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The Home and the World: War-Torn Landscape and Literary Imagination of a Bengali Military Doctor in Mesopotamia During World War I

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Over one million Indians served in the First World War. For many of these men, it was a long way to Mesopotamia from their remote towns and villages across India. Since the mid-nineteenth century, Bengalis had been travelling to Britain as students of medicine, law and literature.[1] During First World War, most of the Bengali contribution came in the form of participation as military doctors, and through the formation of the Bengal Ambulance Corps in Mesopotamia, the major theatre for most of the Indian soldiers. This chapter examines how the Mesopotamian landscape was imagined and encountered by one such Bengali doctor, Captain Kalyan Mukherji, whose meticulous letters to his mother in Calcutta vividly record his displacement from Bengal to the Middle East during the First World War.[2]

Mukherji was born in an upper-middle class family in Calcutta in 1882. He studied medicine first in Calcutta, and then in London and Liverpool, and subsequently entered the Indian Medical Service (IMS), an organisation then entirely under the control of the British. He worked first as a doctor in the North-West Frontier Province of India, and then transferred to rural Bengal to work on the prevention of malaria. When the War broke out, as a member of the IMS, he was obliged to join the army in his capacity as a military doctor—a duty with which he readily complied. He was part of the Ambulance Corps of the 6th Division of the Indian Expeditionary Force and worked just behind the firing line.

The Indian Expeditionary Force D, comprising entirely of Indian soldiers from various parts of the country, was formed mainly to guard the British oil installations around Abadan, near Basra.[3] Initially, and in spite of the Ottoman alliance with the Germans established on 2 August 1914, the Secretary of State for India, Austen Chamberlain, and the former Viceroy, Lord Curzon, did not want Britain to invade Mesopotamia, in order to retain the goodwill of the substantial Muslim population in India. The instructions from Whitehall to W. S. Delamain, Brigadier-General of the 16th Brigade, were "to cover the landing of reinforcements, if these should be required", and "to assure the local Arabs of British support against Turkey." Only if hostilities against Turkey were to materialise, were he to occupy Basra.[4] Meanwhile, the Viceroy of India, Lord Hardinge and the Commander-in-Chief of India, Sir Beauchamp Duff, devised a secret mission to transport Indian troops to Mesopotamia, to assist Delamain if the situation so arose. On 10 October, 1914, the 'A' force set sail for Europe from Bombay. Hidden anonymously amongst the soldiers, were the members of the 'D' force, whose destination would not be France, but Basra.

On 29 October, the Turkish Navy bombarded Russian Black Sea ports — an action which was seen as a formal declaration of hostilities against the Allies, and the first operations of

the British campaign started on 6 November. The Dorsets, Punjabis and Mahrattas battalions, as well as two mountain batteries, defeated and ejected the Turks from Saihan on 15 November, and with further reinforcements, they marched towards Basra.[5] After the successful British occupation of Basra on 22 November, 1914, General Sir George Nixon took command of the British Army, and ordered Major General Charles Townshend to take charge of the Indian Division and lead the army onwards to Kut al-Amara and eventually to Baghdad.

Mukherji reached the port of Basra on 9 April, 1915. General Townshend's small army marched up the Tigris and defeated many small Ottoman forces, until the disastrous Battle of Ctesiphon in November 1915. The commander of the Ottoman forces in Ctesiphon was Colonel Nureddin, who along with his four divisions comprising 18,000 men and 52 guns, had 55 days to prepare their defences. General Townshend's British force consisted of 11,000 men, and he had left some troops to guard the recently captured Kut. After a five-day encounter, both the generals ordered a retreat. However, on witnessing the British retreat, Colonel Nureddin ordered his army to follow them to Kut, where he then besieged them. The infamous siege of Kut al-Amara lasted 147 days, and after ration shortages and the outbreak of a typhus epidemic among the British-Indian troops, General Townshend finally surrendered on 29 April, 1916. While the latter was then treated comfortably by the Ottoman commander for the remainder of the war, the British and Indian troops were taken prisoner. Mukherji died of typhus in a prisoner of war camp at Ras el-Ain on 18 March, 1917, at the age of 34.

