.    | Sahitya Akademi Award for English
       *(These Errors Are Correct)*            | 2012 |
| 2.    | Booker prize for fiction (shortlisted)      | 2012 |
| 3.    | Hindu-Literary prize (shortlisted)         | 2013 |
| 4.    | DSC prize for South Asian literature       | 2013 |

Table.8 Awards & Nomination of Jeet Thayil

5.2 BOMBAY AS NARCOPOLIS

The content stretches about the essentialness beyond the switching of the code beyond the candy ear. The novel explains the clear similitude about both the drug and states themselves. It is very inter-textual, with references to imagined writings, real world ones, stories inside stories from an expansive blend of classifications, and redundancies of key expressions and narratives.

In this novel, he wrote about Bombay, but still not celebrated the Slum Bombay of Slumdog Millionaire or Anglo-affected Vikram Seth’s Novel *Post-provincial India* and unbelievable movies by Satyajit Ray. Thayil’s rich, disordered, hallucinatory long for a novel is set in Bombay, a multilingual society where the greater part of India's languages, beliefs and ranks blend, where the overall currency is cash and its fantasies are told, in those schmaltzy, kitschy Bollywood films, which lives on an edge, occasionally exploded when terrorists set explosives, however coming back to life the following day, versatile and surrendered. Novels by Thayil’s resourcefulness lies behind the way he has compressed the whole universe into opium den during the period of 1970 to 1980, by pimps, pushers, artists, hoodlums and eunuchs. In a television program of BBC on 11th October 2012, the judges
making an evaluation of the novel said, *Bombay is the first and last word of this first novel, an urban history written by a former drug addict through the changing composition of opiates and the changing characters of their users* (ibid. pg. 4).

Thayil paints a stark picture of Mumbai. Thayil talked with Reuters about his profound association with Bombay, his habit and how this novel occurred:

*I went to St. Xavier school as kid, and when he was eight years old my family left and went to Hong kong where my father was working as writer. After that I continued by schoolings in New York and then in the year 1979, I returned to Bombay and joined in Wilson College. I spent 20 years of my life in Bombay* (ibid. pg. 7).

When he was inquired as to why it makes him feel unequivocally regarding the city, he said.

*Bombay makes connection, troubles and clubs with all the people. On scrutinizing about Shuklaji Street, now it’s totally vanished. It is a region of Central Mumbai and Grand road which was fully vanished and it was purchased away by land sharks and made it as separated tall houses. The locale is fully vanished with millions of stories. This will make the Bombay vanished and their specificity will also be loosed. The people who are living there obviously do not have the ability to withstand there.*

*At the end of *Narcopolis*, the creator was entirely resentful to draw the photo of present Bombay as an exceptionally uniform-looking spot bearing a skyscraper dwelling sort of look of consistency achieved by the political changes completely bolstered by the conservative and the sort of financial changes enlarging the rich-poor gap. The substance of old Bombay that invited people of different groups or so far as that is concerned, anyone with ability, desire, with excellence, with brains was just chipped away. The change from Bombay to Mumbai hints at this change, the change from this old nineteenth century sentimental,
People taking drug “Charas” and enjoying the moment
Source: bombay.pablobartholomew.com/bombay/

Prostitutes living area and waiting for their customers
Source: bombay.pablobartholomew.com/bombay/
spectacular, tranquil, moderate universe of opium to the fast, fierce, modern, debasing universe of cheap heroin. Strikingly, there occurred a class shift it is presently the poorest, irrefutably the blue road folks who take to it. It is most honorable, prior to the drugs, because of Urdu-speaking high society elites.

5.3 CHARACTERS OF THE NOVEL

5.3.1 RASHID

At first Rashid was a skinny illegal person pursuing to become a fat businessman. with cash in his pocket and the shortest commute in the world (ibid.pg. 135). Toward the end of everything he would concede none of it gives me a moment of peace in my head (ibid.pg. 135). A long time of his work in khana had verging on distorted him and he regularly looked away from his degraded image (ibid.pg. 146) in the mirror. Rashid's opium room turned into a landmark with trained staff, the best quality O and real Chinese opium pipes. The opium visitors, who had caught wind of khana, conceivably from shoreline companions namely in Spain, bistro in Rome, would come the distance to Shuklaji Street to see with their own eyes.

