

AN ANALYSIS ON SOCIAL REALISM OF KHUSHWANT SINGH'S SELECTED NOVELS

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Abstract:

A key and distinctive aspect of Khushwant Singh's writing is his use of literary realism. His depiction of Indian society and culture is rich and nuanced because of his attention to detail, concentration on the daily lives of common people, sensitivity to social and cultural distinctions, and refusal to romanticize or idealize Indian life. Because of his novel's sincerity, authenticity, and comprehension of the complexities of contemporary India, many people still read and value them. In this article, an analysis on social realism of Khushwant Singh's selected novels has been discussed.

Keywords: Social, Realism, Khushwant Singh, Novels

INTRODUCTION:

Singh's novels express and uphold his positive, upbeat outlook on life as well as his unwavering belief in the virtues of humanity and love. As V.A. Shahane accurately notes, Khushwant Singh's realism promotes the idea that literature and society have an inextricable and enduring relationship. While significant, literature's reflexive value cannot serve as the exclusive benchmark for assessing works of literature. The artist's point of view during the experience

influences the representation of reality in his artwork. Khushwant Singh's commitment to human interest shapes his perspective as well.

TRAIN TO PAKISTAN:

The book was first published under the title *Mano Majra*, but it was later renamed *Train to Pakistan*, maybe to emphasize the most significant component of human life—the compassionate human aspect of love—through the "safe migration" of Partition refugees via train. The "train" represents the sole method of "mass migration" and the link between *Mano Majras*, or the people of *Mano Majra*, and the outside world. In a realistic style, Khushwant Singh describes the *Mano Majras*' daily lives. The work is characterized as a microcosm of the partition scenario by the plot and the characters he selects. The novel takes place in the imaginary town of *Mano Majra*, where three religious groups—Hindu, Muslim, and Sikh—coexisted peacefully for a long time before Partition. Situated half a mile from the shores of the *Sutlej River*, the imaginary village is well-known for its railway bridge over the river in the frontier region. The region is well-known for its railroad station, where a tiny community of vendors and merchants set up business to provide food to passing trains and cars. Only two passenger trains make stops at *Mano Majra*, according to the author's account: one departs Delhi for Lahore in the morning, while the other departs Lahore for Delhi in the evening. The inhabitants' everyday routine was established by the trains' arrival and departure. For instance, when the train arrives in the morning, men are working in their fields, women are going about their everyday lives, and kids are out grazing their cattle. In a similar vein, when the train arrives in the evening, the ladies start preparing the evening meal, and the cattle are driven back. In front of an array of somnolent men and women, the Sikh priest utters the sunset prayer as the mullah summons the devout to worship Allah. With the exception of Lala Ram Lal's one Hindu family, there are nearly equal numbers of Sikh and Muslim families remaining. The author explains that every villager, whether Hindu, Sikh, Muslim, or something else entirely, worships a local god known as "the deo." Nonetheless, the author's account suggests that before the summer of 1947, *Mano Majras*' way of life appeared normal.

Located in a distant area away from towns, Mano Majra was one of the "only remaining oases of peace" (T to P 2) during the turbulent period of 1947. Khuswant Singh recounts the bloody months preceding the summer of 1947, when hundreds of people died as a result of communal violence following Partition. The writer recounts:

Muslims claimed that Hindus had organized and carried out the murders. The Hindus said that the Muslims were to blame. The truth is that everyone died. They were both shot, stabbed, speared, and clubbed. They were both tormented. The two raped. The riots began in Calcutta and proceeded north, east, and west to Noakhali in East Bengal, where Muslims slaughtered Hindus, and Bihar, where Muslims slaughtered Hindus. (P to T)

There are serious repercussions from partition. Being both a victim and a writer of the partition, Khuswant Singh uses his personal experiences to depict the "violence" of the era in many of his works. "With independence came partition and the worst communal violence in India's history," he writes in *The End of India*. Seeing such insanity firsthand, I believed the country was about to end. I was in Lahore during the first week of August 1947. I was in Delhi for the second part of that same month. I was unsure of my nationality—India or Pakistan" (E of I 83). "Partition is a term that suggests an easy and peaceful division of territory," claims Frances Harrison. Rather, a holocaust was caused by India's partition on August 15, 1947 (Harrison 94). The division of the Indian Subcontinent was not as straightforward as its surface-level description would have us believe.