Mukherji's maternal grandmother, Mokkhoda Debi, was a minor literary figure in Bengal.[6] In her eighties when Mukherji died, Mokkhoda Debi published a compelling biography of her grandson, entitled, Kalyan Pradeep: The Life of Captain Kalyan Kumar Mukherji I.M.S. (1928), where she compiled all the letters he had written to his mother (her daughter) from Mesopotamia. The content of this book, however, is quite problematic. Not only does she write about Mukherji's childhood, his education in England, his joining of the IMS, and his experience of the war, but also, in an attempt to trace his background, provides a political and religious history of Bengal from the thirteenth century, and offers a personal critique, which can only be deemed objectionable.[7] In this chapter, I will concentrate only on Mukherji's writings from Mesopotamia. I will demonstrate how, as a native of India, and equipped with an English education and exposure to European cultural hegemony in nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Bengal, Mukherji negotiated his disappointment upon his confrontation with the war-ravaged landscape of Mesopotamia, which fell short of his pre-existing, imagined (exotic) literary landscape, fostered by readings of Arabian Nights.

Theorist Dipesh Chakrabarty argues that the (colonised) Indian's autobiography was a 'public' exercise, which focussed on what was 'modern' and 'national', without providing a personal and confessional voice, thus providing an incomplete picture of the 'real' experience.[8] Unlike his fellow Indian doctors who had returned from England, Mukherji never wrote an extensive autobiography or memoir of his experiences abroad, and it is not known whether he had maintained a diary about his experiences in Mesopotamia.[9] His letters are his only existing ego-documents, and unlike retrospective autobiographies from people

with similar experiences in this period, his letters were personal, giving vent to his innermost emotions, disappointments, anxieties, hope and anger. Ashis Nandy has written about how colonised Indians "did not always try to correct or extend the Orientalists; in their own diffused way, they tried to create an alternative language of discourse."[10] Mukherji's Mesopotamia is an innately psychological category, built by his deep reading of Arabian Nights in several languages, the Middle Eastern landscape of the Bible, and the representation of the Orient in the writings of English authors. Of course, against the very real backdrop of a war, this rich jumble of mostly cultural and imagined landscapes crumbled. In the first part of this chapter, I will examine Kalyan's alternative language of discourse, his disappointment with the real geographical entity compared to his imaginings, and I will trace how his discourse changes from being a subtle alternative to a vehement opposition. In the second part of the chapter, I will further establish how Mukherji attempted to reconcile himself with the real Mesopotamian landscape, by offering a scathing indictment of patriotism, and condemning the colonial ambitions of the British and the French.

The Roses of Basra: Literary Imagination versus Reality

Mukherji's first letter home from Mesopotamia was written on 13 April, 1915, right after he reached Basra. He immediately plunged into interjections of disappointment and surprise:

> Arre Ram! [Dear god!] Can this be the Basra of Caliph Haroun al-Rashid? Chhi, chhi! [Shame, shame!] There is not the faintest sign of the famous roses of Basra. Rather there are [. . .] these little shallow creeks, which are filled with knee- or waist-deep water from the Tigris. Each of these creeks is probably home to lakhs [hundred thousand] of frogs. These frogs are small, large, and medium; most of them are large bullfrogs. They have such a terrible croak! They deafen the ears. Men cannot hear each other talk.[11]

Evidently, like most educated middle-class Bengalis, Mukherji had grown up reading Arabian Nights, and for him, as for every Bengali child, Mesopotamia was the stage where all the actions of the book unravelled. In his four years of training as a medical doctor between 1907 and 1910 in London and Liverpool, Mukherji had spent only two months observing the habits of British soldiers in barracks, and consequently, would not have been well acquainted with the appearance of battle fields during an actual war. His disappointment on first arriving at Basra and finding it very different from his childhood books is understandable. In this passage and elsewhere, Mukherji mentions Caliph Haroun al-Rashid, who was the ruler of Baghdad, and whose rich gardens would have existed in the capital city. Mukherji's continuous association of Basra with the Caliph might have been an unconscious mistake on his part. Alternatively, Mukherji might simply have been using the rich associations of the Caliph and the Arabian Nights to invest meaning in the situation. The unconscious mistake also drives home the reality of the uniqueness of his position: he is indeed at war, and the traumatic effect of war subtly impinges on his narration.

