

A man is what he eats (and what he doesn't).  
On the use of traditional food culture in Anita Desai's  
*Fasting, Feasting* and Amitav Ghosh's *The Glass Palace*

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Among the problems left open by two centuries of British colonialism, that of Indian modernity has yet to find a satisfactory solution. How can India become a modern democratic nation without mimicking the west on the one hand and without shedding her millennial culture on the other? Contemporary novelists, especially NRIs, have often addressed the issue both from a sociological and from a cultural viewpoint. Since food is a universal experience for human beings, which traverses political, gender, and castes boundaries, for a writer it may become a vantage point from which society can be observed, as well as an objective correlative of the characters' plight, or even a clue to the author's viewpoint. As Lévi-Strauss pointed out as early as in the Sixties, food is an important token of identity in every society; still, besides rooting identity, food in India plays a major important role also in ethics and cosmology. According to Olivelle (2011) food is a means to connect humans with the gods, while on a social level, sharing food is a must of Indian culture, since greed is the root of all evils.

The fracture that one perceives between Varanasi and Bangalore, or between the Chola sculptures and Anish Kapoor, between *kāvya* and contemporary novelists like Kiran Desai and Amitav Ghosh, can be viewed as a fracture between classical India and what some call modernity. If one considers typically modern issues such as economic development, internal product, awareness of caste inequality, women's rights, environment and, to a certain extent, the subject matter of literary artifacts such as sci-fi, one can hardly refrain from admitting to such a fracture. And yet there are other ideologies and there are some undercurrents, thoughts and practices that modernity has not quite obliterated; if you look at issues that are not typically modern, you can still perceive a continuity, where contemporary India resists globalizing modernity. The relationship with food is, I will argue, one instance of this continuity, and I shall endeavour to trace it in two contemporary novels by Indian authors who seem to attribute

the same ethical qualities to food as the *sūtras* did. I shall refer to *The Glass Palace* (2000) by Amitav Ghosh, and *Fasting, Feasting* (1999) by Anita Desai.

According to Dipesh Chakrabarti (2000), this dichotomy between modernity and tradition developed in the early phases of the *swaraj*. Before Indian intellectuals ever dreamed of getting rid of the British, they went through a period when they reacted to the cultural denigration of which they had been victims by imitating their masters. The rising Indian Anglophone middle class welcomed such novelties as cricket, novels, tea parties and the possibility to equal the English in military or administrative positions. This proximity with the Europeans and involvement in administrative – if not political – life is the first germ of *swaraj*. However, in order to create the secular notion of fatherland, early freedom fighters had to dismiss *varṇas*, and in order to foster social mobility they had to dismiss *jātis*. In the public sphere, they had to adopt the English ways. This compromise with the aliens had to be counterbalanced somehow, so it fell to the women to become the custodians of tradition (Narayan 1997). If men could be polluted in the public arena during the day, they needed a domestic shrine to come back to in the evening. This attitude, maintains Uma Narayan, is certainly visible in the treatment of food, so that men who have to leave the house to attend to business are allowed to forego daily rituals and to eat forbidden food, if necessary, while it fell to the lot of women to remain at home and preserve *gṛhalakṣmī* – traditional domestic harmony.

Predictably, this division of roles and attitudes to food did not cease with Independence; the new Indian middle class has actually consolidated these customs despite the obvious contradictions that emerged in the new contexts of modern India. This is exactly what Anita Desai's *Fasting, Feasting* is about; here food is both a motive and a theme which develops throughout the story pointing to the difficult relationship between tradition and modernity. The novel is sharply divided into two parts set in India and in the USA respectively. Both parts depict dysfunctional families whose difficulties are represented through food. The family described in the first part is the epitome of the crisis of the Indian middle class, while the overfed American family is just as unbalanced and ultimately unhappy. Their unhappiness and dysfunctions however do not depend on food, but are realistically revealed and poetically symbolized by it.

The Indian middle class appears poised between tradition, decorum and *kismet* on the one hand, and modernity, progress and welfare on the other. Contradictions appear particularly hard when it comes to children, especially daughters, who must be educated as if they were to go into the world, but who are actually never let free to decide for themselves (Oliver 2000). The case of Uma's cousin Anamika is emblematic. She is a clever young woman, so much so that she wins a scholarship to Oxford, but eventually that 'award' is only used to build her curriculum as a bride-to-be. Later, when her husband and her mother-in-law kill her by setting fire to her, her own family can only accept the result of the enquiry. The mingling of tradition and modernity has patently

failed; had Anamika's family been an older clan, they would have been able to protect her even within another household, but a modern nuclear family proves powerless in the face of old discriminations. As is customary in India, food rituals are used to enforce the power relations within the family (Appadurai 1981, Khare–Rao 1986), and also as a battlefield on which tensions are brought to the fore. Uma's uneasiness is first hinted at during a family outing, when the girl craved some sweets, but could not bring herself to say anything because she knew that she could not have them – as a girl she was supposed to eat very little and never show any greed for food (Khare 1986). Later, Uma gives vent to her discontent and tries to defy her parents during a meal, but is discomfited (Ravichandran 2004, 2005).

