

Transnational Migrations and the Debate of English Writing in/of Pakistan

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THE OCCASION OF Pakistan's golden jubilee as an independent nation is an appropriate time to give some thought to the rapid cross-pollination of cultural heritage between the West and Pakistan. This sort of cross-cultural study is relevant, given that a dozen or more of our finest authors are writing in English; it is important to examine issues of intention and performance in their decision to write in English. If such a study is not a frivolous one, it is certainly vexed in startling ways. England relinquished her interest in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent willy-nilly fifty years ago resulting in Pakistan's precarious trip not only as an independent nation state but as a *new* nation state. In the cultural sphere, the introduction of English to the subcontinent several hundred years ago created issues that the writers of this new nation have to resolve. We now have writers who have chosen to write in English in preference to the indigenous language to which they owe a straightforward, yet often a precarious, national allegiance.¹ Writing in English puts their work in a privileged category in the West and makes them readily available to the Western, English-speaking metropolises and academies. However, we live in an era in which it might no longer be feasible to privilege categories such as Asian American or Asian English, partly because of today's high technology that facilitates the rapid, easy availability of indigenous cultural texts to those who are interested in learning about others.

This article, which focuses primarily on women's literature written mainly in English, argues that the dialogue between literature written in the metropole and the outpost is often indistinct, especially when definitions of these terms do not have

the kind of agency that they enjoyed fifty years ago. Over the last twenty or so years much of the literatures of the world have been written by writers congregated in Western capitals for reasons varying from political exile to voluntary immigration. Today London and New York are no longer the literary metropolises they used to be for these writers, because other socioeconomic forces are now at play in literature formation. One force is the uneasy entrance and exit of writers from what is often referred to as "where my family comes from" or even more problematically as "home." These literatures found a stable yet marginal home in the Western academy, for the academy was interested in popularizing "other" literatures through their selective teaching and publishing machinery in the 1980s.

This may or may not have come from a genuine desire to learn about different peoples. As we see on US university campuses, "diversity" has become another marketing device among many and suggests an academic engagement with appearances rather than an interest in and commitment to what the influx of "otherness" can accomplish in an otherwise dull curriculum. The result seems to be accidental and often unorchestrated. It is very possible that a desire to make room for "others" was tamed with some conservative finesse. Edward Said has critiqued our desire in the US to study and valorize only select authors at the cost of others who are considered more important in the indigenous context. He gives the example of Naguib Mahfouz who, until his advent as the Nobel Laureate, was hardly known in the West.

These problems are by no means minute and have a peculiar way of manifesting themselves. For instance, the case of Bharati Mukherjee's immense popularity in women's studies classes is interesting because she is one of the first Asian-American writers of renown from the subcontinent. It is after she achieved some agency in the Western academic marketplace that people started hearing of her in her native, perhaps estranged India. Kamala Das, a very fine poet and an accomplished biographer remains fairly unknown for she has not engaged with marketing herself in the West and has stayed for the most part on Indian soil. Nayantara Sahgal, a very fine novelist, enjoys the same anonymity as Das. Kamala Markandaya, especially her *Nectar in a Sieve*, on

the other hand, seems to accommodate itself to the learning capacity of American undergraduates and is so often taught. A more recent arrival in the West is Gita Mehta, with her novels *A River Sutra* and *Karma Cola*. Bapsi Sidhwa came to the attention of the English reading public in Pakistan and has since travelled, lived, and written within the American academic scene. Teachers of this literature who are also South Asian resident in America have understandably leapt to teach about their own original cultures through this writing and thereby have participated in privileging specific ways of looking at the subcontinent. Often the marketplace determines what gets read as subcontinental literature, but subcontinental Americans also contribute to and perpetuate that initial determination. Here there is an obvious question of availability, but at the same time the process of critical appraisal should not be replaced by mere enthusiasm. Perhaps our role as weavers of entrances and exits from one culture to another is to become, not production assistants, but rather production analysts for the growing and now perhaps glutted market of othering and otherized texts. The writerly and readerly search for commonality represents the dual purpose of maintaining difference but also remaining in contact with what makes one unique not only in the marketplace but also as an individual.