In his negotiation of the real wartime landscape of Mesopotamia with his imaginary literary landscape, Mukherji practices a version of Orientalism in Edward Said's terms. In his introduction to Orientalism, Said writes,

> The Orient was almost a European invention, and had been since antiquity a place of romance, exotic beings, haunting memories and landscapes, remarkable experiences. Now it was disappearing; and in a sense it had happened, its time was over.[12]

From the moment Mukherji lands in Mesopotamia, the tussle in his mind between the two versions of Mesopotamia is testimony to the disappearing landscape written about in Orientalist texts. The absence of rose bushes, and little creeks filled with muddy water from the Tigris, serving as breeding ground for both mosquitoes and frogs, act as an extremely jarring image compared to the exotic Oriental landscape portrayed in books. Nevertheless, the Oriental Mesopotamia of Mukherji's childhood was not merely a figment of his imagination. It had sprung from a rich material culture, a mode of discourse derived from books, oral narratives, loan words from Persian and Arabic, imagery, and style. From the early nineteenth century, several versions of Arabian Nights were sold in Calcutta: the most common ones were translated into Bengali, adapted and abridged from the 1811 English translation by Jonathan Scott. The adapted versions were intended for children and young adults, while the unabridged versions were sold as cheap paperbacks (bot tola) for adults.[13]

Nevertheless, the application of Orientalism to Mukherji's negotiations with the Mesopotamian landscape is in itself fraught with difficulties. The epistemological distinction between the 'Orient' and the 'Occident' is a purely Western construct. The 'Orient' in itself is an individual entity that has a history and a tradition of thought. However, it is this history and tradition of thought that has established its presence in the West, and by virtue of these opposing centripetal forces, the 'Orient' and the 'Occident' support and reflect each other. On the other hand, Mukherji's mimicking of a version of Orientalism during his first experience with the 'Orient', despite being a colonial subject himself, is unintentionally ironic. This brings to mind the concept of 'colonial mimicry' as demonstrated by Jacques Lacan and Homi K. Bhabha. In his essay 'The Line and Light', Lacan writes,

> The effect of mimicry is camouflage. . . . It is not a question of harmonizing with the background, but against a mottled background, of becoming mottled — exactly like the technique of camouflage practiced in human warfare.[14]

It is interesting that Lacan uses metaphors of warfare to describe mimicry. This can be applied in very literal terms to Mukherji's situation in Mesopotamia. Hiding against walls, to protect himself from the attacks of the enemy, Mukherji unconsciously adopts the technique of camouflage as he seeks refuge in concepts of Western Orientalism to make sense of the Middle Eastern landscape around him. Nevertheless, being a colonised subject, he remains perennially "mottled". For Homi K. Bhabha, "colonial mimicry is the desire for a reformed, recognizable 'Other', as a subject of difference that is almost the same, but not quite".[15] For

the colonial subject, the 'Other' signifies power and knowledge. Yet there always remains the dichotomy between the 'Self' and the 'Other' — remaining "mottled" in the Lacanian sense — despite the best attempts by the colonial subject to mimic the Other. I will now attempt to demonstrate how this complex relationship comes about in Mukherji's case.