Rashid would race to the khana not long after he got up from bed since his system dazed from six or seven hours without drugs, his head reeling with visions of hellfire and the annihilation of godless world (ibid.pg. 136).

When he was opium sick, he felt God was constantly close. And afterward he whispered, Guide thou us on the straight path, thou who are round about the infidels. Thy lightening snatches their eyes. (ibid.pg. 137) Rashid spend his life as devotee by fastidiously observing prayer 5 times after the dietary criticism. However his propensities had never been stagnantly steady rather contrarily dynamic trading one propensity for another: he had surrendered God and acknowledged O (ibid.pg. 142) and now grasped garad heroin.
At the end stage of the life, he sat in an armchair by an open window with a knitted white skullcap with his prayer beads. Charmness of Rashid is vanished, his charm had completely vanished and a demeanor of un-appreciability related to his face was there. He left his room every so often, some of the time for a walk, at some point to the apartment on the half arrival where his kamavali used to live however nobody knew why he went and what he did there.

5.3.2 DIMPLE

In the event that there is one character that exemplifies the complete self of the novel, it is Dimple. The most charming of the city's denizens, Dimple is, neither man nor lady, a hijra, (the eunuch) in fact a man yet alluded to all through with female pronouns and wears lady's attire. When she was little, she was handed over to a priest by her mother and that person sold her to a brothel. She works at the opium den for part time, at first; nights are offered over to the brothel. She is on an unending quest for learning and excellence. She has taught herself to communicate in English, and is teaching herself to peruse. When she assumes control over the story, the movement is gentle to the point that it requires some investment for the pursuer to understand that the storyteller has blurred out of spotlight and hasn't been found in some time.

Dimple says of herself: woman and man are words other people use, not me. I'm not sure what I'm. Some days I'm neither, or I'm nothing. On other days I feel I'm both (ibid.pg. 11). The neither/either/both that characterizes Dimple's sex employs to such a great amount in the novel thus a lot of what the novel is describing. Syzygy possibility, presented by Bengali is remarkable one: An idea which could elude a conjunction and opposition and connected pair (ibid.pg. 20). Someone read out a quote from the Mahabharata which showed up in the article page of the daily paper which said, Only eunuchs worship fate (ibid.pg. 76). And afterward to make a joke of it the man inquired as to whether it was valid. The words stayed
with her. She had faith in Fate and Ghosts and misfortune: *in the event that this made her
doubly an eunuch there was nothing she could do to change it. It was fate* (ibid.pg. 76)

Like Tiresias of Greek mythology, Dimple has known both universes: *I'm both and
I've learned some things, to my cost, the kind of thing you're better off not knowing if you
mean to live in the world* (ibid.pg. 11). She guarantees that she has certain knowledge on
adoration disguised to generally others. She has a comprehension of how significant others
need to devour and be expended, and vanish into each other. She says, *I know how they long
to make two equivalent one and I know it can never be* (ibid.pg. 11). However from her own
particular experience she affirms unhesitatingly that *Genuine union is impossible; all we can
hope for is cohabitation* (ibid.pg. 18).

Thayil affirmed that she is the one who prepared pipes in an opium den during the
period of 1980-81. *I only saw her twice. Then she disappeared. Many people in that world
disappear. There was something about the way she used to prepare pipe, most elegant.*
(ibid.pg. 20) She is a whore and like all the fundamental characters in the novel, a drug
someone who is addicted; opium is the main thing that decreases her pain. She is an
emotional and good person as described in the novel, in spite of her gruesomeness; she is a
sweet, tender, silence and adorable person with antique *tart-with-a-heart* (ibid.pg. 28). Dom
the storyteller reports how he was frequently transported to a stupor like dream affected by
Dimple's opium pipe. Dimple enjoyed Dom who posed numerous inquiries. She
comprehended there was just a thin veil that isolated one from ones dreams: *On the other side
of the mirror, our hands are resting against the glass, trying to touch your face. Only a veil
separates us from you, a transparent veil as flimsy as the one that separates you from your
dreams.* (ibid.pg. 20)
Prostitutes
Source: bombay.pablobartholomew.com/bombay/

A drug dealer displaying Opium on his hand
Source: bombay.pablobartholomew.com/bombay/
Dimple horrendously describes how she was compelled to experience the procedure of gelding and docking when she was only nine or eight. She was conveyed to Bombay to a hijra's brothel.

