

Blend and Teak War in Amitav Ghosh's *The Glass Palace*

P. Merlin Sheela, *Research Scholar, Department of English, VELS Institute of Science, Technology and Advanced Studies, Pallavaram, Chennai- 600117.*

Dr V. Jaisre, *Associate Professor & Research Supervisor, Department of English, VELS Institute of Science, Technology and Advanced Studies, Pallavaram, Chennai- 600117.*

Abstract:

Amitav Ghosh, a literary giant, offers insight into human psychology, sentiments, emotional responses, and beliefs through his masterwork, The Glass Palace, which focuses on manipulating South Asian ethnicity because of British colonial devastation. The story of the monarchy of Burma's forcible and unjust exile is the novel's main theme. As an intergenerational fiction, it depicts the abolition of original Burmese and Indian traditions during British colonization and demonstrates how a blended South Asian culture emerged. The paper investigates personal transformations in self by dissecting a family narrative that transcends decades and nation-states. With the erasure of indigenous capitalist reasons, western ideas of self-determination and autonomy, and South Asian social traditions, the images of remembrance capture the never-ending fusion process inside the Burmese-Indian family. As evidenced by the history of the teak trading in Malaya and Burma, the current research aims to investigate Ghosh's fusion identities, suggesting that the prevalence of westernised humans is a material impact of colonialism.

Keywords: teak trade, materialism, human emotions, colonialism.

INTRODUCTION :

By chevalier the genuine setting of three ages of three nations: Burma, Malaysia, and India, Amitav Ghosh's magnum opus "The Glass Palace" profoundly wants the copious customary assets of rubber trees in Malaysia and the teak exchange in Burma, as well as how Indian agents work on these nations' areas. Ghosh contends in his book that we should evaluate and reconsider our past obligations, paying little heed to how long they have been in place. A

century and a brief time frame later, Supayalat, the banished Burmese Queen, forecasts that the destiny of her family will be indistinguishable from that of "lovely Burma," adding, "You will see Europe's voracity's choice." (Piciuccio 269).

Through the characters of Saya John - the teak trade dealer, and Rajkumar, Ghosh portrays the teak-exchanging business in Burma. As though it were a human story, Saya John tells the record of Teak's felling, counter, demise, and unavoidable strain. Because of these creatures, the teak cutters' bodies were sores, especially their toes. Many bloodsuckers congregated in the body's cracks, where cloth scratched against the skin: "These leaches would be directed to their kinks and wrinkles: armpits, crotch, leg breaks, and back," Saya John told Rajkumar (The Glass Palace 67-68).

Saya John and Rajkumar would enter the teak woods by following a chaung, or mountain stream. The logs would go through the stream down to the plain, not exclusively yet in that frame of mind of a couple of wood logs caroming down the stream together, the effect grasping the banks from a huge span. A log would become trapped on the coast once in a while, creating a dam that would transcend the water and frustrate the stream. As Saya John made sense of for Rajkumar, chaungs are teak exchange winds. During the dry season, the streams would incline upwards, scarcely holding the heaviness of a straightforward heap of leaves, with little floods of mire flanked by strings of the dull riverbed. All through the period, loggers scoured the forest for teak. Teak trees ought to be a following straightforward collection because their thick heartwood keeps them from drifting while wet. A series of careful cuts were made subterranean into the forest at a 4-foot profundity and 6 jerks off the earth to kill the monster. Many of the fallen trees were passed on to bite the dust for an extended or very long time. Were they saved for felling until they were adequately articulated and dry to drift? The hatchet men showed up, completely ready and looking over the sides of their difficulties to review the drop zones.