Writers in general—and writers from Pakistan are no different—take up residence in other countries, or they return to their own country and their sphere of interest goes through several transmutations. Sidhwa is being read in the tradition of Pakistani novelists just as Anita Desai, Mukherjee, Mehta, and many others are being claimed as Indian-American or subcontinental writers in the Western marketplace. How is one to read Sidhwa given that increasingly people are doing a kind of dual writing or a kind of writing that represents, among other phenomena, what Wilson Harris has called a “cross-cultural psyche” (12). By this I do not mean either a cross recognition or denial of duality such as we see in Hanif Kureishi’s novel, *Black Album*, but rather as a given state of affairs, especially in terms of the current structure of cultural cross-pollination.

There is a whole area of literature which has gained notoriety and can even fit into a loose category of immigrant literature,

though even this definition is amorphous. It does not situate a second-generation Pakistani writer who for the most part lives in America or England but tends to spend considerable time in Pakistan as well. And we do not even want to know what complexities are entailed in this dubious process of nomenclature. But for the present, this situation in the American context has only occurred with Chinese and Japanese and not with Pakistanis or Indians, though it is inevitably going to change soon. In England, this has already occurred. Hanif Kureishi was born in England and naturally writes about Asians settled in England. Rukhsana Ahmad, author of *The Hope Chest*, was born and raised in Pakistan but most of her work was written in England. The setting of her work is usually Pakistan, with a trip or two to England thrown in for good measure. These trips remain unnecessary and unconvincing, constituting nothing more sophisticated than a knowledge of London place names.

Recently, Oxford University Press published Ismat Chughtai's Urdu work translated into English. Both Pakistanis and Indians claim Chughtai as their writer, though it is important to remember that she was tried in Lahore, Pakistan, for writing pornography and chose to live in Bombay. These translations delighted me particularly because Chughtai's work seems to draw on sub-continental women as representations of independent thought and action—the stultifying cultural mores notwithstanding. The publication of her translated work is also important because the texts offer an alternative to Bapsi Sidhwa, who had been enjoying an importance within the English speaking and teaching world which comes from scarcely any competition at all. Not that availability should be the only criterion for judging writers, but often it constitutes the basis for any competition in the marketplace.

Chughtai as opposed to Sidhwa tends to write about everyday situations of different classes in the extremely hierarchical pre-Partition Indian society. She also depicts protagonists who are often women coming into their own despite great odds. Her novel *The Crooked Line* is remarkable for the psychologically complex study of characters at crossroads, which suggests, though is not limited to, the inevitability of independence. Even though Chughtai wrote primarily before the Partition, she has

only recently been translated, and this marks her entry into the world of English-reading audiences in Pakistan, India, and in the West.

This discussion would be incomplete without a consideration of Arundhati Roy's *The God of Small Things*. Roy's success is significant because it blurs boundaries. Roy's novel has remained on *The New York Times* bestseller list practically since its publication in 1997, about twenty-seven weeks to date. The author lives and works in India, and the novel is obviously about India even though one of the main characters lives in America for a brief period of her adult life. If nothing else, Roy's novel about such Indian taboos as sexual desire between different castes and incest is disconcerting though undeniably Indian. Here themes such as Christianity and the limits imposed on Untouchables abound, which forces us to examine why the American marketplace has loved this book so much. I think one reason is quite obvious. No matter how "realistic" Roy may think her novel is, her audience in America will no doubt be lured by the "exotic." To my mind, the strength of her novel lies not so much in her trite plot located in "exotic" surroundings, but rather in her brilliant negotiation of an indigenous Indian-English.

Her amazing perception of the relentless ironies of life as it is lived in India illuminates that in upper-middle-class India it is acceptable to be married to a working-class British woman but not at all acceptable to have a relationship that deviates from the strict caste rules governing social behaviour. It is perhaps even a cause for celebration to have Chacko marry Margaret Kochamma but the union of Ammu and Velutha has to enter the space of secrecy and later punishment. The sexual ambiguities are illuminated as acutely ironic. Chacko's sexual aberrations with his underclass female factory workers fall under the realm of "men's needs," which Mammachi tries to facilitate, compensating the poor women with tokens. Whereas Ammu's love and desire for her childhood friend is punished with a severity that destroys the twins, Velutha, Ammu, and indeed spreads to the whole family.