A woman was called, a famous daima, Shantibai. There was singing and dancing and whisky. The daima told me to chant the goddess’ name and she gave me a red sari. She made me drink whisky. I hated the taste but I drank it. They gave me opium. Then four of them held me down. They used a piece of split bamboo on my penis and testicles and held me down. The bamboo was so tight I felt nothing, until afterwards, when they poured hot oil on my wound. That was when I felt the pain ... (ibid.pg. 66-67)

Dimple barely recollects that her mom yet she thinks of it as a gift to overlook her childhood past:

My mom sold me to priest, who sold me to Tai when I was at 7. I don't recall much about my mom or my life before I came. I do not prefer to recall it..

Best. Forget is best.

Why remember and make yourself sad?

Why remember when you memory wrong, all wrong

Yes, yes, best to forget (ibid.pg. 67)

At the point when Dimple's pay dropped attributable to her ill health, Tai took her to Mr. Lee. She was dressed like a decent Indian young woman going to meet her elders. Dom, now, tries to peruse what goes ahead in Dimple's brain:

Costumes like cloths are disguises and with this image we do not have anything to do with truth. Whatever it may be, man is woman and vice versa. Everything is everybody. Everybody is everything. She thought: Who do I look
like? Do I look like my mother? ... She had no idea and for that she was grateful. Forgetfulness was a gift, a talent to be nurtured. (ibid.pg. 57)

Lee gave her glass of milk mixed with medicine. In around fifteen minutes the pain left her, to be supplanted by its inverse, something that enveloping that told her she was loved, no, beloved: she was beloved and not alone. (ibid.pg. 60)

She learned English by speaking with clients and by perusing whatever she could get hold of. Wavering amongst foresight and innocence, Dimple was headed to impart; she was a story addict (ibid.pg. 78) language fixated, she could read anything, however she was all the while getting to be educated, she didn't generally get kind. She trusted that Sex Detective (ibid.pg. 80) is type of genuine wrong doing portrayal. It's not a novel (ibid.pg. 80), a humored Dom advises her - and this is not a pipe.

Khalid one of Rashid's business-mate was once respectfully reviling Rashid for permitting Dimple to talk excessively: Your kaamvali, the hijda Dimple, why do you let her discussion to such an extent? ... Our sacred writing says ladies must be noiseless in the congregations of men (ibid.pg. 90). However, Rashid realized that his clients liked to hear her discussion. Khalid was entirely mindful of the two sided connotation in kaamavali (ibid.pg. 90), for kaam (ibid.pg. 90) is work in Hindi yet yearning or desire in Sanskrit.

Jamal carried on as though Dimple was his adversary until the day she spared him from a group of men who had gotten him by his kurtha and were yelling at him. From that point on he generally welcomed her. To Dimple, this was a great thing, an achievement, something, finally, to be proud of (ibid.pg. 205)

Name of Dimple does not alter like Bombay. Dimple was renamed initially as Dimple Kapadia, Bobby a film. Then she was renamed, Zeenat Aman by Rashid ,who is the film star at that time who took Dimple to a motion picture ‘Hare Rama Hare Krishna’. In this movie Zeenat played a major role and renamed Dimple as Janice and flee. Once more, we have this
intimation of outcast and division. The word Hijra is etymologically observed with Arabic hjr, which alludes to abandoning tribe.

Rashid gave new name and identity to Dimple. She was requested by Rashid to start wearing burka. She was delighted when slipping between her two attitudes in sometimes. She discovered some force in selecting the clothes she needs to wear like burka, sari, or trousers because it allowed her ... to act like a man when she wanted to. She perceived that clothes are costumes, or disguises. The image has nothing to do with the truth. And what is truth? Whatever you want it to be. Men are women and women are men. Everybody is everything (ibid.pg. 134). She has been moved through the religions, sex, reality, time, clothes, names, roles, etc. She imagined her as rich person and she compared her with Jesus as he is poor. She learned to survive here by expressing her English and figuring out Cantonese swear from Mr. Lee et cetera.

