Postcolonial Text, Vol 6, No 2 (2011)

Local histories, global perspectives in Amit Chaudhuri's *A Strange and Sublime Address* and *Afternoon Raag*

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Sandeep, the main character in *A Strange and Sublime Address* (2000), on his visit to his uncle's house in Calcutta, finds the following on the first page of his cousin's book:

> Abhijit Das
> 17 Vivekanda Road
> Calcutta (South)
> West Bengal
> India
> Earth
> The Solar System
> The Universe

"It was a strange and sublime address," he thought (80). In this attempt at cognitive mapping Sandeep's cousin, in Joycean fashion, connects his home with the world. This fragment is important not only in tracing Chaudhuri's indebtedness to European modernism, but can be also read as a cosmopolitan statement, as a departure from nationalist modes of self-identification in order to become a part of the global community, while at the same time retaining local particularities. In this article I will consider *A Strange and Sublime Address* and *Afternon Raag* (2000) as examples of the new cosmopolitan novel.

The development of the novel is traditionally associated with the emergence of the nation.[1] The novel has also been singled out by Benedict Anderson as "a means for 're-presenting' the kind of imagined community that is the nation" (25). However, in his book *The Cosmopolitan Novel*, Berthold Schoene wonders "whether, in our increasingly globalised world, the novel may already have begun to adapt and renew itself by imagining the world instead of the nation" (12). He is chiefly interested in the novel "as a practice of communal world-narration of which Anderson declares it quite categorically incapable. … Nothing less, in fact, than the world as a whole will do as the imaginative reference point, catchment area and addressee of the cosmopolitan novel" (12). Schoene retains Anderson's concept of "collective imagining" but extends its meaning to exceed all spatialities, global or local. At the same time, Schoene observes, the formation of transterritorial communities "strengthens and renews our sense of rootedness and belonging by requiring us to define who we are, or strive to be, within an ever-broadening spectrum of contexts"

(13). This article will consider ways in which Chaudhuri's novels go beyond the framework of national allegory and are sensitive to the interplay of the global and the local. I will also draw on Dipesh Chakrabarty's reading of the history of capital that makes room for the politics of human belonging and diversity.

The global and the local meet in the two novels time and again. Sandeep's aunt receives as a present a sari from Bombay, the pattern of which "broke into a galaxy of hand-woven stars, a cosmos of streaking comets and symbolic blue horizons" (*Afternoon* 8). Her husband grudgingly concedes its beauty although he maintains that "Calcutta saris *are* the loveliest" (8; original emphasis). In this example as in others, the stars and the moon are interwoven with local images. In one scene, when the boys ran up to the terrace "to spy on the world, they saw the moon and the great constellations in the sky. It was a clear sky, and the clouds seemed to have descended upon Calcutta; rivers of smoke and mist travelled through the streets, blurring the lights in the houses" (97). Here the reference to the stars could be read as signifying the global—indeed the cosmological—while the initial point of reference is always Calcutta.

Schoene presents numerous studies dealing with the concepts of the global and the local. In one of them, "Beck calls on communities to unlearn their nationalist mode of self-identification and start contributing to global culture instead, always equipped with, as Beck specifies, '[their] own language and cultural symbols'" (1). Schoene comments: "contemporary cosmopolitanism promotes a departure from traditional internationalist perspectives while stressing the significance of local cultures for the development of any meaningful and viable world-communal future" (1). Chhotomama, thus, is not simply parochial when he insists on the beauty of the locally made garment.

In *Afternoon Raag* the narrator, when physically situated in Oxford, often returns in his thoughts to his family home in Bombay and, later, Calcutta. He straddles the two worlds literally—on his trips back and forth—and more importantly, imaginatively. In an interview with Sumana R.Ghosh, Chaudhuri admits: "I'm more interested in that kind of movement between two different worlds, this inner and outer, sometimes two incompatible cultural worlds which can be signified by the use of shajana tree and Colgate toothpaste in the same sentence. So that is what I find has the movement of narrative" (161).

The local is present in the novels in its plural dimensions, as references to sights, smells, sounds, flavours and collective customs make clear. Yet Chaudhuri is most sensitive to the obscure, marginal and banal elements of daily existence. In *A Strange and Sublime Address*, Sandeep perceives his immediate surroundings, the house of his uncle and the streets of Calcutta, as possessing an air of novelty, enchantment, or even magic. In *Afternoon Raag*, the new surroundings of the Oxford campus, as well as the house in Bombay to which the narrator's parents have moved, prompt a range of sensual reactions. *A Strange and Sublime Address* opens with a boy's perception of his uncle's house in Calcutta and the lane: "Small houses, unlovely and

unremarkable" (7). Yet the boy's perspective transforms this otherwise unremarkable place. For example, when he takes his first bath, the narrator observes: "There was a tap in the middle; at the top, a round eye sprinkled with orifices protruded from a pipe that was bent downward like the neck of a tired giraffe; this was the shower. There was no hot water and no bathtub, but no one seemed to miss what was not there" (10). Then, after the bath, when Mamima oils his body, "a sharp aura of mustard oil flowered, giving Sandeep's nostrils a faraway sentient pleasure—it wasn't a sweet smell, but there was a harsh unexpectedness about it he liked. It reminded him of sunlight" (10). There is also a wide range of sounds: from the local radio that babbles "like a local idiot" (13) to thunder that, after a "moment's heavy silence" speaks: "guruguruguru" (67).

In this embracing of the sensuous and of the smallest fragments of everyday life, Chaudhuri seems to be inspired by Tagore, from whose essay on a Bengali nursery rhyme, *Chhelebhulano Chhara*, he quotes the following:

> Think about it: the call of birds in the sky, the sough of leaves, the babble of waters, the hubbub of human habitations—so many thousands of sounds, big and small, rising without end; so many waves and tremors, comings and goings … yet only a small fraction of all this impinges on one's consciousness. This is chiefly because one's mind, like a fisherman, casts a net of integration and accepts only what it can gather at a single haul: everything else eludes it. When it sees, it does not properly hear; when it hears, it does not properly see; and when it thinks, it neither sees nor hears properly. It has the power to move all irrelevancies far away from the path of its set purpose.
> (*Clearing* 26)

Sensuous descriptions in the two novels should not, however, be taken metonymically for the sights and smells of India. They are, rather, an attempt at poetic dwelling in the world and of its imaginative reconfiguration. The colours of the Indian flag, for example, appear in *A Strange and Sublime Address* when Sandeep's aunt, Mamina, goes to the prayer-room with an offering to the gods of arranged slices of cucumber, oranges, and sweet white batashas. The ceremony is observed by Sandeep who, as a secular observer, enjoys the sight of "a grown-up at play. Prayer-time was when adults became children again" (37). He remarks: "All that was important to the gods and the mortals was the creation of that rich and endlessly diverting moment in the small chamber, that moment of secret, almost illicit, communion, when both the one who prayed and the one who was prayed to were released from the irksome responsibility of the world. Oranges, white batashas, cucumbers" (37-8). Mamina feels secure in the world of mythology and the external symbols of Indianness. The national colours, in this instance are, however, real physical objects, not symbols; they smell, taste and, tellingly, are not permanent. And in perceiving his aunt's ceremony as child's play, Sandeep's perception transcends the religious and the national and remains open to new interpretations and ways of inhabiting the world.

A similar agenda for finding new ways of human belonging and diversity governs Dipesh Chakrabarty's essay "Universalism and

Belonging in the Logic of Capital" where, developing Marx's ideas on the "being" and "becoming" of capital, he proposes the terms of History 1, or the past "established" by capital, and History 2s, or relationships that do not lead to the reproduction of the universalizing logic of capital (98). History 1, in order to be complete, needs to subordinate History 2s; however this leaves "remnants" of "vanished social formations" that remain "partly still unconquered" (99-100). In this notion of "partly still unconquered" remnants, Chakrabarty sees an alternative to the historicist approach which consigns "Third World" countries to the waiting room of history. History 2s, according to Chakrabarty, are "not pasts separate from capital; they are pasts that inhere in capital and yet interrupt and punctuate the run of capital's logic" (99). Chakrabarty thus proposes that difference is not external to capital or subsumed into capital, but remains in intimate and plural relationships to it. He says:

> No historical form of capital, however global its reach, can ever be a universal. No global (or even local, for that matter) capital can ever represent the universal logic of capital, for any historically available form of capital is always already a provisional compromise made up of History 1 modified by somebody's History 2s. The universal, in that case, can only exist as a placeholder, its place always usurped by a historical particular seeking to present itself as the universal. (105)

One instance of History 1 being punctuated by History 2s is the approach to time-discipline in different parts of the globe. For Chakrabarty, this functional characteristic of capital does not represent a universal value. Even if the European Protestant work ethic is successfully introduced to a part of the world it, Chakrabarty believes, will always meet forms of resistance. An example of local cultural resistance to capital's time-discipline is the practice of *adda* in Bengal, to which Chakrabarty devotes a chapter in his *Provincialising Europe*. He writes:

> By many standards of judgement in modernity, *adda* is a flawed social practice: … it is oblivious of the materiality of labour in capitalism; and middle- class *addas* are usually forgetful of the working classes. Some Bengalis even see it as a practice that promotes sheer laziness in the population. Yet its perceived gradual disappearance from the urban life in Calcutta over the last three or four decades—related no doubt to changes in the political economy of the city—has now produced an impressive amount of mourning and nostalgia. It is as with the slow death of *adda* will die the identity of being a Bengali. (181)

When the narrator in *Afternoon Raag* arrives in Calcutta on his university summer break, he notices: "In Calcutta, nothing has happened after Marxism and modernism. In tea-shops and street corners, Bengali men, as ever, indulge in *adda*, a word that means both a pointless, pleasurable exchange of opinions and information, and the place or rendezvous in which it is conducted" (225). Chaudhuri juxtaposes it with the depiction of an increasingly assimilated capitalist ethos in *A Strange and Sublime Address*: "Everywhere in the lane, fathers prayed their sons would be successes. … No effort would be spared; 'future' and 'career' had become Bengali words, incorporated unconsciously but feverishly into daily Bengali parlance. …

Meanwhile, children, like Egyptian slaves, dragged huge blocks of frustrating study all day to build that impressive but nonexistent pyramid of success" (23-24). The irony apparent in this extract reveals the deadly 'march of progress' or the urge to succeed in the capitalist economy as an ancient and yet ultimately futile endeavour. The juxtaposed practice of *adda* here provides a mocking antithesis to the spread of capital.

Likewise, in *Afternoon Raag,* while observing the English working classes in Oxford, the narrator muses:

> For them the supermarkets were built, to work in and to shop at. Not Sainsbury's but Tesco, with its long aisles of shopping-trolleys, sides of beef and ham, frozen chips, mango chutney, and spinach at tuppence less. Towards such centres they gravitate …. Not for them history, old buildings, literature, but an England of small comforts and marriages, happy or unhappy. (206)

Life is described here as the epitome of highly routinised consumerism: in Dirk Wiemann's words, it is life dependent on "permanent re-enactments of rituals of shopping, pubbing and soap opera watching" (221). This picture is juxtaposed with the world of the University campus: "This world is a different world from that of University; they never meet. The state of intoxication here, broken bottles, a beggar's foul breath, is more basic than the students' social drunkenness, a state of the soul" (*Afternoon* 207).

While the description of the English families is reminiscent of a capitalist society, the social drunkenness of University as well the social gatherings in Calcutta could be disruptive to the logic of capital. The university campus is a place for creating bonds and ties, however fleeting and short lived. The student community resembles Jean Luc Nancy's "inoperative community," which, as Shoene provides evidence, is not bound by a particular agenda or ideology. It is impulsive, improvised, and at the same time open and lacking a substance or a stable fixed identity (23). Nancy believes that only such community can resist a 'totalizing globalism,' oppose self-interest politics of nation-states, or global corporations and bring about diversification and renewal of the world. (*The Cosmopolitan* 23) In contrast, global capitalism is not interested in preserving the skills of socializing. Zygmunt Bauman, for example, finds human solidarity to be "the first casualty of the triumphs of the consumer market" (74-6). The lives of English families in East Oxford are depicted as a highly compartmentalized, enclosed in their small worlds, hostile to outsiders and devoid of cosmopolitan outlook. The narrator finds leaving that part of the city to be "a great vent and opening of space" (*Afternoon* 209).