What I am arguing is that a balance between indigenous literature and "Westernized" literature written by someone from

the same part of the world should be deliberately struck, reshifting formerly recognized categories, no matter what is the texts' language of conception. Short of this balance, what we are left with are unrepresentative and sometimes just bad examples of Pakistani, Indian, or Sri Lankan literature. Courses in American universities tend to lump texts into such general categories as "Third World Literature," without making a concerted effort to study the complex subtleties of literature from different and distinct parts of the world. I do, however, see a growing sensitivity towards national specificity as a trend for the future. In addition, often "other" literatures in the Western context are taught as history, sociology, or cultural studies. Perhaps not teaching literature as strictly literature jeopardizes the selection process somewhat and does not constitute an adequate example of writing about/from a specific sensibility.

I am not valorizing indigenous over metropolitan literature, or the reverse; I am suggesting that one must study one literature in conjunction with the other, for if we ignore one as opposed to the other we run the risk, on the one hand, of reading testimonies of long explanations of cultural heritage, or, on the other, experiencing a peculiar silence about it. There tends to be more self-consciousness about relentlessly describing certain cultural mores by writers who probably get asked these questions in their daily routines while they are resident in the West. Certainly this knowledge is imparted often in indigenous literature as well but not self-consciously or as a catalogue of differences, as is sometimes the case in literature written in the West for primarily a Western audience. I am conscious of the double bind here because at one level writers living in the West want to clarify the specificity of living as dual beings, but on the other hand, in their own writerly interests, they should not belabour the same difference.

If one were to look at the case of Sidhwa's first novel, *The Crow Eaters*, which was written while she was in Pakistan, one can see that she is at pains to describe the Parsee culture, which is most certainly marginalized in Pakistan and India, but there is a degree of authenticity in her desire to avoid digressive socio-cultural notations. In her later novels she loses the balance

between laborious explanation and subtle suggestion. She seems to have abandoned the advice Creative Writing 101 instructors give to their students, that is, show rather than tell us. The later novels were written or certainly edited in the US and so her emphasis changed. In *The Bride*, a very poorly structured, deliberately sensationalistic novel, Sidhwa takes care to explain not only important historical events that led to the making of Pakistan but also the differences between the cultural mores of the plains as opposed to those of the peoples who live in the mountains. We are taken on a fruitless journey through the eyes of a nearly omniscient narrator. The protagonist is heroic both in her capacity for endurance and suffering. The white American woman in the novel is a stereotypical connoisseur not only of the beautiful northern territories but also of the virile Pakistani army men, enjoying both with equal nonchalance. All too predictably, she has too few inhibitions just as her Pakistani equivalent has far too many.

In *The Bride*, cultural explanation tends to be overdone. The comparison between the women sticks out when perhaps it was not even intended as stereotypical. The Pakistani woman endures suffering as a good victim must, reinforcing Western stereotypes about women from the "Third World." She has no clue about her social or sexual status or identity and belongs to a working-class family, whereas the American woman by virtue of her marriage is middle-class and can enjoy a degree of sexual freedom to which her social and national status entitle her. The grand scheme of the novel is betrayed because it ends up ridiculing—even if it does not mean to—painful historical facts by reducing them to a soap-opera-like scenario. This modus tends to undercut Sidhwa's own purpose. She seems to suspend rather than illuminate the strife during independence.

Sidhwa, as it became clear in her first novel, was developing a voice that had a very original response to difference. *The Crow Eaters* was full of subtle humour at the expense of her own people, but it was generous and indulgent to a fault. The laughter was often shared with her audience and the complexity of the novel lay primarily in the intricacies of Parsee culture as it negotiated space for itself in a predominantly hostile environment.

Sidhwa was unable or unwilling to adapt the subtleties of her critiques to other situations. *Ice-Candy-Man*, her third novel, debunks its own fine purpose of seeing the advent of Pakistan as a relentlessly cruel beginning by implicating a child's naive and irrelevant love for her Hindu nanny. Her Hindu nanny is tortured by Muslims and loses her zest for life along with her charge. Since the upper-class can always afford to romanticize the under-class, this loss is harder for the child than for the nanny. However, the contradiction of stated and unstated inter-class loyalty and guilt entirely escapes Sidhwa's attention.

