CHAPTER V

ASPECTS OF LOVE
CHAPTER V

ASPECTS OF LOVE

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small

- Coleridge

Love and marriage have been a very common theme from ancient days, and writers over ages have included the theme of love, though not war, in their novels. Love is a very dominant theme in some of the novels of Hemingway and Jayakanthan.

Love and War had been the unfailing themes for writers even from the times of yore. Even the very first works in literature, Iliad and Odyssey, were based on these, for in them we find valour glorified in the Trojan War, and love immortalized in the affair between Paris and Helen, that caused the war of ten long years. For very many centuries after Homer, these two, war and love, had been the favourite themes among writers. Those were the days when people had unshakeable faith in God and religion, and also in a certain morale that governed their life. But in the modern days, especially after the two world wars, such an unquestioning faith in a providence or religious way of life has been shattered to pieces. The analytical mind of man, fostered by the developments in
science, and such branches of knowledge demands empirical verification and confirmation in everything, as a result of which man has become a doubting animal.

Today, to see a husband suspecting his wife, and a wife living disinterestedly with her husband without any real love for him is not quite uncommon. Yet, it cannot be said that there is no true and genuine love in this era of computers and spacecrafts. Love, not only between a man and a wife but also of man for other beings, does exist because it is the élan vital of life, and without love, with its multifarious forms, life will become meaningless. That is why we see writers belonging to all the ages, right from Homer, dealing with the theme of love, revealing it in its various manifestations and interpreting it in accordance with their own culture and individual conception of it. Hemingway and Jayakanthan, who are no exception to this, reveal love in all its aspects in their works.

Hemingway and Jayakanthan belong to two different cultures far removed from each other in terms of geographic distance as well as in attitudes of the mind. The former belongs to the West and, therefore, is likely to justify the western way of life. Even in his own personal life, he is a married man having been in and out of wedlock. The latter, on the other hand, is a product of the East, truly immersed in the social behaviour of the Indian sub-continent. He is a happily married man, still continuing to enjoy marital bliss because he has been blessed with a loving, caring and devoted
spouse. The family of Hemingway did not lack in love or devotion, for he had a very affectionate and tender-hearted mother and a strict but caring father. The scene where Hemingway is portrayed as taking leave of his father at the railway station is a scene of poignancy, which cannot be erased easily from the reader's mind. The devotion of Hemingway's third wife, who stayed with him to the very end, cannot be easily ignored.

It is unfortunate that Hemingway was hemmed in on all sides by his own inventions of phobias and feelings, which ultimately compelled him to pull the trigger. Whatever might have been the feelings in the minds of these authors, the novels chosen for study, as far as the love angle is concerned, deal with the concept of love from a universal viewpoint and cannot be considered as a forcible reflection of the author's individual and private experience.

Taking the most famous among the novels under study, *The Old Man and the Sea*, there is no element of romantic love that can be discerned in it; it should be relevant to know that love, placed at different levels, affects various people with a variety of consequences.

The canvas of Shakespeare is not only rich with the colours of love but the veteran poet is capable of showing love in the finest shades and minutest tints. Neither Hemingway nor Jayakanthan can really ascend to the level of Shakespeare in portraying this feeling of pure ecstasy, which transcends "the utmost bound of
human thought." Love can be defined as an intense feeling of deep affection for a person or a thing. There is also sexual passion involved in the connotation of love. Psychology gives us the concept of even a love-hate relationship, in which there are ambivalent feelings for each other.

Love as a feeling can be between a man and a woman, a parent and a child, among siblings or even friends. There is love without physical connotations; there is love, which can be described as purely platonic; there is love which exists between the supreme and the supplicant. It would be interesting to study the concept of love from the various angles as handled by the authors under scrutiny.

In order to assess the validity of love and its effects, one has to have at least a superficial renaissance of what has been held as great in the universal context. Reverting back to times past, there are categories of love starting from a pair so famous, Antony and Cleopatra and the rustic love as portrayed in *Lycidas* by Milton.

