Suneeta Deshpande’s autobiography ...And Pine for What is Not, originally published in Marathi as Ahe Manohar Tari, is remarkable for its exploration of the inner landscape. At many places in the book, Suneeta Deshpande tries to explore her subconscious mind. Remarkably enough, unlike Amrita Pritam, she does not make definite statements regarding her subconscious mind—she simply raises questions about the subconscious motives behind her actions and decisions. She makes a self-analysis, where she searches answers for questions like why she chose to marry Mr. P.L. Deshpande. In the preface itself, she raises some such questions –

I found a friend at the beginning of my life, at that very turn when life was just unfurling; and then one met another one when the petals were beginning to fall one by one. Each one was a force, each a staunch friend. And yet each was quite different from the other. And so was I a different woman with each one of them, quite changed by life in between. For in between I had found yet a third and had lost myself, immersed myself into him; tossed around on the whirlwind of his life. Did I cleave to him because he too was another tremendous force? Or was it because he was such a baby that he became my toy and I spent a lifetime playing games with him? or both?

She raises similar questions at another place –

The little craft which had sallied forth with sails bellying in the wind, the little boat with strong oars which had taken to the sea eventually came to rest against the rock of ‘making a home for him’. It was a little boat, so its rest too was full of rolling and...
pitching and yawning. But why should I have felt like weighing anchor there? Because I was attracted to that special rock? Because I was tired of voyaging? Because I wanted to see if my loneliness could be eased in the company of the rock? Who knows?.

This self-exploration makes the book 'a philosophical autobiography' in William Spengeman's words, in which the self inquisitively moves through its own ideas and memories in order to discover itself. The book may hold a unique place in the history of the women's autobiographies.

The late Mr. P.L. Deshpande was a person of versatile genius— an eminent Marathi writer, an eloquent orator, a distinguished director and actor, an able harmonium and tabla player as well as a good singer. With such brilliance of a multi-faceted personality, he attained the status of a cult figure in Maharashtra. Suneeta Deshpande had played a significant role in bringing out his various abilities as well as shaping them to a certain extent. It was her pragmatic, shrewd nature that had saved her simple-minded husband from being deceived by others many times. A woman's sacrifice and support is not acknowledged by the society and so the book was seemingly written to tell the world regarding her role in his success.

The book belongs to the post-Colonial period- the Marathi book was published by Mauj Prakashan Gruha, Mumbai in 1990 while the English version by Gauri Deshpande was published by Orient Longman, Mumbai in 1995. The background of the book shows that the post-Independence woman is no longer content with basking in the glory of her illustrious
husband—now she wants an equal acknowledgement for her contribution to
his glory.

The title of the Marathi book Ahe Manohar Tari and that of the
English version ...And Pine for What is Not are significant because they do
not refer to the husband but to the self—they show the writer’s own
dissatisfaction with her life. Similarly, the title of the Marathi version has
been derived from an old Marathi poem, which reflects the writer’s wide
literary knowledge. They reflect the restlessness of her spirit. Significantly
enough, they do not clearly specify what is exactly wrong with her life,
which means that she is unable to define her unhappiness.

The preface of this book reveals a lot about the book and the self. It
explains why the book is a jumble of miscellaneous topics, generally
unrelated to each other—the book was written not as a formal
autobiography but as a series of ‘jottings interrupted, discrete, occasional,
without plan or form’. As Mr. Vasant Keshav Patil has indicated, the
dedication suggests that the book is a poem of some kind—it mentally
prepares the reader for reading that poem.

Suneeta Deshpande loves her father—she seems to be so much under
his influence that her ‘animus’ seems to be an intelligent father. She
keeps projecting this image upon others—firstly it is Bhaiyya, her Muslim
friend, then Annasaheb Sahstrabuddhe, a leader of the freedom movement.
and finally Mr. G. A. Kulkarni, an eminent Marathi writer of short stories.

