This chapter focuses the life sketch of Kamla Das noted poet of Malayam Literature. Her Autobiography “My Story” displays her inner search for love, which she could not get through marital love her life. She has search for pure love throughout life but she could not get success. “My story” reveals from the first time in Indian English literature the openness and frank confession by a women writers of her sexual needs.

5.1. Kamala Das: A Profile

Kamala Das is beyond doubt the greatest woman poet in contemporary Indian English literature. As a confessional poet, she displays feminist ethos in her poems. Kamala Das, born in Kerala in 1934, is a bilingual writer, she writes in Malayalam, her mother tongue, under the pseudonym Madhavi Kutty. She is the recipient of several prizes and awards, the Pen Asian poetry prize, Kerala Sahitya Academy Award for fiction, Asian world prize for literature, kendriya Sahitya Academy award, etc. She was short-listed for the Nobel Prize along with Marguerite Yourcenar, Doris Leasing and Nadine Gardiner.

Her poetical works include, Summer in Calcutta( 1965), The Descendants (1967),The Old Playhouse and other poems(1973),Collected Poems(1984),The Best of kamala Das(1991) and Only the Soul knows How to sing(1996).As she writes in My Story,

“Poets die many times their deaths. They die especially repeatedly in the obituaries. They live again, so they not when their poems are printed after their deaths.”

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Kamala Das as her original name is Madhavi Kutty in her early days at Nalapat house Malabar, Kerala. She is an iconoclast who has asserted her identity on the firmament of Indian English poetry by her honest and candid poetical lines that breaks to the hypocritical veneer of man–woman relationship in Indian traditional society. She is an Indian English poet, short story writer, novelist, playwright, essayist, non-fiction writer and children’s writer... Her poetry is a serious break from the erstwhile female Indian poets like that of Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu, but a celebration of the universal experience of self, love-despair, anguish, failure and disgust against the traditional mode of gender manifestation apprehended through a feminine Indian awareness. Kamala Das may be called the Indian Monroe, just as Marilyn Monroe is known as goddess of sex in Hollywood. It is because Kamala Das’s writings titillates and has its leanings on seduction unambiguously look at how she arouses the reading public with an air of exotica as found in her poem ‘Introduction,’

5.2. Kamala Das as a poet:

Kamala Das poetic corpus illustrates and explores on the struggle for power and autonomy by the women poets. Her poems have a self-affirming way of life for the female protagonist as an intelligent, self-aware, confident and integrated personality with the aptitude and ability to live life on her own terms. The central idea and action her poetry revolves round an encounter between a seemingly irresponsible female protagonist and the sea in her poem the old play house and other poems. Never before, had any woman in India dared to describe so distinctly about the physiobility or longing of a woman as Kamala Das. Her revelation has made the whole Indian society dazed and awesome. It is because of her forceful expression of the problems of women by citing her own sty that she came to be expected as the most daring and controversial poet.

Kamala Das is a young and bold poet. The publication of ‘summer in Calcutta’ has given a different shape to Indo-Anglian poetry. It is coming into being has revolutionized the attitudes especially of the women folk. Women writers for the first time began to realize the indispensable need to unravel the deep felt emotions and secrecies without inhibition as was found expressed in the works of kamala Das. She writes with the spirit of the renaissance, despite the constant male domination that she experienced after her early
marriage at fifteen. She desired for freedom and her wish to free herself from the dull routine of domesticity and list is voiced in the following lines,

“You build around me with the moving love words flung from doorway and tea of carve. You tired lust; I shall someday take wings, fly around as often petals. Do when frame in air, and you are, just the sad remnant of a root on double – beds. And grieve.”

About the women, writers and their writings noted Essayist J.S Miller comments,

“If woman lived in a different country from the men and never had read any of their writings, they would have a literature of their own and a different image about themselves, for who can understand a woman better than herself.”