I am not saying that *The Bride*, her second novel, is enjoying an exaggerated importance in the marketplace; I am simply indicating the kind of compromises a writer makes to bridge the gap between the level of absorption that one finds in a Western audience about other cultures and what is necessary information for an intelligent reader. Sidhwa's first novel makes a leap of faith about Parsee culture, marginalized in the newly constituted Pakistan, and is a less obvious and better work of fiction than her later novels. Her fourth novel, *The American Brat*, is the worst; it seems more like a disjointed, naively written television programme rather than a novel. These sorts of programmes are more commonly televised in England since the Asian population has been there longer and has forged what is often called the English Asian identity. This does not mean that the same sorts of issues will not crop up in the US, but since race is a very curious beast in that part of the world, the phenomenon will be decidedly different. Again I would argue that this issue of narrow categories of belonging seems to be undergoing change just in terms of the abundant access technology is providing towards understanding the world.

Chughtai's work, on the other hand, does not pander to her readers. She represents, if not a whole generation, certainly half a generation before Sidhwa, and she takes the readers' knowledge of the culture for granted in ways that are more intelligent than a simple over eagerness to impart information which not so long ago only the "good" natives did for their new masters—the colonizers. For, ultimately, it is irrelevant whether one is understood in the narrow Western context; Asian writers cannot nar-

rowly point themselves in the direction of a certain audience. Instead of situating themselves in the middle of this false dichotomy, subcontinental writers should write irrespective of who will be reading them.

Salman Rushdie or Wole Soyinka are important precisely because they are able to weave in and out of specificity and generality with ease and finesse. Bessie Head, the South African wrote in exile in Botswana *When Rain Clouds Gather*, a novel about her adopted country with painstaking explanations, and interestingly this novel became the Peace Corps manual, read by young American volunteers before they travelled to Botswana. Head, as opposed to so many others, did not have a Western audience in mind. In this, her first full-length novel written in exile, she was trying to understand her place as an exile by giving overly detailed information about the structure of Botswana society.

Perhaps the Asian subcontinental writers, especially those writing in English, are going through similar birth-pangs as their African counterparts did about three decades ago when everything about African culture was explained to an increasing Western audience within the context of the novel. However, just as that device was abandoned, so it will in the Asian writer even though the question of audience remains vexed, for economic considerations will always determine a writer's modus.

Desai has written her novels in English and lives in Delhi, the setting of her novels—other than *Baumgartner's Bombay*, set in Bombay. Her characters, even those living in the West, tend to return to their homeland. She does not belabour, even as she describes the difference between New and Old Delhi, descriptions of Hindu culture or practice. Her engagement with history, like Rushdie's, is fairly complex; for instance, the cow that was meant to nourish the children in *Clear Light of Day* drowns in a well at the back of the house and decays there. Desai uses the dead cow, which is also regarded as a bride in Hindu culture, as an analogy of the new-born nation which is turning against its own people rather than celebrating the departure of the colonial masters. The children in the household express a fear of the well, which, like the nation, provides no fresh hope.

In the poetry of the English-language poets in Pakistan—and there seem to be many more than there are novelists—there are hardly any long-winded explanations of cultural specificity.² Perhaps the genre of novel tends to be subject to this form of self-conscious activity but the more successful novels hardly ever employ these tactics. Rushdie, like Chughtai, has both Pakistani and Indian connections and loyalties, but unlike her, has lived mostly in England. He unabashedly writes about extremely problematic historical events and he neither disguises them nor belabours explanations about them. *Midnight's Children* and *Shame* are both novels about the Partition of India and Pakistan and the ensuing brutality perpetrated on each by the other. That is not the entire circumference of his novels but in large part he seems to want to write about the historical consciousness of taboos in the subcontinent.

Chughtai, even as she is aware of the colonial intervention and how that bastardizes relationships between Indian women and English men, a subject not often introduced in novels, is indifferent to giving long explanations about cultural phenomena. She seems far more interested in the psychological complexity of the master/slave dialectic in her novel *The Crooked Line*. For Chughtai the accident of her protagonist's being a woman in Indian society does not exempt her from the desire to be a professional woman. Interestingly, the *gestalt* of becoming independent from her family does not free the protagonist from being lonely as women's coming of age novels seem to imply in the Western context. There is no naive negotiation of women's freedom and independence but a realistic vision of this as a lonely but economically secure state. In a more dynamic gesture, she continues to seek self-expression through discourse, through love, and through her friendships. This realistic novel is not about a simplistic escape into an isolated but dubious liberation; it is rather about being able to arbitrate the problematic duo of one's upbringing as opposed to what one wants to become. The protagonist is unfortunate for from childhood the people and things she loves are systematically removed from her grasp. Loving them is regarded by her family as a big and clumsy gesture which discourages her from either loving at all or loving

hesitantly, afraid always of reprisal. Thus her life becomes a struggle to express the love she feels and the fear of loss she invariably suffers. Chughtai does not treat her protagonist like a victim at all but rather as one who enters the arena of struggles burdened with the problems that life itself poses. In this novel, there is hardly any tendency to be reductive or the opposite, and perhaps for that reason alone Chughtai's novel should be taught alongside other Asian literature.