Dimple likewise recognized as terribly sex divergence by man which makes him sound at the top. Better to be a woman, for conversation and everything and better to be a man for sex (ibid.,pg. 147). The discrimination in plain view of Narcopolis is sufficient to produce non-misanthrope flinch, despite the fact that it is obviously proposed to be mocking or subversive as a rule. In any case, there are no solid female characters, with the exception of Dimple, who however from numerous points of view, female is naturally male and she doesn’t consider herself as lady exclusively.

5.3.3 JAMAL

Rashid's older child, Jamal was then a businessman when he was just six years of age. The boy had a way of appearing without making a sound, materializing from nowhere with his eyes wide and his hand extended (ibid.,pg. 135) to get some money from Rashid. Rashid was once stunned to discover his child smoking and he yelled Six years old and you are on the street, fucking and smoking (ibid.,pg. 143). Jamal emulated his dad's example, as a sales
representative of the new flavored-drugs like ‘Cocaine, and MDMA and Ecstasy’. When he gets older, we see a look at the fresher era as Jamal and his life partner, Farheen, invest lot of time in a club. Toward the end of the novel, we discover Jamal and his dad seldom addressed each other in light of the fact that discussion was Jamal's weapon and he habitually utilized it as a way to threaten his dad.

5.3.4  BENGALI

Bengali was aged somewhere around fifty and seventy, gaunt, wrinkled and communicated in English with an influenced British accent. He kept Rashid's records and cared for the shop. He had been with Rashid since the early days when Rashid was a tapori selling charas near Grand Road Station (ibid.pg. 145). He invested a large portion of his time bolting and opening a tin box that served as a register, putting in cash and paying out. Nobody knew anything about his life before he came to Shuklaji Street aside from that he had been an agent in an administration office in Calcutta. He discussed fanciful, religious and political figures as though he knew them well. The Narrator says, He shared the local pain that Bengalis were inclined to, the conviction that they were the most noble and gifted people on the planet (ibid.pg. 147)

5.3.5  LEE

The elderly Mr. Lee, an exile whose childhood in Maoist China is portrayed in a portion of the novel's most nerve racking parts. Lee is a former soldier who fled from comrade China, expecting the conceivable risk to his life after his dad distributed a dainty volume titled Prophecy. It was 1957, the year of the main cleanse. At the point when the novel retailers understood the way of the novel's substance, they annihilated their duplicates. The official's decision was cited in the People's Daily: What can a decadent daydreamer and bourgeoisie do? We will not let you pollute the socialist future of China! (ibid.pg. 91) The
communists thought of him as a wanton daydreamer who might dirty the communist fate of China. Lee's dad's profession arrived at an end with this yet before he could be taken to jail, he fell sick. A couple days after the fact, Lee's dad died of fever and ailing health. Lee finds a duplicate of his dad's keep going novel and on understanding it he comprehended that it had been his dad's true life's work. Lee in the novel is a Chinese drug dealer who gives Dimple her first hit of opium for her back pain she used it as a counter octant. Mr. Lee's detestations of a communist in the late 1940s focus his unordinary companionship with her, and she is the one, who trusts about the lost lives and love. He told to her that after his death he wants him to be buried in china. She could not get his ashes and it remained there itself and she blamed herself for not honored desires of her companion. Dimple gave his opium pipes to Chinese, the real deal in the end took her to an opium den keep running by Rashid.

5.3.6 THE NARRATIVE OF O

_The Story of O_ (ibid.pg. 3) starts with Dom's entry in Bombay. It is in the late of 1970s; he rapidly knotted himself into Bombay's fabric corrupt belly, especially, opium caves. On Shuklaji street, he meet the owner of Khana, Rashid who is the significant one in the novel happens (and where Dom has smoked his first pipe); Dimple, who work for the Rashid by preparing bowls for opium; Bengali deals with money of Rashid, Rumi who is the confrontational businessman and several characters played in this novel.