The Indian novel in English was the product of a demand for socio-political reforms, the revival of past traditions, the search for a national identity and the increasing awareness of the role of individual in the society. Set, against the backdrop of colonial India, the novel fascinated the common person with the novelty of its exotic form and its capability of representing a changing world in its dimensions. This new genre of literature, notwithstanding its versatility, still positioned men at the center of the narrative, and a woman’s story, even if presented by a woman, was from a male perspective. Her portrayal of character would be either hyperbolic or marginalized.

Male writers seem to be handicapped in painting her in her true colours. The inner conflict of suffering woman and her ability to protest the patriarchal order are very rarely explored. In contrast, the literature of the present era, provides a wider spectrum of varied experiences of women along with a direct and subjective analysis of her sexuality, her risk and joy of childbirth and her painful segregation from the male dominated society. Opting for a redefinition of history, Coppelia khan implies:

“History has been a record of male experience, written by men from male perspectives. What has been deemed so according to a valuation of power and activity in public
world….It is therefore imperative for historians of women to reconstruct the female experience and fill the blank pages and make the silence speak.”

Kamala Das sketched the confrontation of desires with feminine modesty. The stereotypical image of the woman is conditioned to believe that woman needs to sublimate her sexuality in order to achieve innate goodness. Thus, Indian woman is schooled to suppress her natural instinct. As she writes,

“Was every married adult a clown in bed, a circus performer? I hate marriage ….I hate to show myself naked to anyone.”

It is important to note that one cannot ignore the exceptional continuity of her monologist fiction that she developed in her middle years. One cannot ignore the exceptional continuity of her concern, the differences in the language in the genre in her writings. It is easy to reduce her writing, to a narcissistic obsession. However, there was in her genuine desire to go beyond, to a greater love she is fix of in her Annamalai poems; the body was either discovered or means to attend that transcendence or encountered as an obstacle, a snare out of which she lounge to find an escape.

5.3 Appreciation of My story

In preface of ‘My Story’, Kamala Das explains why she decides to write her autobiography as,

“My story is my autobiography which I began writing during my first serious bout with heart disease. The doctor thought, that writing would distract my mind, from the fear of a sudden death. Between short hours of sleep induced by the drugs to me by the nurses, I wrote continually, not merely to honors my commitment but because I wanted to empty myself of all the secrets so that I could depart when the time came, with a scrubbed-out conscience.”
Kamala Das was bold enough not to tolerate any injustice or discrimination. She and her brother used to attend an English medium school in Calcutta. Her brother was plump and dark. Although he was the cleverest in the class, the white boys made fun of him and tortured by pushing him by pointed a pencil up his nostrils. One day his shirt- front covered with blood. He was stunned by cruelty while William the bully explained, 'Blakee, your blood is red'. Kamala Das could not put up with such insult and scratched his face in a made rage.

Her first experiences about her body begin with the attraction of a female friend. She describes the intimacy in an inhibited manner, which in turn justifies the growth of the female self,

"Her fingers traced the outlines of my mouth with a gentleness that I had never dreamt of finding. She kissed my lips then, and whispered , you are so sweet, I have never met anyone so sweet, my darling, my little darling,,, .It was the first kiss of its kind in my life. Perhaps my mother may have kissed me while I was an infant but after that, no one, not even my grandmother, had bothered to kiss me. I was unnerved. I could hardly breathe. She kept stroking my hair and kissing my ace and my throat all through that night while sleep came to me in snatches and with fever. You are feverish, she said, before dawn, your mouth is hot."

It was impossible for a Nair woman to think about sex or sexual pleasures. Women trapped in boredom and restraint, move out to indulge in sensual pleasures, sex and love is a game, with a changing partner to keep the novelty of life. Her fiction encompasses the psychosexual accomplishments of the female. Termed as ‘vertical movement’ or ‘voyage within’, the inner workings of the mind are aptly dealt with. Replete with sexual encounters and physical intimacy; Das analyses the deep urges of the human soul, craving for truth and perfection. A and another family friend invites the whole group for lunch. The college student coaxes friend of Kamala’s family meets the group at the station where they have to change trains, Kamala to bathe with her and allow her to be powdered and dressed by her.
Both of us, Kamala writes, 'Felt giddy with joy like honeymooners.' By the time, they join their group, the meal is well underway, and their host, Major Menon Kamal wryly says,

"Seems grateful to me for having brought into his home a bunch of charming ladies, all unmarried." 8

Even description of her first meeting with Madhav Das she has narrated like this,

"Before I left for Calcutta, my relative pushed me into a dark corner behind a door and kissed me sloppily near my mouth. He crushed my breasts with his thick fingers. Donot you love me he asked me? Do not you like my touching you? In addition, I felt hurt and humiliated. All I said was goodby " 9

In the chapter ‘His hands bruised my body and left blue and red marks on the skin,’ she writes,

"My cousin asked me why I was cold and frigid. I did not know what sexual desire meant, not having experienced it even once. Do not you feel any passion for me, he asked me. I do not know, I said simply and honestly. It was a disappointing week for him and for me. I had expected him to take me in his arms and stroke my face, my hair, my hands, and whisper loving words. I had expected him to be all that I wanted my father to be and my mother; I wanted conversations, companionship and warmth. Sex was far from my thoughts." 10

After this incident, she has decided to call on her school friend to get some consolation, as she writes,

"I did not know whom to turn for consolation. On a sudden impulse, I phoned my girlfriend. She was surprised to hear my voice. I thought you had forgotten me, she said, I invited her to my house. She came to spend a Sunday with me and together we cleaned out our bookcases and dusted the books. Only once, she kissed me. Our eyes were watering and
dust had swollen our lips. Can’t you take me away from here, I asked her. Not for another four years, she said. I must complete my studies she said. Then holding me close to her, she rubbed her cheek against mine. When I put her out of my mind, I put aside my self-pity too. It would not do to dream of a different kind of life. My life had been planned and its course charted by my parents and relatives, I would be a middle-class house-wife, and walked along the vegetable shops carrying a string bag and wearing faded chap pals on my feet. I would beat my thin children, and make them scream out for mercy. I would wash my husband’s cheap underwear and hang it out to dry in the balcony like some kind of national flag, with wifely pride.”

She projected their intimate experiences, sexual and moral dilemmas, as observed by Simon de Beauvoir,

“‘The women of today are in a fair way to dethrone the myth of femininity; they are beginning to affirm their independence in concrete ways, but they do not succeed in living the life of a human being.’”

. Thus, Indian women are schooled to suppress their natural instincts. Das writes,

“‘Dress in sarees, be girl, be wife, they said. Be embroiderer, be cook, and be a quarreler with servants.'”

She confesses that she was half in love with herself unaware of other types of love. Notwithstanding the traditional makeup of her mind, her body is aware of the first onslaughts of sexuality. She finds the human body enigmatic, yet surprising. On the other hand, her husband shocks her, on the first night of her marriage. She narrates in the chapter ‘Wedding Night’, she describes her brutal experience of the first night. As she writes,

“Again and again he hurt me all the while the Kathkalli drums throbbed dully, 'then without warning he fell on me, surprising me by the extreme brutality of the attack.’”

Shirley Geok-Lim sees Das’s autobiography as a document,
“Expressing the writer’s own ambiguity as a woman asserting subjective power in a traditional patriarchal society. Her female subjects destabilize our notions of what is female or feminine and dislocate given Indian cultural and social relations.”

Das’s writing and life display the anger, rage, rebellion of a woman struggling in a society of male prerogatives. Indian women suffer from so many inequalities and social oppressions. Marilyn French reports in a 1985 United- Sponsored publication,

“Most Indian women are married young by their families to men they have not met before....they then move to their husbands’ parents’ home, where they are essentially servants.”

Any person who is interested to study an attractive autobiography of our times cannot ignore My Story, the most controversial autobiography by Kamala Das. According to, Kamala Das,

"My story is my autobiography which I began writing during my first serious illness about her heart diseases. The doctor thought that writing would distract my mind from the fear of a sudden death and besides there was all hospital bills to be taken care of. I sent a telegram to an editor who had been after me to write such a book to be used as a serial in his Journal. He arrived after a day bringing with him the total remuneration for the serial. He was taking a risk as I was then very ill and it did not seem likely that I want to be able to write more than a few chapters. Yet, he agreed to the deal, seated near me, holding my hand, which had a green withered look from that moment the book took hold of me. Carrying me back into the past rapidly as though it were a motor boat chug chugging through the inky waters at night. Between short hours of sleep induced by the drug given to me by the nurses. I wrote continually not merely to honor my commitment but because I
wanted to empty myself of all the secrets so that I could depart when the time came, with a scrubbed-out conscience."17

The opening chapters depict a colonized childhood, resonant with theme of oppressed womanhood. The father, a Rolls Royce and Bentley salesperson, stood as an intermediary between the British corporation and the Indian upper class. Das similarly showed the characteristics alienation of being suspended between indigenous and colonized cultures. Unhappy as one of the few brown children in a white school, the young girl,

“Wondered why I was born to Indian parents instead of to a white couple, who may have been proud of my verses.”18

Descriptions of physical intimacy in women writers posits women at the receiving end of sordidness and humiliation. Brought up in an authoritarian atmosphere where her father’s word was law and her mother had little say even in household matters, Kamala looked forward to an understanding and loving husband. His attitude to sex, aggressive and brutal made her complacent and immune to his so-called acts of love. His flirtatious relations with his cousins made Kamala indignant,

'I made up my mind to be unfaithful to him, at least physically."19

‘My Story’ is a collection of her sufferings as a woman and as a writer. The image of woman has undergone a change in the last three decades. Throughout this period, woman writers have moved away from traditional enduring. She has portrayed instead of Self-sacrificing woman, toward conflicted female characters searching for identity. This autobiography is remarkable because it presents a new consent of woman and self before us like Gandhi, Kamal Das has shown her courage in revealing truths before us. She has described all her secrets in this book. Her autobiography in comparison to Gandhi or Nehru's or Narayan's is much bolder as she wrote in her preface,
“My recovery was such as anti-climax! The serial had begun to appear in the issues of the journal, which flooded the bookstalls in Kerala. My relatives were embarrassed I had disgraced my well-known family by telling my readers that I had fallen in love with a man other than my lawfully wedded husband. Why I had even confessed that I was chronically falling in love with persons of a flamboyant nature when I went for a short vacation to my home state I received no warmth. In a hurry, I escaped back to Bombay. This book has cost me many things that I held dear. However, I do not for a moment regret having written it. I have written several books in my lifetime, but none of them provided the pleasure the writing of 'My Story' has given me. I have nothing more to say.”

Das subverts the male ego, for her, it is the female ego, which rushes out to welcome the male and savior its sexuality. It is the strength, the power to sublimate her desires, through this vocation and her body is the medium. She is candid enough to hint that old age no respite for women:

“Was it no longer possible to lure a charming male into a complicated and satisfying love affair with the right words, right glances, and the right gestures? Was I finished as charmer?”

She is then entangled with an elderly man known for his lustful ways, and it is in autumn of her life that she finds ultimate satisfaction. She felt most secured in his arms, wishing to develop her relationship with an elderly person without fearing about his lustful nature. Her search was complete. She had reached the end of her destination. Fulfilled and joyous, her carnal desires died a natural death. She records:

“If my desires were lotuses in a pond, closing their petals at dusk and opening out at dawn once upon a time, they were totally dead, rotted and dissolved and for them there was no more to be a reporting. The pond had cleared itself of all growth. It was placid.”
Kamala Das expresses the identity and distinction both as a woman and writer. Her other works are good but her autobiography is certainly better. It is written in the form a novel, well designed, informative, and delightful. It can be read as a confession. She has never tried to hide anything from her readers. In other way, this is a revolutionary book. It is a story of a shameful society where males do not properly respect women.

It would be good enough to make a comparative study of other women novelists like Kamala Markandya’s "Nectar in a Sieve" and Meera Mahadev’s "Shulamith" to recent subversions and expansions of the traditional image in works by Chitra Fernando, Anita Desai, Sara Suleri and Anees Jung.

Women writers focus on the conflicts in man-woman relationship and the female psyche conditioning it to survive the oppressive forces. The post-independence Indian woman is aware of her rights, virtues, and duties and of convention. She has complete knowledge of her heritage and is proud to be part of the great tradition. Social obligations and moral responsibilities have conditioned her. She is also aware of her fears, weaknesses and limitations; the length of the road she can tread upon, the dangers she has to overcome.

Kamala Das has explored man woman relationship in bold and concrete terms and paved way for writes like Shobha De, who conveys that female sexuality can be liberating and empowering force for women. Anuradha Roy comments:

"These writers have contributed substantially to the mammoth task of demystifying women and have helped to construct the individuality of women even in its physical and sexual dimensions. They have refused to be silenced on issues of sexual morality and ruthlessly exposed the shameful duplicity of standards."

She projected their intimate experiences, sexual and moral dilemmas. Simone de Beauvoir rightly observes:
"The women of today are in a fair way to dethrone the myth of femininity; they are beginning to affirm their independence in covert ways, but they do not succeed in living completely the life of a human being." 24

Women are socially and culturally tuned to ‘fit in’ and adjust to tradition and practice. Hence, they organize themselves as the sole torchbearers of familial and social honor. Kamala crossed all limits of a married woman, basking in infidelity. She justifies

"I was ready for love….Rite for sexual banquet." 25

Discarding the cardinal principles of fidelity, faith and understanding in the institution of marriage, Das hints that submergence of male ego, through feminine tactics and sexual gratification paved the way for the female independence. Tori Moil, examining the sexually colored texts of women writers in ‘Sexual Politics’ hints;

"I would like to believe in the multiplicity of sexually marked voices. I would like believe in the masses, this indeterminable number of blended voices, this mobile of non-identified sexual marks whose choreography can carry, divide, multiply the body of the each ‘individual’ whether he be classified as ‘man’ or ‘woman’ according to criteria of usage." 26

‘My Story’ shows a rare type of vigor, strength, dedication and revelation of her true self quite successfully. The ability of Das to tell the truth is certainly very different from other autobiographers. An autobiography is bound to writing in a confessional mode and my story is definitely in a confessional mode and reads like pages of diary.

On ‘My Story’ of Kamla Das writing, M.K. Naik remarks,
"Kamala Das" person is no nympharmonic; she is every woman who seeks love she is beloved and betrayed expressing her 'endless female hungers' the muted whispers the love of womanhood; she may flaunt a grand flamboyant love, but in her heart of hearts she remains the eternal eve proudly celebrating her essential femininity.”

The longing for love is what predominate her writings a natural outcome of an unusually sensitive mind haunted by a growing sense of loneliness deserted by all. She confesses in 'My Story' about her early marriage life as a faith. She refers to her husband who was crude, insensitive and incapable of basic human decency. The autobiography also relates to an event when on her birthdays her husband betrayed her, remained shut - in with a young man in an adjacent room quite indifferent to her feeling. The homosexuality in him created a sense of humiliation in Kamla Das, which comes across with brutal sharpness in her poems 'An Introduction'.

My Story brings out successfully the inner strength of Kamla Das and her quest for self-identity in the midst of all kinds pressures mounted on her. The embedded patriarchal value she discards altogether the weakening and constructs conventional taboos which she thinks deteriorate against her essential self and thus breaks open her cocoon and comes out from it to have a better glimpse of the world around her. Her story shows her urge for identity and liberation finds its fruition and fulfillment in her creative writing. As Raj Narsimhiah describes her dual character as the central character of my story, "The heroine of my story is a semi-educated girl, widely fazed into marriage into premature sexual experience to be left floundering in the quick and repeated pregnancies and childbirth. This doom girl overcomes her destiny. There is heroism about these efforts in an earlier age, which gives a period weight to the book. It also makes one overlook its mixture of good and bad prose and its emotional Kite-flying.”

With the launching of this book, many changes are seen from the perspective of feminist ideologies in Indian writings in English. The emphasis on 'female ego' gets broadened Women writers begin to appear in public. Kamla Das has artistically carted out a
new route for all feminist writers to drive home feminist sensibility. She did this at all cost of discarding traditional canons and ethos of an Indian womanhood.

The very title 'My Story' impresses us and there is an indication of amorous accumulation that comes with a big bang. It is shown by scene of the wedding night,

"The rape was not successful but he confronted me when I expressed my fear that I was perhaps not equipped for sexual congress. Repeatedly throughout that unhappy night, he hurt me and all the while Kathkalli drums throbbed duly against our window and the singer's song of Diamante’s plight in the jungle."  

In the same chapter 'Wedding Night' she writes about her initiation into heterosexual intercourse via marital rape unsuccessful attempts at first and then after a fortnight of attempts successful. She becomes pregnant almost immediately and by the time her first son is born Kamala has few illusion about her relationship with her husband. The consequence is that her aged 17 or 18, she decides,

"To be unfaithful to him at least physically."  

Kamala Das got married to a person who was interested only in her body and used it for his gratification of carnal desires but his lust seemed to be insatiable. During the engagement period while, he was posted in Bombay she narrates her experiences as,

"Whenever he found me alone in the room, he began to plead me to bare my breasts and if I did not, he turned brutal and crude. His hands bruised my body and left blue and red marks on the skin."  

Similar feelings were expressed by Simon De Beauvoir write in the 'The Second Sex'.

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"Woman do not themselves up as subject and hence have erected to virile myth in which their pujas age reflected, they have no revision or poetry of their own, they still dream through the dreams of men."32

Exploring an individual’s predicament in the myriad conversions of history and politics, the male writers of the new generation have treated women as a means to an end. She enhances recreates and rebuilds the stature of the protagonist rather than becoming a protagonist herself. Her presence adds a dimension to fiction that had hitherto been lacking. The female is thus, supplement, a sexual object or an embodiment of destruction.

Das subverts the male ego. For her it is the female ego, which rushes out to welcome the male and savor its sexuality. It is the strength, the power to sublimate her desires, through this vocation and her body is the medium. She is candid enough to hint that old age has no respite for women:

"Was it no longer possible to lure a charming male into a complicated and satisfying love affair with the right words, right glances, and the right gestures? Was I finished as a charmer?"33

This autobiography also can be read as a critique of the victimization of women in a patriarchal society. Das realizes the powerlessness of the female body and she believes that for the victimized woman in a patriarchal society, sexuality not makes her vulnerable physically but also makes her vulnerable emotionally and spiritually. Sometimes this leads most of the women to commit suicide. However, Kamala Das saves her life by telling her life.

Kamala Das also has created her a new horizon wherein she can freely give voice to her hidden emotions and freely express them. The result is publication of this autobiography.

When she felt betrayed, lonely and disappointed of her husband’s place and when she found that her love was,

"Like almost looking for a begging bowl which only sought for a replace."34
An Italian Carlo came to her life; she fell in love with him, who is an extremely handsome young man, at Khar Gymkhana (Mumbai), where she had gone to play tennis,

“*The evening sunlit up his grey eyes, the gloss of his skin and the beauty of his smile made me feel all of a sudden so awestruck so humble.*”

Love transformed her life and she described that her,

“*Days were filled with incredible sweetness on the porch the Rangoon Creepers bloomed, the tender pinks looking white in the evening’s shadows. I hung a brass lamp in the porch and lit in every evening.*”

She goes on to demonstrate yet another moving experience to add to her courage and velour,

“*During that summer while the gulmhoars burnt the edges of the sky, he dressed my hair with white flowers plucking them; from beneath my window what did he want from me once or twice standing near him with his arms around my shoulders. I whispered, I am yours do with me as you will, make love to me but he said No, in my eyes you are a goddess, I shall not dishonor your body.*”

Her search was complete. She had reached the end of her destinations. Fulfilled and joyous, her carnal desires died a natural death. She records:

“*If my desires were lotuses in a pond, closing their petals at dusk and opening out at dawn once upon a time, they were totally dead, rotted and dissolved and for them there was no more to be reshooting. The pond had cleared itself of all growth. It was placid.*”
My story is an honest appraisal of female sexuality and need for sexual freedom. Her quest for identity leads her through much unusual relationship, each hurting her emotionally. Her narration of sexual exploits represents her attempts to be submerged to the other self. So much to that she loses a part of herself in every encounter, Rama Rani Lal, confirms,

“In My Story she attempts to define her identity as a woman and to create a space within her and around her in order to assert the legitimacy of her dreams and fantasies and to express her hopes and frustrations.”