There is the tragic love of Romeo and Juliet, Lyla and Majnu or Anarkali and Saleem, which fall under the category of human physical, youthful of worldly love. As far as India is concerned, there is the extraordinary in the ordinary lives of people such as Meera or Andal or even Bharathi for the supreme Lord. A love of this nature transcends the limitations of human psyche and makes the ordinary extraordinary.
The two authors, in their own inimitable ways, have experienced love in their own personal life, and their characters are reflections of their personal experience. Or, to what extent they have been influenced by their own characters is something that can be fully comprehended only by the authors themselves. But, there is a universality of purpose in the life of every person. Whatever one comes across in literature would surely be mirrored in somebody's life – past, present or future. Most of the time, the more numbers conform to a set of notion, the more popular becomes the concept. Therefore in literature, the authors are constrained to stick to popular notions in arguing for or against a concept.

Hemingway, the master craftsman of narration, has himself been exposed to many a varied love situation, having experienced conjugal bliss and marital pain in his many marriages.

The novels under study, as mentioned earlier, have the concept of love and the author has tried to analyse it in his own special way. *The Old Man and the Sea* does not have the element of love as envisaged by popular notions. There is no romantic love in the novel but romanticism of love is very much evident in the old man's lingering gaze at the disintegrating fish. His relationship with the fish started when he thought he knew that he was not being clear-headed. But he had to preserve his strength required and demanded for the occasion. The relationship with the fish started out as fight for supremacy.
The sun was rising for the third time since he had gone on the sea when the fish started to circle. He could not see at the start that the fish was circling, because it was too early for that. He just felt a faint slackening of the pressure of the line and commenced to pull it on gently with his right hand. It tightened but just when he reached the point where it would break, the line began to come in.

The fish had been all along circling, reaching now nearer and in no time disappearing further. The old man could guess, from the waves the movement of the fish made underneath that the circle was becoming shorter and shorter, which meant that it was coming within the reach of his line. He was, of course, ever ready to throw it when the fish came such near.

The old man allowed the fish to have its way. All the while he was feeling faint-headed due to exhaustion and sleeplessness. He was becoming tired as time went on. He was prepared to give the fish the time it needed. His first view of the fish was "as a dark shadow that took so long to pass under the boat that he could not believe its length." After viewing this huge dark from whose tail was longer than the blade of a big scythe, the old man was sweating. All the time the fish was nearing in 'calm and beautiful looking' and the old man pulled on him all that he could do to bring him closer. There was jubilation in his heart than started the old man's conversation with the fish. His verbal communication evoked a pang of non-verbal response, "Fish, you are going to have to die
anyway. Do you have to kill me too?" The relationship progressed when the old man confessed that he had never seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than the fish. ‘Come on and kill me’. He cried, “I do not care who kills who.” The old man was almost a spent force, his hands were mushy now and he could only see well in flashes.

When the harpoon was driven hard into the side of the fish behind the chest fin, the fish came alive with his death in him. The old man felt sick and his hands were raw and he saw the fish with silver belly up. Wanting to keep his head clear, tired as he was with the realization that he had killed the fish which to him was like his own brother, the old man started on the ‘slave work’, preparing the nooses and the ropes to lash him alongside. At one point the old man thought that it was all a dream but when he recalled the fish as it came out of the water and hanging motionless in the sky before he fell, he was sure ‘that there was of some great strangeness he could not believe.

Apart from the fish which established reality, his raw hands and aching back were further establishment of fact. The relationship between the old man and his conquest of the coveted trophy of his skill and hard work was to be shattered by no mere accident. The blood from the slain fish had slowly descended to the depths. This ‘macho shark’ built to swim as fast as the fastest fish in the sea sped up and went forward into the meat of the fish just
above the tail. The old man did not like the fish anymore since it had been mutilated. He wished that it was just a dream that he never hooked the fish and was alone in bed on the newspapers.

The transformation from thinking of the fish to be a brother to a companion was gradual. Wondering how much had been taken away from the mutilated underside of the fish, he was only aware that the meat torn away was making a trail for all sharks as wide as a highway in the sea. The old man was taking on the challenges from the sharks single-handedly. ‘Come on galano’, the old man said, ‘Come in again’. The shark came in a rush and the old man hit him as he shut his jaws. He hit him as solidly and strongly as he could, and when the shark disappeared the old man began to talk to his only companion there, ‘the half fish’. He claimed other victory in his companionship by almost taking the fish to be human friend or mate.