Dom mentioned some run-ins in his poet, Newton Xavier Francis, is one who vanishing the center of the novel one and holding off on returning till the second and 50% of the third novel. “I” story teller vanishes and supplanted by other third individual which abruptly ventures into let us know the internal attitudes of other characters' brains and own histories. This portrayal has reality ring, possibly the character of her as reality. How Dom know this? Is it true that this is even Dom's point of view? Where is he at anyway? Turns out
it's the other "I" the “I" (ibid.pg. 137) who's telling, that is describing now. It is through the mouth of an antiquated opium pipe that we hear these stories.

Dimple's viewpoint has been told by pipes. The experiences of Dimple with Xavier and tail her to fantasies. The novel portrayal pounce back because of youthful and she encountering some of the body pain because of hormonal changes at a young age. She went to see Mr. Lee, Chinese man who gave opium to her to reduce her pain and reduces her surrogate father.

5.3.7 THE STORY OF THE PIPE

The Story of the Pipe explains about Mr. Lee: Biography here he narrates about Dimple as he is more prone to death. Then the story witness about the adolescence and youth, beginning to look all starry eyed at, his armed force timing, and the results outcast and took flight to India and, in the end, Bombay, where he abhors however stays on the grounds that he is attracted to the ocean. At the point when Lee passes on, he left Dimple and his family's radiant opium pipes, in which she deals with Rashid's khana position, where she makes pyalis throughout the day in return the opium for her to smoke.

5.4 THEMES OF THE NOVEL

5.4.1 THE INTOXICATED

The novel The Intoxicated narrates about the tumultuous disintegration of the mostly mellow opium into severely universe destroying compound heroin. Rashid's khana is closed, revived, and closed again. Dimple has left the brothel in which she has worked at about her entire life to inhabit of Rashid, on half the arrival between khana and the upstairs floor where his spouses their youngsters live. She resolved all through to move away from brothel, to mold up her future. Her turn towards Rashid's has been positive yet wrecked by new drug
decision in and around the local area. Also that she's relied upon to go about as sex partner of Rashid's he's in the inclination at any point.

Further the character slips, all unpreventable into ruin as garad heroin and turns out to be progressively accessible and pervasive. At this point, they moved to mid-90s and the awful Bombay revolts that left city smoldering and populace kindled. A less demanding one, heroin than the natural product. "I" storyteller, Dom, came back. He is doing courses of action to leave Bombay. He, as other people we are taking after, built heroin propensity since we did not saw him before ten or many years (however we ponder where, because he says that he didn’t saw Dimple in that long). He stores Dimples for the recovery when he before leaving Bombay, final desperate attempt to spare her. "I" abandons us again for whatever remains of Third novel, and the recovery focused on, More secure (ibid.pg. 196), which came to house both Dimple followed by Rumi, are the locus of whatever is left as the segment.

5.4.2 USES OF REINCARNATION

This section narrates about the return of Dom a storyteller to Bombay in the year 2004 as Thayil’s arrival. Dom wants to visit, Rashid to get into an old acquaintance. He went to the Shuklaji Street to discover the disoriented diverse territory. The red light area in Bombay has been changed into shops and stores, organizations and fast food centers. Dom talks with the elderly Rashid to discover what happened to his companions. We focused more on current era after the arrival of Jamal and his life partner, Farheen, to the club. Cocaine and delight are new kind of great importance, and Jamal (at age of 6 he became a businessperson) emulates Rashid father as a cocaine sales representative. Glossy floor flourish in the club and, to an ever increasing extent, in Bombay yet what's underneath them without a doubt without crude and corrupted. It dependably goes on and the story doesn't end (Dance or we die (ibid.pg. 114), said by Farheen to Jamal).
Dom has seen the belongings left by Dimple left at place of Rashid and found the opium pipe. Then the novel proceeded in the same spot where it began. The record made together with the Dom and Pipe, a meta-textual call for flagging the circularity: *Everything I did was recorded, single word after the other, starting and consummation with the same one, Bombay* (ibid.pg. 57).

Our boric last line proposes the story as imperative one for sure it is a key to comprehension of the story. The language we used is an unmistakable center all through, and the novel is loaded with lines that ask to be perused so anyone might hear: *Xavier outdid the Romantics’ antics* (ibid.pg. 65), is *permanently drunk on booze, broads and beauty* (ibid.pg. 65), and is *mad, bad, and slanderous to know* (ibid.pg.65). The spot Dimple builds up the taste for opium is called by its benefactors *Mistah Lee’s or Mister Ree’s* (ibid.pg. 66).

