Indian English writers like Anita Desai, Bharati Mukherjee, Shashi Tharoor, Amitav Ghosh, Vikram Seth, Rohinton Mistry, and Jhumpa Lahiri have all made their names while residing abroad. The non-resident Indian writers have explored their sense of displacement—a perennial theme in all exile literature. They have given more poignancy to the exploration by dealing not only with a geographical dislocation but also with a socio-cultural sense of displacement. Their concerns are global concerns as today’s world is afflicted with the problems of immigrants, refugees, and all other exiles.

Mukherjee’s short stories, which explore the struggles of immigrants living in the United States and Canada, have been compared to those of V. S. Naipaul and Bernard Malamud for their ironic and penetrating literary style. Mirroring her own life as an Indian immigrant to Canada and later the United States, the characters of Mukherjee’s short stories are Indian women who are victim of racism and sexism.

Mukherjee’s stories have expanded to include the narratives of refugees and immigrants from other Asian countries as well as the voices of long-settled European Americans and Canadians. Her later stories show increasing optimism at the possibility of successful integration as her characters learn that rebuilding their lives and identities allows them greater personal opportunities and a chance to participate in fostering more inclusive society and culture. Bharati Mukherjee states:
I see myself as an American writer in the tradition of other American writer parents or grandparents had passed through Ellis Island. Indianness is now a metaphor, a particular way of partially comprehending the world (Mukherjee 3).

Bharati Mukherjee is a significant woman novelist, She was born on July 27, 1940, in a Bengali Brahmin family in Calcutta. Her father's name was Sudhir Lal Mukherjee, a Pharmaceutical chemist. Her mother, Bina Mukherjee was a housewife. Mukherjee lived with her parents and two sisters in London for about three years. In 1951, the family returned to Calcutta and she joined the English-speaking Loreto, convent school, run by Irish nuns. In 1958, Mukherjee's father lost his partnership in the factory and family moved to Baroda.

Bharati Mukherjee has been honored with the “National Book Critics Circle Award” for her short stories collection *The Middleman and Other Stories* in 1988. Her creative five novels are: *The Tiger's Daughter* (1972), *Wife* (1975), *Jasmine* (1989), *The Holder of the world* (1993), *Leave It to me* (1997), *Desirable Daughters* (2002) and *The Tree Bride* (2004) and two collections of short stories: *Darkness* (1985) and *The Middleman and Other Stories* (1988). Her husband, Clark Blaise, helps in her fiction. He is an American - Canadian author. She has co-authored with her husband two non-fictional works: *Days and Night in Calcutta* in (1977), and *The Sorrow and the Terror*. The collections of the stories in Darkness are bleak and offer an angry judgment of the hospitality of the West. This book reflect some of her thoughts about Canada and United States where she goes back on her difficult years in Canada and cherishing the opportunity to establish herself in the United States. Her immigrant characters
want to fit in U.S. and yet they want to hold to their past and culture as well as ethics. She never loses her sense of absurdity while writing this book. Bharati Mukherjee’s *Jasmine* and Jhumpa Lahiri’s *Interpreter of Maladies*, the migrating characters undergo a reshaping of their identities, ‘to be born again’ into a new diasporic identity. These characters cross the national and cultural boundaries; their arrival in an alien land forces them to reshape themselves into an approximation of a westernized immigrant.

*Darkness* is a collection of twelve short stories, about the difficulties that the Indian immigrants have in adjusting life in Canada and United States. These stories deal with the problems of the outsiders including language issues and other cultural differences; they often become the victim of racial discrimination and violence that limit their freedom and opportunity as well. In Mukherjee’s words, racial discrimination in the United States leaves immigrants with broken dreams. Critics highly praised Mukherjee’s dramatic and realistic portrayals of Indian immigrant life. However, for some comments about comparing the racial discrimination between Canada and United States, the book raises some controversy while the majority of critics admired *Darkness* as a rich exploration of homelessness and loss of identity in the tradition of authors such as Naipaul and Malamud.

The immigrant’s relationship with the old home and the new home is neither static nor massive, and Mukherjee’s fiction, novels and short stories emphasize the heterogeneity of the immigrant experience. The expatriate and immigrant voices, speaking from Mukherjee’s short stories, belong to men and Women of different nationalities, not confined to Indian women in their twenties as in the novels. There is no desire in them to return to the country of their origin, but the
new country, while guaranteeing a better livelihood than at home, does not necessarily guarantee happiness, some stories have violent ending or focus on sex. Mukherjee as a temporary solution for alienation and displacement, often views the nostalgia for home, present in several stories. In the stories, the American Immigrants also suffer the scars, psychic in nature due to displacement.

*In Angela*, the protagonist tells us the sad story of an immigrant from Bangladesh who can only dream of love, domesticity, babies and all the comforts that a doctor’s wife can possibly enjoy in the new world. *Angelia* is an orphaned Bangladesh Christian who has been adopted by a Midwest farm family in VAN Buren Country in Iowa. She is a victim of war, “I believe in miracles, not chivalry. Grace makes my life spin. How else does a girl left for dead in Dhaka get to the Brandon’s farm house in Van Buren Country?”(10). Angela continues her sordid tale, “When I was six, soldiers, with bay nets cut off my nipples” (10). His sister Delia is in coma (in a coma after a car accident) and being attended by a doctor from Goa, India, Vinny Menezies. Vinny loves Angela, “only a doctor could love this body” (19). She thinks aware of her scars.

V. S. Naipaul’s characters, like Mohan Biswas from *A House for Mr. Biswas* or Ganesh Ramsumair from *The Mystic Masseur*, are examples of individuals away from their original homeland, India, but their heritage gives them a consciousness of their past. The Naipaul’s characters are not governed by actual dislocation but by an inherited memory of dislocation. For their homeland, India is not a geographical space but a construct of imagination. Their dilemma can be explained in Salman Rushdie’s words: “the past is a country from which we have all emigrated, that its loss is part of our common humanity” (Rushdie 12).
Angela joins in the Sunday ritual of family meals after church. She is the member of the school cheer leading team. A successful Indian doctor from Goa called Dr. Menezes courts her passing through this physical and mental trauma. Dr. Menezes floats toward her in squeaky new leather shoe. She retreats to the upright piano and finds her body trembling. “You must be worrying all the time about your future, no?” He strokes my hair, my neck. His infection is ardent . . . he rubs the lumpy scars between my shoulder blades. There is new embracing twitchiness to my body. My thighs, squeezed tight, begin to hurt” (18).

Mukherjee's recent writings, particularly *Darkness* (1985), *Jasmine* (1989) and *The Holder of the World* (1993), show her increasing concern with her sense of place and location both geographically and ideologically. As a geographic space, location becomes the symbol for self-fashioning for the immigrant characters in her works. As ideological space, location in Mukherjee's narratives is the author's interrogation of such self-fashioning by questioning gender, race, and ethnicity as they render identity as a fluid rather than a fixed entity. The disaster, the tragedy that had overwhelmed her in the past so long ago, so far away remains at the heart of her world in Van Burren country. In Bharati Mukherjee’s violent exploitative and frequently benighted North America there can be instance when love may possibly be a saving grace but not for all. Inspite, of all the temptations of domesticity by the suitor, Angela is determined to resist the offer and chalk out her own career. In America, grown up children are expected to fly the coop, her suitor explains. When Angela tells him that she would go to the Iowa city to study physical therapy like Delia, the doctor sounds concerned: “I think when school is over, you’ll be waiting a full time job. . . or a husband. If it is the latter, I’m a candidate putting in an early word” (19). Vinny is most sympathetic of
Mukherjee’s Indian Physicians both innocent and ridiculous. Those immigrant physicians from Bombay are old fashioned but cultured. On the other hand, Angela feels no passion for Menezies, because she is aware of her own body mutilated in childhood by soldiers. The South Asian Immigrant woman in Angela betrays neither passion, nor any desire for a more erotic relationship for herself.

The Lady from Lucknow show the deep understanding and sympathy for the plight of the characters who find themselves caught between the new countries and the one’s they have left behind. They have brought with them false ideas about what to expect from the west. As time passes and they fail to adjust the new environment, they create defense mechanisms and false memories of the societies from which they have departed. Her concern is with immigrant women who have travelled to America after marriage with her husbands. “ Nafeessa Hafeez immigrant from Pakistan, her husband Iqbal works in IBM. They have travelled because of his postings in Lebanon, Brazil, Zambia and wide new house with a deck and a backyard that runs in to a golf course” (24). John Simpson writes that exile “is the human condition; and the great upheavals of history have merely added physical expression to an inner fact” (Simpson 25). On one occasion while making fun of American concern with sex, “his lungs for my breasts in mock passion. I slip out of his reach” (24). Nafeesa’s marriage at seventeen was an arranged marriage, but she had always yearned for the kind of passion and willingness to break taboos like Husseina- the girl in Pakistan. Husseina had mustered courage enough to fall in love with a Hindu and her father beat her to death. Hussiena’s torn heart remained the standard of perfect love for her. Nafeesa had lived in several different countries but the kind bigotry
(religious) which had driven her, as a child, from her house in Lucknow, and had denied her the opportunity to control and find meaning in her own life, follows her to America and in the form of racial bigotry, and has similar restricting effects on her as a woman.