Women writers focus on the conflicts in man-woman relationship and the female psyche conditioning it to survive the oppressive forces. The post-Independence Indian woman is aware of her rights, virtues, and duties and of convention. She has complete knowledge of her heritage and is proud to be part of the great tradition. Social obligations and moral responsibilities have conditioned her. She is also aware of her fears, weaknesses and limitations; the length of the road she can tread upon, the dangers she has to overcome. Her awareness of herself has come full circle. However, she has complete control over both her body and her mind; and is quite capable of maintaining a rightful balance between the two. The female writers of the new generation stress on her adaptability and adjustments. She can be aptly compared to life’s necessity, the water; taking the form and shape of any vessel is poured into. She mingles into any surroundings and blossoms amidst any atrocious difficulties. She shows the path for others to follow. She is essence of the life force, the negation of which leads to a negation of life itself.

From the study of her autobiography we came to observe that Kamala Das ‘s revelations on man-woman relationship is to the maximum level because the communication of love completes the whole affairs of a man and woman who are in love. Her offer of her body to the lover to make love is an expression, which are not decors to a modest Nair woman. Her expression find culmination in terms of her anecdotes, tale, story, narrative yarn, sketches etc.

In a way, she deconstructs the patriarchal structure by assassinating or violating the cannon framed by the promisogynic society. Kamala Das wants to delineate all the events and situations she comes across and she shows them to the reader without any reticence. She
as a feminist confronts incontinent restrictions, which develop the ‘fair sex’ and draws a new term of reference and entirely different structural framework for woman’s writing. Kamala Das also joins the slogan that would assist in expressive Female experiences, Elaine Show Alter explains the programmer thus,

"The programmer of Genocritics is to construct a female framework for the analysis of women’s literature to develop new models the study of female experience rather than adopt male models and stories."\textsuperscript{10}

Kamala Das’s involvement with Carlo was at higher level of literacy as used to enjoy conversing with him and exchange of books of Lawrence Hope. She visited him at his hotel. Her longings for love were incessant like an ever-flowing spring. She would not give up her search for a true and ideal lover she says,

"I loved as man, love their women, but I yearned for change a new life. I was looking for an ideal lover. I was looking for the one went to Mathura and forgot to return to his Radha. Perhaps I was seeking the cruelty that lies in the depths of a man’s heart: otherwise why did not I get my peace in the arms of my husband."\textsuperscript{11}

The language used by Kamala Das evolves out of her relationship with her family, relatives, husband and the society. Her language is sometimes pornographic and domestic. The resources of her language and fiction are taken from her own situations as a wife and as a poet and they are, therefore shade of her own locality and regionalism. When she wants to point out the helplessness and passivity of women in the male dominated society. She assigns the subject positions to the male woman are assigned the object positions or she makes use of passive forms of the verbs liber or free verse to suit her situations and ample freedom. At the level of lexical items, the nouns like 'slave', 'toy', 'bride', 'virgin', 'prostitute', wife, doll, puppet, mother, woman, convict, death blood are the repeated ones.

As Iqbal Kaur has rightly pointed out,
"Kamala Das defines the rules on meter and rhythm. She also avoids the life of penetrations and syntactical applications in her writings."

Her superficial treatment of syntax may be observed in the following lines,

"I compromised myself with every sentence I wrote and that I burnt all the boats wound reached me to security. What did I finally gain from life only the vague hope that there are few readers who had love reading my books, although they have not wished to inform me of it? It is for each of them that I continue to write although the abusive letters keep paining in."