### 5.4.3 LEGACY LEFT BEHIND OPIUM PIPE

Inter-textual components are pervasive it felt as though they are perusing or listening to a story inside our narrator the same amount of as perused by us. In the initial thirty or so pages alone, obtained from the Time magazine *What a big name for a small book* (ibid.pg. 18), (Dimple says), Free Press Journal, the Daily Mail, and few different papers discussing Newton Pinter Xavier, *a postmodern subversive who rejected the label ‘postmodern* (ibid.pg. 25); perplexing S. T. Pande, writings seem a few times all through the novel; and a couple of lyrics by Xavier himself. One of these recounts a kid in a tragic future that gets to be isolated from the family and country. He and his outcasts bands went to a spot and he knows that this spot where he comes from. It is the significant part of the city but still could not detect his own house. He started to trek forward the city, he got it: but he could not detected his home since it was not there. It was changed into a house with garden and pool. He turned back to the place and do not want to see all these changes.
It wasn't that I wanted to go home,

Who knew home? I only knew alone.

What I wanted was to be elsewhere,

Somewhere, anywhere but there. (ibid. pg. 45)

5.4.4 PLACE OF EXILE

A prophetically calamitous future, child came from the home and returning is not same as the one that we can see over and over. Drug fixation and Bombay are frequent synonymous, as when she says, that she discovered Bombay and opium, city and drug, ‘Bombay’ the city of opium and drug is a position of outcast for hefty portion of characters, or rather a second home. It is unquestionably not an incident that St. Francis Xavier, is guides benefactor and purposeless explorers.

Mr. Lee, himself an outcast, who lost a war and a country at one stroke (ibid. pg. 58), Father of Lee’s, written a novel in year 1957 that obtained from his past well known writing and whose substance was combustible enough to government of Maoist that the writer twirled in a work camp, marked a revisionist, and forced to convey a sign understanding, ‘I am a monster.’ (ibid. pg. 60). Lee finds the novel, Prophecy (another fitting title), after his dad's death. As the substance is uncovered, blend of acknowledgment starts, and develops the more we hear. Prophecy is introduced as an account however there were things in it that no biographer could know, Eg: men and women were intuition at imperative minutes of their lives and at the focal point of everything was a character who was neither man nor woman (ibid. pg. 62).

5.4.5 STORY OF SPECIFIC INDIA

Narcopolis is a novel about the particular India at certain day and age. We hear references to generally huge occasions all through: the pathaar maar’s killing, when a ‘stone
executioner’ went after Bombay's most down and out, assaulting their heads in with a stone when they taking rest. What's more, the ruinous bedlam of the Bombay riots in the mid-90 goes with the own character ruined. However, novel is likewise an immortal and all inclusive story. Wide range of stories, wide range of storytellers, and numerous methods of these stories are available with us. The layers to parse through are story layers, as well as viewpoints: the pursuer ponders whether it is a genuine story, a tale, a fantasy, a drug prompted vision, a memory. At early stage of Novel one, the gesture takes Dom and dream is gone by soul of expired Dimple. In spite of the fact that at first we may consider it to be only a fantasy, it gets to be clearer as the novel unfurls that these fantasy appearances may really from spirits, navigating space and time, to see people who know them. Dimple tells Dom about her soul is dependably there behind a mirror's appearance, or under surface of water. Spirits float adjacent; she told that she is simply sitting tight to get tuned by someone.

5.4.6 NOT A TYPICAL INDIAN NOVEL

It is not a run of the mill Indian novel, as it has more in the same way as drug and dependence writing: Burroughs than Rushdie. However, when we have gone through these topics namely - character, language, code exchange, religion, change, brutality, etc. gives off an impression of being basically Indian. The storyteller himself is not the common Indian; if there can be a wonder such as this.