In America, Nafeessa tries for life of passion of loving a sixty five year old white man. She thinks herself very lucky in winning the love of a white man. James Beamish, her white lover is a passionate flatterer. The rootlessness of a traveling life has made the pessimistic woman feel “at home everywhere because she is never at home anywhere” (31). Craving for passion, Nafeesa’ takes a lover who is white and much older than she is, an elderly immunologist. Eventually they are surprised in bed by her lover’s wife, but his argument does not prove explosive or dramatic. Instead, the wife turns the affair into something ridiculous and disgusting. She dismisses her with contempt: “I might have stabbed you if I could take you seriously. But you are quite ludicrous longing like a Goya nude on my bed” (33). In the story the main character, Pakistani Muslim must suspend all differences with an Indian Muslim from Lucknow who claims Kinship with her, “India, Pakistan, she said, not letting go my hand, What does it matter”(27). It is often noted that women in Bharati Mukherjee’s novels are more generous and more open to the new culture than men. They are more enterprising and willing to take risks to discover themselves and to break out of the prisons of sexual discrimination. Nafeesa, who thought of her affair, separating her from the women of her culture and breaking social and sexual taboos, finds herself totally humiliated. *Darkness* raises the question about human dignity, true value of diversity, tension between adaptation and protection of cultures, holiness of citizenship and the idea of true arrival. Nafeesa Hafeez in *The Lady from
Lucknow recognizes the world of exiles and calls them ‘the not quiets’. They are neither who they were in the old homeland, nor quite who they will be in the new one. They represent the great hard working, voluntary diaspora of peoples at the end of the twentieth century. Bill Ashcroft states:

The diasporic production of cultural meanings occurs in many areas, such as contemporary music, film, theatre and dance, but writing is one of the most interesting and strategic ways in which diaspora might disrupt the binary of local and global and problematize national, racial and ethnic formulations of identity (Ashcroft 218).

The World According to HSU is a much less shocking, more ironic and none the less despairing story. Ratna, a Eurasian woman of Indian descent, and her husband, a white Canadian Professor, are vacationing on an Island nation in the Indian Ocean off the America cost. The couple from French Montreal to Anglo Toronto in order to advance the husband’s career. The wife, Ratna is unwilling to move from the house because of her experience of Toronto racist “In Toronto, she was not a Canadian, not even Indian. She was something called, after the imported idiom of London, a Paki. And for Pakis, Toronto was Hell” (41). Furthermore, she is clearly alien on that island surrounded by tourists derogatorily describing as that collection who are without common unifying language in a country without political stability. The conflict of Bharati Mukherjee implies, bitterly seems to the world, not just racial or aggressive, abrasiveness is rooted in the very structure of the world. The trope for this lies in
the story title, which derives from an article (by a scientist HSU) that the husband is reading. Bharati Mukherjee’s stories focus on the question of identity and related issues such as:

*The World According to HSU* is an effective description of the Protagonist’s growing realization of homelessness. Though Ratna’s husband is sympathetic to her fears of living in Toronto a city that she knows from her experience is a hell, he hardly understands the depth of her dilemma. As she sits alone, drinking wine in a restaurant full of exiles from everywhere, babbling in many languages, she realizes that “she would never feel so at home again (56).

However, if being ‘at home’ means feeling at ease, secure and free from conflict, then she is only deluding herself. Ratna is not being afraid of the violence that keeps her and other guests locked inside their holiday island hotel. She is fearful of Toronto, where she might have to live. She has discovered gentle qualities in her husband, Greame Clayton, like tenderness, affection, decency.

The modern diasporic Indian writers can be divided into two distinct classes. One class comprises those who have spent a part of their life in India and have carried the baggage of their native land off shore. The other class comprises those who have been bred since childhood outside India. They have had a view of their country only from the outside as an alien place of their origin. The writers of the former group have a literal displacement whereas those belonging to the latter group find themselves rootless. Both the groups of writers have produced a
desirable quantity of English literature. These writers while depicting migrant characters in their fiction explore the theme of displacement. Each one of the stories in one way or another turns on the theme of fulfillment which is brought about almost mechanically without first developing an appropriate emotional or sentimental matrix out of which the desire for a matrimonial or love-relationship might genuinely result.

*A Father* is a story leads to acts of shame, madness, even violence has shown by the conflicts of Mr. Bhowmick. He is brought to shame, madness, even violence in America when he contents with his unmarried engineer daughter’s artificially inseminated pregnancy. Dominated by his wife, whose dowry was Bhowmick education at Carnegie Tech, he immigrated to USA because of his wife’s harassing. Coming to America to live has been his wife’s idea: “She wanted America, nothing less. It was his wife who have forced him to apply for permanent resident in USA even though he had good job in Ranchi as a government engineer” (69). He is a devotee of Kali, the Goddess of anger and revenge. Silently he watches Babli’s pregnancy progress, ready to incorporate a white son-in-law, if necessary. However, his violence translates into violent action when he intervenes in a physical conflict between his wife and Babli. His wife inquires from Babli about the artificially induced pregnancy and the latter’s answer is: “yes, yes, yes,” she screamed, “like livestock. Just like animals. You should be happy—that is what marriage is all about, isn’t it? Matching bloodlines, matching horoscopes, matching castes, matching, matching, matching . . .” (73). Comparing artificially inseminated pregnancy to the practices of marriages of conveniences in India enrages her father and brings his violence upon her amid which causes her mother’s hysteria. Kali brings about destruction as her devotee
becomes metamorphosed into an agent of cultural and moral revenge when he brings down the rolling pin- a phallic object upon the daughter's belly. This violence symbolizes patriarchy gone mad in its own powerlessness. Caught between the East and the West in her ethos, Mrs.Bhowmick’s actions parody both the religious Hindu Indian Immigrant in the quest of the American Dream. She has never been a caring wife. Whenever her husband prays to Kali, she performs her morning rituals of preparing him breakfast in the form of an appetizing “French toast with a filling of marsh mellows, apricot jam and maple syrup, it tasted rubbery” (63).

However, when she discovers her daughter Babli’s pregnancy, she becomes hysterical and violent in manner reminiscent of the old country. While satirizing the Bhowmick, Mukherjee also reveals the deficiencies of the new country’s freedom of choice and worship of technology in Babli is choosing a bottle and syringe, instead of man’s love to conceive her child. By virtue of her own identification with the Indian diaspora, Bharati Mukherjee depicts the inner conflicts of well-educated sensitive adults, whose traditional codes and passion for material desire. His brutal action indicates that he is simultaneously both a modern, reasonable liberal father and a conservative Hindu. Sudha Pandya observes:

This story reveals the writer’s fine capacity to present minute details, which portray the peculiar situation which immigrants find them. Sudha Pandya rightly observes . . . this is subtle depiction of the interaction, adjustment and sometimes conflict between two cultures and often between two generations of immigrants. The
crisis out of these develops swiftly. Finally ere is equally sudden
and starting denouement to the story (Pandya 68).

_**In Isolated Incidents**, story Bharati Mukherjee tried to balance an unbalanced
situation of racism in Canada in this story. Annvana the protagonist is a Canadian
Woman in her late twenties, works for the Human Rights office in Toronto. Her
seemingly stable life is ultimately revealed disorder and disjointed, like the life of
other immigrants whose anxious and persevering demands, she has to handle
with in her job. Besides she has failed to make a mark in the life in Canada, while
her friend Poppy Paluka has almost become a celebrity in Los Angles, though
both started as “two Professional women, two Westmount girls who had been
brought up to handle any social situation”(78).

She requests Hernandez to understand that his problem (whether genuine or
faked) is concerned with immigration, and it is they who would listen to this
case. However, he refuses to understand. A lawyer of a law student, Perhaps a
relative to press his complaint, accompanies him. Ann asks the lawyer whether
the case has been reported to the police. . . “Of course, of course. However, what
good are the police? The assailants fled. We have no witnesses. The police
suggest my client got drunk and started a fight, Miss Vane. They make this boy
feel like a complainer. The victims are made to feel guilty” (82). In Canada
assaults on John Mohan Persawd and dozens others would always be considered
isolated incidents and who was to judge, asks the author, whether they were
racial in nature. “Police treated such cases as simple assault, rowdiness and drew
no necessary inferences regarding race. No witness, no case registered and police
involvement ended”(83). Ann has typed, entered facts, censored opinions and
she has absorbed a small human drama that has lost its power to touch her. The
Lawyer indignantly asks, "what of my client come to Canada?" He waits for five
years of immigration and what is the justice meted out to him, who trained as an
electrician in Guyana, is now reduced to desperation. Ann expresses her
helplessness and tells the lawyer she has no answer for such question. Jennifer
Bess asserts that:

Icons of alienation and loneliness fill the collection, exposing the
liminal situation unique to the first- and second- generation
immigrant characters a embodying the author’s timely lament over
the failure of global living to bridge the gaps between sculptures
and between individuals (Bess 125).

