A Few Thoughts on Indian Fiction, 1947-1997

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The fiftieth anniversary of India’s independence has generated an outpouring of literary analysis and criticism. Both at home and abroad a variety of journals have devoted special issues to Indian literature, compiling lists of “important” contemporary writers and making optimistic predictions about the future of fiction in India. It would be fair to say that more than ever before the subcontinent is enjoying a resurgence of interest in its writing and its writers. The recent commercial successes of novelists such as Salman Rushdie, Vikram Seth, Gita Mehta and Arundhati Roy, who won the coveted Booker prize for 1997, has fostered a renewed focus on Indian prose, even amongst the generally Eurocentric ranks of multinational publishers.

In the course of these jubilee celebrations, a number of questions have arisen regarding post-colonial writing in South Asia. For anyone who has read even a sampling of the literature, most of these are familiar issues which have been part of literary discourse since 1947. However, with the perspective of fifty years, these questions have acquired a contemporary resonance and immediacy. The first question that presents itself is whether a national identity can be asserted through literature and how various Indian writers compose their own visions of nationhood. Unlike British writers such as Rudyard Kipling and E. M. Forster, who had a penchant for Indian exoticism, the challenge for writers of the subcontinent is to create a known and familiar landscape that does not perpetuate orientalist imagery and myths. The second question is a persistent one, centered around the issue of language. Writers invariably select and limit their audience through the language they employ and in India, more than any other nation, this is a crucial problem, with sixteen major languages from which to choose. English, first introduced to the subcontinent by colonizers, has been adapted and assimilated into Indian culture and many writers have succeeded in making it uniquely
their own. The third question involves the use of fiction as a medium of social protest. In the decades following 1947, as the nations of South Asia began to develop their identities and institutions, a chorus of voices were raised in opposition to the political and social structures that were established. Just as they had earlier joined in the protests against British rule many writers were quick to criticize political oppression, the existence of widespread poverty, and the exploitation of lower castes, women and minorities. These three questions are by no means the only important issues relating to post-colonial literature in India but they are significant catalysts for debate.

Asserting a National Identity

Long before India gained independence from Britain many South Asian writers had already freed themselves from the shackles of colonialism. It is, of course, absurd to assume that with the handover of political power at midnight on August 15, 1947, Indian literature also experienced a synchronous moment of freedom. Writers seldom march in lock-step with the nation and the term “post-colonial” must therefore be flexible enough to include those writers who had the foresight to anticipate, and in some cases precipitate, the demise of British rule in India. By the same token, however, it must be recognized that when we speak of post-colonial literature, this does not automatically imply liberation from all forms of exploitation and oppression. Literature, and the writers who make it, often labor under a variety of political, social, linguistic and critical constraints. Simply because a nation is free doesn’t mean that words begin to flow unabated.

Yet India’s “tryst with destiny,” a phrase coined by Jawaharlal Nehru, does have momentous significance for literature. Of the twentieth century fiction writers who were involved in the Indian freedom struggle, Rabindranath Tagore is perhaps the best known. His short stories and novels, as well as his poetry and plays, gained a worldwide audience. After he received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913 he came to represent India’s literary voice abroad. Tagore wrote in both Bengali and in English, often translating his own work. He affected an idyllic classicism which is often assumed to be a distilled vision of India, informed by an aesthetic sensibility that was rooted in upper middle-class Bengali culture. Though many of his
stories explore social problems and inequities, Tagore fostered a somewhat hazy, sentimental vision of India. With a prose style that was full of scriptural cadences and mystical metaphors he accepted his role as India’s poet laureate. His flowing white beard and pristine robes helped transform him into the epitome of an eastern sage.

