

**Chapter 1 : Butter Chicken in Ludhiana: Travels in Small Town India by Pankaj Mishra**

*Butter Chicken In Ludhiana: Travels In Small Town India [Pankaj Mishra] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. In Butter Chicken in Ludhiana, Pankaj Mishra captures an India which has shrugged off its sleepy, socialist air and has become instead kitschy.*

His account of what he saw and heard and sensed on those travels was published to great acclaim in as Butter Chicken in Ludhiana: Travels in Small Town India, and launched Mishra on travels that were to take him around the world. Eleven years from the time it was first published, it is clear that Butter Chicken in Ludhiana available in India next week in a splendid new edition published by Picador, with a new afterword by Mishra stands as a classic of Indian non-fiction. Reading it this week for the first time, I was struck both by the smoothness of its style - it is a book without any dull bits, and the language has a full, rich flavour - and the strength of its argument, often more implied than asserted, from the picture of small-town Indian life it offers. It is a book that can be just as easily read to pass the time as to understand our age. Yet throughout there is a sense of the thrill of being on the road, of not knowing who or what one is going to come across next. Among the characters who appear on these pages are Mr. Shukla, escorting her daughter to Bombay because she wants to become a model; Salim, the caretaker of a museum in Murshidabad who speaks of how the city kept its peace after the demolition of the Babri Masjid "Bas thoda ajeeb laga kuch dinon tak, It only felt slightly weird for some days" ; and Raghubir Azad, a communist party worker in caste-conflict-ridden Jehanabad, who speaks of how the Ramayana and the Mahabharata legitimate taking up arms against oppression. They are individuals, but most of us know of other people like them: After a while it becomes possible to intuit a scale of values by which the various characters are judged. There are those who exhibit affectation, snobbery and high-handedness - such as Mr. Tomar with his preposterous blather - and are made the subject of ironical comment. Others exhibit a more serious, even shocking, failing, the absence of any kind of moral compass - such as the young men at the engagement ceremony in Muzaffarnagar, who "boasted about the bribes they had given to municipal officials and sales-tax inspectors, and spoke with awe and reverence of a certain police inspector who had personally killed seven Muslims in a communal riot", or the spiffily dressed teenager from Rajkot with murder in his heart, "oblivious to the morality of his desires and actions". These were people, writes Mishra, who seemed to have "translated the notion of laissez faire into both economic and social terms". Their modernity is a superficial one of dress, social demeanour and consumption; their thinking is barbarous, lacking any sense of good and evil. On the other hand there are those, like Rajendra, who are striving to make use of their opportunities and to achieve a genuine self-fashioning - "Unlike his compatriots he realized his incompleteness as a person and strove to overcome that" - and of whom we are given an extended and sympathetic portrait. Still others have become the victim of peculiar predicaments, such as Rajkumar, the owner of a guest house in Pushkar open only to foreigners, not Indians. Asked why, he begins to detail how Indians are filthy and bothersome. As Rahul, an acquaintance in Banaras, says of life in many parts of Uttar Pradesh, "The modern idea of regarding people as individuals with their inalienable rights is still centuries away here. For the man with wealth and power everything in his domain, including land and human beings, is his property. But the supposed liberation that has arrived in its place in many parts is itself curiously distorted. To Mishra, while middle-class Indians show a great desire to embrace the the modern, all too often their modernity is only something tacked on to their old lives, such as their participation in consumer culture. It is an ambiguous revolution which has mostly to do with wants and aspirations and very little to do with thought or ideas, and there is often something grasping and pathetic, if not frankly disturbing, about it. The relevance of this argument has not diminished in the decade since Butter Chicken was published. What faults the book has have to do with a tendency to read certain things too strongly, such as attendants in airconditioned textile shops in sleepy Kottayam "who, listlessly looking out from amid their brilliantly lit enclosures, gave off a strange forlornness", or business executives in an airport lounge: But for all that it is a serious work, Butter Chicken in Ludhiana is a very funny book: Mishra can be both appalled and amused by what he sees and hears, and the characteristic confusion and comedy of Indian life leaps off these pages. Some

of the humour is in the recorded speech of others, such as Mr. Elsewhere it is puzzlement building into incredulity. Still more people come out from shops and houses to watch: If Indians can feel such consternation at life in India, then how must it be for foreigners? Mishra finds himself one night in the waiting-room of Banaras station, full of sleeping people: I tried to doze off in the manner of the people beside me, but failed. I turned instead to following the progress of three large-sized rats, who fearlessly scurried about the floor, nimbly making their way among the recumbent bodies. Once, they accidentally climbed over a sleeping bag and started burrowing into it, mistaking its fluffiness for something edible, and woke up its occupant. After a brief struggle inside, a startled-looking white face emerged from under the sleeping-bag. Some pieces by Mishra:

### Chapter 2 : Best Butter Chicken in Ludhiana - Reviews, Photos - Aman Chicken House - TripAdvisor

*His first book, Butter Chicken in Ludhiana: Travels in Small Town India (), was a travelogue that described the social and cultural changes in India. In 1987, Mishra moved to Mashobra, a Himalayan village, where he began to contribute literary essays and reviews to The Indian Review of Books, The India Magazine, and the newspaper The Pioneer.*

From Kanyakumari and Kottayam to Ambala and Murshidabad and Gaya to Mandi and Udaipur and many many more small towns across the length and breadth of India, this is quite a wonderful account of a transforming India.. While there is an unmistakable cynicism that runs through many accounts, it does not really take away much from the conversations with a wide array of people - their fears, their hopes and aspirations, and how they cope with the changes around them. It also brought about some nostalgia, as it is set in the early 90s, and the changes that the author talks about are something that anyone in their teens or even older during that time, can identify with. Sharma in Ambala - that surfaces occasionally, took it many notches above a general travel book.. Reading his first book after having seen him evolved into a rather academically savvy writer gives you a hint of his own struggles in the changing India. He certainly has some anger and a lot of scoffery to offer to the neo-rich money-grabbing classes of India but he is also found admitting, rather inadvertently, a sort of hypocrisy in his own unwarranted love for the West. This adds that subtle humor to the book - a kind that he is somewhat embarrassed about in the afterword written in The book is deeply informative, beautifully written and makes a great travelogue of the small town India of the 80s. Deconstructing the perceived Indian obsession with sex, Mishra goes on to record the way small town India had reacted to the new temptations of globalization- often changing itself for the worse. Having lived a rather content life surrounded by books in the pre-globalization India, Mishra witnesses a fundamental change at the hour of globalization. Any of those who had lived in that time know of that simple, content and quiet life which existed before globalization - a life which Mishra laments for and writes beautifully about. However, he also possesses a persistent scorn for the bad English spoken by everyday Indians. His Dickensian accounts of small town poverty are touching but they also exhibit a an Anglophilic elitism of the past generations. His worry for lower economic classes is thus often rendered hollow by such contempt. Instead of taking a side however, Mishra sets himself to explore this conflict. On one hand he feels a deep sense of ignorance in the wider world due to his small town upbringing but on the other he finds his small-town values at war with the commercial expansionism of the more civilized world. He finds modern temples hideous and takes pleasure in the quiet of the colonial architecture and vast spaces of nature. Yet somehow the elitist distance from India that he maintains throughout the book has only helped him in commenting on the changes he witnessed. This is indeed a depressing and unsettling view of modern India - the reason why some find his book unfairly critical. But it is through realizing and overcoming such problems that Mishra has become a better writer - and probably deserves to be forgiven for the few immaturities in his early 20s. In this disappointing first novel, Mishra travels around small-town India making sardonic observations behind the backs of everyone he meets. Still, Mishra had to start somewhere.

### Chapter 3 : Butter chicken in Ludhiana: travels in small town India - Pankaj Mishra - Google Books

*Butter Chicken in Ludhiana is somewhat lacking in focus and direction -- Mishra's travels are surprisingly aimless. Some choices are odd, such as when he visits Calcutta and states that it is "a city I happen to like, but the subject is an exhausted one, and best left to foreign travel writers and film makers to exercise their sensibilities on."*

### Chapter 4 : Butter Chicken in Ludhiana Quotes by Pankaj Mishra

*Butter Chicken in Ludhiana is a hilarious book, though having admired its author greatly, and perhaps too much, I suddenly began to ask myself, "Who does Pankaj Mishra think he is?" [Okay, he is a writer, and so am I. Writers write stuff.] For it is a novel (travelogue?) wherein an immensely superior narrator, a narrator who has read the*

### Chapter 5 : Butter Chicken in Ludhiana - Pankaj Mishra

*Butter chicken in Ludhiana didn't disappoint on that count but yes, as has been pointed out by readers, unlike the north, he hasn't found the ubiquitous filth down south. I mean, this dichotomy is so glaring in the narration.*

### Chapter 6 : Best butter chicken in Ludhiana - Review of Aman Chicken, Ludhiana, India - TripAdvisor

*2 quotes from Butter Chicken in Ludhiana: Travels in Small Town India: 'For, to be woken up at five in the morning by the devotional treacle of Anup Jalo.*

### Chapter 7 : Butter Chicken in Ludhiana - calendrierdelascience.com

*Pakhowal Road Pulli, Opposite Sarabha Nagar, Ludhiana. Write Review/Query.*

### Chapter 8 : Best Butter Chicken in Ludhiana - Review of Aman Chicken House, Ludhiana, India - TripAdvisor

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### Chapter 9 : Baba's butter chicken and Aman's lemon chicken: Ludhiana's top spots - Express Foodie

*Butter chicken in Ludhiana travels in small town India Pankaj Mishra. Published by Penguin Books in New Delhi, India, New York, N.Y.*