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EXPRESSIVE DESCRIPTION OF PERSONAGES IN A.ROY'S NOVEL "THE GOD OF SMALL THINGS"

Abstract:The article investigates stylistic and lexical-expressive means that are used in A. Roy's novel "The God of Small Things". The original contexts are given as well as their translation and peculiarities of translation and conveying imaginary content of the novel.

Key words: magic realism, literary detail, fantastic, plot, citation, novel.

A. Roy's style is sometimes called "magical realism". As mentioned before, "The God of Small Things" is a novel by Indian writer Arundhati Roy, who was awarded the Booker Prize in 1997. The novel touches on significant topics for India, such as the caste system and the position of the untouchables, the role of women, and the life of Christians in Kerala [1]. Being a deep family saga, a story of forbidden love and an impressive political drama, this book tells the story of a wealthy Indian family whose life changes once and for all on one fateful day in 1969. The arrival of Sophie's younger cousin shakes the world of seven-year-old twins Estha and Rachel and leads to accidental – and non-accidental – tragic consequences that teach them that everything around can suddenly take on new, ugly forms and even freeze in place forever – and only the river will continue to carry its waters [2].

"Magical Realism" combines the artistic details of verisimilitude and the most bizarre, Baroque fiction, synthesizing the tragic and the comic. A. Roy's style is formed by the original writer's vision of the smallest, intuitively perceived signs of fate against the general background of the continuous flow of life – both people, animals, and plants. Every little thing is written into the general context of Existence, so the chronological beginning and end of any story are not important. The novel is permeated with the theme of fate. Obviously, in the Indian worldview of life, it is impossible to overcome the feeling of fatality. There are probably many reasons for this: this is the possible lack of medical care in rural areas, and a religious sense of the predestination of Providence, and the sixth, some kind of absolutely "non-European" feeling.

According to sources on the literature of the issue, "Arundhati Roy's debut novel, which is deservedly compared to the works of Faulkner and Dickens, is a modern classic that is read and loved all over the world. Arundhati Roy uses this idea to establish its non-linear nature, a multi-perspective way of storytelling that gives the meaning of viewpoints as "Big" as a human being, and as "Small" – green butterfly. There is no definitive story in Roy's world, only many different stories that merge to form a kaleidoscopic impression of events. The novel opens with Rachel's return to Aimenem, after learning that her twin brother, Esta, has come home. The reader gets to Sophie Mol's funeral when the twins are seven years old. Rachel believes that Sophie is awake during her funeral and she was buried alive. The rest of the family refuses to recognize the twins and Amma. On the way back to Aimenem, on the train, Ammu can't speak except to say, "He's dead... I killed him." Rachel and Esta have not seen each other since Esta was sent away when he was a child to live with his father in Assam. Both twins lived aimlessly until returning to their childhood home.

The quote below should seem very strange and scary, but that's exactly what A.Roy needs. This is exactly what constitutes the essence of "magical realism", when all the marginalia of life are destroyed and become fantastic. Therefore, the reader may find himself privy to what is happening at depth – in the earth in the water; at height – in the air, in space; in time – in the past or present.

Now we'll analyze some extracts from the novel:

...the Loss of Sophie Mol grew robust and alive. It was always there. Like a fruit in season. Every season. As permanent as a government job. It ushered Rahel through childhood (from school to school to school) into womanhood [4].

The translation version:

«...Утрата Софи-моль все тучнела и наливалась силой. Она всегда была на виду. Как плод в пору спелости. Нескончаемой спелости. Она была постоянна, как государственная служба. Она и Рахель сквозь детство (из одной школы в другую) во взрослую жизнь» [3].