5.4.7 MULTI-LAYERING

The muddle of classes and accounts in the novel is to certain a degree to a vital extent in a postmodern story. Scattered all through story are references to different writings and different stories, which made the novel multi-layered. Books show that Mr. Lee is visited by dreams of his father’s novel when he came close to death. Dimple has a parallel vision as well. Since he drops her at recovery, Dom and Dimple went to Chowpatty Beach and had
moment of clairsentience where Dom reported that Dimple was searching for ghost ship coming soon, mirroring the ghost ship Mr. Lee searched to review what his dad had expounded on Zheng He. Later she wrote a story, that Dom found the kids those who seen in his dreams.

What we mentioned in the novel are a wide range of stories, various storytellers, and numerous methods of seeing these same stories. We are additionally made to acknowledge layers of points of view: is the story we read, a genuine story, a tale, a fantasy, a medication actuated eyesight, a memory? At the early stage of Book One, gesture takes Dom and he dreams that he is gone by Dimple’s expired soul. This present dream's criticalness gets to be clearer as the book unfurls. We start to comprehend that these fantasy appearances may really from spirits, navigating space and time, to see individuals who already knew them. Dimple tells him that her soul is there, behind a mirror's appearance, under the surface of water. Spirits drift adjacent, she told that, simply sitting tight to get tuned by somebody.

Dreams almost merge reality and there is just a cloak... a straightforward cover as wobbly as the one that isolates you from your fantasies (ibid.pg. 20) It is not essential if dreams touch reality and actualities for You must face truths and the truth of the matter is life is like a joke, a fucking awful joke, a terrible fucking joke (ibid.pg. 22) Facts resemble the garments we wear. They are ensembles and masks. The picture does not have anything to do with reality. Also, what is truth? Whatever you want it to be. Men are women and women are men. Everyone is everything (ibid.pg. 57). Our feeling of reality has this one element. We are stubborn by a consistent thought; Anything can happen to anyone at any time (ibid.pg. 117)

Dreams too are layered, and regularly contain imperative messages as mysteries or disclosures without bounds. With the dreams came memories, or perhaps they weren’t memories at all but fantasies she imagined were memories (ibid.pg. 239) Character dreams don't simply stay inside the leader of visionary. Dimple's fantasy regarding Mr. Lee breaks
into Rashid when they having intercourse, and he saw his very own fantasy vision future which Dom later witnesses. Distinctive measurements of reality mixed with each other. Case in point, Dimple says about the memories of her mother that went to her when she is detoxing. With the fantasies came memories, or maybe they weren't memories at everything except dreams she envisioned were memories. (ibid.pg. 241)

Memories have pain like the way dreams contain lessons. Mother of Dimple sold her at the age of seven to Tai at the massage parlor where she is maintained where she spends numerous years. After clarifying what she could recollect of her past to her new father, Mr. Lee, Dimple is told: Forget is best (ibid.pg. 243). She concurs, tired of the enthusiastic weight: Why remember and make yourself sad? (ibid.pg. 244) Memories tricky way is clear in Mr. Lee's reaction. Why remember when anyway you memory wrong, all wrong (ibid.pg. 244).

Blending and merging of stories each other and truth were interlaced together. Surely, flux, and the blending, moving, evolving, challenging, reincorporating of standards, desires, societies, dialects, codes, stories, reality and so forth, is integral to the book, which intriguingly regularly withdraws from standards yet complies with them in the meantime.

5.4.8 MAGICAL REALISM

Some magical components like the dead speaking to the living human being, a talking pipe, a prophetic book called Prophecy and so on, yet this magic is limited to the place that is known for dreams and drugs. Its mysterious components really loan quality. We are not ready to reject anything as unbelievable, on the grounds that are genuine to the characters and maybe genuine inside the book's world too. Potentially, a fantasy, gesture of opium, vision of heroin, all these likewise are look behind cloak isolating the pursuer from the domain of the enchanted. Clearly it is not a happenstance that so a considerable lot of the fantasy ghosts straightforwardly talk about everything. Enchanted stuff happened in the domain of dreams
or the domain of the inebriated means we do not have real way to release it. Obviously, it turns out anything but difficult to overlook that the channel's infinitely knowledgeable portrayal comes through Dom who himself talked about the invalid possibility of dependability. Is the channel truly addressing him, simply think so? Is Prophecy truly prophetic, is the entire thing, without a doubt the whole book, a story he has made up? The sense is that it is honest to goodness, as bona fide as it can be in any case, however the very actuality that we could not make sure about those magical minutes intense.