In Orientalism, Said draws on Gramsci's definition of the concept of 'hegemony' from his Prison Notebooks, as the domination of a non-totalitarian society by the ruling classes, who impose their Weltanschauung so that their world view becomes the accepted norm and ideology for that society.[16] Early twentieth century was the time period of the Bengal Renaissance and the reformist movement of the Brahmo Samaj, which ushered in a new era in Bengali literature, science and philosophy. Although most of the work was carried out in Bengali, the influence of the ruling British class was immense. Middle-class Bengali households read in English about European history and literature. They travelled to Britain and Europe, wrote letters and diaries in English, and played English ballads on their pianos at homes in North Calcutta.[17] In their Anglophilia, these people had begun to imitate a performance of "us Europeans" versus "those non-Europeans", in the way Homi Bhabha demonstrates through colonial mimicry. Recent research has shown that in the Indo-British encounter in the imperial metropole, class served as the linguistic register for determining nationality.[18] The advantage of an English education and exposure to Europe had made European culture hegemonic in Bengal. Kalyan Mukherji was born at the centre of this Renaissance in a very cultured Bengali Hindu family. He had grown up reading the great Indian epics and contemporary Bengali literature. He studied medicine in Britain, while spending time in Croydon at his aunt's house, who was married to an Englishman. After the siege of Kut, he sent a postcard to his mother, written in impeccable English. Hence, it is understandable that in Mukherji's encounter with Mesopotamian landscape he applied the hegemony of European ideas about the Orient.

It is not difficult to imagine the kind of landscape that Mukherji encountered when he arrived at the base camp at Kurnah in late April 1915. As Mokkhoda Debi described,

> When Kalyan [Mukherji] reached Kurnah towards the end of April, he surely must have been horrified by his surroundings. Every inch of high land that had not been engulfed by water was covered with soldiers' tents. Large tents were set up for hospitals, and stables were erected for horses. Muddy areas were covered with straw, where cannons, grenades, bombs, shells and armouries were kept. Water was the only means of transport. Overflowing canals flowed into the rivers.[19]

On his first day at Basra, Mukherji wrote about finding a garden full of date palm trees.

> [It is] about a mile from the city. No dates on trees, no birds in sight. Signs of a recently-concluded battle can be seen scattered across every inch of the land. [. . .] Such mosquitoes too, and very cold.[20]

It is ambiguous whether after his first encounter with Basra, Mukherji thinks that the world of Arabian Nights is merely a literary fantasy, or whether its existence has been destroyed by the

ravages of war. Keeping with the argument of an Anglophile colonial subject mimicking the 'Other', one can also note here the parallels with Tennyson's poem Recollections of the Arabian Nights, with the emphasis on the gardens of Baghdad and Haroun al-Rashid, which Mukherji must have read. Tennyson writes,

> And many a sheeny summer morn
>
> Adown the Tigris I was borne,
>
> By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
>
> High-walled gardens green and old;
>
> [. . .] Far off, and where the lemon-grove
>
> In closest coverture unsprung,
>
> The living airs of Middle night
>
> Died around the bulbul as he sung;
>
> Not he: but something which possess'd
>
> The darkness of the world, delight,
>
> Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
>
> Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
>
> Apart from place, withholding time,
>
> But flattering the golden prime
>
> Of good Haroun Alraschid.[21]

His second encounter with a similar (and typically Mesopotamian) landscape was when he had to find shelter behind a four-foot wall in a date garden. In a letter addressed to his mother from Nasiriya dated 26 July, 1915, he described how he set up his own dressing station at such a spot, and took shelter when the enemy attacked later that night:

> Not a breath of air behind the wall; very hot. Mosquitoes, insects and frogs were swarming everywhere. The rain of bullets started at 10 pm. Just like a hailstorm. Exactly. I am not exaggerating one bit. Shelter by the wall of a date garden. Boom, boom! Hiss, hiss! Bullets raining for half an hour.[22]

His short sentences convey the urgency and desperation in his tone. Its bitterness amply depicts the contrast between a war-ravaged landscape in reality and the rich, luxurious Caliphate of Mukherji's childhood reading, lush with exotic fruits and birds. At the same time, his tone also begins to connect the disappointing landscape with a landscape at war. A striking note in this passage is its similarity with the Biblical plagues of Egypt. This

intertextuality appears later in Mukherji's writing too, which I discuss below. Here, his words are important in order to understand a Christian sense of the Middle-Eastern landscape that he was trying to articulate. The real Mesopotamian landscape appeared to him to be a much more apocalyptic space than he had expected from his reading of Arabian Nights, perhaps as apocalyptic as the spaces of Old Testament. The (political) exercise of translating the Bible into Bengali and the prevalence of Bible societies in Bengal in the nineteenth century, made numerous editions of the Bible accessible. It is not mere speculation to assume that Mukherji had read this text. His usage of language in this passage amply evidences how he contextualised his reading of the Bible both with reference to the Middle East and to nineteenth-century Bengal.