Many of Tagore’s contemporaries shared his sentiments and wrote fiction that can best be described as idealized realism, depicting the rural landscape of India with the problems of poverty, caste and communalism, projected through a rose-tinted lens. The greater evil of colonialism overshadowed these social ills and in many novels and short stories of this period the glorification of India’s heritage and aspirations of freedom combined to create elusive myths of village life. The Hindi writer Mahadevi Verma is perhaps the extreme example of this tradition and her stories and novels contain more syrup than substance. Raja Rao, one of the early writers of Indian English, inherited the mantle of mystical prose from Tagore. Though some of his work, including the early novel Kanthapura, is genuinely brilliant much of his writing drifts into bhramanic enigmas and conundrums. Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyay, a Bengali writer like Tagore, is best known for his novel Pather Panchali which was later made into an enormously successful trilogy of films by director Satyajit Ray. Both on paper and celluloid Bandyopadhyay’s fiction provided an appealing vision of the resilience of India as embodied in the character, Appu, a young Bengali boy. Pather Panchali, first published in 1928, “captivated” audiences in India and abroad, both before and after independence. Despite the struggles and poverty of the characters in this book, the darker and more pertinent issues of class and caste conflict, are muted or masked by an idyllic, pastoral vision of India. In the introduction to a collection of Bandyopadhyay’s short fiction, A Strange Attachment and Other Stories, his translator, Phyllis Granoff, discusses this problem:

Bibhutibhushan’s stories with few exceptions were set in the villages of Bengal. In them Bibhutibhushan seems totally unaware of some of the larger issues, both political and literary, that were dividing his colleagues. Politically he seems unconcerned with the Independence Movement . . . On the literary front contemporary writers were calling for a radical break with the idealizing tradition they associated with the Bengali literary giant
Rabindranath Tagore; they clamoured for a stark realism, concentrating on the seamier side of Indian village life and on the sexuality they read about in Western literature. Bibhutibhushan was often accused of ignoring social reality for his own brand of idealism. In fact Bibhutibhushan’s stories show him to be acutely aware of changing social realities and of the pain of the traditional ways. (13)

The bucolic landscapes of early twentieth century writing in India soon gave way to a more restless and politically charged form of fiction. The Progressive Writers Movement, for instance, was inspired by a Marxist worldview and a belief in class conflict. Unfortunately these writers were often didactic and only a few of them were able to turn political rhetoric into genuine literature. In this regard the poets amongst them were more successful than the fiction writers, though Bhisham Sahni and Gopinath Mohanty stand out as the exceptions. Many of the Progressive Writers were involved in the freedom struggle but they also recognized a further need for revolution throughout Indian society and felt a kinship to other leftist writers around the globe. They rejected the romanticized rural world and blurry mysticism of Tagore, Verma, Rao and Bandyopadhyay.

Independence also brought with it partition and the division of India and Pakistan cast a tragic shadow over the subcontinent. Even as they shared in the elation of their countrymen, many writers turned their attention to the violence and turmoil that accompanied mass migrations across the newly demarcated borders in Punjab and Bengal. Sectarian riots, looting, rape and bloodshed, tainted the new-found sense of freedom and stained the fabric of the nation.

Saadat Hasan Manto is the writer most often associated with the literature of Partition. His Urdu short stories, such as “Toba Tek Singh,” “Black Marginalia,” and “I Swear By God,” catalogued the horrors of partition but also searched beneath the surface of this violence, dredging the murkiest depths of human nature for answers to the bloodshed which occurred in 1947. Though he died soon after independence, Manto is clearly one of the first and foremost writers of the post-colonial generation. In his fiction and in his life he embodied the darkest side of this experience. He was involved in the Progressive Writers Movement and wrote a number of stories attacking British rule in India, including “It Happened in 1919” — a story about the
Jallianwallah Bagh massacre. As a Muslim, forced to move from Bombay to Karachi and Lahore, he lived as an exile in Pakistan and died a broken and dispirited man, not unlike some of the characters in his stories.

During the immediate aftermath of independence many Indian writers felt obliged to define and articulate a national identity. Literature, like everything else in the country, was seen as a means towards achieving success as a nation-state. The earlier myths of independence, propagated by Tagore and his contemporaries, were refashioned to support patriotic and often jingoistic purposes. According to Aditya Behl and David Nicholls in their book, *New Writing In India*, “…the colonialists’ and nationalists’ invention of Indian literature produces an idea of coherence and unity that is unwarranted. The Indian literary canon is not a fixed tradition unfolding uniformly across time, but is rather made up of multiple cultural practices and temporalities” (x). The belief that India was a homogenous culture led to efforts at blending the literatures of India into a unified whole. The Sahitya Akademi, a governmental institution established to promote Indian literature, through annual awards, translations and publications, attempted to bring together India’s regional writers under a common umbrella of nationhood. Unfortunately the premise on which this institution was founded meant that it was doomed and the Sahitya Akademi has become nothing more than a tangled bureaucracy, more interested in patronage and petty politics than fostering genuine literary efforts.