She had been a bit of writer in school and poet at heart and gradually she drifts
into estimated fog. She sees men and women who have sold their savings in
steamy villages to make new beginnings in icy Canada. The restaurant represents
Ann’s diminished dreams. We see the immigrants mythifying the cruelty of the
white Canadians, not seeing her problems as an individual. The violence here is
of another order: Ann is leading a life of quit desperation and the story ends with
her walking back to her office. The complaints within the story of the
discrimination against Indians and other immigrants are balanced by Ann’s
problems as an individual band as a worker of limited power with bureaucracy.
Immigrant officer Ann her idealism long collapsed into a set of file folders and
habitual violence, timidly contemplates escape to lost Angles. She realizes that
like her clients, she is also struggling in a web of desire and deserted dreams.
Isolated incidents raise many issues related to immigrants through various characters. On the other incident is the Dr. Supariwala being highly qualified, there are reservation about her ‘singsong’ accent, her methodological stiffness, and her lack of humour. She represents her claim like other Canadians, which irritates Ann who thinks it strange that even after facing so many problems these expatriates still find reasons for staying in Canada. Mukherjee stresses in this story that in Canada, the fate of immigrants is scaled and they can never feel at home there.

In Nostalgia, Dr. Manny Patel is a Psychiatrist working at a state mental hospital in Queens. “He has chosen to settle in U.S. He was not one for nostalgia; he was not an expatriate but a patriot. His wife Camile, who had grown up in Camden, New Jersey, did not share his interest for America, and had made fun of him when he voted for President Reagen”(98). She is a liberal American. America has been very good to him, but he misses his parents especially, his father. He can afford to go back to India and look after his parents who sacrificed much for him in letting him go, their only child to john Hopkins for Medical Studies. They have loved him as intensely as he loves his son. Manny, after his marriage to Camile, an American nurse burnt his Indian society membership card. He is professionally cordial, “nothing more, with Indian doctors at the hospital” (105). He knows he would former shuttle between the old and the new. Now having met Padma and obsessed by the attractive sales girl, he thinks it is just providential that a goddess has leaped into his life in a mysterious way. He finds her irresistible and asks her out for dinner, which by Indian standards is not done. Dr. Patel knows he is breaking the rules but he is obsessed with Padma’s beauty and hungry for his Indianness. He takes her for dinner to a “nice Indian
restaurant, an upscale one, with tablecloths, Sitar music and air sprayed with the essence of rose petals. He chose a new one, shah Jahan on Park Avenue. Just suitable for a lotus Padma. The Goddess had come to him as a flower” (106).

During the dinner, it was noticed that, “The maitre d’ hung around Manny’s table almost to the point of neglecting other early dinners” (107). The Maitre d’ had a problem. He was sheltering illegal aliens and now was in trouble with USA Government. He pleaded for help which Dr. Patel turned down: “My hands are tied, Manny Patel said. The U.S. Government wouldn’t listen to me” (109).

After he had paid the bill, he took Padma to the expensive hotel’s seventh floor room above the restaurant. “The Indian food, an Indian woman in bed, made him nostalgic. He wished he had married an Indian woman. One that his father had selected. He wished he had any life but the one he had chosen” (111).

Mukherjee is not a sentimental writer. *Nostalgia* is about the bad price of Nostalgia in New World. She never embellishes the past, nor does she pretend that her characters are purely the victims of another culture or another society. The racism, encountered by the Indians, remains an overwhelming condition of their lives. Its emotional and physical disaster is particularly vivid in the stories set in Canada. Bharati Mukherjee examines these ‘new pioneers’, as she calls them, in their urban setting. These settings at times, are more than decorative features, the ‘city spaces’ underscore the isolation which surrounds the characters. Dr. Patel longs for the lost land and old ways and his nostalgia leads him to an ethnic neighborhood inside the city. Dr. Manny Patel, though a successful American Psychiatric Resident, in reality, is himself psychologically sick person, feels Sudha Pandya. He resents being called a ‘Paki Scum’ and when his illusion is broken; he reacts out of anger and frustration like a demented,
delirious man. In Bharati Mukherjee’s *Darkness*, the marital stress that the migratory experience generates. In the case of Dr. Manny Patel, the desire for intimacy outside the boundaries of marriage is symptomatic of larger discontents of immigrant life the loneliness, uncertainty, and emptiness.