5.4.9 SUBJECTIVE SECRET HISTORY

Bombay (ibid.pg. 1), starts, wrecked its own particular history by name change and surgically adjustment of face by surgical procedures, is the hero or heroine of this story (ibid.pg. 1). Narcopolis is not a normal Bombay novel. It didn't highlight the colossal figures of Independence or Colonial history. It is an unconventional subjective mystery history told with parcel of closeness and nature about the universe of opium lairs well known to Thayil. He had seen the garad heroin wreck that society and numerous people live. The history of Narcopolis is effectively as Thayil's it is the storyteller; Dom Ullis' however extends for them two. Narcopolis is around a particular India in a particular day and age. We hear references to generally noteworthy occasions all through: the pathaar maar killings, when ‘stone executioner’ died on Bombay are desperate, crushing their heads in with a stone when taking rested. These actions stayed unsolved in target history of examination however in Narcopolis do offer a potential response to the puzzle: a stone executioner maybe considered himself to be a power of kindhearted brutality, the main answer for a broken world. What's more, the damaging disarray of Bombay riots in the mid-90 goes with characters' own drop into ruin. In any case, novel is additionally general and an immortal story. As a chiromancer cases to anticipate the course of a human life from a line on the palm, so Narcopolis sets out to tell the previous 30 years of then-Bombay's history from the vantage purpose of a solitary road. That
road is Shuklaji Street – since the times of the Raj the heart of the city's red-light area of town however before the end of the novel experiencing gentrification.

5.5 CONCLUSION

It might appear to be drifting to a pursuer whose essential delight is plot advancement, yet *Narcopolis* account style is maybe the best way to verge on delineating the unspeakable way of enslavement in the unutterable way of a spot like Bombay. The storyteller gets sucked into the city's shabby underworld, overflowing with opium and whores. The storyteller is high on opium (or heroin, later) for a significant part of the novel, so the novel contains much long, lovely, medicates prompted meandering. In this way, the novel's postmodernism, a few pursuers, commentators may crumple their noses, really serving a great deal pioneer, sensible objectives. From numerous points of view it is not the regular Indian novel, but rather at last, we request that by what other method portray India this novel endeavors to? All through the novel, characters discuss the contrast between the moderate utilization of afeem and garad heroin quick utilization. The novels go in the same path, depending on the moderate, rather ceremonial get together and pipe smoke. This language makes that one need to go gradually, smoke it like opium and lie around with musings and dreaming which it brings out, still the story quickens and one needs to keep perusing to move in upwards. The novel recounts the tale of habit additionally flexibility and pursuers wonder on the off chance that they are the same thing. It discusses country and outcast, which once more, appear to have no genuine qualifications in the novel. Like its focal character, it is not one or the other, either, and/or both. The pursuer would get the inclination that at last *Narcopolis* is Dom's story just as *My Antonia* has a place with Jim, or *The Great Gatsby* to Nick. His eyes made all the others to see other people, especially Dimple, because completely acknowledged people that they are. In this story dreams spill, and in that dreams we are constrained for stimulation, as well as to grasp, the possibility that *the fiend needs to consider time the way a tree does* (ibid. pg. 12).
In aspiration, *Narcopolis* is reminiscent of Roberto Bolano; however it is Denis Johnson's *Jesus' Son* the best addict novel of the last quarter century that is its closer kin. It might appear that Dimple separated, none of the characters is at all piece pleasant: they are to a man voracious, penniless, self-important and inclined to blasts of irrational violence. However Thayil has demonstrated he is a writer, and it appears in the exposition, which contains incalculable minutes of great excellence. The novel, undoubtedly, is spotted with scenes of stunning physical savagery. In the year 1970, Bombay is cauldron in which every now and again bubbles over. Toward the end of the novel the pursuers are to concede his introduction is an unsettling portrait of a fuming city, a wonderfully written contemplation on fixation, sex, kinship, dreams, and murder. It's an all the while merciless and delightful work, dreamlike while never being wistful or dubious or softhearted. *Narcopolis* is a really noteworthy accomplishment.
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Primary sources:


Secondary sources:


