

EPILOGUE

Every tradition and system of thought and knowledge belonging to a particular culture and community must begin by offering its ideas and thoughts to the other; this welcome and potential indulgence creates opportunities to experiment with such offerings, inspiring our walking the untrodden paths. “Taking” is the openness to accept and assimilate what others have to offer and this also initiates a separate level of coordination and contact. Giving and taking unleash a variety of “circulation”—the complexity emerging out of constraints and enablings—generating a host of entanglements in our enunciation and enframing of literature. Our life of dialogue, which began about fifteen years ago, was inscribed in a poetics of taking, a poetics about how close we could get to listening to literature and listening to each other’s thinking about literature across canons, continents, and cultures. The book, promoting positions that were conflationary and contrastive, combined an astute and genuine listening that enabled a patient growth of the other, an encouragement to get tolerant with the other, in a domain of altogether, a togetherness that we suppose flourished because we realized our separation in communication, dislocations in convergences. Our transactional listening to each other has, hopefully, opened literature as a democratic community where readers are welcome to install and invest their inputs through a separate level of listening that may not be docile always.

The book, then, is an out-of-habit project. Streams of thought on an exuberantly wide range of issues will rush onto the reader’s encounter with the book, a ceaseless across-momentum of thoughts and positions, an unavoidable yet cheerful obligation to listen to multiple voices and vocabularies made available through a celebration of literary thoughts and communities. Such acts of listening are a challenge to our habitual encounters

with books usually authored, edited, and coauthored. The Miller-Ghosh presence and the authors' interface at every juncture of the unfolding is a way to alert the reader about two books building in conjunction, in colloquy, listening to each other in their mutual substantiation and relishing the inability to author and authorize the final word on a particular subject, be that ethics or world literature or teaching literature or reading poetry. This will leave readers in the midst of three books, one by Ghosh, another by Miller, and the third by Ghosh-Miller. The chapters were not just intended to follow each other but coexist. Our voices were individual and collaborative; our consciousnesses were singularly articulated and participatory. So the book will make the readers see the disturbance that dialogism brings, a process of thinking where difference becomes understanding. Arguments across a variety of subjects, colored and informed by different kinds of training and intellectual establishments, do not have an impositional totality, for Hillis and I germinated this project knowing our indentificatory and ideological differences and kept discovering ourselves productively as we progressed through time with meticulous mapping and scrupulous patience. Dialogism, conversational becomings at different levels of literary affect and epistemic concretizations, is the pith of this project and it prevented us from overlaying the carefully crafted canvas built over the last four years with our literary prejudices. Dialogues through chapters and other modes of innumerable exchanges made us rethink our positions and perspectives and become accommodative about the impetus and impingement of the other. The book is formally "one from many" constructed out of co-particulars, and every chapter can be signposted as Miller-Ghosh.

Are we directing readers to a future of literature? Perhaps not. To call on a future is to allow a settlement on a bolus of steady accretion, a penultimate point of literature's evolution that is more telic than configurative. What, perhaps, we ended up doing, to an extent, is stirring the pot, bringing the sedimented to the surface and allowing the once settled to sink away in the stir at different points in the container. Our dyadic and dialogic investments went beyond the stir also, ensuring fresh formations on the meaning-effect of literature, the world in world literature, the teaching-affect of literature, ethics and postaesthetics of literature, and many other issues. Sitting by the fireplace in the playhouse of literature, we have also allowed things to grow in silence. Perhaps this silence is what the book urges on its readers, triggering their own explorative ways; the

meditation that the book is intended to generate effectuates the stirring of continents and the silences that such stirrings have left behind rather unavoidably for readerly ascension and tenancy.

Becomings are secret, as Deleuze and Guattari were right to observe. The book's being is its becoming.