While the two novels contain different histories, in Chakrabarty's sense, that interrupt each other, often the implied perspective privileges a pre-capitalist past. Contemporary Calcutta in *A Strange and Sublime Address*, under the layer of industrialization and progress, still displays traces of pre-industrialized Bengal, remembered sentimentally by Sandeep's aunt when Chhonomama's car breaks down in the morning:

> [B]etter, perhaps, to go back to the horse and horse carriage. On bad days like this, when the fans stopped turning because of power-cut, when the telephone went dead because of a cable-fault when the taps became dry because there was no power to pump the water, and, finally, when the car engine curtly refused to start, it seemed a better idea to return to a primitive, unpretentious means of subsistence—to buy a horse and a plough, to dig a well in one's backyard, to plant one's own trees and grow one's fruit and vegetables. Calcutta, in spite of its fetid industrialization, was really part of that primitive, terracotta landscape of Bengal, Tagore's and the wandering poet Vaishnav poet's Bengal—the Bengal of the bullock cart and the earthen lamp … in time people would forget that electricity had ever existed, and earthen lamps would burn again in the houses. (34)

In this fragment there is a visible twist to the allochronic depiction of the city. The beauty of the streets, full of shabby doors and windows, of dust "constantly raised into startling new shapes and unexpected forms by the arbitrary workings of the wind, forms on which dogs and children sit doing nothing" (15), or of the dining-table that was "old and weathered; stains from teacups and gravies and dirty fingers had multiplied on it like signatures" (26), is not confined to post-colonial countries. It is also reminiscent of Western "high" modernism's curious relationship to progress. As Chaudhuri explains, even though Western culture is mostly associated with the privileging of light and logos, "Western modernism … also involves a profound critique of light and knowledge; with a precursor, especially in the visual arts, the Impressionism, it advocates a condition of imperfect visibility, holding up, against the total, the finished, and the perfect, the fragment, the incomplete" (*Clearing* 32). Chaudhuri positions high modernism's "desire for decrepitude and recycling" against the conventional pursuit of novelty supposedly treasured by the West ("Cosmopolitanism's" 93). A similar attitude is displayed by the Japanese writer, Junichiro Tanizaki, who finds it hard to be really at home with things that shine and glitter. Tanizaki writes in his *In Praise of Shadows:*

> I suppose I shall sound terribly defensive if I say that Westerners attempt to expose every speck of grime and eradicate it. Yet for better or for worse we [Japanese] do love things that bear the marks of grime, soot and weather, and we love the colours and the sheen that call to mind the past that made them. Living in these old houses among these old objects is in some mysterious way a source of peace and repose. (n.p.)

Such descriptions attempt to recover alternative agencies within modernity's universalism. In Wiemann's words, "they are attempts to rewrite modernity at large *not* as an 'only story' but a coeval polyphony" (26; original emphasis).

While Chaudhuri's characters often reveal a preference for pre-industrial history, and appreciate its aesthetic beauty in the high modernist way, they also learn to perceive the present in a different manner than that promoted by globalization and inhabited by the English working class in *Afternoon Raag* or by career seekers in Calcutta. They learn to perceive the present moment as it was perceived by modernists. In his "Notes on the Novel after Globalization," Chaudhuri stresses that the "now" of globalization has

little to do with—is in fact inimical to—the "epiphanic," with its disruptive, metaphysical potential. He says:

> Globalisation is about "being at home in the world" in a wholly unprecedented manner … in a way peculiarly sanctioned and authored by the market. For the first time with globalization we have not so much the West's familiar investment in the idea of the future, and of development, but an apotheosis, quite unlike the modernists' quasi-religious recuperation of the "present moment" or the epiphanic in their work. (*Clearing* 204)

Chaudhuri is interested in recovering this modernist moment in the postmodern, globalised world. He evokes epiphanies in ordinary, immediate surroundings which, through the use of an expression, imagery or suggestion, reveal inner life and are invested with new meanings. Indeed, the two novels are rich in frozen moments which show the relation between a character and his surroundings but also establish the character's identity and render his/her experience unique. One of the first such moments happens during Sandeep's walk to the maidan with his uncle and cousins, during a power cut in the evening. When

> the lights came back. It was a dramatic instant, like a photographer's flash going off, which recorded the people sprawled in various postures and attitudes, smiles of relief and wonder on their faces. … There was an uncontrollable sensation of delight, as if it were happening for the first time. With what appeared to be an instinct for timing, the rows of fluorescent lamps glittered to life simultaneously. The effect was the opposite of blowing out candles on a birthday cake: it was as if someone had blown on a set of unlit candles, and the magic exhalation had brought a flame to every wick at once. (*A Strange* 53-4)