The American academy tends to love categories and for that reason alone Chughtai's could not be taught as an Asian-American novel, which it is not; but I would like to know what qualifies Sidhwa's *An American Brat* as one. After all we cannot expect all our Asian writers to write about how it feels to be in America. I know that we really want to hear of ourselves in connection to others but surely the market for this narcissism would be glutted very soon, if it has not happened already. Perhaps the problem is that the answer we seek is far too obvious and we need to complicate issues further in order to approach the complexity of this truth differently. We also like to see people who move to America as people without a past at all—a clean slate to be written on—or we tend to glorify the past to an extreme; either activity poses problems. What I am trying to indicate here is that we need newer ways of looking at and cataloguing examples of literature. Reading novels with a certain degree of national specificity seems to unintentionally deny the American part which we are too anxious to institute in every aspect of life as it is lived here.

Ahmad's novel *The Hope Chest* does a peculiar turnabout. The time frame seems almost pre-Partition even though it was published in 1996 by Virago. The values of the middle-class family seem to belong to a bygone era. That is not to say that arranged marriages and abortions are not taking place but rather that the milieu seems a little more conservative than one would expect in the Lahore of the 1990s, where money is almost as crassly on display as one finds in middle America. Rich people in Pakistan are all too eager to tell you about the five filtration processes their water goes through in this day and age while there was more containment and understatement of wealth twenty five to forty

years ago. It seems that Ahmad's novel valorizes the gentility and critiques the crassness which is one of the pitfalls of immigrant literature worldwide—that is, the exaggerated reverence for the past and exchanging that past for the present in the context of the novel.

More work needs to be done in terms of redefining Pakistani literature to include Pakistani-American literature in both Pakistan and the West. In terms of South East Asian Studies, this is already happening in a number of academic institutions. Sau-Ling C. Wong has said recently that in American institutions, the Asian Studies and Asian American Studies, which used to be natural antagonists, are at last cooperating with each other in order to jointly compete for the same pool of university grants.

Technology allows us to bridge some gaps with ease and that will become increasingly the case as we hurl ourselves headlong into the future. No longer will one be able to rely on even the way we see specificity today, for issues such as the question of belonging may become less straightforward. From which point or points do we negotiate cultural and national heritage? If one calls oneself a Pakistani-American writer and not only writes but is extremely knowledgeable about the Bronx, or were to spend half her time in Pakistan and the other half in the US, writing about both countries and societies with whatever degree of finesse she can master, can we give such a writer one national identity? Desai already has two homes and is shuttling back and forth between India and the US. Ruth Prawar Jhabwala, a Polish-German married to an Indian has written primarily about India, but she now resides both in Delhi and the US for half of each year. What happens to her Polish-German part? Is she triply divided? Evidently issues of identity will become more complex as manifestations of those identities become more varied. And our task of weaving a national boundary for each literature will either dissipate totally since the issue itself would become moot, or it would become more acute.

There is something to be said for the idea of dialogue between peoples who are dissimilar yet have common antecedents. This dialogue is already taking place in regard to writing emerging out of England and America by Asian subcontinentals. And these

writers are often read with great interest and enthusiasm in the subcontinent by writers and others alike. It is no coincidence that Rushdie writes about the subcontinent of his youth and Ahmad writes about the Lahore of the 1960s. And certainly the writers who for the most part reside in Pakistan, such as Chughtai, Fakhar Zaman, and others, write about the rapidly changing Pakistan in various languages. Since there is censorship in Pakistan and to a lesser extent also in India, the writing is not as easy to publish and live with and survive as in the West. For instance, Rushdie's books were banned in both India and Pakistan and yet he found them easy to publish in the West. Though he is living with the fatwa threat, it did not originate in the West. This sort of consideration might be a subject for dialogue between Asian subcontinental writers everywhere. Does this censorship lead to better or worse literature? Certainly writers in Pakistan subvert their emphasis with the changing governments. In the West, however, even though writers (such as Nat Nkasa, the South African poet, who committed suicide in New York) are driven to despair in exile, the "freedom" to write and publish what one wants is not to be taken lightly at all, because that is often the extent of the struggle in the subcontinent.