The sub inspector received a report from Lambardar, the chowkidar of Mano Majra, stating that "no refugees have come through the village yet." Nobody in Mano Majra, I'm sure, even knows that the British left and that the nation is now split into Pakistan and Hindustan. I doubt that many of them have heard of Jinnah, but some of them are aware of Gandhi (Singh 24). Here, the author makes the argument that many residents of the isolated frontier area were ignorant of the subcontinent's abrupt separation and the main figures who drove the decision-making during the partition process. Frances Harrison objects to the portrayal of the fictitious villagers' "political innocence," pointing out that Khuswant Singh intentionally makes his fictional villagers appear ignorant in order to heighten their degree of political innocence, even

if doing so means making his peasants appear petty. Harrison 101 describes them as being manipulated by him. Harrison claims that the author may not have accurately depicted the villagers in the sense of "patronizing," but rather that he narrated the ignorance that existed among regular people in general. Harrison may have misunderstood her use of the word "very" in her assertion that Singh "ignores the argument that Partition resulted from a mass popular demand for it." He emphasizes that there was no cultural conflict that led to partition by depicting a village where Sikhs and Muslims lived in perfect harmony until independence. Only the decisions made by distant politicians in Delhi disrupt their peace (Harrison 101). As Harrison said, it really appears like Khuswant Singh is unable to talk about such a monumental event (the partition) with any semblance of seriousness at all. Since he was a direct victim of the turbulent partition, it appears absurd and insensitive for a victim to regard it indifferently. Furthermore, it is impossible to look at the tragedies of partition from an objective perspective. Kuldip Nayar, an Indian journalist, human rights advocate, and political analyst, serves as a suitable illustration at this point. In the piece "Past and Partition," Nayar, a firsthand victim of the terrible incident, writes as follows: "I fear that I cannot examine or talk about the Partition objectively. It brings back memories and feelings of nostalgia, but it also brings up a number of problems that still trouble me. Says Nayar 1. Nonetheless, Khuswant Singh, a secular humanist, prefers to address partition specifically from a secular perspective in his two main books, *Train to Pakistan* and *The End of India*.

As a result, they are developing daily. It is not appropriate to always anticipate "tit for tat." In the book, Singh deftly and wisely captures rage, passion, love, and other human emotions. The author's narration of "Partition" is realistic. Hukum Chand informed the gullible Sikhs and villagers—who had been led to believe by the sub-inspector that everything was fine in their area—that some convoys had arrived in India carrying a sizable number of dead Hindu and Sikh bodies. The Sikhs responded by sending a train loaded with dead Muslim immigrants and writing on the engine, "Gift to Pakistan!"

The "cause-effect" link largely shapes how the general public remembers partition. According to Derrida's definition of "undecidability," just as "the cause of partition" was excessively "undecidable," so too are its effects "incalculable." Therefore, Saloni Kapoor correctly notes

that "since it was an 'undecidable' decision, any choice that was made would come with its consequences, foreseeable and unforeseeable," in reference to the partition decision (Kapoor 12).

Furthermore, Iqbal, a communist laborer who arrived in the town on the same train as the police in order to assist and protect the populace from needless violence following the murder occurrence, was nonetheless detained on suspicion of belonging to the "Muslim League." "Did you open the fly-buttons of his pants to see whether he was a Sikh or a Mussulman?" was the chief constable's callous response when Meet Singh begged him in front of him, asserting that "Iqbal Singh is a Sikh." (T through P 127). The subinspector identified Iqbal as "Mr. Iqbal Singh, social worker" after his release. Iqbal responded sarcastically, saying, "You seem to fabricate facts and documents as it pleases you" (T to P 170). The sub-inspector lost his cool and threatened to force him to take the exam "whether or not he was circumcised" if he continued to give lectures and ended up in the hands of Sikh mobs. The author puts it this way: "That is the only test they have these days for a person who has not got long hair and a beard." Afterwards, they murder (T to P 170). Iqbal warned that it would be foolish for him to go outdoors after being released from custody in an attempt to educate people about the "madness" of religious hatred. because he believed that he might be subjected to the barbaric scrutiny of circumcision. While there were numerous justifications for "circumcision," and many foreigners underwent it for its supposed medicinal benefits, the Sikhs saw it only as a "religious ritual" that was mostly performed in Muslim communities. From such fear, it appears that perhaps Iqbal, an educated man, had been circumcised for medical reasons rather than to adhere to the practice as part of Muslim tradition. Maybe that was part of the reason he was terrified of members of his own group. Because he was a communist and did not adhere to those religious dogmas, he was afraid that his own Sikh community would not accept him when they learned that he had undergone circumcision. As a result, he was unable to reveal his identity to them and tell them that he was a Sikh. The author describes Iqbal's uncomfortable circumstances as follows:

The author emphasizes the following while painting a horrifying picture of communal violence: "When bullets fly around, what is the point of putting out your head and getting shot? The

bullet has no effect. It strikes without difference between the good and the bad, the major and the unimportant (T to P 179). Gopal Krishna accurately notes, citing Richard D. Lambert's doctoral dissertation on "riots" during "Partition," "The major riots in the 1940s were part of the movement for partition, and the scale of violence was enormous." Community rioting had by then evolved into a political tool (Krishna 62). Furthermore, Krishna accurately characterizes communal violence as follows: "Communal riots are accompanied by acts of individual violence, commonly stabbing, as well as looting and property burning." More tellingly, they manifest as mass warfare: in stories of community riots, crowds ranging in size from 100 to 10,000 people confront and stone one another. Children and women are not spared. Their legacy is one of resentment, animosity, and mistrust (Krishna 62). Indeed, communal issues are complex, encompassing social, political, cultural, and religious aspects. As such, they have a detrimental impact on the fundamental principles of human decency. Since the "mob" is mostly responsible for it, it appears very impossible to avoid. Most people consider the "mob" to be cruel and irrational.

DELHI:

The novel *Delhi* opens with Khushwant Singh, the provocative narrator, having just returned from 'getting his fill of whoring in faraway nations'. Singh is an elderly, lewd reprobate who loves Delhi as much as he loves the ugly but vivacious hermaphrodite. The book travels through Delhi's history in both forward and backward time. The plot revolves around the tale of a downtrodden writer (maybe an autobiographical character) and his bond with Bhagmati, a hijra (eunuch), whom he essentially picks up from a deserted road on a sweltering summer's afternoon in Delhi. After serving her time in the notorious Tihar Jail—possibly for selling sex—she begs to be taken under his wing because she has nowhere else to go. When the kind Sardar agrees, the narrator's life embarks on a fantastic journey filled with highs and lows. Bhagmati, who is neither male nor female but has a strong attraction to foreign women, gives the narrator life in the middle of the grand remnants of Delhi at its prime. She even manages to save the narrator from the insane mobs during the 1984 anti-Sikh riots.

Chapter by chapter, the author discusses the history of the great city, his own sexual misadventures and adventures with vilaity mems and lonely army wives whom he is supposed

to "show Delhi," other eccentric journalists, editors, and bureaucrats, a half-mad Sikh ex-army driver, a devoted gurudwara bhajji, and many other colourful characters. The author is known for his trademark gift of literal humor and his command of narration as a professional historian.

Singh says he worked on this novel for about twenty-five years. The book is devoted to Niloufer Billimoria and his son, Rahul Singh. He quips, "History gave me a skeleton, which I covered in flesh and filled with a lot of seminal fluid and blood." Irfan Ahmad Khan of Lahore translated this book into Urdu. With the strong sense that he was returning to his favorite book, Singh wrote this one after arriving back in Delhi, India: "I return to Delhi as I return to my mistress Bhagmati when I have had my fill of whoring in foreign lands."

The entire chronicle's narrator, an impoverished, aging profligate who is enamored with Delhi as much as he is with Bhagmati, a hijra hooker who is half woman and half man with sexual inventiveness and vigor of both sexes, spans more than six hundred years. It is comparable to the experience of Tiresias, the soothsayer in T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*, who has lived two lifetimes and is blind yet is still able to see. Tiresias is an old man with wrinkled feminine breasts who is pulsing between two lives. I, Tiresias, an elderly man with crinkled hair, saw the event and predicted what would happen next—and I have suffered everything up front.

