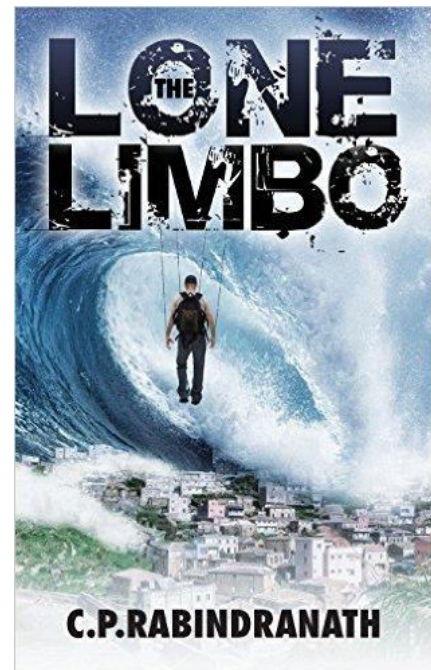


**AN EXHILARATING JOURNEY INTO THE REALMS OF HUMAN MIND:
*THE LONE LIMBO***

Fiction Reviewed by:

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Tamilnadu**Title:** *The Lone Limbo***Author:** C.P.Rabindranath**Publishers:** Notion Press.Com**Place of Publication:** Chennai**Year of Publication:** 2015**Pages:** 220**Price:** Rs. 220/-**INR ISBN:** 978-93-84878-71-9**Genre:** Psychological Detective Thriller*Memory and desire, stirring**Dull roots with spring rain.*- (*The Wasteland, Lines-3-4*)

The human body is an amazingly intricate and deep ecosystem revolving around the mind. The entangled web of emotions, feelings, moods and the multi-layered intricacies of mind are explicitly revealed by humans mastering of it into art form. A book often has the best effect when it condenses macroscopic themes or issues into simple and mundane microcosms. C.P.Rabindranath's debut novel *The Lone Limbo* is a sparkling and assured work of fiction,

likely to leave every kind of reader enthralled and entertaining. The cover is a captivating attention drawer with the picture of a young lad hanging in tenterhooks, almost dangling to be engulfed in the whirlpool of waters below or land into the concoction of a chaotic city.

The novel journeys through the life of an easy going chap Arvin, who is a confident and happy person until, over the course of a month or two, he finds himself feeling inexplicably hopeless and sad, confused and suspicious, unable to sleep and concentrate. He behaves in a hyperactive and disorganized fashion, seemingly without purpose and looks around everyone in a befuddled haze. Sadness colours his thoughts and days spreading a misty landscape before him. *The Lone Limbo* is the true saga of an intelligent and stable computer professional Arvin, his throes of chronic insanity and the interesting turn of events that lace up his life countering him in maze, eventually transforming him into a daring hero. As Graham Greene in *The End of The Affair* (1951) muses over, “A story has no beginning or end, arbitrarily one chooses that moment of experience from which to look back or which to look ahead”, Arvin’s life seems to him a fast-paced story strung together by a filament of emotions, thoughts and incidents flavoured by the effervescence of good fortune and optimism.

As Rabindranath puts in the preface of the novel, he has wonderfully laced the narrative with plenty of humour, thrills and even a dose of crime. The deftness of characterization showcases the skill of the author in proportioning the right amount of personalities into the scene. Everything is in sharp clarity, and the story moves with a heady speed giving vivid, intense, absolute moments both fleeting and infinite. Set against the background of a beautiful village in Madurai, the story captures the kaleidoscopic nature in its true bountiful form which ultimately pervades throughout the novel, perhaps alluring and electrifying till the end. The lines, “The flaming red sun crept up slowly, shining on the earth and creating ripples among the clouds...Birds fly in unison, heralding the dawn with a chorus. White storks were ready for their early prey by the hundreds”, stand testimony to it. The first few chapters that veer intensely into psychological avenues take an interesting U-turn with Inspector Senthil arriving on the scene. Varun, Arvin’s friend is yet another good choice to the plot perfectly fitting for intriguing crime scenes.

Arvin’s dissociation of reality is portrayed emphatically by his befriending of Joseph, wherein he reveals his kind nature to lend a helping hand to a person who has lost his whole family to tsunami and wallowing in distress. Though Arvin succeeds in bringing Joseph out of his suicidal thoughts and saving him when he travels helplessly to the edge of life the course of events eventually seal his fate and leave him in post-traumatic stress. Unrelated noises and movements startle him and the feeling of shock and numbness envelopes and immerse him into despair. The trauma seems to exist in a bubble, outside the normal passage of time, and Arvin carries the bubble with him, slipping in and out of it, with little conscious control, scaring those who love and care him.

What seems to Arvin as a lonely, strenuous and suffocating journey jerks up being the best and memorable pages of his life with new friends and new sources of inspiration along the way. The characters etched reflect and refract beautifully the flux and chaos of the individual and his own quest for a better life of cool serenity in pristine waters. The lives of Arvin, Varun, Senthil and Indira intersect over the course of the novel effervescing the pages with tinges of sagacious proclamations and once again with wit, self deprecation and empathy.

The Lone Limbo is perfectly seasoned with philosophical tidbits, the aroma perfuming the readers on the whole, leading to a mystical revelation, spoken by the protagonist Arvin either aloud or echoing inside his layered thoughts. For instance, “The difference between

normality and abnormality is a thin line of judgment” and “I’ll try to lessen the burden on God”. Sigmund Freud, the Austrian neurologist and founder of Psychoanalysis discourses in *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis* a new prophylaxis shedding diverse streams of light to the most incoherent acts and even verbigerations in insanity, stating thus, “The traumatic neuroses show clear indications that they are grounded in a fixation upon the moment of the traumatic disaster...for the expression “traumatic” has no other than an economic meaning, and the disturbance permanently attacks the management of available energy”.(241)

The characters are genuine and realistic and as you progress in the novel, they seem to grow on you. There is a little dramatic structural overtone in Preethi’s characterization, but that is a welcome addition not much overpowering to hamper the thrill and velocity of the plot. The plot is closely knit and has a singular focus, so gripping at times that at every turn there are momentous surprises and a sense of dread and adventure for the readers like the situation wherein Varun and Arvin speculate and reconnoiter the old abandoned house.

Arvin, in a way, is *The Lone Limbo*’s most arresting character, the robust, strong-willed, dynamic and fiery to the core sans a few chapters which magnifies him as a campaigner of goodness with shades of cinematic heroism that creeps in here and there playing pee-ka-boo almost radiating him, at times as the proactive **Sherlock Holmes**. Though the murders and ghastly incidents race to a heady climax with guessable ending, the warp and weft of the weaves are sheath-like, finesse in style, language and form. Rabindranath is a perceptive writer for whom, life holds a promise of connection between the outer world and the self. His immaculate grip over his medium is definitely commendable as it enables him to shift from one realm of human experience to another so seamlessly and effortlessly.

Human beings are highly evolved, mystical, magical, unlimited and beautiful with a spark of rationality and divinity animating his existence. In Rabindranath’s hands, this beauty of nature, mind and human emotions shines through. *The Lone Limbo* is definitive in its name, and no doubt, it will invite, in equal parts both curiosity and debate.