'UMA, pass your father the fruit'.

Uma picks up the fruit bowl with both hands and puts it down with a thump before her father. Bananas, oranges, apples – there they are, for him.

Blinking, he ignores them. Folding his hands on the table, he gazes over them with the sphinx-like expression of the blind. Mama knows what is wrong. She taps Uma on the elbow.

'Orange,' she instructs her. Uma can no longer pretend to be ignorant of Papa's needs, Papa's ways. After all, she has been serving them for some twenty years. She picks out the largest orange in the bowl and hands it to Mama who peels it in strips, then divides it into separate segments. (...) One by one, he lifts them with the tips of his fingers and places them in his mouth. Everyone waits while he repeats the gesture, over and over. Mama's lips are pursed with the care she gives her actions, and their importance.

(...)

'Where is Papa's finger bowl?' she asks loudly.

The finger bowl is placed before Papa. He dips his fingertips in and wipes them on the napkin. He is the only one in the family who is given a napkin and a finger bowl; they are emblems of his status.

Mama sits back. The ceremony is over. She has performed it. Everyone is satisfied. (Desai, *Fasting, Feasting*, 23-24)

The contradictory position of Uma's family surfaces when the newborn son, Arun, refuses to eat any meat. In a modern secular society this should be interpreted as a natural dietary preference – indeed, he is not vegetarian by choice, he naturally dislikes meat – but vegetarianism in his family is not simply a matter of taste, it is interpreted as a defiance of the family status and identity:

Papa was confounded. A meat diet had been one of the revolutionary changes brought about in his life, and his brother's, by their education. Raised amongst traditional vegetarians, their eyes had been opened to the benefits of meat along with that of cricket and the English language: the three were linked inextricably in their minds. They had even succeeded in convincing the wives they married of this novel concept of progress, and passed it on to their children. Papa was always scornful of those of their relatives who came

to visit and insisted on clinging to their cereal and vegetable eating ways, shying away from the meat dishes Papa insisted on having cooked for dinner.

Now his own son, his one son, displayed this completely baffling desire to return to the ways of his forefathers, meek and puny men who had got nowhere in life. Papa was deeply vexed. He prescribed cod liver oil. (Desai, *Fasting, Feasting*, 32)

Predictably enough the task of administering cod liver oil to the child will fall to Uma, the unmarried sister. Apparently, Mamapapa's generation has been able to modernize only by mimicking the west, and even so only in some aspects of their lives, which makes things all the more complicated for those who have to bear the brunt of keeping up the tradition. The situation is paradoxical; young papa had to assert himself by changing his diet in order to become modern, his son has to assert his vegetarianism. Uma never actually asserts herself, but the only time when she appears happy is when she follows her aunt Mira-masi to an Ashram, where she lives on very little food and green berries.

Uma and her brother Arun grow up within these contradictions symbolized by food. Eventually Arun is sent off to America to complete his education, and he hopes that he will be able to get rid of the constrictions that he had endured at home. He is wrong. His contradictory identity follows him, and once again his plight is described and highlighted through his impossibility to comply with food codes in the new land. In fact, he is not peculiar in any way, but he falls victim to the unbalanced attitudes of other people, be they Indians or Americans. The whole novel can be described as a criticism of the international middle class, whose attitude to food mirrors its unbalanced attitude to life in general.

*The Glass Palace* is a historical novel that spans three different countries, India, Burma and Malay, and describes a family saga, which develops internationally within a rising secular Indian middle class. The contradictions of modern India and of food consumption are described here, as it were, in their making. Moreover, as in the case of *Fasting, Feasting*, the ethical relationship with food points to other ethical values of the Indian tradition. At the beginning of the novel the protagonist, Rajkumar, is a teenaged Bengali orphan stranded in Mandalay. Even though he is still a boy, the narrative suggests that he has the stamina and the self-discipline to become a great man. As he gets into the city of Mandalay, he looks for a job at a food stall run by a woman who is said to be half-Indian. When he arrives, she is busy chopping vegetables and berates him for begging her for a job. Rajkumar does not waver, and remains impassible.

She glared at Rajkumar suspiciously. 'What do you want?'