Unfortunately, all such fatherly figures pass away in the course of time and it seems to have left her 'orphaned' in the old age. Her relations with her husband seem to have been spoilt by the fact that he can not replace the fatherly figures because of his childlike simplicity. In her young age, she seems to be thoroughly 'possessed' by her animus. As per the Jungian theory, when a woman becomes possessed by the animus, she becomes 'obstinate, harping on principles, laying down the law, dogmatic, world-reforming, theoretic, word-mongering, argumentative and domineering'.

Suneeta Deshpande's description of herself as a young girl—

I was at an awkward age, convinced I knew everything.
I insisted on finding out all about what I didn't know, and on expressing my opinions on all matters.

is consistent with this. According to Andrew Samuels, when a woman gets too much swayed by her animus, she can not see anything beyond facts. So Suneeta Deshpande's getting too much swayed by the animus in her young age seems to have limited her imagination.

Apart from being so much under the influence of the father, Suneeta Deshpande also inherits a number of qualities like rationality, logical thinking, pragmatism, detachment from the father. As a child, she has been
often taken by her father to court to hear the most important cases, which reinforces the rational, logical, practical element in her personality. Apart from being ‘possessed’ by the ‘animus’ in her young age, this element in her seems to have withered her creativity because—as Mr. M. S. Patil has pointed out—creativity demands a certain kind of adamantine wildness, which Suneeta Deshpande lacks and which the husband has in abundance. So while the husband blooms as a writer, the wife does not write anything at all till the time of her writing an autobiography in the old age.

In spite of being so much under the influence of the father and having inherited so much from him, she is far from being a blind imitator of him. Instead, she joins the Nationalist movement at the age of sixteen against the wishes of the father. Significantly enough, she does not require the help of any ‘wise old man’ while thus acting against the wishes of the father. Even though she appreciates the hospitality of the father, she is troubled by the fact that her mother has to suffer a lot on account of it.

She loves her mother. Even as an adult, she occasionally misses out on the mother, which may be explained in the terms of the archetypal theory that in one’s adulthood, one at times feels like regressing to the secure world of the womb. So Suneeta Deshpande cries for the mother when the brothers-in-law eat the pomegranate seeds meant for her. The mother complex in her assumes the form of ‘Hypertrophy of the maternal instinct’, which is seen
right from her childhood. As a child, she plays a mother for her younger brother—she brings him up till he is four, bathing him and feeding him and putting him to bed. While working in the freedom movement, she nurses a person suffering from pthisis for two weeks. While travelling from Mumbai to Pune, she throws 'beedies' at the workers working in a tunnel and shivering with the cold. When she has been appointed as an in charge of the proposed educational complex of Mahatma Gandhi Vidymandir at Malegaon by Bhausaheb Hire, one of the state ministers of Maharashtra, she becomes a mother for the tribal children of that school, treats those children for scabies, washes their hair and treats it for lice. She has feelings for inanimate things like the pots and pans she has gathered around her—If any of her pots is dented, she loses sleep over it and every time she washes the pot, her hand caresses that dent. It is the mother in her which draws her to Mr. P.L. Deshpande—she falls in love with him because she feels that he has suffered the loss of his father and first wife and so the artist in him needs the affection, love, care of a mother. In her youth, she is influenced by the novels of Sharatchandra, a great Bengali novelist and Mr. V.S. Khandekar, a Dnyanpeeth-award winning Marathi novelist and she learns from these novels that true love means service, not physical lust. This reinforces the mother in her and so when she marries Mr. P.L. Deshpande, in her earlier enthusiasm, she undertakes certain responsibilities of the husband as a service to him. She bosses over him as a
mother dominating over her child, which may be explained in the light of the Jungian theory that women having the ‘hypertrophy of the maternal complex’ often have ‘a ruthless will to power’. Her getting too much swayed by the animus in her young age may also be responsible for this domination. She perceives and treats him as a child and to her, he remains a child all his life. In the process, her feelings of love and affection change to pity and compassion. Thus, the mother in her smothers the lover in her. Fortunately, this complex has not been carried to the absurd length of treating the husband as a means of procreation and completely living in and through others.