The narrator "discovers" his beloved city, Delhi, by journeying through time, space, and history. He portrays Delhi in all of its former splendor and majesty. He tells the story of how he meets a wide range of characters, including emperors and eunuchs, poets and princes, saints and sultans, temptresses and traitors. The narrator asserts that each of these people has contributed to and enhanced Delhi's distinctive mystique. Because of how masterfully written the story is, readers are drawn into the narrator's epic trip and discover how the city of kings has been transformed and will always live on in their memories.

The novel's title is appropriate and provocative since it presents Delhi's good and bad sides in equal measure. And Delhi is the focal point of the entire narrative. Singh gives a description of the city that was ruled by monarchs from the Balkan era until the 1980s. The book is made up of random stories from Delhi's past; as a result, it lacks the typical novelistic patterns and might

be read as a travel guide that discusses historical events related to well-known and lesser-known tourist destinations.

The way issues are presented in the book *Delhi* bears witness to Singh's intention to write it with an international readership in mind. *Delhi*'s central topic explores historical events and depicts certain locations and eras under particular kings. The novel, which is the result of the author's knowledge of how to function as a competent tour guide, has been given shape by the choice of historical period, rulers, and individuals that the writer has portrayed. These choices signify history, time, and location. The readers are thus given a glimpse of Singh's extensive travel experience, which has proven to be fruitful in meeting men and women from various countries with a variety of native habits and manners. Singh's literary and journalistic bent of mind, along with his command of English, all contribute to an intriguing flavour in the narration of this work. In summary, Khushwant Singh has handled *Delhi* and *Bhagamati* in a distinctive way while paying little attention to historical specifics. The author states, "I have two passions in my life: my city, *Delhi*, and *Bhagamati*, as they have two things in common; they are lots of fun." It is clear that the author has a wonderful understanding of *Delhi* and *Bhagamati*. Additionally, they are sterile (*Delhi*, p. 30).

The novel is organized structurally into twenty-one chapters plus a preface. The first ten chapters cover the realistic portrayal of foreign invaders, the social standing of Hindus under Muslim rule, the first independence war, the founding of *Delhi*, the status of refugees, and, of course, the horrific assassination of the then-vibrant leader Smt. Gandhi, Indira.

The book will have a lot of emotional sap, as stated in the preface, which ensures the old man's experience. It is a free spirit's raucous and joyous attempt to speak truth not only to the powers of time but also to the powers across time; it is an old man's caution to the young. The novel, along with Amitav Ghosh's *The Shadow Lines*, is recognized as an ambitious and potent literary effort. It became an instant hit in India. The author outlines the main idea and reaction behind the 1984 riots and shares his own experience with the events in *Delhi* in November 1894. He presents violence in a way that compels the reader to consider morality and veracity.

The tale is set in a world that is undoubtedly both ancient and modern. New Delhi. It is an accurate portrayal of the city's cultural biography, utilizing numerous noteworthy mnemonic devices to create a memorable image of this phoenix of a city. The novel marks the beginning of a new wave of writing from people who have spent a significant portion of their lives in Delhi or New Delhi and who now view the city from a "home-town" viewpoint, in which personal tales coexist with urban narratives. Rebuilding a mediated space of memory and identity reaches back practically to the earliest period of Delhi history, an attempt to make up for the many losses.

I SHALL NOT HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE:

The historical context serves as the backdrop for the book, *I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale*. In addition to being a writer, Khushwant Singh is a historian. He responds most to the calls for equality, freedom, and human rights in his capacity as a novelist. The writer Khushwant Singh is responsible for bringing the general public's attention to social, political, and cultural issues. In addition to providing insight into a particular era of history, he created novels that are ideal in that they exemplify human behavior in its most universal form. Khushwant Singh was as horrified by these events as the other Indian writers were. Numerous novels have been written about the issue of partition and the struggle for freedom. The writers of these novels deftly capture the reign of violence and the total dismantling of human ideals.

The novel's opening scene is important and suggests a symbolic meaning. Like many other foolish young men, Sher Singh and Madan wanted to use violence to bring about India's freedom. They adamantly intend to murder as many English guys as they please and engage in terrorist activity. So Sher Singh fires a crane to baptize their weapons.

