

## UNWELCOMED INDIANS IN THE NOVEL OF KIRAN DESAI'S THE INHERITANCE OF LOSS

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### **ABSTRACT:**

*Kiran Desai has focused on the destiny of a few deprived characters in the novel 'The Loss Inheritance' and reveals her concern on every contemporary issues especially on economic inequality and globalization.*

*This paper highlights psyche of immigrants.*

**Keywords:** *deprived, post-colonial, economy, Indians, globalization*

Kiran Desai, daughter of Anita Desai born in New Delhi, spent her early years of life in Maharashtra, the age of 14 she and her mother lived at Pune and Mumbai later left for England. Her novel 'The Inheritance of Loss' won the 2006 Man Booker Prize.

Despite focusing on the fate of a few powerless individuals, Kiran Desai's remarkable new novel manages to explore every other contemporary issue of concern with intimacy and insight globalization, multiculturalism, economic inequality, fundamentalism, and terrorist violence. Despite being set in the mid-1980s; it appears to be the best kind of post-independence novel. 'The Inheritance of Loss' commences with a teenage Indian girl, an orphan decided to name Sai, living in the neighborhood of Kalimpong on the Indian side of the Himalayas with her Cambridge-educated idealist grandfather, a former judge. Sai is romantically involved with her Maths tutor, Gyan, the descendant of a Nepali Gurkha mercenary, but he eventually pulls back from her obvious privilege and falls in a group of an ethnic Nepalese insurgent group. In a parallel story, we see the way of living of Biju, the son of Sai's grandfather's cook who originally belonged to the deprived class of undocumented people in New York and spends much of his time trying to evade the authorities, moving from one low-paying job to the next. The common thing that seemingly connects these disparate characters is a collective historical legacy and a shared theme and a standard experience of impotence and humiliation. Desai has taken us back into the past and have produced all of them, referring to centuries of Western economic and cultural dominance.

However, she refers to the ostensibly level field in a distinctly late-twentieth-century global economy sets out just to scratch rather than heal those wounds.

Nearly every single character in Desai's novel is hampered by their experiences with the West. The judge finds himself isolated 'barely human at all' in the racist England and leaps when touched on the arm as if from an intolerable vicinity. However, upon his return to India, he discovers that he despises his seemingly backward Indian wife.

The judge is one of those foolish Indians who couldn't free himself from learning Western style and culture and one who's Anglophilia can only turn into self-hatred, as the novel puts it. These Indians are also an unwelcome anachronism in post-independence India, where long-suppressed groups of people have risen to recognize their shortcomings and express their rage and anguish.

Desai's characters, notably one of the judge's Kalimpong neighbors. comes as a complete surprise. "Just when Lola had thought it would continue, 100 years just like the one Past-Trollope, BBC, a sudden burst of hilarity at Christmas, all that they had claimed innocent, fun, funny, not really to matter, was shown wrong." The literary influences on Desai's investigation of postcolonial chaos and despair are undeniable. Early within the novel, she sets two Anglophile Indian women to discuss 'A Bend within the River', V. S. Naipaul's powerfully bleak novel about traditional Africa's encounter with the fashionable world.

Lola, whose clothesline sags "under a load of Marks and Spencer's panties," thinks Naipaul is "strange. Stuck within the past... He has not progressed. Colonial neurosis, he's never freed himself from it." Lola goes on to cite Naipaul of ignoring the actual fact that there's a New England, a completely cosmopolitan society "where chicken tikka masala has replaced fish and chips because the No. 1 takeout dinner." As further evidence, she mentions her own daughter, a newsreader for BBC radio, who "does not have a chip on her shoulder." Desai takes a questioning view of the West's consumer-driven multiculturalism, noting the

cauterize grace of Lola's daughter's British accented voice, which is conquering over any dread the terrene might thrust upon others. At such moments, Desai seems far away from writers like Salman Rushdie, Hari Kunzru, and Zadie Smith whose fiction takes a generally optimistic view of what has called hybridity, impurity, intermingling, the transformation that comes of recent and unexpected combinations of kith and kin, cultures, ideas, politics, movies, songs.

Indeed, Desai's work appears to claim that multiculturalism limited to the Western metropolis and seminary fails to address the root reasons of extremism and violence in today's sphere. It also implies that economic globalization cannot be a path to wealth for the poor. Profit could only be gathered within the gap between nations, working one against the other. Desai remarks at one point. This leaves the postcolonial world's general people with just the promise of a scruffy modernism-vogue in its meanest form, pristine at some moment, in ruin to come up. In their yearning for a smarter manner, half-educated, uprooted people like Gyan move to the most approachable political cause. He joins what seems to be an ethnic nationalist movement in ability to emphasize his rage and disappointment. Desai reminds us that old hatreds are perpetually retrievable, and because they are purer... since the anguish of the past has gone. Only the rage was left, purified and liberated.

Others, unlike Gyan, attempt to run away. Desai's story is lit by a moral intellect without delay harsh and tender in scene after scene portraying this process—a boarding house in England, dilapidated bungalows in Kalimpong, immigrant-packed dungeons in New York. “Biggest pusher, first place; how self-contented and smiling he was; he dusted himself off, presenting himself with the exquisite manners of a cat, Biju goes on to say as he enters a crowd of Indians trying to scramble to succeed at the visa counter at the US Embassy I'm civilized, sir, and prepared for the United States, I'm civilized madam. Biju noticed that when he glanced at his own countrymen and women, his eyes, that were so vibrant to the foreigners, glazed over and went dead.” Desai's prose is incredibly adaptable and elegant. She is also skilled at using physical descriptions to elicit complicated states of mind, including when Biju stares at a park while trying to celebrate the great luck of being granted his American visa: “Raw sewage was being used to hydrate a patch of grass that was lush and stinking, grinning brilliantly in dusk”. Poor and

lonely in steak and exercising over the wealth to be acquired in the new markets of Asia.

He ultimately becomes a man filled to the brim with a wish to live within a narrow purity, as one would anticipate. The city's limitless opportunities for self-invention become a cause of problems for him. While another aspect of him had expanded his self-consciousness, his self-pity, this knowledge only serves to make him yearn to die down, to return back where he might relinquish this overrated control over his own destiny. When Biju travels to India in the novel's final lines, he is immediately engulfed by the local outbursts of wrath and anger from which he had been physically separated in New York. Withdrawal or escapes aren't any clearly possibilities for him and the others, according to Desai. Never again might she assume there was only one narrative and that this narrative belonged exclusively to her, that she could create her own little pleasure and live safely within it, Sai ends. Desai's characters have no opportunity for growth or atonement apart from this concept. Notwithstanding its comedy, ‘The Inheritance of Loss’ may seem too many readers to be an uncompromisingly pessimistic attitude.

People in Western Countries, on the other side, are scarcely aware of this overwhelming feeling of humiliation that is experienced by most of the people in the world which neither realistic novels that infuse poverty and stupidity with beauty nor the exoticism of famous trip literature manages to comprehend with this imagination. That's the unseen emotional truth that Desai uncovers as she describes the lives of people who are destined to see modern life as a relentless attack on their senses of order, integrity, and justice. We will not have to agree with this picture in order for it to be experienced at Desai's creative art.

Thus the novel analyzes the rigid class systems that exist in India and abroad among Indians, and the struggles that the people face within these classes after colonialism. The political situation worsens and every character deals with it in their unique style. All of them are guilty for now they have lived with their lives and desire to change their existences.

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