Apart from this, she also inherits a number of qualities from the mother like a tendency to speak loudly, blunt frankness, inability to praise others, fondness of work, intense sensitivity. On the one hand, her intense sensitivity, coupled with her wide reading, seems to give her a lot of socio-political consciousness, which leads her to participate in the freedom movement, work as a full-time member of Rashtra Seva Dal as well as fight against the Emergency.

On the other hand, her intense sensitivity seems to create some psychological problems for her. It gives her extreme self-respect—when she joins the freedom movement against the wishes of the father, the father is still ready to financially support her but her extreme self-respect does not
allow her to accept his money. This shyness mars her relations with the husband, for she can not demand anything from him. Suneeta Deshpande also suffers from superiority complex right from her childhood. Even as a child, she has a desire to outshine others – to bask in public adulation. Her getting ‘possessed’ by the ‘animus’ in her young age seems to have enhanced her superiority complex. With her superiority complex, she always stands in desperate need of appreciation – she loves her grandmother from Dhampur seemingly because the grandmother flatters her. Her vanity occasionally makes her unable to understand others- the mother often sends her things like mangoes or coconuts, which she has grown in her garden and Suneeta Deshpande gets annoyed with her on this count. With her vanity, she is also unable to put up with any kind of imperfection on her own part as well as on the part of others. Her conceit also gives her a permanent sense of loneliness and restlessness - she often feels that she has nobody to call as her own. This may also be due to the fact that she is unable to find her ‘animus’ in any person permanently and that being an atheist, she can not find an ‘intelligent father’ even in God. This loneliness and restlessness gives her a tendency to escape from the realities of life into the world of imagination- she often dreams of a house, with a well in the front yard and a cow-byre in the backyard, surrounded by the sea on all sides. However, when she once actually sees such a house, with a rainbow in the background,
she feels that it is better to live in such a house in her dream rather than in reality. As a sense of loneliness often dwells together with a sense of insecurity, the fear of death keeps haunting her mind right from her childhood.

In spite of inheriting so much from the mother and having so much love for her, she has differences with her all her life. In fact, as a child, she resents her probably because the mother does not appreciate her. So as her love for the mother assumes the form of ‘Hypertrophy of the maternal instinct’, her resentment for the mother assumes the form of ‘Resistance to the mother’. A result of this complex can be that children are unwanted—even though Suneeta Deshpande becomes a mother for others, she does not have children of her own and she does not seem to regret this fact. This complex can result in the development of masculine qualities, because of which a woman can be a good advisor for the husband or a good administrator. The same is true of Suneeta Deshpande, who also develops ‘masculine’ qualities—she is a good advisor for the husband. She is also a good administrator, as evidenced by her good management of the educational project at Malegaon. This complex may issue in either violent resistance to or complete indifference to anything that comes under the head of the family, community, society, convention and the like. So naturally enough, Suneeta Deshpande rejects a number of—though not all—values of the mother and
the society around her. So while the mother is a believer, Suneeta Deshpande is a proud atheist. Once she refuses to participate in the ritual of ‘satynarayan puja’, even though the mother fervently desires her to. She marries outside the community against the wishes of her mother and also rejects the mother’s values like untouchability or ritual purity. She discards the traditional idea that motherhood is a thing of pivotal importance in a woman’s life. She denounces the cultural norm that parents should be respected for giving birth to one and bringing one up—she believes that parents do such things for their own pleasure and so there is no reason to be grateful to them for it. She turns down the patriarchal idea that a woman should conceal her dissatisfaction with the husband and pretend to be happy with him even when she is not. Like Kamla Das and her mother, the generation gap is noticed between Suneeta Deshpande and her mother— the mother expresses her complaints regarding the husband in a private diary but Suneeta Deshpande publicly expresses her dissatisfaction with the husband. She refuses to believe in the very institution of marriage—she has liberal views. She has no scruples in criticizing even Lord Rama, one of the most loved and adored gods of Indian culture, for his alleged desertion of Sita. Of course, her atheism and rationality do not prevent her from making statements like

God had given him the gift of a wonderful smile at birth, and his eyes were kindness itself, like Christ’s eyes. 6
or

...he came in my life like God at that moment and blessed me with his gifts without a moment’s hesitation

This shows that her mind is subtly influenced by Indian cultural traditions but like Kamla Das and Amrita Pritam, Suneeta Deshpande seems to struggle to accept her traditional self.

Jung observes that at a later stage in her life, a woman with the ‘resistance to mother’ complex can attain greater consciousness. Breaking away from mother-dependence liberates Suneeta Deshpande in growing up. Slowly her superiority complex dissolves in the end. She realizes that in spite of being intelligent and hardworking, she has achieved nothing remarkable in her life except looking after her husband. She realizes that the world is ruthlessly indifferent to whatever one does. She becomes more tolerant to herself and others- she forgives herself for having once felt like making love with a Muslim friend when she sees how much sway sexual instincts hold over people. She introspects that her blunt frankness is not an endearing quality but a vice because it has created many enemies for her. She begins to value others’ feelings- after the death of the mother, she understands the mother’s generosity in sending mangoes or coconuts to her.

She is sensitive, which is reflected in her love for nature- as a child, she even communes with crows, sparrows, ants, worms, leaves, flowers and
even trees. She once even chats with a cobra as she is unaware of its
dangerous nature. At times her love for nature seems to be for subjective
reasons- she loves flowers because in her mind, flowers are associated with
her grandmother from Dhampur, whom she loves very dearly. The
blossoming jasmine creeper shining in the moonlight shines with a special
light for her because of its association with the grandmother in her mind.
Just like Kamla Das, she projects her own feelings on nature- when she is in a
happy mood, she finds even the constellations fragrant with the scent of the
flowers from the garden of the grandmother. When in a sad mood, she
finds the sky not blue but grey, the trees standing quiet and thoughtful and
the leaves still. Her sense of loneliness draws her to a desert because in her
mind, a desert is associated with solitude. However, at times she is afraid of
nature- the sight of a cobra's blood splashed on a wall of her house seems to
have a cathartic effect on her as it makes her 'shudder with an unnamed
fear'. So just like Kamla Das' autobiography, this one also reveals various
aspects of the complicated man-nature relationship.

In the ultimate analysis, unlike Pre-Independence autobiographers
who needed the help of 'the wise old man' in growing up, Suneeta
Deshpande does not need one. Her case shows that even though a woman
may love the mother to the extent of having the 'hypertrophy of the
maternal instinct' complex, she may not become a replica of the mother- the
‘hypertrophy of the maternal instinct’ complex and ‘resistance to the mother’ complex may live together in her mind. It is also significant to note that her ‘hypertrophy of the maternal instinct’ complex does not mislead her into obliterating her own personality or being unconscious of it - she has her independent personality and she is fully conscious of it. Her world of experiences is wider than Amria Pritam’s - while Amrita Pritam’s world is mainly confined to literature, Suneeta Deshpande has worked in various capacities and has managed domestic responsibilities, acting, running the educational project at Malegaon.

The self-portrait has been drawn with a lot of boldness, honesty and objectivity. Thus, the writer has no scruples to reveal things like her feeling like making love with a Muslim friend. This honesty is specially remarkable because the book was originally written in Marathi and as such it was meant for the middle-class Marathi audience, which is very conservative about the man-woman relationship. Predictably enough, in their letters written to the writer, some Marathi readers of the book objected to this incident. Such readers included even a person as eminent as Kusumagraja, the Dnyanpeeth-award winning Marathi writer and poet. It is certainly to the credit of the writer that even at the risk of inviting such objections, she has candidly written about such an incident. It is also remarkable that unlike Kamla Das,
Suneeta Deshpande has not sensationalised this experience—she has just used it for honest self-exploration.

At a place, Suneeta Deshpande regrets the fact that even though it was she who stopped Mr. P. L. Deshpande’s one-man show ‘Batatyachi Chawl’ as his performance in it was deteriorating, the credit for the decision was given to him and not to her. However, as Mr. Mohan Thakur, the brother of the writer, has observed in a letter to the writer, she has no reason to complain about this as with her shyness, she kept herself in the background at the time of taking that decision.

The portrait of the husband has been drawn comprehensively. Bhai—as she calls her husband—is civilized, conventional in some matters, childlike, shrewd, populist, timid and lazy. Unlike Ramabai Ranade, Suneeta Deshapande knows the public life of the husband very well, as she herself has managed some aspects of it. Unlike Lakshmibai Tilak who cannot understand the greatness of the husband properly, she knows the greatness of the husband very well. Thus, she compares her husband with Acharya Atre, another humorist of eminence, and observes that the husband’s humor is better than Atre’s. Naturally enough, her portrait of the husband is more comprehensive than that delineated by Lakshmibai Tilak or Ramabai Ranade.
The portrait has been drawn objectively, which is specially remarkable because it requires a lot of courage to expose the human weaknesses of a highly revered person like the late Mr. P.L. Deshpande. Predictably enough, when the book was published, it virtually raised a storm in the Marathi literary world. The common Marathi reader, who had expected the book to be a hagiography of the husband, was shocked to see the wife of their idol projecting him in a bad light. It is certainly to the credit of the writer that at the risk of incurring the wrath of such Marathi readers, she has portrayed him as a man of flesh and blood rather than the embodiment of perfection.

At times the writer appears to be apologetic while criticizing the husband. After telling us about a particular incident before the marriage in which Bhai was uncaring to her, she clarifies,

... And I still married him after this, so if the rest of our life was full of such incidents who can I blame? And for what? If anyone hears a note of complaint in the above, I admit it is an unjust complaint. I have no reason to complain, nor any right.  

Similarly, after relating some incidents about Bhai’s playing the teacher and the protector, she hastens to add,

Along with the rest of the world, I too am attracted to, in love with, the artist, the human being in Bhai. I can appreciate my good luck, the great fortune in having him as my life’s companion. But behind this million-dollar man is that ‘teacher and protector’ who irritates and exasperates me, who drives me to despair.
This clarification has been followed by a weak ‘So’. As Mr. Milind Malshe has noted, this ‘so’ sweeps off the effect of the earlier criticism. Similarly, her projection of the husband as a man of childlike innocence does not carry conviction. For the husband seems to be shrewd enough to use the trick of bringing along a stranger to the house when the wife is angry. This makes one wonder whether her projection of the husband as a childlike person is her way of glossing over his human weaknesses. After having told us that the husband did not show her any kind of kindness while driving for him, she says,

This was my misfortune, and his too.  

A sentence like

... But he never thought to cast me in any of his dramatic works.

has been immediately followed by

It was not my fate, I guess.  

All this suggests that the patriarchal idea that a woman should not speak ill about the husband or bring defamation to him still plays upon the mind of the woman autobiographer.