The love of the boy Manolin for Santiago had been a solace to the old man from the very beginning. When the boy asked him whether he could offer him a beer before taking the stuff home, Santiago readily agreed, knowing well that it was more than what could go between fishermen. When they were sitting on the Terrace, many fishermen made fun of him, while some others looked at him with sad, pitiful eyes; but the old man was neither angry nor dejected because he had such self-confidence. That was why, when Manolin again asked him whether he could go out and get some
sardines for him for the next day, he politely but firmly said, "No. Go and play baseball, I can still row." This explains well how he did not want to exploit the boy's affection for him.

What astonishes the reader in Santiago is his extraordinary confidence in his own self, which made him "stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries" and to "go there to find him [the fish] beyond all people." What astonishes the reader in Santiago is his extraordinary confidence in his own self, which made him "stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries" and to "go there to find him [the fish] beyond all people." 6

We see Santiago showing love towards even birds, like the Ancient Mariner whose love and sympathetic care for the small sea creatures redeemed him in the end from doom. When a small bird came towards the skiff from the north, he could see that it was very tired. The bird rested for a while on the stern of the boat, then flew around and rested on the line where it perhaps felt more comfortable. The old man thought that the bird could not be as tired as himself, and then wondered why it had gone so far without knowing that hawks might soon come to prey upon birds like it. But he said nothing about the hawks to the bird because he thought that it would learn about the hawks very soon. "Take a good rest, small bird", he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish." He actually felt sorry because he could not hoist the sail to take the bird in while the small breeze that was rising. He had such a consolation that he was then with a friend.
Such a pantheistic love of Santiago made him consider the stars as his brothers and the marlin too as his brother who according to the old man, was "greater, or more beautiful", and "calmer or more noble" than any other he had seen. When the marlin was dead, he really felt sorry for having caused its death; and, later, the sharks had eaten away most of its flesh, he did not like to look at the mutilated fish. When the fish was hit by the sharks, he felt as though he himself were hit. No wonder, such a loving person earns the love and admiration of not only Manolin but also the readers. When Manolin was sitting by him watching him, the old man was asleep due to exhaustion. He wished some deity to be with the old man and care for him in his decrepitude, and so do the readers.

From destruction without defeat in *The Old Man and the Sea*, to defeat with destruction is what the reader witnesses in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. War is a time when the finer sensibilities of men get impaired. The concentration on strategy and final victory comes in the way of aesthetics and enjoyment of the finer aspects of life. But love is a feeling, which surpasses all human conditions and permeates one's whole being at any and every point of time. Robert Jordan and Maria are no exceptions to this rule. Robert's 'Gupta' permeates his mind and even during the thickest stages of planning and precaution.

'Hi, guapa', he said to her in the dark, 'how are you?'
'I am well, Roberto', she said.
'Don’t worry about anything’, he said to her and shifting the gun to his left hand he put a hand on her shoulder.

'I do not', she said.

'It is all very well organized', he told her, 'Rafael will be with thee with the horses'.

'I would rather be with thee'.

'Nay. The horses is where thou art most useful'.

'Good', she said, 'There I will be'.

Just then one of the horses whinnied and from the open place below the opening through the rocks a horse answered, the neigh rising into a shrill sharply broken quaver.

Robert Jordan saw the bulk of the new horses ahead in the dark. He pressed forward and came up to them with Pablo. The men were standing by their mounts, but Jordan and Pablo could not see their faces. When Pablo said that it was the Ingles who was going with them, one of the men answered saying that it was time for them to keep going because it was going to be dawn soon.

Jordan was a young man, who did not give importance to what happened to himself. He was an expert in blowing bridges. Maria, who was described as a beautiful woman by Pilar, was ‘beautiful and more’ to Jordan. Over and above beauty, Jordan considered her intelligent even at the very first meeting, which made Maria giggle. There was a kind of physical magic between
Maria and Jordan even from the first meeting. It is beautifully depicted in the following way:

"Que va', Robert Jordan said and reaching over, he ran his hand over the top of her head. He had been wishing to do that all day and now he did it, he could feel his throat swelling. She moved her head under his hand and smiled up at him and he felt the thick but silky roughness of the cropped head rippling between his fingers. Then his hand was on her neck and then he dropped it.

"Do it again", she said. "I wanted you to do that all day".

"Later", Robert Jordan said and his voice was thick.\textsuperscript{10}

Jordan and Maria were oblivious to their surroundings till Jordan realized that he might be taking advantages of the innocent girl but Pilar set him straight. Jordan was aware that in weakness a man could be a great danger but Pilar reminded him that out of this present situation, one would have passed all capacities for danger. Maria soon came to join him in the robe spread on the forest floor and on his invitation to get inside because it was cold outside. Jordan's 'little rabbit', though feeling ashamed, led him on to the path of understanding and bliss.

Even when their life was in danger, they showed mutual affection for each other, which was more than infatuation. Maria, even in her sleep, moved close to him, who lay near her with his arms around her and his chin on her shoulder. Having no mind to leave her, he put his lips behind her ear and moved them up along
her neck; and then holding her tighter, he ran the tip of his tongue along her check. She was still asleep. He kissed her deeply. They lay there, just touching lightly. After some time he felt her shiver along, while sleeping. This happened just a few hours before they had to go on in their venture of undoing the bridge, in which they might have to lose their lives even. But they were not worried about the days to come, about what would happen to them the next day. They were together then, and happy too, and

This, that they were not to have, they were having. They were having now and before and always and now and now and now. Oh, no, now, now, the only now, and above all now, and there is no other now but thou now and now is thy prophet.11

Sometime before, Maria had told Jordan that she was ready to go anywhere with him and do anything for him. She was ready to learn ‘Ingles’, ‘Jordan’s language, and even go to a school, if there was any, to learn to be a good wife. She wanted to bear for his son and daughter because she wanted their children to fight against the fascists. Jordan consoled her by saying that she could think of them as already married. ‘Thou art my wife’, he said and then asked her to go to sleep because there was just little time before it was to be morning, when there would be a bloody struggle with their enemies.
But this bliss was to be a short-lived one because Jordan was on a dangerous mission, which ultimately was to take his life. The success of the mission depended on the exact timing for the action – the action of blowing up a bridge. Jordan with his meticulous planning was aware of even the minutest details. There was one thing that the group headed by Jordan did not have fear. Knowing that death might come sauntering by at any moment, the entire group was bent on carrying out their assigned duties.

Maria's assigned duty was to stay with the horses far away from the scene of action. Maria could not sleep still and she walked around patting the horses, which made them all the more nervous and agitated. She commenced to pray for Roberto quickly and automatically as she had done in school. At the exact moment the bridge snapped, one of the horses too snapped its halter and went off through the trees. Maria was able to control the horse but she was not able to control her frightened breaths.

Oh, God, I do not know. I cannot bear it. Oh please have him be all right for all my heart and all of me is at the bridge... I am not here. There isn’t any me. I am only with him... Oh, please forgive me for I am very confused. I am too confused now. But if thou takest care of him I will do whatever is right. I will do what he says and what you say. With the two of me I will do it.12

Just then she heard the big, deep voice from the timber below, telling her that all was right. But all was not alright.
When the bridge was being blown up, Jordan was mortally wounded in the left leg and the nerve was crushed. Pilar and Maria were with Jordan, who was supporting himself against a tree trunk. When Pilar took a knife and slit his trousers, leg down below the left-hand pocket, Jordan could see the stretch of his thigh where ten inches below the hip-joint, there was a pointed swelling. He could feel the snapped-off thigh bone and his leg lying at an odd angle. He could move no more. Maria crouched by him, with her face twisted as a child's controls before it cried.

Jordan was sweating very much. He knew what would happen to him, and told Maria that they would not be going together to Madrid. Maria now started to cry and Jordan tried to console her by saying that she had to go, and he would go always with her whatever she want, because as long as there is one of us there is both of them. Maria, who wanted to stay with him, was reminded of her duty. Jordan jerked his head at Pablo, wishing him to take Maria, who was still refusing to go. As she was crying 'Let me stay! Let me stay!', Pilar put her in the saddle, and with Pilar and Pablo riding close to her, Maria went out of sight around the corner of the draw.

Thus, we find that the relationship between Jordan and Maria is akin to the relationship between any Indian husband and wife, with their mutual affection and caring. One of the aspects of love is obvious in them.
A Farewell to Arms is also a story that has war as its base. But on this solid base is built a love story, which though ends tragically, is capable of bringing out the best of love feelings in humans and also serves to reinforce the spirit of determination and will. Henry, the ambulance driver falls in love with Catherine, the pretty nurse and the physical contact evolves into a bundle of living sex. His leaving the army and the circumstances which are thrust upon him makes their life even more colourful and threatening. Their escape from enemy control area to the land of neutrality gives them the verve to face obstacles and to overcome them.

Even without the sanction of matrimonial bond, Henry and Catherine were living like husband and wife, not sexually alone but even beyond.

‘Let’s get married now’, I said.

‘No’, Catherine said. It’s too embarrassing now. I show too plainly. I won’t go before anyone and be married in this state’.

‘I wish we’d gotten married’.

‘I suppose it would have been better. But when could we, darling?’

I don’t know.

‘I know one thing. I’m not going to be married in this splendid matronly state’.

‘You’re not matronly’.
'Oh, yes, I am, darling. The hairdresser asked me if this was our first. I lied and said no, we had two boys and two girls'.

'When will we be married?'

'Any time after I'm thin again…'

'All right'.

Henry and Catherine like all young couples immersed themselves in mundane pleasures. For Henry, being with Catherine was more fun than going away for himself or doing anything. Even growing the beard to amuse Catherine would be a pleasurable pastime for him. The two of them talked when they were awake and woke up to talk again in the night.

One night Henry woke up and saw that Catherine was awake too. The moon was shining in the window and made shadows on the bed from the bars one the window-panes.

'Are you awake, sweetheart?'

'Yes, Can't you sleep?'

'I just woke up thinking about how I was nearly crazy when I first met you. Do you remember?'

'You were just a little crazy'.

'I'm never that way any more. I'm grand now. You say grand so sweetly. Say grand'.

'Grand'
Oh, you're sweet, and I'm not crazy now. I'm just very, very, very happy'.

'Go on to sleep', I said.

'All right. Let's go to sleep at exactly the same moment'.

'All right'.

Henry was awake for quite a long time watching Catherine sleeping, the moonlight on her face. Then he went to sleep, too.

They lived through the months of January and February happy to be together and in March came the first break in winter and it started raining in the night. The mundane pleasure of walking in the rain was not missed by Catherine and Henry. Catherine in heavy over-shoes and Henry in Mr.Guggingen's rubber-boots walked to the station under an umbrella through the slush and stopped at a pub for vermouth. Even there, they were in avid conversation. They planned to buy baby clothes and were getting ready for the beautiful addition to the family. Suddenly one morning at about 3 O'clock Catherine started having her pains. The nurse said that the first labour would be a protracted one. Catherine cajoled Henry to go and have breakfast but he returned after having just a glass of wine and coffee. On return he found that Catherine was given a mask to bear up the pain. Henry came back after lunch to find Catherine giving him the assurance that she was not afraid of death. But the doctor, after the examination, advised a caesarian operation and Henry consented for it to be done as soon
as it was possible. Catherine was happy that he had consented for
the operation but she was unable to put up the pain. It was only
after he left Catherine that Henry learned that Catherine might die.
The sincere and true love of Henry for Catherine is revealed
passionately in the passage quoted below:

Don't let her die. Oh, God, please don't let her die. I'll
do anything for you if you won't let her die. Please,
please, please, dear God, don't let her die. Dear God,
don't let her die. Please, please, please don't let her die.
God please make her not die. I'll do anything you say if
you don't let her die. You took the baby but don't let
her die. That was all right but don't let her die. Please,
please, dear God, don't let her die.15

The nurse opened the door and motioned with her finger for
Henry to come. He followed her into the room. Catherine did not
look up when he came in. He went over to the side of the bed. The
doctor was standing by the bed on the opposite side. Catherine
looked at Henry and smiled. Henry bent down over the bed started
to cry:

'You're all right, Cat', I said, 'You're going to be all right'.
'I'm going to die', she said, then waited and said, 'I hate it'. I
took her hand.