The uninhabited frankness in her expression with regard to the question of the use of language may be rehighlighted from her well known poem, 'An Introduction' Kamala Das look for new words, phrases and sentences of their own to fit into their desired expressionistic attitudes Sukhmani Roy puts her viewpoint in this connection as,

"feminist writers and critics recognize language as of major tool to woman's oppression and realize the necessity of reshaping language in order to allow woman an entry into the symbolic order, feminist writes like Virginian wolf and marry Daily have recognized the unsuitability of manmade language which either trivializes or altogether silences women."

Kamala Das revelation of her own story in the form of her own autobiography is unique and unprecedented in the genre of feminist writings in Indian English literature such an effort by an Indian woman without by passing or belittling individual experience would help woman map out a new world of female space. Indeed the works of Kamala a Das have inflamed many feminist writers writing in the post-colonial period particularly in the context of India. Her efforts to crave our new world of female space are of immense
viability taking into consideration the subaltern structures of family hierarchy, when woman often occupied position of prime importance.

When we read the present autobiography, it reflects her inner urge for freedom self-assertion, autonomy and establishes her identity. Kamala Das’s language is quite fresh and her vocabulary is rich and ample. She employs words, which are outside the range of common use of an uneducated Indians, naturally and aptly. She expresses herself in a most effective and telling fashion. Iqbal Kaur sums up Kamala Das’s style thus,

“*We come across a large number of unconventional collection deviant expressions in My Story which reflect the fact that for being like Kamala Das, it is difficult to confirm any readymade system but while these unconventional collections non-conformity to the established norms, these also land a unique freshness and originality to her style.*”

Kamala Das, too, has used certain similes, which are striking. For example,

“*At night he was like a chieftain who collected the taxes due to him from his vassal, without exhilaration.*”

She shows her poetic touch in her following simile,

“*The Sun falls over the city gently like a silver of butter on a piece of toast.*”

Kamala Das has accepted the reality of life in order to make My Story sizzling and spicy; she has perhaps added some imaginary episodes. In an interview with Iqbal Kaur she admits,

“*Any book will contain passages which are the creation of the writer’s imagination. My Story is no exception. It may have happened to me or to another woman it is immaterial. What really matters is the experience, the incident. Which is probably too*
timid to write about it? I wanted to chronicle the times we lived in and I had to write about the experience.'

When,’My Story’ was published it has created a sensation .Everybody was curious. Had she really indulged in all those sensual extra-marital affairs as she had claimed to, was all people wanted to know. She became that month’s gossip item. Some of the chapter’s headings of the book do suggest that she had indulged in extra-marital relationships. For example,

**Ch.28**  *My love likes alms looking for a begging bowl.*

**Ch.29**  *I still yearned for my grey-eyed friend*

**Ch.36**  *I was Carlo’s Sita*

**Ch.42**  *The last of my lovers: handsome dark one with a tattoo between his eyes.*

**Ch.43**  *I too tried adultery for a short while.*

The lovers she describes in’ My Story’ sound Phony. For example, she describes one of her lovers as an extremely handsome man, with grey eyes and glossy skin and a beautiful smile. Again, the last of her lovers was an elderly dark-haired man who was notorious for his fabulous lusts. She says that it was not long before she fell into his arms and that she had at last found her Krishna. When we compare her with Amrita Pritam, we find that the latter has not given such lurid descriptions of her lover.

5.4. **Conclusion:**

The striking point of the autobiography is that Kamala Das has painted her husband in dark soot. She has tarnished his image. According to her, he was well versed in sex, having had sex with many of the maidservants of his family. His ways with them were brusque and brutal and he attempted the same clumsy raping mating technique with her, which she resisted. She charges him with a homosexual relationship with an old friend of his, which he continued even after he married her.
My Story leads us to a romantic world, where she puts on a mask to show us the inner life of a woman hidden in herself. Some incidents, though imaginary, point to the agony of her soul. Kamala Das seems to have been influenced by writers like D.H. Lawrence and Sylvia Plath. She also knows Freudian technique to paint the inner turmoil through those passages which are like dream symbols. Kamala Das leads us to an elfin cave to reveal her inner sufferings like La Belle Dame sans Mercy and sometimes we are left alone like the knight – at-arms. Her method is psychological. We cannot expect Kamala Das to write like M.K. Gandhi.
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