In a striking contrast with Lakshmibai Tilak who can not psychologically understand the husband because of her lack of education and also because of the social conditions of the age in which the husband and the wife had few opportunities of interaction, Suneeta Deshpande tries
to touch upon the subconscious mind of the husband. While telling us that
the husband nursed her when she fell ill some few months after her
marriage, she tries to probe the subconscious reason behind it-

His first wife died within a few weeks of their marriage,
and I fell seriously ill within a few months of ours. Was he
terrified into forgetting himself then? 12

Suneeta Deshpande also tries to probe the subconscious reason behind the
husband’s being a little less critical of Dalit literature-

Bhai never thought of anyone in his life as an ‘untouchable’,
and he has always felt ashamed to have been born in a society
that endorsed such a concept. And he has always nursed a secret
desire to make amends. Maybe it is this desire of his that makes
him a little less critical of the writings of ‘downtrodden’ writers.13

Regarding the husband’s gathering people around him, she raises a
question,

Is it an unknown, primordial fear that moves him to gather
people around him?. 14

The portrait has been drawn with some sympathetic understanding.
Even though at times she feels that the husband has been rather unjust to her
as he has never appreciated her, she tries to sympathetically understand him
in this matter-

The fact of the matter is, he could not love. The strength to
love comes with maturity and grows with age. Unfortunately,
he did not grow. 15

At times Suneeta Deshpande appears to be rather unjust to the husband. Thus,
she claims that the husband is active only when he is engaged in a creative
activity and lazy at other times and that he does not help her in domestic work. As Mr. Vasant Keshav Patil has observed, an artist may appear to be physically inactive at times but his mind may be engaged in some kind of contemplation.

As Suneeta Deshpande's world is larger and more variegated than Amrita Pritam's, the number of other characters in the book is larger and they are of different types like writers, freedom-fighters, politicians, educationists etc. The most memorable of these characters are the writer's father, mother, grandmother from Dhamapur, Kāmaveer Bhaurao Patil, Acharya Atre, Bhaiyya, Mr. J. P. Naik, Acharya Bhagwat etc. Some of these characters are parallel and contradictory to each other. The characters of Bhausaheb Hire and Acharya Atre are parallel to each other as in spite of being great in their own ways, they cannot stick to certain values as even common people can do. The characters of the writer's father and mother are contradictory to each other as the father gives in to the wild fancies of the writer but the mother does not.

Apart from being individuals in their own right, some of these characters are also representatives of their age. The character of the writer's grandmother from Dhamapur is a case in point. The grandmother loves flowers a lot but being a widow, she cannot wear flowers all her life. Being a widow, she is not supposed to participate in any auspicious programme.
and so at the time of any auspicious function, she has to lock herself in a room. The grief of being thus segregated from others turns her hysterical at such times. All this makes her a representative of the widows of the age, who had to suffer a lot on account of their widowhood. The grandmother is also a woman of progressive views—when the writer goes in for a love-marriage without any kind of religious ritual, she approves of it. This progressiveness makes her an individual in her own right.

Some of these pen-portraits have been delineated with objectivity, as evidenced by the portrait of Acharya Atre. On the one hand, Atre is cruel enough to command the dates assigned by Balgandharva theatre to the plays of Mr. P.L. Deshpande. On the other hand, he is generous enough to admire Mr. P.L. Deshpande’s one-man show ‘Batatyachi Chawl’ in a lead article of his Marathi daily ‘Maratha’ and to get up Mr. Deshpande at two o’clock in the night to tell him how much he enjoyed the show.

When it comes to deal with the brother-in-law, Suneeta Deshpande seems to be somewhat apologetic while telling us about their eating the seeds of a pomegranate meant for her during her pregnancy. Throughout this narration of this incident, Suneeta Deshpande refuses to clearly talk about her brother-in-law, she just refers to them as ‘the family’, ‘the first person’, ‘the next person’ etc. It is only at the end that we come to know that she is talking about her brother-in-law. Lest she should be blamed for
bringing a bad name to her in-laws, she later on compares the brother-in-law with her own brothers –

...But suppose I was in my mother’s house then, and it had been my family who came out after dinner. They too would have eaten the pomegranate seeds just as naturally. 16

This shows that it is difficult for the autobiographer to break away from the cultural conditioning.