When one member of a pair is slain, the other dies of grief; thus, its partner pursues and attempts to attack them (Singh P-06).

This presentation uses the Sarus crane as a metaphor for the themes of love, mating, and sacrifice. Conversely, the crane's cry represents aggression, toxicity, and slaughter. The following sentences are a lovely way to express this symbolic representation:

The flying crane's agonized shriek sounded almost human. It would haunt him for a very long time if he did not muffle it. Maybe the two would be together wherever cranes go after they die if they were both dead. Sher Singh removed his rifle's magazine and loaded six rounds into it. He fired when the crane was almost above him, tracking its flight with his barrel. One of the wings was penetrated by the gunshots. As it flew, the bird stumbled a lot, and several feathers fell to the ground. (Singh, p. 6)

According to Khushwant Singh, infidelity results from Champak's hypnotizing techniques. She puts on a front of being devoted to Sher Singh, but she is really in love with Madan. Khushwant conveys that having a conversation about sex is not taboo for him. What his readers enjoy about him is how transparent he is. "Khushwant is direct to the point of brutality, unsentimentally observant," according to Santha Rama Rao, and in his audacious depiction, he is willing to examine the least desirable facets of interpersonal connections and human nature (qtd. in Singh P.K., p.57).

Khushwant Singh's account of sex is so candid and free that it provides insight into Champak's personality. With this in mind, P. Singh K. declares:

Champak hopes to raise awareness of certain disadvantages of the Indian joint family, namely that married couples are not allowed to meet in public to satisfy their sensual urges, by disclosing their unsatisfied sexual desires. (P.K. Singh, page 66)

Singh claims that although sex is done in an environment that does not allow a man to stir the desire of his wife, India is the land of phallus worship. His women naturally yearn for their lust to be satisfied as a result. Many turn to alternate means as a result of their unfulfilled sexual urge. In this work, Khushwant honestly portrays such a man-woman connection. He accurately

captures the image of a married woman who is stuck in her marriage and readily engages in extramarital affairs when the chance arises.

Khuswant Singh, who has a remarkable ability to talk about delicate elements of human relationships, is a firm believer in telling the truth about events and circumstances in an open and honest manner. In Singh's hands, another character in the book takes on significance. Buta Singh's daughter, Beena, is a college student. As a teenager, Beena also succumbs to sexual desire and is momentarily lured by Madan. The intriguing aspect is that Beena studies with Madan Lal's sister, Seeta. This connection makes it possible to get to know Beena and have an intimate relationship with her. Seeta, Beena, and Madan go to the movie theater together. Madan is a collegiate cricket star with a dashing appearance. Madan uses this as a helpful tool to entice Beena. This is evident in the lines that follow.

According to Khushwant Singh, sixteen-year-old ladies are easy to entice. The author intends to caution teenage readers against engaging in unapproved or premature relationships by using the character of Beena. It's again through Beena's persona that he hopes to demonstrate that untimely love brings pain and misery. Champak took Beena to Shimla, where Madan and his sister Seeta had already appeared. On a specific day when Madan and Beena had made plans to meet at night, Beena gave in to her temptation even though she knew it would not be socially acceptable. She chose to visit Madan's room. She turned on the light and saw the letter her mother had sent. In a very astute move, Khushwant Singh cautions all teenage children, who lack the ability to discern between right and wrong, to exercise extreme caution. Here's a section from Sabhrai's letter that explains the novelist's goal quite plainly.

According to Khushwant Singh, having sex is not a sin but rather a physical representation of God. When a young person who hardly understands the difference between lust and love engages in sex, the outcomes can be extremely lethal. One of the novel's clear concepts with social significance is this one. Even though she knew she would never be allowed to have sex with a married guy like Madan, she nevertheless had a burning desire to enter Madan's chamber. As you can see from the following lines, this is true.

The novelist has depicted the intensity of sex hunger through the characters of Peer Sahib and Shunno. The lust for sex is so strong that it knows no bounds and shatters all social, moral, ethical, and religious virtues. Not even the fear of God can stop the Muslim Peer Sahib or the Hindu Window from having sex. When Shunno came to him one day to ask him to cure the weird illness, he tried to woo her by calling her "daughter," and gradually, he was discovered to be having sensual pleasure with her.