There are also allusions to Joyce's use of epiphany in the hanging of clothes on a clothes-line on the terrace, or fleeting glances exchanged between lovers from one terrace to the other: "such shy, piercing glances exchanged in the heat of the afternoon! … What rhythm the moment possessed!" (89). A similarly trivial exchange makes Stephen hero "think of collecting many such moments together in a book of epiphanies. … He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments" (*Moments* 12). The evanescence of such moments is underlined in *A Strange and Sublime Address* as, for example, when Sandeep finds out the meaning of the name Alpana, he remembers a girl he had once known: "Now he knew what the name meant. He did not know what to do with the unexpected knowledge. But he felt a slight, almost negligible, twinge of pleasure, as a meaning took birth in his mind, and died the next instant" (117). Epiphanic moments are also present in *Afternoon Raag,* where they further emphasise the fleeting, transitory nature of the student's life in Oxford. After the final exams, the students all gather outside the university buildings:

> This is one of the few occasions on which one sees something common to all these faces; before one's eyes, for the first time, a network of friendship is formed, correspondences that link acquaintances to strangers in one milling and crowded moment, that is already turning into the past, already disintegrating only

> to be remembered as something so immediate as not to be wholly real; for no one, later, actually knows what it was like at that moment. (191)

The fleeting nature of an epiphanic moment is beautifully rendered on the last pages of *A Strange and Sublime Address*. In the hospital garden, Sandeep hears two kokils singing, busy with their mating cries. At times the cries resemble a question or an exclamation, "so that it either sounded like 'Ku-wu?' or 'Ku-wu!'—as if a child who had not yet learnt to speak were showing an adult something, and, in this communication without language, were asking, with the merest inflection of its voice, 'Have you *seen* it?' and then affirming, again with its voice, 'I have *seen* it!'" (119; my emphasis) The boys, fascinated, try to locate the birds in the trees, but the kokil itself is invisible: "it did not seem to exist at all, except the cry, which rose questioningly and affirmatively again and again from the leaves" (120). A long time later, when the boys have already forgotten about it, Abhi catches a glimpse of the kokil in the tree "eating the orange flower" and points it out to the other boys, who watch in wonder (121). The bird itself, however, "must have sensed their presence, because it interrupted its strange meal and flew off—not flew off, really, but melted, disappeared, from the material world. As they watched, a delicate shyness seemed to envelop it, and draw a veil over their eyes" (121). This novel, which begins with a boy seeing, ends with a veil that indicates the fleeting nature of vision. The scene with the kokil further encourages a wariness in the reader towards the vision they are presented with; the bird's meal is especially curious as earlier we learn that only "[i]n a month, the gulmohur trees would explode into fierce orange flowers, in an undifferentiated, trembling orange mass, with the effect of a volcano erupting and balancing, momentarily, the unspilled lava in its mouth" (119).

The characters in the two novels experience a plenitude of moments with epiphanic potentiality; however the promise of epiphany is never fulfilled. In *A Strange and Sublime Address*, Sandeep goes on a walk with his uncle and cousins and, as he observes the houses they pass by, he wonders what stories might be hidden behind their doors. These doors will, however, never open; "because the writer, like Sandeep, would be too caught up jotting down the irrelevances and digressions that make up lives" (54) Similarly, in *A Strange and Sublime Address* and the *Afternoon Raag*, the complete narrative "with its beginning, middle, and conclusion, would never be told, because it did not exist," and because that would mean aspiring to a totalizing vision that Chaudhuri shuns (*A Strange* 55). Scenes in the novel encourage a distance towards the meaning we seem to have grasped. Saikat Majumdar notices that in Chaudhuri's novels "the only meaning that materializes is through this very difference—or deferral, whereby we always move on to the next detail toward the promised wholeness that of course never materializes" (par. 16).

