



## Remnants of remembrance, a tale of camouflaging under the quest of identity for a relic of reminder in ‘Alam’s own house’ a work by *Divyendu Palit*

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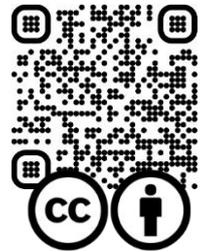
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**Abstract**— ‘Alam’s own house’ is situated around the thematic demarcations of rootlessness and existential crux for identity engulfed in a sequence of nostalgia. The tedious process of relocation, the aloofness that follows it, and the attachment that strongly withholds the ground which is rigid on getting rid of the footprints, this short story reeks of a series of yearnings and remorse. The event of Partition has uprooted millions of people from their birthplace, transported them to a different location altogether; a point from where the search of individuality has begun. The acknowledgement may never happen, the boundaries may cease to make their presence felt after a while, but never does the forbidden signs of expressions ever leave the path.

**Keywords**— Partition, Memory, Separation, Nostalgia, Remembrance, Identity Crisis, Rootlessness.



Alam’s own house evolves around the expansion of thoughts and the silent nostalgic demeanor that surrounds it. It has skillfully been woven around the intrinsic definitions of musings and contemplation. Somedays, those ponderings are reasoned; but then, most of them are hidden behind the complexities of facial expressions. Alam returns to his birthplace after a few years, the one his family has had left long back but he had stayed on. This event had taken place because Alam prioritized his studies. The house built in care of his own father did get transferred to Anantashkhar Babu, and Alam had lingered on nevertheless. Riots had persisted all over and Alam’s father, a well-known doctor of the area refused to compromise on his own family’s safety. He preferred a place, a location where his religion wouldn’t be a minority and that in fact, wouldn’t jeopardize his kith’s overall wellbeing. Alam refused to leave under the pretext of his studies. Anantashkhar Babu made up his mind to successfully coax Alam’s father into letting his boy stay behind. Later, Alam’s father’s death did make him leave Kolkata behind, and shift his base to Dhaka. Years later, a conference whose primary aim is mostly focused on building a friendly relation between the two countries convince Alam to cross his paths with Kolkata yet again. A

revisit to his birthplace, it came from a place Alam has agreeably been excited of rediscovering. Finding the lanes of Kolkata, a city he had been used to calling as home, and staying in the house he has spent a fraction of his life, Alam’s daydream gets interrupted with the advancements that have crept in all around. Within the rooms of the house his father had delicately taken years to refine, Alam recognizes the nits and bits that has diversely substituted over time. Given a guest room in a home which he had grown his years in, the rushed glimpses of impersonality could be traced, even if the magnitude can even not be attempted to be deciphered by others residing in the same. Sneha mashima, Anantashkhar Babu’s wife makes numerous efforts to make Alam comfortable in the place, the house he had long waved a goodbye to, a house he has have come to stay and feel at place at, even if it is for a few days. For Alam, Kolkata has had always been his home, a place he never felt forced into. This time, ‘the coming back’ has driven in a lot of complications. The house which he had believed to be his, wasn’t his anymore. The addresses might have retraced its way back, but the constant surge of homelessness has not left, even his own home has refused to take that back. Raka’s letter intensifies this statement,

which he had feared to not accept a while back. For Raka, those huge frontiers had always been there, the reason why Alam and Raka met and loved each other. It requires a lot more strength to defy and break them, a lot more strength than Raka possesses and will ever do. This has made her to leave earlier, leave even when she had persuaded Alam to come and visit her. Those persuasions had taken place because she believed Alam wouldn't ever dare to come and visit. Sneha Mashima leaves a sigh and goes back to consoling Alam as how he does have the opportunity to come and visit his home whenever he wants to. This door has forever been open to Alam, but for people like them, it has forever remained closed.

Alam has believed that his home will always be the one his family has been forced to leave. For him, the rebuilding of a hope of a home again has never been able to even flicker in his entire life. Before his father left their house in Kolkata, he went to the terrace for the last and final time and prayed. His faith has remained intact, despite of all odds. But, for Alam, that chapter has never subsisted. He longed for a home; and for him, home has been his own home at Kolkata always. Even the following years at Anantashekhhar Babu's house had not taken that identity away from him. His father's death has altered this definition of his. The homecoming, the returning back of the prodigy was an occasion he had looked forward to. Even repeated attempts from his colleague had not modified his decision of staying at their place. He had tried to conceal his own wish under the guise that Anantashekhhar Babu and Sneha Mashima wouldn't have liked if he stayed somewhere else in Kolkata. When Alam arrives, this entire argument gets ironically upheaved by the following statement uttered by Anantashekhhar Babu, 'I heard you coming. You didn't inform us that you were going to stay with us.' Sometimes, roots go a long way in building and holding one's identity. Both Alam and Raka were made to leave those when they were forced to leave their respective homes, and have been forcibly made to rebuilt one in the places they were relocated to. Both found their solace in this point of similarity they shared. Alam concludes that these conferences which are made in view of developing amicable relations between countries begin to highlight the differences more. The rootlessness stays behind, even if efforts are made to reconnect with the place once left behind. Nostalgia ushers, so does the silent moments of memory creep in. What still hovers around that if those memoirs can only be taken as some fragile relics of reminders.

## REFERENCES

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