The characterization skills of Khushwant Singh are incredibly realistic. He has approached the complexity of human behavior with great honesty. For example, in self-defense, Peer Sahib, a devout man, justifies his shameful behavior by convincing himself that he is not breaking the law of celibacy by having sex with Shunno since it might lead her to the correct path. In the words that follow, he has recounted the discreditable behavior in exquisite detail:

One of the most influential modern Indian novelists writing in English is Khushwant Singh. He is less interested in action, experiences, and accomplishments and more focused on ideas, feelings, and sensations. The complex social environment that exists now has affected and conditioned Khushwant Singh's depiction of the relationship between men and women. He seems especially interested in the man-woman interaction in the majority of his novels. Mr. P.K. Singh appropriately states in this context that Champak and Madan's clandestine affairs are in opposition to their illicit sexual encounters with their peers Sahib and Shunno. Shunno and Peer Sahib are from the lower echelons of Indian society, while Madan and Champak are members of the top layer. However, their suppressed sexual urges are common and ubiquitous. They both have a tendency to "rip off the padding of respectability." (P.K. Singh, p. 70)

Lust is an intensely powerful emotion that has the potential to become nearly uncontrollable. Man and woman have about the same inner desire for sex, whether they are dressed in expensive or worn-out clothing.

THE COMPANY OF WOMEN:

Many Indian writers across all genres have found inspiration and guidance in both Indian and Western traditions. Indeed, it has influenced the thought processes of Indian writers, particularly distinguished writers such as Khushwant Singh. Western education influenced Khushwant Singh's schooling in England. His works demonstrate a synthesis of science and humanism because he is a product of both the East and the West. He was not pretentious intellectually, like his colleagues. He was irresponsible in both his writing and his speech. He acknowledged that he was an accidental writer. After his failed attempt to become a well-known lawyer, he pursued odd government positions both in India and outside. According to renowned Indian author Amitava Ghosh, Singh had a complex personality. He was a superb raconteur as well as a journalist, author, critic, historian, and social-political analyst. Among his best publications on Sikhism and its history are his writings on the religion.

Singh has had a contentious reputation his entire life. He became a cult figure due to his love of drink, ladies, and gossip, and he attracted a lot of enemies as well as admirers. He was adamant that religious parties would bring about the collapse of the nation. Because of his outspokenness, he was quite unpopular with right-wing and traditional supporters. However, the 'dirty old man of Indian media and literary world' never gave a damn about these people or their complaints.

Khushwant Singh's astute portrayal of realism is exemplified through the beloved novel *The Company of Women*. Khushwant writes on all these topics in *We Indians* in his usual honest and humorous manner. His incisive, frequently scathing insights about human faults, including their propensity for sycophancy and hypocrisy, make readers laugh and weep at the same time. Singh's ability to honestly convey the eternal facts of Indians is one of the reasons he has attracted readers of all stripes over the years. Khushwant Singh's penmanship was so prolific that even after his death, people continued to read his works, earning him a great deal of respect.

The book examines the treatment of a divorced man in Indian society as well as the willingness of women to do anything behind closed doors. Because of Singh's exceptional character description, the reader becomes invested in each character's path, and they are completely

developed. By the book's end, readers would have the impression that Mohan Kumar, despite his misery and fleeting joys, is not a fully realized person since, despite his disappointment, he had long yearned for true love, which had disappointed him.

The novel is structurally separated into two halves. Mohan's adventures following his divorce from his wife are covered in part one, while his early victories are covered in part two, which is his diary. It becomes evident to us that the women in Mohan's life, despite their diverse physical characteristics, are merely psychic duplicates. Readers learn via Mohan's account that we should feel sorry for humanity because it appears that most men and women are essentially polygamous and are only waiting for opportunities to satisfy their cravings. The book recounts Mohan's experiences, ranging from his unsuccessful arranged marriage to his memories of the different women he had sex with while living in the United States. He looks for "paid companions" ("hip" with women after his divorce in an attempt to overcome his urge for sex and feelings of loneliness. For however long she stays with him, he feels that the lady is fully his. He engages in a variety of sexual relationships, including those listed on the book's back cover, as a result of this notion of short-term live-in relationships.