Whereas the politicians were still basking in the afterglow of freedom, a younger generation of fiction writers in the early fifties began to question many of these national myths. For instance, Hindi writers of the Nayi Kahani (New Story) movement veered away from self-conscious efforts at creating national stereotypes. Inspired, in part, by the writings of European existentialists they also rejected the misty idealism and rural landscapes of their predecessors, pursuing the issues of alienation that existed in the rapidly expanding cities of India. Writers such as Shrikant Verma, Kamleshwar, Krishna Baldev Vaid and Nirmal Verma focused their attention on the dilemmas of modernity. The Nayi Kahani writers carefully dissected the anxieties and ambivalence of individual identity in the face of anonymity and change. Gordon Roadarmel, who translated a variety of Nayi Kahani writers, refers to their alienation as a symptom of the times:
These writers have sometimes been accused of taking up themes or postures borrowed from the West and foreign to India. Such accusations are highly debatable... True, some of the authors may have read Kafka, Camus, Sartre, and even Kerouac; but they write from their own context of awareness, often with the painful recognition that many of their readers and critics would prefer greater idealism and inspiration... Shrikant Verma, a noted contemporary Hindi author...calls the modern Indian writer “a stranger in his own land,” one whose vision of “the unhappy, miserable and frightening human situation” has little root in Indian tradition. (6)

The Authenticity of Language

The freedom movement in India, with its slogans of national unity and integration, inspired proponents of a single national language. Amongst writers and intellectuals in North India efforts were made to promote the use of Hindi throughout the country. For obvious reasons this met with widespread and vehement resistance. Hindi itself was an artificial language cobbled together out of Urdu and colloquial Hindustani, with a sprinkling of Sanskrit to give it an aura of tradition. In the northern states of Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan, Hindi was close enough to local dialects for it to be accepted. But elsewhere in the country, particularly in Tamil Nadu, there were language riots and vehicles with Hindi license plates were burned in protest. Efforts to impose the language throughout India were eventually halted and each state or region was permitted to retain its own language, though Hindi found a permanent place in the bureaucracies of New Delhi and, most significantly, on All India Radio.

Even before independence writers such as Prem Chand and Mahadevi Verma helped establish Hindi literature. Their work, like that of Tagore and other contemporaries, was grounded in a rural setting and carried Gandhian overtones, professing the virtues of simplicity and self-reliance. Prem Chand’s novel Godan is a story of village life, with all of the problems of caste, class, debt and dowry but even though these issues are dealt with in exhaustive detail the book reaffirms the traditional values of rural India. In a discussion of post-colonial fiction it is easy to ignore these early twentieth century
writers but they did provide the literary foundations for the fiction that followed independence.

Sixteen major languages are now recognized by the constitution of India and countless dialects make for a variegated tapestry of linguistic traditions. Each of these languages has its own body of literature, not only in fiction, but also in poetry, drama and oral narrative. The challenges of translation are formidable and English has become, to a very large extent, the common medium of literary exchange. The presence and dominance of the English language obviously poses a problem in post-colonial discourse, one that has obsessed a number of critics, though it has become something of a moot point amongst the writers themselves.

The most prolific and probably the best known writer of Indian English is R. K. Narayan, whose novels portray the quiet, enigmatic life of a town called Malgudi. *The Guide, A Bachelor of Arts, A Vendor of Sweets, and The Maneater of Malgudi*, are just a few of Narayan’s titles. Most of the characters in these novels are small time businessmen, householders and government clerks. With a gentle but satirical sense of humor he creates fictions of intricate subtlety that appeal to readers all across India. In many ways, Narayan has created the closest thing to a quintessential Indian town. Malgudi is a place that everyone will recognize but nobody can find on a map. As for his choice of language, Narayan was one of the first Indian writers to claim English as a language that belonged to the subcontinent. In an essay, “English in India: The Process of Transmutation,” written in 1964, he had the following to say:

English has proved that if a language has flexibility, any experience can be communicated through it, even if it has to be paraphrased rather than conveyed, and even if the factual detail, as in the case of the apple pie, is partially understood. In order not to lose the excellence of this medium, a few writers in India took to writing in English and produced a literature that was perhaps not first-rate; often the writing seemed imitative, halting, inapt, or an awkward translation of a vernacular rhetoric, mode, or idiom. But occasionally it was brilliant. We are still experimentalists. I may straightaway explain what we did not attempt to do. We are not attempting to write Anglo-Saxon English. The English language, through
sheer resilience and mobility, is now undergoing a process of Indianization in the same manner as it adopted U.S. citizenship over a century ago, with the difference that it is the major language there but here one of the fifteen. (22)

Several new anthologies have appeared to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of independence but undoubtedly the most controversial is a book called *Mirrorwork: Fifty Years of Indian Writing*, edited by Salman Rushdie and Elizabeth West. This collection, presented as a panorama of post-colonial fiction, has resurrected the question of language with a table of contents that includes only one writer whose work was not originally published in English. Saadat Hasan Manto is the lone exception and though the significance of his work is unquestionable, he remains the only representative of the “other” languages of India.

One does not have to read between the lines to understand the motives behind the glaring omissions. In his introduction to *Mirrorwork* Salman Rushdie makes no apologies for his choices:

. . . prose writing — both fiction and non-fiction — created in this period by Indian writers **working in English**, is proving to be a stronger and more important body of work than most of what has been produced in the so called ‘vernacular languages,’ during the same time; and, indeed, this new, and still burgeoning, ‘Indo-Anglian’ literature represents perhaps the most valuable contribution India has yet made to the world of books. (viii)

This pronouncement is clearly intended as a challenge to the critics in India who have attacked Rushdie and other Indian writers of English for their choice of language. Rushdie goes on to identify his targets so that there is no confusion in the matter.

For some, English-language Indian writing will never be more than a post-colonial anomaly, the bastard child of Empire, sired on India by the departing British; its continuing use of the old colonial tongue is seen as a fatal flaw that renders it forever inauthentic. ‘Indo-Anglian’
literature evokes, in these critics, the kind of prejudiced reaction shown by some Indians towards the country’s community of ‘Anglo-Indians’ — that is Eurasians. (x)

The impetuous exclusivity of this anthology is ironic because most of the critics whom Rushdie seems to be attacking, have very little credibility. The issue of English as a medium of creative expression was certainly a contentious problem over thirty years ago, when R. K. Narayan addressed the subject, but most Indian readers now take the language for granted. English has come to be recognized, thanks in part to Rushdie’s own novels, as a perfectly authentic Indian language. By striking a defensive and iconoclastic posture, the editors of *Mirrorwork* have succeeded in raising an all but moribund issue and dignifying a discredited school of thought with an unnecessary and ill-timed response.

Unfortunately, in his pique and determination to promote Indo-Anglian writers, some of Rusdhie’s choices reflect a greater attention to linguistic sensibilities than literary quality. That names such as Satyajit Ray, a recognized master of cinema but not a great writer, should supersede authors such as U. R. Ananthamurthy or Mahasweta Devi, is an unfortunate error of judgment. Nobody would have quarreled with Rushdie if the collection had been offered as a showcase of Indo-Anglian prose, but to denigrate and ignore the writers of regional languages, is regrettable, particularly as it comes from a novelist who has worked so hard at opening up Indian literature to the world.

Thankfully, most literary criticism in India has moved forward from the narrow-minded school of linguistic protectionism. Far more level headed critics have emerged, such as Meenakshi Mukherjee, one of India’s most articulate and perceptive literary scholars. In an essay titled, “In Search of Critical Strategies,” she discusses the dilemma of Indian writing in English.

If I were to write a novel in Bengali I would not be called an Indian writer in Bengali, but simply a Bengali novelist, the epithet Bengali referring only to the language and not carrying any larger burden of culture, tradition or ethos. No one will write a doctoral dissertation on the Indianness of the Bengali novel. But the issue of Indianness comes up with monotonous
frequency in any discussion of novels written by Indians in English... Seeing India as a symbol both in physical and metaphysical terms comes more naturally to the novelist in English than to the other novelists who take their India somewhat for granted and often deal with it piecemeal rather than in its totality. What it means to be an Indian is not a question that troubles the Marathi or the Bengali writer over much. (46-49)

Stories of Social Protest

South Asia has a long history of social upheaval and discontent but during the last fifty years the region has experienced greater conflict within society than ever before. The works of many Indian writers reflect upon the problems that have led to these conflicts and describe individual and collective acts of social protest.