A quiet bubble floating on a sea of noise. At mealtimes, when he wanted something, he got up and helped himself. Once the quietness arrived, it stayed and spread in Estha. It reached out of his head and enfolded him in its swampy arms. It rocked him to the rhythm of an ancient, fetal heartbeat. It sent its stealthy, suckered tentacles inching along the insides of his skull, hovering the knolls and dells of his memory; dislodging old sentences, whisking them off the tip of his tongue. It stripped his thoughts of the words that described them and left them pared and naked. Unspeakable. Numb. And to an observer therefore, perhaps barely there. Slowly, over the years, Estha withdrew from the world. He grew accustomed to the uneasy octopus that lived inside him and squirted its inky tranquilizer on his past. Gradually the reason for his silence was hidden away, entombed somewhere deep in the soothing folds of the fact of it [4].

We'll compare the context above with its Russian version:

«Пузырек тишины в океане шума. Когда сидели за столом и ему хотелось чего-нибудь, он вставал и накладывал себе сам. Возникнув в Эсте, молчание копилось и ширилось в нем. Оно тянуло свои текучие руки из его головы и обволакивало все тело. Оно качало его в древнем, эмбриональном ритме сердцебиения. Оно потихоньку распространяло внутри его черепа свои осторожные ветвистые щупальца, ликвидируя, словно пылесосом, неровности памяти, изгоняя старые фразы, похищая их с кончика языка. Оно лишало его мысли словесной одежды, оставляя их нагими и оцепеневшими. Непроизносимыми. Немыми. Для внешнего наблюдателя едва ли вообще существующими. Медленно, год за годом Эста отдалялся от мира. Ему стал привычен этот осьминог, бесцеремонно обосновавшийся в нем и прыскавший на его прошлое транквилизатором чернильного цвета. Мало-помалу первопричина немоты стала ему недоступна, погребенная где-то среди глубоких, спокойных складок молчания как такового» [3].

The next passage:

Oddly, neglect seemed to have resulted in an accidental release of the spirit. Rahel grew up without a brief. Without anybody to arrange a marriage for her. Without anybody who would pay her a dowry and therefore without an obligatory husband looming on her horizon. So as long as she wasn't noisy about it, she remained free to make her own enquiries: into breasts and how much they hurt. Into falsehair buns and how well they burned. Into life and how it ought to be lived [4].

The Russian translation:

“Странным образом результатом взрослого пренебрежения стала душевная свобода. Никем не наставляемая, Рахель росла как трава. Никто не подыскивал ей мужа. Никто не собирался давать за ней приданое, поэтому на горизонте не маячил принудительный брак. Так что, если не слишком высовываться, она была свободна для своих личных изысканий” [3].

There goes a jazz tune, Larry McCaslin thought to himself, and followed her into a bookshop, where neither of them looked at books. Rahel drifted into marriage like a passenger drifts towards an unoccupied chair in an airport lounge. With a Sitting Down sense [4].

Its Russian translation:

“Следуй за джазовой мелодией, подумал про себя Ларри Маккаслин и пошел за ней в книжный магазин, где они оба даже не взглянули на книги. Когда он предложил ей руку и сердце, Рахель облегченно вздохнула, как пассажир, увидевший свободное место в зале ожидания аэропорта. С ощущением: Можно-Наконец-Сесть” [3].

Like a young bride who couldn't believe her good fortune. She's living her life backwards, Rahel thought. It was a curiously apt observation. Baby Kochamma had lived her life backwards. As a young woman she had renounced the material world, and now, as an old one, she seemed to embrace it. She hugged it and it hugged her back [4].

Russian translation:

“Ни дать ни взять юная невеста, которая все никак не может поверить своему счастью. Она проживает жизнь в обратном направлении, подумала Рахель. Это было удивительно верное наблюдение. Крошка-кочамма и вправду чуть не всю жизнь прожила в обратном направлении. В молодости она отвергла материальный мир, но теперь, в старости, как бы наверстывала упущенное” [3].

So, one of the ways of perceiving life and displaying it is a constant connection with the mysterious and by no means sentimental forces of the earth, water, air, and man – in a sense – is no better or worse than any not only being, but also matter on earth, all that makes up Matter. It's not for nothing that the novel is called “The God of Small Things”.

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