Singh started writing *The Company of Women* when he was eighty-three years old and finished it when he was eighty-five. Singh has really asserted that "as a man gets older, his sex instincts travel from his middle to his head." For this reason, the author establishes a voice through which he can express his personal sentiments regarding being around women. The book can be classified as autobiographical since it discusses Khushwant Singh's feelings rather than only Mohan's. The protagonist of the tale is Mohan Kumar, an American student who, at Princeton University, "lost his virginity" to Jessica Brown, a stunning black woman. Their relationship appeared to be like a honeymoon without nuptials. Mohan Kumar was informed by Pakistani Ms. Yasmeen, while she was still in the US, of the horrific the passion of a lady who is older than a guy.

The meeting between Kumar and English professor Madam Sarojini Bhardwaj is described in the book. Furthermore, the female professor demonstrated her superior strength over numerous guys in the area of sex. Molly Gomes, whom Kumar described as "not only an incarnation of

sensual impulse but also as a mistress of sexuality," was another woman who showed up in his sexual life. Susanthika, also known as "the small wonderful bird" from Sri Lanka, was also quite active in bed.

The interaction between men and women is implied to be the central theme of the book, based on Mohan's encounters with the many women mentioned above. The bulk of stories, novels, plays, and other works of fiction deal with the theme of human interactions, especially those between men and women. This is not a unique or unusual topic in literature. The man-woman connection has been portrayed in a great deal of literary texts, paintings, stone carvings, folklore, and other media in a myriad of methods and styles. This issue is also explored by Singh in the book through a sequence of incidents in the life of the main character, Mohan Kumar, and his passionate and lewd encounters with other women. In a nutshell, the book *The Company of Women* honors the timeless and universal tale of a man and a woman: their love, sex, and passion. This relationship is presented in the novel in an odd, unique, and genuine way that is both captivating and sexy. The narrative functions as a kind of morality tale for the present era, with Mohan Kumar killing himself as soon as he finds out he has AIDS—essentially paying for his promiscuity.

The book is written in a clear, simple style that is enjoyable to read. This book uses straightforward language and style. The author narrates certain chapters using a combination of first- and third-person storytelling techniques. It is the autobiography of a made-up character named Mohan Kumar, an unrepentant womanizer who describes his sex encounters with various women at various points in his life. Kumar is a successful foreigner who returned to Delhi to establish his own business. He came from a lowly family but was intelligent enough to graduate from Princeton University. While attending Princeton, he discovered the extent of his unquenchable sexual cravings. However, he was never able to overcome his cravings, even after a rough marriage that ultimately resulted in divorce.

In Singh's book, Mohan is also a sex addict. He enjoys himself with various ladies and never sees his weakness. However, by the book's end, he has a realization and feels bad about his previous existence. Mohan dies a lonely old man, alone in the world, with only his trusty

office assistant to take care of him. All the while bringing home to the reader how difficult it is to acquire platonic love, affection, and concern in this world, despite the ease with which one might partake in worldly pleasures.

Singh thus emphasizes the concept that only religion and spirituality can deliver people from damnation and ultimate death through the character of Mohan. God is the wellspring of all human grace; thus, man should never lose hope in him. For both spiritual and physical nourishment, people should place their confidence and faith in God, regardless of their actions.

THE SUNSET CLUB:

With a dry sense of humor, Khushwant Singh makes fun of both himself and other people. This is demonstrated in the piece "Posthumous," which is an obituary he wrote for himself. He imagines himself dead, and like the Prince of Denmark in Shakespeare's tragedy Hamlet, he lets his ghost observe and document his friends' and family's responses to the "sad" news as well as during the funeral procession. The guy believes that others will be saddened by his passing and experience his loss, yet paradoxically, his friends seem unaffected by his passing. As the American poet Emily Dickinson put it, "this proves that death is a part and parcel of life and just another event in human life." Singh illustrates how deaths are universal.