In very different ways, these writers call for some kind of social change. The Progressive Writers Movement of the thirties and forties believed that literature does not merely reflect society but is an active agency for change. These writers and their successors were dedicated to the transformation and reconstruction of their society. Change in India, however, has been slow in coming. The poor remain poor. Women continue to face oppression. Untouchables, harijans, dalits or tribals, by whatever name you call them, are still outcasts within Indian society. Many people in South Asia are unable to exercise some of the most basic civil liberties. Religious, communal and ethnic violence has grown worse since partition. Political repression and corruption exist at every level of government.

This is not to say that there has been no progress at all but if we look at some of the significant events of the past fifty years, it becomes apparent that real change has been thwarted by those in power. The Naxalite movement of the mid-sixties was a popular uprising in rural Bengal and Bihar, committed to a Marxist concept of class conflict and revolution. It was brutally put down by the Indian government, particularly in the wake of the Bangladesh war. Though the Naxalite movement has spread to many parts of India, it has lost much of its momentum and strength. The liberation of Bangladesh in 1972 promised significant change in South Asia and represented a struggle to undo the historical anomaly of East and West Pakistan. Both Bangladesh and Pakistan have existed under the shadow of a
series of military dictatorships, in which many civil liberties were
curtailed and voices of protest were silenced. In India, the Emergency
imposed by Indira Gandhi’s regime in 1974, showed that the
suspension of civil liberties and political freedoms is not the
monopoly of army generals. Social and political movements such as
Sarvodaya have attempted to renew Mahatma Gandhi’s call for social
justice. They use many of his methods of non-violent protest but have
not been able to overcome the innate destructiveness of the political
system and the core problems embedded in Indian society, such as
caste and communal prejudices. The plight of religious, ethnic and
regional minorities has led to separatist movements in Punjab, Assam
and Kashmir, each of which has challenged the stability and unity of
the nation.

As a genre, fiction is not often associated with social protest.
More often it is poetry and drama that stand behind the literary
barricades. However, in the case of many prose writers in South Asia,
fiction does serve as a voice of discontent and provides the same
emotional impact of a protest poem or a play. Prose also offers a
descriptive range that allows the writer to fully communicate the
injustices which the story seeks to expose or overthrow. At the same
time it would be naive to say that novels and stories, in and of
themselves, have had any measurable social or political impact. Their
readership, in most cases, is limited to the middle class and seldom
reaches the poor and oppressed population, most of whom are
illiterate.

Kalpana Bardhan, in her introduction to a collection of Bengali
short stories entitled, *Of Women, Outcasts, Peasants and Rebels* has
written,

The forms of oppression and resistance are particularly
complex in a society in which the traditional hierarchies
of age, sex, and caste have combined with increasing
class stratification. In a context that combines the
oppression of feudalism (agrarian, patriarchal) with the
exploitation of land, capital, organizational power, and
the means of coercion, it is practically impossible to
separate economic exploitation from sociocultural
oppression. (34)

This complexity is evident in the works of fiction writers whom
Bardhan includes in her book. The characters in these stories struggle against many different layers of oppression and implicit in these narratives are alternate visions for a better world, not all of which are necessarily the same or even complementary.

The short stories of Mahasweta Devi are perhaps the best examples of fiction as an active agent for change. Her characters are generally drawn from the impoverished or exploited classes and their struggle for justice takes on mythological overtones. “Draupadi,” the story of a woman who becomes a Naxalite activist, hunted down by the police as a terrorist, is a retelling of an episode from the Mahabharata epic. The two characters share the same name and in both narratives Draupadi is stripped of her sari, though in the epic the gods come to her rescue and the sari becomes endless yards of cloth. In the short story, however, there is no divine intervention and Mahasweta Devi’s Draupadi is humiliated, raped and killed for her political convictions.

Another well known story of Mahasweta Devi’s, “The Breast Giver,” offers conflicting interpretations between the author’s reading of her own work and critic Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak’s analysis of the same piece of fiction. Spivak first paraphrases Mahasweta Devi’s views then offers her own critique.

In Mahasweta Devi’s own account, “Stanadayini” (The Breast Giver) is a parable of India after decolonization. Like the protagonist Jashoda, India is a mother-by-hire. All classes of people, the post-war rich, the ideologues, the indigenous bureaucracy, the disasporics, the people who are sworn to protect the new state, abuse and exploit her. If nothing is done to sustain her, nothing given back to her, and if scientific help comes too late, she will die of a consuming cancer. I suppose if one extended this parable the end of the story might come to “mean” something like this: the ideological construct “India” is too deeply informed by the goddess-infested reverse sexism of the Hindu majority. As long as there is this hegemonic cultural self-representation of India as a goddess-mother (dissimulating the possibility that this mother is a slave), she will collapse under the burden of the immense expectations that such a self-representation permits.(245)
As a post-modern critic, who could also be described as a syntactical contortionist, Spivak is suspicious of Mahawesta Devi’s own interpretation of her story. The author’s belief that citizens, “must give something to the nation rather than merely take from it,” is dismissed by Spivak as, “one of the many slogans of a militant nationalist.”(245) Regardless of these conflicting interpretations, Mahawesta Devi’s, “The Breast Giver,” and her other stories succeed in giving voice to a discontented and marginalized segment of the population.

Dalit writers in different Indian languages, including Devanuru Mahadeva (Kannada) and Avinash Dolas (Marathi), represent the narratives of former untouchables and tribal peoples. That they should choose fiction as a means of expressing their anger and aspirations is in itself significant. These stories explore the historic inequality and exploitation of India’s underclass. Though writers of an earlier generation chose the problem of caste as the theme of their stories, most were middle class or upper caste writers such as Mulk Raj Anand or Rabindranath Tagore. Their sentiments may have been sincere but they could never really speak for the people they described or enter into the community of their characters.

It is also important to point out that, with a few significant exceptions, the vast majority of post-colonial writers in India are men. This literary patriarchy often wrote about the social problems faced by women such as dowry, child marriage or the treatment of widows but these issues were couched in patronizing stories that did not seriously question the inequality of women in Indian society.

Anita Desai, one of the few Indian women writers to break into print during the 1970s, makes this point very clearly in an essay on gender in Indian literature.

Although enunciation comes easily enough to Indians, and so does worship, criticism is an acquired faculty and Indian women have never been encouraged — on the contrary, all their lives have been discouraged — from harbouring what is potentially so dangerous. Accept or Die has been their dictum. It is a creed that could not last and is now being unlearnt . . . The effects of that dire male dictum have been particularly horrible ones — however unjust and unacceptable life seemed, women
were not supposed to alter them or even criticize them; all they could do was burst into tears and mope. This is surely the reason for so much tearfulness in women’s fiction — a strain now dominant and now subdued, but ever present, as many critics have pointed out, of nostalgia and regret . . . (56)

Anita Desai’s own writing has gone a long way towards reversing some of these male dictums. In novels such as *Clear Light of Day* she presents the narratives of women speaking in their own voices, without the tears and tantrums. *In Custody*, another of Desai’s novels, explores the world of Urdu poetry which has always been an exclusively male bastion of literature. Yet her portrait of an aging and debauched Muslim poet, does not try to tear down that tradition. Instead, she proves that for a woman and a writer of English, the dying language of Urdu is not as inaccessible as it might have seemed. *In Custody* is undoubtedly one of the most insightful and appreciative explorations of a culture and a language that has been neglected since the time of independence.

A number of women writers have been published in the past decade, redressing some of the imbalance that existed before. The Kali for Women Press, a feminist publishing house in New Delhi has brought out several important anthologies of women’s fiction, including *The Slate of Life*. Mainstream publishers in India and abroad have also added contemporary Indian women writers to their lists, including Mahasweta Devi, Amrita Pritam, Anita Desai, Anjana Appachana, Bharati Mukherjee, Gita Mehta and Arundhati Roy.

After half a century of independence it is encouraging that the voices of Indian writers remain as varied and eccentric as ever. What should be celebrated in this jubilee year is the diversity of their fictions and the unpredictable nature of literature, which does not conform to national or cultural stereotypes and expectations. Synthesis, particularly when it is advocated by politicians or publishers, should never be a concern for Indian authors and perhaps even the term “post-colonial” has exhausted its parenthetical limits.
Bibliography