Rivers of Blood: Reconciliation with the Real

> It took the war to teach it, that you were as responsible for everything you saw as you were for everything you did. The problem was that you didn't always know what you were seeing until later, maybe years later, that a lot of it never made in it at all, it just stayed stored there in your eyes.[23]

In Mukherji's subsequent encounters with the Mesopotamian landscape, an attempt at reconciliation is evident. Again in the letter dated 26 July, he described the aftermath of the attack as "rivers of blood"—the horrors of war gradually erasing the image of his first encounter with the muddy waters of Tigris from his letter three months previously, and replacing that image with blood:

> Rivers of blood—red—everywhere. I am soaked in blood. Whom to leave and whom to attend. Like Dhruba from [Rabindranath Tagore's] Visarjan [Sacrifice], I feel like asking, "Why so much blood?" Why so much bloodshed! How do I describe it? I will never forget the scene for as long as I live.[24]

This instance of intertextuality reveals how Mukherji interpreted the Middle Eastern landscape through an Indian text: Tagore's play Visarjan, which he had adapted from his earlier novel Rajarshi, was published in 1890, and is a highly symbolic play about the tussle between religious and secular power controlling the state. In the same letter, Mukherji did not even attempt to describe the road to Bijit, an unidentified town, by simply writing, "What I saw is indescribable." In his next letter, written from the village of Sunaiyat on 29 September, Mukherji described the road to the village:

> I couldn't ride my horse over dead bodies. I kept getting down and moving them. That is why I arrived here late.[25]

Eventually Mukherji's observations of the landscape merged with the images of the war to a degree where it is difficult to separate one from the other. In a letter written from Kut al-

Amara on 1 October, 1915, he described to his mother the way the Mesopotamian skies were lit up by the firing of cannons:

> It looks rather good at night. Just like fireworks. One can see flashes of light. It is not possible to see that light in the daytime. One can see the smoke from the cannons, and the rain of bullets fall from the skies like hailstorm. As if an invisible hand from the sky is propelling little stones. That is how the bullets fall.[26]

This image of the invisible hand, as well as that of frogs, flies, blood and lightning is reminiscent of the Ten Plagues of Egypt, from the biblical Book of Exodus which states:

> If you refuse to let them go, I will plague your whole country with frogs. The Nile will teem with frogs. They will come up into your palace and your bedroom and onto your bed, into the houses of your officials and on your people, and into your ovens and kneading troughs. The frogs will go up on you and your people and all your officials. –Exodus 8: 1—4
>
> The LORD sent thunder and hail, and lightning flashed down to the ground. So the LORD rained hail on the land of Egypt; hail fell and lightning flashed back and forth. It was the worst storm in all the land of Egypt since it had become a nation. Let my people go, so that they may worship me. –Exodus 9: 13—24

This is an instance of how 'reality' is shaped by intertextuality. Such intertextuality confirms not only Mukherji's knowledge of the Bible (and hence his affinity to the West), but also the effect of trauma. According to the prominent trauma theorist Dominick LaCapra, trauma is "a disruptive experience that disarticulates the self and creates holes in existence; it has belated effects that are controlled only with difficulty and perhaps never fully mastered."[27] In Mukherji's letters, the disarticulation of his self appears in the way he negotiates his disappointment with the surrounding landscape, which in turn manifests itself in the intertextuality of his writing. He did not live long enough to record the belated effects, or to borrow Cathy Caruth's terminology, the "delayed effects" of unprocessed memory trace. Caruth describes trauma as a bridge between disparate experiences.[28] It is this description that best encapsulates Mukherji's experiences in the war and in his writing. The disparate experience is the gap between his literary fantasy relating to the landscape and the reality of war.