The trees would shout subordinately as they dropped, releasing thunderbolt bolts that could be heard for kilometres and annihilate everything in their way, including seedling slopes and encasing rattan nets. Countless jointed individuals exploded in horrendous splinter influences, making trash mushroom into significant areas of strength and support to repair rapidly. (The Glass Palace 69)

The elephants would then gather in gatherings, butting, striking, and curving their trunks in the way taught to them by their bosses' oo-sister and pesis. Steel suits would be impacted between the elephant's legs utilising wooden roller belts spread out on the ground by speedy-fingered father kyeiks who had spent a while chain-tying. When the logs ultimately started to move, the contact areas of strength were to such an extent that water transporters were needed to voyage nearby, soaking the exploding rollers with changing over holds. The logs were conveyed to the chaungs' banks, stacked, and permitted to hang until the chaungs arose from their mid-year rest. Puddles along the stream banks would blend and stretch with the fundamental showers, continually growing to clean trash aggregated over various vanishing cycles. They would get back to their typical level, wither under the heaviness of twigs and leaves seven days earlier, and shoot two-ton logs downstream like padded bolts from no place. Elephants would start their trip to Rangoon's wood yards by driving logs down inclines into the chaungs beneath. They would make a trip from feeder stream to feeder stream, ultimately debouching into the fields' engorged waterways and following the shapes of the land. When the chaungs couldn't bear the huge loads, the wood affiliation's compensatory dove was used in wet years. These mountain streams wanted to free slave proprietors even in wealthy years. During the pinnacle of its time, a solitary detained tree might create a heap of 5,000 logs or more. These were the incredible aunging swarms, masters of clearing chaungs, an inconvenient and dangerous task, with their unit of informed authorities, undeniable oo-sister groups, and elephants keeping an eye out for the wild all through the storm months: Saya John Teak is a distaff piece of a similar assortment of blossoming plants, compelled by that most regularly relaxing of flavours, verbena, and is a related mint, *Tectona grandis*. By means of its assorted relatives, emerald plus mauve, smooth-leaved and uncouth, unforgiving and perfumed, severe and sugary, are among its nearby cousins. (The Glass Palace 70)

Ghosh additionally considers European commitments to the teak business and how they assisted Indians with valuing wood. Saya Rajkumar expressed that the John Europeans had endured horrendously in the teak backwoods camp. They were seventeen or eighteen years of age when they showed up, and four and a half years after the fact, they were in their mid-twenties, at 21, in the wake of contracting dengue or a gastrointestinal sickness in the wild and being a long way from an office; the fever additionally injured their bodies, and at 22 years old, they were given

over to the city for real work. What could be more significant, more dire than requiring nature's responsibility to be postponed and establishing world trees that benefit people?" (The Glass Palace 75)

Burma's sovereign, Supayalat, informed guests in Ratnagiri that the Europeans' energy was the support for the intrusion.

"We, who once overwhelmed Asia's most prosperous area, have been reduced to this." They have done such to us and will keep doing so to the remainder of Burma. They take our area's talented interstates, train lines, and ports, yet accept me when I say that this is how it will end. In quite a while, the precious stones in general, wood, and oil will be gone, and they will all follow a similar example. (The Glass Palace 88)

The British transformed Burma into a gold mining country. Everything, including timberland, land, water, and mines, turns into a significant asset to be taken advantage of. Gigantic areas of forest are being cleared, totally neglecting the natural outcomes of such a deceitful way of behaving.

Saya, John After seeing the advantages of being versatile, John bought many plots in Malacca for Matthew, and he perceived that Rajkumar ought to be his versatile accomplice. "You, I, and Matthew will be plotters," he informed Rajkumar and Saya John. Saya John says, "Rajkumar, wood is an out-of-date resource; you ought to design and, assuming there is one tree that cash can be said to live on, it is the flexible tree." (The Glass Palace 184)

Rajkumar needed to be aware of Sarajevo. Matthew broke out, chuckling from far away. Neither of them nor anyone on earth understood that Sarajevo's butcher would hurry a worldwide fight. They had no clue that versatility would turn into a more prominent need than at some other time in persistent memory, making their flood exceed their assumptions; that discarding flexible articles would turn into a criminal offence in Germany; that submarines would be shipped to one more nation; or that the thing would end up being more tremendous than at some other time in late memory, making their flood overwhelm their assumptions. (TGP 202),