In terms of English writing in Pakistan, what do we have to celebrate as a nation that has been independent for fifty years and what do we have to look forward to? There certainly is a legacy of reading and writing literatures written in English begun as a consequence of British colonialism, but beyond that there is genuine literature that is emerging out of the ashes of decolonization. I doubt very much whether the English reading public will diminish in South Asia. Indeed statistics show the exact opposite. With an increasing English writing and reading public this literature that establishes bonds between Indian, Pakistani, and Sri Lankan sensibilities will increase.

These bonds tying India, Pakistan, and Sri Lanka which a commonly specific history of colonization imposes are not to be ignored for they compel a dialogue between literatures written in English. Even though I have advocated the use of both indigenous and metropolitan literatures, there is a decided trend in the American Academy to lump "other" writings together. This ten-

dency is advantageous, for the literature and the experience it exhibits becomes more accessible in the West, but Pakistani literature written in English does share international space with literatures belonging to other boundaries and spaces. International conferences tend to bring together Asian English, Asian-American literature, and Asian subcontinental literature as well. The old category of Commonwealth Literature may dissipate to be replaced by newer and more accurate ways of regarding literatures written in English. How does this broadening of vision affect the literature emerging from the indigenous context written not in English but in the profusion of languages in the Asian subcontinent?

There is a legitimate movement in language specific regions in the subcontinent to enhance the literature of that area. This is true in areas where English and perhaps even Urdu was used in the colonial era to colonize more expediently. In Punjab, especially West Punjab that now is annexed to Pakistan, there is a legacy of preferring Urdu in the school systems which was at first instituted by the English. And by the time of Partition in 1947, middle-class Punjabis had stopped speaking in their own language to their children in preference to Urdu. Thus what began as a colonizing principle was reinstated by the Punjabis themselves. In East Punjab, children did learn Punjabi at the primary school level, but in West Punjab, children learn in school that the way they speak at home is coarse and economically disadvantageous and very soon they adopt Urdu as the medium for communication—which undermines Punjabi language and literature. But conscientious scholars and writers are trying to redress this issue by instituting governmental sanctions to begin teaching Punjabi in the schools in the Punjab which has still not happened even as we celebrate Pakistani, Indian, and Sri Lankan independence. Thus the colonial legacy makes writing in English a disgruntling activity though it need not be if other languages were given equal opportunity to flourish at least within the country.

One needs to thresh out the relationship of the struggle to institute indigenous languages and the amorphous spread of English. In the business world, it is certainly beneficial to know English because one is allowed easy access to world markets; and

since people can function in two or three different languages and literatures at the same time, one need not choose. But if fifty years after the advent of Pakistan the Punjab is still struggling to introduce its own rather ancient language to its people, surely we need to hyphenate our celebration somewhat. I would argue for simultaneity rather than privileging one over the other. However, it cannot be imposed as the symbol of cultural privilege but rather as a cultural heritage to be utilized like any language is for writing and reading and communicating but not necessarily at the cost of an indigenous literature and language which is integrally tied to complex questions of identity.

Perhaps, as Alamgir Hashmi has argued, our identity as Pakistanis is now tied to the indigenous language and to English, and it is a mere coincidence that English happens to be the language of the colonizer who ruled us for two hundred years ("Editorial" 11-12).³ But really the important question (which was asked first by Jean-Paul Sartre in *Black Orpheus*) is this: can one recognize the English written by subcontinental writers as the English of the colonizer? A very strong case can be made of a relationship of ownership and familiarity that the Asian subcontinent has with literatures written in English, the metropolises' disdain notwithstanding. In India, it is fairly common in the prominent universities to offer courses on what has been called Asian as well as African Literature. This sort of study is beginning to be envisioned even in Pakistan.⁴

NOTES

- 1 For further bibliographical information about specific areas and authors, see Benson; Hashmi (passim); Riaz.
- 2 See Hashmi, *Pakistani Literature*.
- 3 See also Note 1, in particular the Hashmi entries in Benson, *Encyclopedia*, and Hashmi "Appendix."
- 4 In fact, the country's first programme of American (North and South) and African literary studies was founded by Professor Hashmi in mid-1980s at the Quaid-i-Azam University (University of Islamabad). See Hashmi "English Studies."

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