In his final book, *The Sunset Club*, Singh tells the narrative of three old friends, Pandit Preetam Sharma, Nawab Barkatullah Baig, and Sardar Boota Singh, as they navigate love, desire, scandal, politics, and religion. These three pals stand in for three distinct Indian ethnicities and faiths. Bangalore-based e-journal DNA Sunday reports that:

"Light but serious, touching but funny" describes *The Sunset Club*. Despite the serious subject matter, Singh's book isn't pretentious; much of it is likely to strike a chord with both young and old readers. Singh wrestles with our complex national character (Singh, *The Sunset Club* I).

This fictional book follows three old friends as they enter their twilight years and provides a glimpse into Indian culture.

An intriguing book that offers a glimpse into the experiences of old age is *The Sunset Club*. These are elderly men who are spending their twilight years together and have been "friends" for more than 40 years. The boredom of old age is reflected in the narrative. The book's characters discuss current happenings in the world while drawing comparisons to their own, younger periods. They debate and compare how needs have changed, lifestyles have slowed down, and times have changed endlessly. The three friends discuss a variety of topics, including their bowel movements, past sexual experiences, secrets and desires, physical limitations and frustrations, farts and loud grunts, health issues, and their thoughts on the state of the world today. Three elderly guys who symbolize the various kinds of people that people typically come into contact with throughout their lives are symbolic of the novel. Among the three protagonists:

Khuswanth Singh's spokesperson is Boota Singh. He is very forthcoming about his personal experiences and mishaps. While Nawab Baig seems respectable and wise in person, he has his own dark secrets. Pandit Sharma, the bachelor, is an elderly man of wisdom.

Singh's *The Sunset Club* is regarded as a humorous yet poignant, lighthearted yet serious work. This final book is the best example of Singh's literary brilliance. As a novelist, Singh gives insight into numerous obscure facets of his life and works, and he is given credit where credit is due in the Indo-English literary community. The author admits in the foreword, "Apologia," that he never intended to write the novel since he wasn't sure he would be able to finish it at his age. In the book, three elderly pals who are all in their late 80s join the *Sunset Club* and get together almost every evening on a park seat in the Lodhi Gardens of New Delhi. The narrative takes place between January 2009 and January 2010 and spans a year. The three elderly gentlemen, one a Brahmin, one a Sikh, and the third a Muslim, converse about current events, politics, history, and personal health issues as the seasons shift. They recall their past loves and discuss sex. The book is simultaneously sardonic and depressing. Both mankind and body functions are many.

The narrative of *The Sunset Club* centers on two of Khushwant Singh's pals as well as Khushwant Singh acting in the persona of Sardar Boota Singh. The three pals are in their late

eighties. Every evening, they get together on a seat in Delhi's Lodhi Gardens to talk. Khushwant's sex-obsessed dreams are sparked by the mosque dome that faces the bench.

Given that it covers a wide range of topics and displays various aspects of Khushwant Singh's character, the book could also be classified as an autobiography. Boota muses over "hereafter" in a moment of near death and concludes that it is simply a myth. Despite claiming to be an atheist, he maintains an open mind and consistently attends early-morning prayers, which are said to improve his well-being. "I like to do things that are forbidden." When Baig brought up the fact that Sikhs are not allowed to eat cow's flesh, Boota's reply was what followed. "Everyone experiences a phase of homosexuality." When the Delhi High Court rules that sodomy committed with agreement will no longer be considered a felony, Boota makes a statement. "I support the legalization of prostitution," declares Boota. Boota chimes in, "Ishq-vishq, love-shove, all bullshit." "Baig Sahib, love is just a pretty word used by romantics to describe lust." Lust comes naturally. Even though Boota lives alone, women constantly come visit him when he opens his bar in the evening, so he is never lonely. "That is the essence of Ghalib: alcohol, women, aging, and demise." Sakina Begum notes that there are many similarities between Ghalib and Boota.

CONCLUSION:

Singh argues that human civilization is a continual process, not just a physical one, and that violence, bloodshed, and hatred are unacceptable. Love has a profound effect on human existence and appears to be the one thing that can keep humans from succumbing to all demonic powers. The human interaction between Muslims, Sikhs, and Hindus defines human values during times of communal rioting; the power of a man-woman loving bond outweighs that of other negative forces. According to the author's portrayal in the book, no bad force can defeat love with regard to society or time.

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