*Tamurlane* is the most graphic story about Canadian racism, whose title derives from the Central Asian warrior king, mockingly nicknamed Timur, the lame. It is first person narration by an illegal male Indian who works as a writer in a Toronto restaurant:

> We sleep in shifts in my apartment, three illegal’s on guard playing cards and three bedded down on mats on the floor. One man next door broke his leg jumping out the window. I had been whistling in the bathroom and he had mistaken it for our warning tune. The walls are flimsy. (117).

Tamurlane concerns the Indian Canadian cook, who works as a tandoor chef in an Indian chef in an Indian restaurant called Mumtaz Bar B-Q in Toronto, owned by Mr. Aziz, who knows “Canadians don’t want us, it’s like Uganda all over again, says Mr. A. He says he can feel it in his bones” (118).

Gupta the Tandoor chef, though a legal immigrant, works in a restaurant that employs mostly illegal immigrants. He is crippled from being pushed in front of a Toronto subway train by Canadian racists and ever since can only move rigidly on crutches. His legs have been seriously damaged.
He walked like a man on unbending but fragile stilts. His Knees did not bend and when he sat his legs fell straight out. When he worked in the kitchen, he propped his stomach against the sink in order to keep his balance. Severe damage like that is difficult to watch, you want to pull away, as from a beggar (119).

He is a pathetic figure, and yet is not willing to leave Toronto despite all injustice and cruelty meted out to him. In the restaurant, Gupta is encouraged to go to the states by a passionate sponsor? The conflict of Canada might have brought them out more clearly than the content of American acceptance. By giving a twist to the tale’s end, the narrative is made to collapse with a devasting blow, and Tamurlane is a Powerful example of this. Gupta, the chef, refuses to surrender his position even when the investigate sends everyone scattering. The horrifying scene that follows resolves itself in a swift but violent struggle that is ruthless and tragic mockery of his decision to remain in Canada. When the Mounties try to take Gupta, despite his ordering them out, he grabs a cleaner and slashes the Mounties outstretched arm. The frustration that Bharati Mukherjee’s characters feel can be traced to resentment accreted over the years. The immigrant situation in Canada is one on which Bharati Mukherjee has been very articulate in her journalistic writing and in her stories like *Tamurlane, The World According to HSU, Isolated Incidents.*

*Hindus story* is a first person narrative by Indian woman Leela a high caste Bengali Brahmin married to Derek, a white Canadian, possessing deep interest in India. He could read out statistics of Panchayati Raj and the electrification of villages and the introduction of mass media, though the reserved his love for
birds migrating through the deserts of Jaisalmer. Knowledge of India made Derek more sympathetic than better, a common trait of “decent outsiders” (130). Pat, the ex-maharajah Patwant Singh of Gotlah, a Himalayan princely state, Purveyor and Exporter settled in New York, has crooked a smuggler. Mukherjee does not shy away from the enormous cultural and religious mixture represented by these groups, yet she underscores challenges common to all these immigrants. Pat had been arrested in India and jailed as a common convict for smuggling, for selling family heirlooms to Americans who understand their value. “Americans understand our things better than we do ourselves. India wants to me starve in my overgrown palace,” and he continues, “The country has nothing. It has driven us abroad with whatever assets we could salvage” (135). Leela reveals an immigrant fluid Identity. She proudly declares, “I am an American citizen” (133). When Leela and Maharaja meet after two years, the Maharaja is writing his memoirs to record his pain and grievances. In the bright urban worlds of Toronto and New York, some people carelessly confuse Hindi and Hindu. Leela on the other side celebrates rebirth in a new world but a careful reader finds traces of Indian sensibility in her, being a newborn immigrant does not mean totally denying her Hindu past. Eva Hoffman states:

Dislocation is the norm rather than the aberration in our time, but even in the unlikely event that we spend an entire lifetime in one place, the fabulous diverseness with which we live reminds us constantly that we are no longer the norm and the centre … (Hoffman 275).
Leela, a Bengali Brahmin is alert to such insults, intended or unintended. She begins to see language as a new caste system when in an art dealer’s office she is complimented for knowing Hindu, which is a hard language indeed. Leela cannot leave the cultures she has been brought up in too deeply ingrained in her. “No matter how passionately we link bodies with out new countries, we never escape the early day” (139). One discovers that Leela and Derek her husband, have separated. Being alone and on her own, gives her a new confidence. Her independence has imbued her with new confidence and a new perspective. Toril Moi states: “Since patriarchy has always tried to silence and repress women and women’s experience, rendering them visible is clearly an important anti patriarchal strategy (Moi 207).