A similar deferral of meaning is to be found in the representation of music in the two novels. The world in *A Strange and Sublime Address* and in *Afternoon Raag* is magical because of its melody and poetry, "the grace of which, as Rini Dwivendi proposes, "it is as

impossible to dissect as the charms of a well sung raga" (89). The classical North Indian musical form of the raga is central to the structure of Chaudhuri's fiction. As the critic Rama Kundu observes, a sense of fullness, completeness and aesthetic unity is frustratingly absent from *Afternoon Raag.* She says that beautiful bars are not rare in Chaudhuri's novel; these, however, "never lead to, or even evoke the idea of a whole tune" (71). When one reads the narrator's description of the different ragas, the main focus is not on all-inclusiveness and spaciousness, but rather on the subtle tones of mood and emotions with which the ragas are associated. He differentiates between the ragas sung at different times of day and in different seasons, and justifies this strong division by saying:

> Midday brings the smell of ripening jackfruit, the buzz and gleam of bluebottle flies, the fragrance of mango blossoms which, Tagore said, opens the doorways to heaven. The notes of Shudh Sarangh … define the bright inactivity of midday, its ablutions and rest, the peace of a household. Twilight cools the verandah; midday's boundary of protective shade separating household from street, inside from outside, is dissolved … the notes of Shree … calm the mind during the withdrawal of light. (218)

All these emotions are conveyed in the narrative in order to prepare the reader for the enjoyment of the performance; each time, however, expectations remain unanswered. For example, the narrator's mother prepares in the morning to practice the raag "Todi," but then abruptly, Kundu notices, "leaves it there without touching upon the delicate and superb melody of this divine, superb, morning raag" (72). Some mornings, the narrator and his music teacher sing "raag Bhairav" together: their voices mingle and float "over the other sounds of the house" and the guru's voice, as the narrator describes it, is "sometimes carrying my hesitant voice, and negotiating the pathways of the raag, as a boat carries a bewildered passenger" (151) However, as Kundu observes, "the wings do not take the promised flight but droop down instead, only to dwell at some length in a leisurely manner on the bare technicalities and grammar of 'raag' … followed by irrelevant details about the smell of oil in Guru's hair, the mosquitoes, the shops, and the broken pavements" (72).

This alleged deficiency could be argued, however, to be in tune with Chaudhuri's fragmented, nonlinear narration. The narrator is not interested in evoking the complete performance. Rather, it is important for him to convey the mood of a present moment and to suggest a tune rather than to present it. The local and specific is also privileged. For the narrator the raga sung by his guru "bears the characteristics, the stamp, and the life of [his] region" (*Afternoon* 217):

> When a Rajasthani sings Maand, or a Punjabi sings Sindhi Bhairavi, he returns to his homeland, which for him is a certain landscape influenced by seasons, a certain style of dressing and speaking, a web of interrelationships and festive occasions. … The raags, like those sung by his guru, are for this reason unique and temporal. They are a history of the Northern Indian rural culture that will die with the singer. Maand was a raag which, when sung by my guru or Sohanlal, revealed its airy, skeletal frame, with holes and gaps in it, its unnameable, magical beginnings, and its spirit-like mobility in covering distances, in

> traversing scorched mountainsides, deserts, horizons, water, following back on the route of migrations that had led away from that country. (218)

In similar vein, Chaudhuri's novels may be read as bearing witness to the culture of North Bengal and as a record of its specificity and uniqueness. The stories carried by guru's or Sohanlal's music can be further read as instances of History 2s, in that music helps us access histories that do not belong to capital's life-process. Chakrabarty admits: "Music could be a part of such histories in spite of its later commodification because it is part of the means by which we make 'worlds' out of this earth." ("Universalism" 104).

To conclude, Amit Chaudhuri in his novels fashions a highly sensuous world that goes beyond the postcolonial dichotomies of the global and local; foreign and national; and West and East. His local habitations are situated in relation to a wider world perspective. What is more, his narratives display a certain impatience with the finished object, that we could see as a cosmopolitan profligacy and curiosity. As in Heidegger's formulation of "culture and the literary being a habitation for the human, in a way that incorporates the everyday and the local, but somehow transcends the national or the racial," Chaudhuri's novels attempt "to create a dwelling for man, rather than to be only fashioning a national literature. The everyday, the specific, and the local become, in this notion of culture, aspects of that making" (qtd. in *Clearing* 30). The novels are representative of what Schoene terms "new cosmopolitanism" in that they "venture beyond our nationally demarcated horizons into the world at large and understand the domestic and the global as weaving one mutually pervasive pattern of contemporary human circumstance and experience, containing both dark and light." (15-16)

Note

1. Timothy Brennan, for example, makes this connection in his article "National Longing for Form" (2006).

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