As far as the narrative-technique is concerned, it is thoroughly unconventional. All the incidents have been narrated without chronological or any other kind of order, which conveys the sense of the continuity and disorderliness of life. The book has been written in the ‘anti-memoir’ technique used by Amrita Pritam.

While narrating the incident of her feeling like killing her mother, Suneeta Deshpande fluctuates between the past and the present tense, which seems to be her way of projecting time as a continuous flow-

My hands were absolutely steady. I squeezed a corner of the mattress between them, and then the bar of the headboard. The grip was powerful enough.

......What is holding me back? Middle-class impotence? But I don’t believe in such artificial class-systems...But my hands lacked the stupendous strength needed to kill- out of compassion- a beloved innocent who slept peacefully, trusting me to watch over her sleep. 17

Similarly, while narrating the incident of her getting scared while returning from the Bhagwati temple at Dhampur in the dark, Suneeta
Deshpande again tries to transcend the barriers of the past tense and the present tense—

 Darkness caught me on the way home and besieged my mind with all sorts of fears. Is that a snake writhing near to sting me? What smell is that? Are the ghosts cooking their dinner? I began to recite the god’s name, ‘Ram- Ram- Ram’, hoping it would scare away ghosts.  

 The narration occasionally assumes a dialogic form, as Suneeta Deshpande tries to address to the person she is talking about. While dealing with Nana Jog, she suddenly addresses to him—

 Bhai, who can not and does not even want to make tea, can write on food and cooking and gladden the hearts of his readers all across the country again and again. I, on the other hand, can concoct a new recipe and enjoy trying it out and give joy to a few people who eat it. That’s all my achievement. Now, you tell me, Nana, whom does society need more?  

 At times she jokes with the reader. Regarding her making the husband’s clothes, she says,

 I even made his clothes for him. And please don’t say, ’No wonder he looks so sloppy!, my brother has already said that.  

 This also reflects her ability to make an honest self-analysis, for here she seems to be laughing at herself for being unable to make proper clothes for him.

 It is interesting to note that some members of the Marathi middle-class audience, which was the target audience of the book, were not pleased with the unconventional nature of the narrative-technique. In the letters
written to the writer, some readers expressed opinions like the book should have been divided into chapters or subchapters, all those chapters and subchapters should have been entitled, all the incidents should have been narrated in a chronological order. At the risk of inviting this kind of displeasure of the target audience, Suneeta Deshpande has made the narration-technique of the book completely innovative.

As far as the style is concerned, it is generally unornated, though Suneeta Deshpande has used some few similes in the book. Most of these similes have been derived from nature and they are quite stale and conventional-

I am like a silver-worm, living in my little cocoon.  

Significantly enough, 'Christ's eyes' and 'banyan tree' are the only archetypal images which occurs in the book, which shows the woman's moving away from the collective consciousness to the individual consciousness. The archetype of 'Christ's eyes' is associated with the universal collective consciousness, which shows the widening of the world of the woman.

Suneeta Deshpande has also used some metaphors and as with similes, the range of these metaphors is also limited. Most of these metaphors have been derived from nature- at a place, for example, she refers to memories as
'downy feathers of memory' ²¹ Her getting too much swayed by the
'animus' in her youth seems to have withered her imagination.

In conclusion, it can be said that the book is certainly remarkable for
its interesting self-portrait, the portrait of the husband and some other pen-
portraits, its psychological and philosophical depth, absorbing and
unconventional narrative-technique and unartificial style. The next chapter
will deal with a book which reveals a larger world of experiences of various
areas of life.
References

1 Gauri Deshpande, tr. ...And Pine for What is Not. Hyderabad: Orient Longman Limited, 1995. (All subsequent references have been taken from this edition)

2 Ibid.3.

3 Ibid.92.


5 Gauri Deshpande, tr. ...And Pine for What is Not. Hyderabad; Orient Longman Ltd., 47,

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10 Ibid.72.

11 Ibid.212.

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15 Ibid.129.
16 Ibid. 209.
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