All for a Piece of Land: Landscape and Nationalism

In a letter written to his mother from al-Aziziya on 20 October, 1915, Mukherji wrote,

> England is the teacher. The patriotism that England has taught us, the patriotism that all civilised nations revere, is responsible for all this bloodshed. That patriotism is snatching other people's countries. Hence

> patriotism is building empires. The English have taught us to show patriotism by killing thousands of people all to snatch a piece of land.[29]

In barely a few months after his arrival in Mesopotamia, Mukherji had reached a clear conclusion about the war. Against the background of a world-wide conflict, Mukherji's insight into the nature of war was both remarkable and humbling. I would argue that it was the traumatic difference between the 'real' war-torn landscape, and the image derived from his literary references that gave him clarity regarding the effects of war. In his criticism of patriotism, Mukherji condemned the colonial ambitions of all the major powers fighting in the War and anticipated Rabindranath Tagore's wariness about nationalism. In Nationalism, published a year before Mukherji's death, Tagore wrote,

> India has never had a real sense of nationalism. Even though from childhood I had been taught that idolatry of the Nation is almost better than reverence for God and humanity, I believe I have outgrown that teaching, and it is my conviction that my countrymen will truly gain their India by fighting against the education which teaches them that a country is greater than the ideals of humanity.[30]

It is quite possible that Tagore was aware of Mukherji's experiences in Mesopotamia. They were both part of Brahmo Samaj, a small close-knit community in Bengal, although Mukherji was by no means the only Bengali serving in the war. Tagore and Mukherji took different trajectories to arrive at the same conclusion about nationalism. For the military doctor, however, the radicalism was layered. As a product of the Bengali bourgeoisie, he felt a deep affinity with European civilisation. However, in his scathing indictment of Empire, which surfaced only in the last couple of years of his life, he eventually equated imperialism with nationalist terrorism.

The constant strain that is conveyed in his writing revolves around his endeavour to negotiate with two kinds of landscape — the real, war-devastated one and the literary one, and there is a certain poignancy in his ultimate failure to achieve this negotiation.

Notes

[1] Considerable research has been conducted recently on Indians in Britain, their encounters with the British in there, and the circumstances and experiences of Indians travelling to Britain for higher education in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. See: Susheila Nasta ed. India in Britain: South Asian Network and Connections, 1858—1950 (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2013); Ruvani Ranasingha, South Asians and the Shaping of Britain 1870—1950 (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2013); Shompa Lahiri, Indians in Britain Anglo-Indian Encounters, Race and Identity, 1880—1939 (London: Frank Cass, 2000); Sumita Mukherjee, Nationalism, Education and Migrant Identities: The England-Returned (New York: Routledge, 2009); and Martin Wainwright, *The 'Better Class' of Indians: Social Rank, Imperial Identity, and South Asians* in Britain, 1858—1914 (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2008).

[2] Santanu Das has written extensively on Indians serving in Mesopotamia and France during First World War, including Kalyan Mukherji's letters to his mother. See: "Indians at home, Mesopotamia and France, 1914—1918: Towards an intimate history" in Race, Empire and First World War Writing, (ed.) Das (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2011), 70—89.