In "The Glass Palace", Ghosh dives further into the predicament of Indian labourers or coolies of Malaysian rubber trees. While she was there, Uma Dey recommended she go for a stroll around the property with Matthew. Matthew's way of talking attracted her like marshals, project labourers, and tappers. When Uma and Matthew showed up at the area, they found a large horde

of tappers assembled before the property's tin-roofed bungalows, which were lit by consuming light fuel; they were, for the most part, Indians, generally, Tamils, wearing saris and sarongs. Mr Trimble, a solid Eurasian, was the home's chief. Mr Trimble raised the Union Jack and showed it conspicuously underneath the flagpole, flanked by two gatherings of Indian regulators who shaped a line behind him—these were his colleagues. For a portion of the tappers, he had a quick grin and a speedy clarification of help, yet he put on a gigantic act of being angry with others, motioning and shouting vulgarities in English and Tamil and choosing an objective of his hatred with a sharp stick. "Keep your drained face-up and take a gander at me while I am conversing with you, you coolie canine," he said. (The Glass Palace 231)

Uma saw this and made Matthew aware of the way that the tappers were being treated as enslaved people. Uma barged in on Matthew, expressing that they were not enslaved and feeling significantly better than they would have been at home. He understood that the focal's responsibility is to zero in on his association; it is a troublesome work that he succeeds at indeed. You know, it is not easy to run a homestead. Everything seems, by all accounts, to be extraordinarily rich and lovely, like it has a place in the forest. Regardless, an enormous machine is made of wood and tissue. Besides, every part of this design kills you, goes against you, and hangs tight for you to surrender every step of the way. (The Glass Palace 232).

Matthew inclined in near a tree trunk and informed Uma that everything about the tall trees gave off an impression of being a bit dim. Dew dribbled from the extended trees with care. Undoubtedly, even their limits branch off at an equivalent level and afterwards branch off once more, as I have previously experienced. Uma felt better when she understood that causing these trees to seem sloppy takes great human discernment. Clones are what they are called, and researchers have been checking out different opportunities for a long time. Most of our trees are from the Avros clonal blend, which was created in Sumatra by the Dutch during the 1920s. We burn through countless cash in order to guarantee the fact that we have a strong clonal seed. Saya John's son Matthew noticed a "coconut-shell" cup connected in the chamber underneath a twisting region point in the epidermis of the tree. He said that this tree had delivered much plastic in a brief timeframe. The half-filled cup was fastidiously positioned. Since there were countless glasses in the section, one was left empty. "Does this tree have a significant issue?" Uma asked about Matthew. "Not that I can tell," Matthew made sense of, "however it has every

one of the fixings to be OK-not much." Consider the work that went into making it tantamount to the resistance. Notwithstanding this, he underlined the unfilled cup... "That is essentially it." (The Glass Palace 233).

As Matthew points out, botanists, geologists, and soil scientists have different perspectives on these species. It (adaptable) is retaliating, at any rate. Uma started to laugh, and Matthew said that he was the person who established the tree and that he had heard what the specialists needed to say but that the tappers were more attentive. Matthew reminded Uma that this was her site. "I achieved everything without the help of any other person. I made a stride back from the wilderness and moulded it into my exact theory. Now that it is mine, I approach it with deference. Everything is all together, and everything works out as expected. You can believe that all that is here is being drawn in and all around kept and that all that has been assembled with care. However, when you endeavour to get the whole machine to work, you will see that every one of its parts is retaliating. It makes no difference whether I am correct or incorrect: I could create the minutest universe in the world" (TGP 233).

In *The Glass Palace*, Ghosh explores a restricted gathering of extra-accommodating greenery through his characters. The oil palms, which had a massive load of yellowish orange standard items beginning from stub-like trunks each the size of a sheep, were introduced to Rajkumar's granddaughter Jaya. The air possessed an aroma like oil and was oddly calm. Perching zones are situated between the palms of the shafts. As per Illango, the owls were accessible because the oil-rich usual stuff pulled in an enormous number of rodents, and the birds helped with noticing their numbers. We know about these plants and the standard transportation procedure because of *The Glass Palace's* rich and broadened plot. Without appropriately considering cultivating concerns, the boonies are being levelled out. The plot portrays the British occupants' longing for these things. Teak and other fundamental and essential trees are crushed for human advantage, and Indians act as house workers on the endowments. Notwithstanding the fact that England is their essential processor, Burma and Malaysia are their essential makers.

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