He had just begun to explain about the boat and the repairs and wanting a job for a few weeks when she interrupted him. She began to shout at the top of her voice, with her eyes closed: 'What do you think – I have jobs under

my armpits, to pluck out and hand to you? Last week a boy ran away with two of my pots. Who's to tell me you won't do the same?' And so on.

Rajkumar understood that this outburst was not aimed directly at him: that it had more to do with the dust, the splattering oil, and the price of vegetables than with his own presence or with anything he had said. He lowered his eyes and stood there stoically, kicking the dust until she was done. (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 5)

Eventually the boy's impassive behaviour wins her over and she hires him; soon the discourse turns to food:

'All right. Get to work, but remember, you're not going to get much more than three meals and a place to sleep'.

He grinned. 'That's all I need'. (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 6)

The woman is afraid lest Rajkumar be a thief or not a good worker, but his being content with little food, and his lack of greed, like an ascetic, convince her. I do not mean that Rajkumar reveals ascetic qualities, only that his discipline is of the same kind as that required of Hindu asceticism. As Patrick Olivelle (2011) puts it: one's relation with food mirrors one's behaviour with life. Rajkumar appears trustworthy because his relation to food appears balanced.

Later in the novel, we find two characters whose relation with food appears problematic, and indeed, both will eventually die because of their failure to establish a good relationship with life. In both cases, they compromise with the colonial administration and cuisine, failing to overcome the contradictions that it implies for them as Indians. I am talking about Collector Dey, in Ratnagiri, and of Arjun, one generation younger. Both are basically good men, who have only one fault: they unwittingly believe the English propaganda about the civilizing mission of colonizers. Dey is District collector in Ratnagiri. Educated in England, he marries Uma, a Bengali woman some 15 years younger, hoping to develop a romantic and equal relationship with her, for which she was not prepared. Besides, his anxiety towards his precarious position within the British administration poses major problems even for his domestic felicity. This is epitomised by a dinner party. Rajkumar, the orphan we met in Mandalay, is by now a successful Indian businessman based in Burma, who comes to the Collector's house as a guest. In the letter that recommends him to Uma, the collector's wife, he is introduced as a self-made man, only 'slightly uncouth'. When he disembarks from the ferry, Uma receives a report of 'the dishevelled untidiness of his attire, his crumpled longyi, his greasy vest and his uncombed hair'. So that 'Uma was left with a sense of lingering unease. Was it prudent to invite someone like this to dinner? What exactly did he eat?' (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 139). Unable to figure out what kind of man he is, Uma is unable to imagine what his dietary habit could be. She is doubly worried because in a kind of didactic attitude, her husband insists that she takes the responsibility for the

dinner; so she decides to ask the cook to do exactly what he had prepared two weeks before, according to the Sahib's instructions: 'shepherd's pie, fried fish and blancmange' (*ibid.*). The Collector cannot bear the fact that his wife cannot cope with English food codes; before the beginning of the dinner, he scolds her because the fish knives were not in the right position and, during dinner, he makes light of her, much to her exasperation, because she drops a fork. Again, during this selfsame dinner, the ever successful and self-assured Rajkumar, irritated by the profusion of cutlery, is at a loss how to cut the fish, so he does something that leaves everyone astonished: he snaps his fingers nonchalantly in the middle of sentence and his attendant hurries to show him the right knife to be used.

This clumsiness with food mirrors a real life difficulty. It comes as little surprise that Uma wants to divorce Collector Dey and that he is dismissed when the British administration needs a scapegoat to blame for a supposed scandal in the Burmese Royal Family exiled in Ratnagiri. Needless to say, defiant Rajkumar will not fall victim to the colonizers' contradictions, even though he too will be crushed by the war.

The other character in *The Glass Palace* who is caught in a cultural contradiction is Arjun (Sonia 2013). He is Uma's nephew, and one of the first Indian cadet officers in the British army. He and his companions are proud of their position, which they see as an important achievement for themselves and for all Indians that they feel they represent. In fact, their position is far more awkward than they care to admit, as we shall see. Eventually he will face the difficult dilemma as to whether to join the INA (Indian National Army) led by Subhash Chandra Bose and take up arms against the English or remain loyal to them. He decides for the former, but the inner conflict far more than the actual war will consume and kill him. As it happened in the case of Collector Dey, with Arjun too, the first warning signs that something is not quite as it should be are connected with food codes.