[3] For more details on the Mesopotamian campaign, see: A. J. Barker, The Neglected War: Mesopotamia 1914—1918: (London: Faber, 1967); Paul K. Davis, Ends and Means: The British Mesopotamian Campaign and Commission (Madison: Associated University Presses, 1994); Edward J. Ericson, Ottoman Army Effectiveness in World War I: A Comparative Study (New York: Routledge, 2007); Ron Wilcox, Battles on the Tigris: The Mesopotamian Campaign of the First World War (Barnsley: Pen and Sword, 2006).
[4] Barker, The Neglected War, 41.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Debi is not a surname. Until recently, it was a surname used by certain married Bengali women. Hence it would be incorrect to refer to Mokkhada Debi as simply "Debi". A reference point for this is Gayatri Spivak, who in her book In Other Worlds: Essays in Cultural Politics, works on and translates the writings of the Bengali writer Mahasweta Devi. Spivak introduces her as "Mahasweta Devi" the first time, and subsequently refers to her by her first name, Mahasweta. Since Devi/ Debi is a Bengali word, I have transliterated it as "Debi", which corresponds closest to the Bengali pronunciation. However, unlike Spivak, I have not referred to her by her first name Mokkhada, but as "Mokkhada Debi" every time I write about her.
[7] In the preface to her book, Mokkhada Debi writes, "To demonstrate where Kalyan Kumar derived his generosity, inspiration, resilience and courage from, I have set my focus on the virtues of his ancestors, and have discussed chronologically from Bengal's 1) Vaishnav age, followed by 2) the decline and downward spiral with the Muslim invasion, 3) new inspiration and rise with the British imperialism, and 4) the age of the Brahmo Samaj. In these sections I have established how the Hindu society has been respectively inspired, affected, and influenced, and has remained resolute". She then devotes one third of the book in describing the Muslim invasion in India from the Middle Ages and how they systematically targeted and destroyed prevalent Hindu customs, traditions, society, and economy. All translations from Mokkhada Debi's Bengali book are by me. Mokkhada Debi, Kalyan Pradeep: The Life of Captain Kalyan Kumar Mukherji I.M.S. (Calcutta: Privately printed, 1928), x—xi.
[8] Dipesh Chakrabarty, Provincialising Europe: Postcolonial Thought and Historical Difference (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2000), 35.
[9] Sisir Sarbadhikary, a volunteer stretcher-bearer for the Bengal Ambulance Corps in Mesopotamia (hence working in the same place at the same time as Kalyan Mukherji), on the other hand, meticulously wrote down his experiences, saved it from falling into enemy hands, and published it as a memoir after the War. See Das, 'Indians at home, Mesopotamia and France 1914—1918', 79—81.
[10] Ashis Nandy, The Intimate Enemy:Loss and Recovery of the Self under Colonialism (Delhi: Oxford University Press, 1983), xvii.
[11] Mokkhada Debi, Kalyan Pradeep, 250.
[12] Edward Said, Orientalism (New York: Pantheon, 1978), 1.
[13] See: Chandrani Chatterjee, *Translation Reconsidered: Culture, Genre and the 'Colonial Encounter' in* Nineteenth Century Bengal (Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2010) and Stuart H Blackburn, *India's Literary History:* Essays on the Nineteenth Century (New Delhi: Permanent Black, 2004).
[14] Jacques Lacan, "The Line and the Light" in The Four Fundamental Concepts in Psychoanalysis, trans Alan Sheridan (London: The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 1977), 99.
[15] Homi K. Bhabha, The Location of Culture (New York: Routledge, 1994), 86.
[16] Antonio Gramsci, Selections from Prison Notebooks trans. And ed. Quintin Hoare and Geoffrey Nowell Smith (New York: International Publishers, 1971), 12.
[17] See: Joya Chatterji, Bengal Divided: Hindu Communalism and Partition, 1932—1947 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002).
[18] Wainwright, *'The Better Class' of Indians*, 10.
[19] Mokkhada Debi, Kalyan Pradeep, 254.
[20] Ibid, 250—251.
[21] Alfred Tennyson, Poetical Works Including the Plays (London: Oxford University Press, 1953), 9—10.
[22] Mokkhada Debi, Kalyan Pradeep, 291.
[23] Michael Herr, Dispatches (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), 20.
[24] Mokkhada Debi, Kalyan Pradeep, 293.
[25] Ibid, 303.
[26] Ibid, 314.
[27] Dominic LaCapra, Writing History, Writing Trauma (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2004), 41.
[28] Cathy Caruth, Trauma: Explorations in Memory (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 7.
[29] Mokkhada Debi, Kalyan Pradeep, 334.
[30] Rabindranath Tagore, Nationalism (London: Macmillan and Company, 1917), 106.

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