In two years, I have tried to treat the city not as an island of dark immigrants but as a vast sea in which new Americans like me could disappear and resurface at will. I did not avoid Indians, but without Derek’s influence me to be proud of my heritage, I did not seek them out (136).

Leela is conscious that at a large dinner at Patels she would be singled out as divorced from a white man. She has completely assimilated herself in her adopted country, has almost broken away from the past with her new accent, and has almost broken away from the past with her new accent and western clothes. **Saints** is a story about a young boy flight from pain into a kind of successful Hindu indifference. The tale records the increasing separation of a fifteen-year-old Shawn’s Patel and his discovery of a secret for protection to reality. Shawn’s
parents are divorced, one Indian and the other American. His father is Dr. Manny Patel. He lives with his mother in upstate New York and occasionally receives a phone call from his father and an expensive gift. He observes the colorful advances of his mother’s lover and grows increasingly alienated from his surroundings. One-day Shawn’s father sends him a present, a book about the visions of a Hindu saint. Love and pain: there is no separation between the two in the Saints mind. Shawn tries to imitate the strong detachment of the holy man. He walks about on his own at night in a state of perfect grace. Mahnaz Isphani states:

Bharati Mukherjee’s style is a “combination of narrative straightforwardness and unexpected invention, of naturalism and the uncanny. She has created some complicated inner lives and evoked the sensation and traditions and the combustion of two very different cultures. Mukherjee doesn’t succumb to guilt or memories about the past. Instead, her work soberly celebrates resilience. Like most of her characters, she has no thoughts of turning back” (Isphani 36).

Shawn and his friend Tran make obscene phone calls. Then he goes out to look into the house of an Indian family whose name he picked at random from the phone book, Batliwala. Looking through the window, he sees a dwarf Kid rocks, shouts and bumps his head. He cannot hear the words, but he wants to reach out to a fellow saint. The reader realizes he sees a trapped in a bottle. The name Batliwala, he knows, comes from the time the family sold bottles. Shawn also sees himself as trapped in a bottle. When he gets back, his mother is screaming at
the boy’s friend. Mukherjee’s adolescents have a complex heritage; the search is not to preserve innocence but to find wholeness. Even a man may also be less than nature. The attraction to sainthood, to a destruction of the norms of the social behavior, is an indication of this search, although superficially we could consider the character to be strange or even change. Shawn knows his mother would happier to have a daughter so he takes on the feminine side of himself, even using make up.

In *Visitors* Bharati Mukherjee presents Vinita as an imported bride from Calcutta who is beginning to confront her own secret desire of passion. Vinita, a beautiful Indian girl, accepts arranged marriage and six days after wedding takes “an Air India flight to citizenship in the New World” (162). Her husband Sailen Kumar, a well-mannered and friendly looking man works for an investment house in Manhattan. He and his friends become nostalgic because of their bond with India gives them a kind of security and because they realize that, their racial and cultural difference makes it impossible for them to be completely assimilated in the New World. Vinita refers to her experience in this New World. She is confused at the fast pace of life in America:

In America, at least in New Jersey, everyone Vinita meets seems to acknowledge a connection between merit and reward. Everyone looks busy, distraught from overwork. Even the buildings doorman; she worries about Castro, the doorman. Such faith in causality can only lead to betrayal (163).
*Darkness* raises question about human dignity, true value of diversity, tension between assimilation and preservation of cultures and the sanctity of citizenship. In Bharati Mukherjee’s stories, each group of Immigrants coming to America’s shores has experienced long-term difficulties in preserving an old culture and forging a new one. It seems that if some people meet they require the exoticism of ethnic identity, while the other people demands complete abandonment and total assimilation. These mutually exclusive forces threaten an individual sense of self. Vinita had expected that married life in a new country with no relatives around should change her. She realizes that rules in America are different from those at home (India). An Indian wife would never allow any stranger in her house when her husband is away. She lets Rajiv Khanna come in and to take liberty with her. She does not feel like calling her husband. Her ‘deshi’ attitude will not let her loose to enjoy the company of that good-looking young man. After her visitor departs, Vinita puts on a purple Silk Sari, cooks for her husband and the friends he brings home without warning her a six-course dinner and ecstatically “serves the men and manipulates them with her beauty and youth and her unmarkable charm. In this story, Vinita try to break the cultural and traditional taboos. Mitali R. Pati comments:

The conflict in the social and cultural codes of the East and the West, the old and the new shows the hopelessly binary nature of all human desire. For the diasporie Indian, love symbolizes, the anarchy of the self (Pati 68).
**The Imaginary Assassin** In this story the narrator is a young man, born to Sikh parents in Yuba City, California, worships his grandfather, who was the first settler in the valley to work as a farmer. However, his grandfather was home sick, went back to India after a shoplifting episode and then returned in 1948 a month after the death of Gandhi. The narrator who comes to hate his parents “For their shabby immigrant lives in Yuba city shamed the romantic in me” (180). However loves to listen to his grandfather who tells tales of old India, his parents have planned for him. He does not want to take up ordinary life as an engineer; his parents have planned for him. He dreams of the sick worrier tradition of Sirhan B. Sirhan. His grandfather tales have magic and miracles in their “headless ghost, eager to decapitate, could hide in trees along dark courtly lanes”(181). Chandra Talpade Mohanty observes that:

The very process of constructing a narrative for oneself of telling a story imposes a certain linearity and coherence that is never entirely there ... home, community and identity all fall somewhere between the histories and experiences we inherit and the political choices we make through alliances, solidarities and friendships (Mohanty 357).

After his grandfather’s story, he hallucinates and nervous skills that keep him from the aerospace scholarship. The Protagonist in his demanded state of mind wants to avenge mass murder and rape by killing Gandhi; when he hold responsible for the partition.
Courtly Vision in this story we realize the painting is hanging on a wall in an art
gallery somewhere in the USA, perhaps in the USA city, waiting to be bought for
mere seven hundred and fifty dollars. Within Courtly Vision, there is a further
clue to Bharati Mukherjee’s writings:

Give me total vision, commands the emperor. His voice hisses
above the hoarse calls of the camels. You, Basawan, who can
paint my Begum on a grain of rice, see what you can do with the
infinite vistas the size of my opened hand. Hide nothing from me,
my co-wanderer. Tell me how my new capital will fail, will turn
to dust and these marbled terraces be home to jackals and infidels.
Tell me who to fear and who to kill but tell it to me in a way that
makes me smile. Transport me through dense fort walls and stone
grilles and in to the hearts of men (199).

The literary artist, Mukherjee has “penetrated below the surface, found the reality
and told the truth on several grains of rice. The leader wanted to be told the truth,
even the bad news. One notices she not only focuses on bad news. She also
‘celebrates life, the creative possibilities contained within the people whose
ability to give up fixed words, to breakout of cages and relate to a complex,
multicultural world’. The Painting is a two-dimensional cage.
The writer-artist frees the people from two-dimentionalism; she sees the meaning
and the potential. Mukherjee's female characters are real, modern lifelike. They
are typical representatives of young woman particularly of The Third World who
cherish the dream of emigrating to America for higher education and higher
wages, and then after arrival there, aspire to settle there permanently. Their situations and the difficulties they face are also realistically portrayed. In the first part of each story, the focus is on narrating the situation of an immigrant who is in the process of immigration or settling down and in the second part, the protagonist is invariably given to making love with a partner of the opposite sex who is rooted in the American soil. There is little or no consideration that the sexual adventure of the female protagonist with the male member of may amount to adultery or cause serious protest from the housewife. In fast, while such adulterous transactions are carried on freely and even promiscuously, the housewives take them as normal behavior. The moral norms do not exist at all, or that sexual promiscuity is a socially recognized fact. The world then appears so ordained as to give, both man and woman equal dignity and equal freedom. It would then appear to be a world in which neither of them is seriously restrained or bound by obligations towards the children or to the collective family life. The stories have the form of the sonnet in the sense that while the first part develops the situation, the second part suddenly takes a decisive through expected turn culminating in the passionate, amoral adventure. By this sudden switch over to the sensual romantic theme, the story seems to develop a tendency towards the pornographic.

The expatriate and immigrant voices, speaking from Mukherjee’s short stories, belong to men and Women of different nationalities, not confined to Indian women in their twenties as in the novels. However, men and women of varying ages, from teenagers to the middle-aged and older. There is no desire in them to return to the country, of their origin, but the new country, while guaranteeing a better livelihood than at home, doesn’t necessarily guarantee happiness some
stories have violent ending or focus on sex. Mukherjee as a temporary solution for alienation and displacement, often views the nostalgia for home, present in several stories. In the stories, the American Immigrants also suffer the scars, psychic in nature due to displacement.
WORKS CITED


[All the references in the parenthesis are from this edition only]