In his letters home, cadet Arjun goes to great lengths to explain how lucky he and his friends have been to be chosen for that position. He also explains that they feel as if they were the first true Indians, because they live together regardless of religions and castes. They can 'eat beef and pork and think nothing of it'; 'Every meal at an officers' mess, Arjun said, was an adventure, a glorious infringement of taboos' (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 278). However, he explains, it is difficult for many of them to get used to consuming this revolting food. All of them have tasted for the first time food that they would never have had at home. But this is a sort of test to prove that they are worthy of their new rank, that they have left behind all their ancestral divisions. In the army, the only way to be accepted by the English as equals is to eat like the English. On the contrary, the lower ranks of soldiers in their mess are fed according to the dietary prescriptions of their own communities.

Arjun's best friend, a Sikh called Hardidayal, and duly dubbed Hardy, is incapable of going without his daily *daal* and *chapatis*. So he surreptitiously goes to the troop's mess in order to have some of this forbidden food. When he is eventually appointed company commander, Indian soldiers refuse to serve under a younger man, who comes from their own village. When the Commanding Officer rebukes them for this, they complain with these words: 'How can we respect this boy as an officer? He cannot even stomach the food that officers eat. He steals secretly into our messes to eat chapati' (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 282). Hardy's appointment is suspended on account of this.

Later in the novel, the sad reality of World War Two brings all these contradictions to a point of no return. When the Japanese conquer Singapore, Subhash Chandra Bose exhorts the Indian soldiers to desert the English and join the Japanese as Asian friends against the English masters. Hardy and Arjun will gradually come to their senses and realize that their allegiance to the English had been a mistake all along. Whatever they did, they could never be equal to the English as long as the latter were the masters in India. This realization comes to them slowly during the campaign in Malay, where they experience trench warfare for the first time, and where most importantly they endure racial discrimination. Even this transition phase is marked by a shift in the food code. Hardy and Arjun, along with other officers find shelter in an abandoned house in the forest, where, after a long time, they can cook some food and have a proper meal: ham and herring to begin with. After a while, Hardy excuses himself from the table and goes to the kitchen, where the subordinates were cooking, and emerges after a while with a tray of *chapatis* and '*ande-ka-bhujia*' – scrambled eggs. On seeing the steaming dishes, Arjun becomes hungry all over again and asks for some, to which Hardy replies 'It's all right, yaar'. (...) 'You can have some too. A chapati won't turn you into a savage, you know' (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 415).

Just as had happened with Rajkumar and the District collector from Ratnagiri, personal changes are anticipated by a certain attitude towards food. Hardy asserts himself primarily through food, by overtly eating 'forbidden' *chapati* in front of his Commanding Officer. Unsurprisingly it is Hardy, who first deserts the British army for the INA. A few hours later, he entertains Arjun to do the same in a dramatic dialogue. Like his epic namesake, Arjun is puzzled and cannot see where his duty lies. He agrees that Indians should fight to get their freedom, but he is not sure whether it is right for him to leave the British army at that particular moment. He argues against this because what they believed to be their modernity has in fact estranged them from the country. It is as if eating English food has turned them into Englishmen as well.

'Just look at us, Hardy – just look at us. What are we? We've learnt to dance the tango and we know how to eat roast beef with a knife and fork. The truth

is that except for the colour of our skin, most people in India wouldn't even recognize us as Indians'. (Ghosh, *The Glass Palace*, 439)

Later, Arjun also makes up his mind and passes over to the Indian National Army. Eventually he dies under English fire, refusing to surrender; but just before the epilogue, it is again his attitude towards food that signals his attitude to life. Dinu, a distant relation, meets him in the jungle. Arjun is gaunt and emaciated, on the brink of starvation, but when Dinu gives him some food he declines to eat any, and distributes it among his soldiers instead. The war is over, the Japs have lost and long forsaken them, but they are still fighting, without any hope, he admits. He is fighting because he feels that this is the only right thing that is left for him to do. For the first time Arjun has reached a higher moral standard than his interlocutor, he has renounced his glamorous post as an English officer; he has renounced going back to normalcy after the end of the war, and he has renounced food. After this only death can follow.

In conclusion, both Anita Desai and Amitav Ghosh resort to food to point to some kind of disorder or contradiction in the lives of their middle class characters. Furthermore, Ghosh utilizes two concepts from the classical Hindu relationship with food, which run throughout the over 500 pages of the novel: the first is the idea that discipline and self-control applied to food are proof of a high moral standard; the second is the idea that compromising on the purity of food and food-related practices eventually leads to some kind of unbalance, as we have seen in the case of the District Collector and of Arjun. The former dies, the second will face a major crisis whereby he first gives up foreign food in a highly symbolical moment in order to follow his karma, and then renounces food altogether. In the end, he attains the status of a renouncer, who even refuses to beg for his own living, and commits a kind of ritual suicide.



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