'Don't touch me', she said. Then she smiled, saying 'Poor
darling. You touch me all you want'.
You’ll be all right, Cat. I know you’ll be all right.

I meant to write you a letter to have if anything happened, but I didn’t do it.

Do you want me to get a priest or anyone to come and see you?

Just you’, she said. Then a little later, I’m not afraid, I just hate it.

You must not talk so much’, the doctor said.

‘All right’, Catherine said.

‘Do you want me to do anything, Cat? Can I get you anything?’ Catherine smiled.

‘No’. Then a little later, You won’t do our things with another girl, or say the same things, will you?

‘Never’

‘I want you to have girls though’

‘I don’t want them’.

‘You are talking too much’, said the doctor and asked him to leave the place. He could, of course, return later.

‘All right’, Catherine said: I’ll come and stay with you nights’.

Catherine, who knew that Henry wanted to be with her and see how she was doing, told him lovingly that he could come back afterwards. Henry went out and down the hall to the room, where
Catherine was to be left after the delivery. He sat in a chair and waited. It was getting dark outside and he wondered why the doctor had not sent for him, though some considerable time had passed.

When Henry was waiting for the call from the doctor, he could not but think of his ‘poor, poor dear cat’. He was extremely sorry for having been the sole cause of Catherine’s present plight. He even began to find fault with God: “And this was the price you paid for sleeping together. This was the end of the trap. This was what people got for loving each other.” Like all husbands, he believed that she would not die because people did not die in childbirth nowadays. It was just a bad time for Catherine to whom nature was giving hell with protracted labour. How Catherine died and how Henry felt for it has been discussed earlier. What the researcher wants to focus on here is the unselfish, uncritical and unconditional love a man and a woman feel for each other, not only at the moments of merriment but also at the time of acute crisis.

Jayakanthan’s *Gangai Enke Pongital?* begins:

Gulp... baby, Gulp it....

Gulp... baby, gulp it...

don’t throw it away!

It may irritate... be bitter...

you may have vomiting sense... that is life...¹⁸

Ganga was being bored of thinking about her life. It was just a purposeless hell. Always her mother used to tell her “die! die!”. Why should I die? Will everything be alright, if I die?"¹⁹
She was going for a walk physically present but mentally absent. Everyone talked ill of her, because she used to go by a car to her office. The car would receive her and drop her. At the same time many officers would accompany with her in the car. She would take liquor at home. She never bothered about any gossips, because she observed herself as a third person objectively and took care of herself just like a mother. Of course she would take liquor. At each time, she had been different. The important thing happened to her when she was returning from the college on that particular day. That day which ruined her entire life i.e. a moment when she got in a car she was different and when he dropped her on the road side, she was entirely different.

Everyone was worried at home. Especially her mother advised and shouted at her often but who cared. She just said to Ganga, “You have decided to destroy yourself. Let you go to the hell. I heard that you are taking liquor. Is it true? Oh! God! Have you made me alive to see all these things?”20 Ganga just escaped from her hands telling that it was getting late for office or she would say that was not in practice for liquor. Whatever excuses, her mother would never give up. She would just complete her conversation and then make a final move.

Now it’s time for her to start her liquor. Being alone at the terrace, imagining her man’s (Mr.Prabhu) presence, she was drinking and swallowing all the bitter experience. She just imagined
like the climate which was very chill and Prabhu gave away his grey coat and made her feel comfortable. Just like that she went to her bed for a temporary death i.e. nothing but going to sleep. If she woke up, her routine life would start again. She just did everything for the sake of obstinacy. She just felt that Prabhu should be with her because she was very adamant. She was very fond of his things which were left with her at last. She just went crazy seeing the liquor bottle, his grey coat and his cigarette packet. In fact, those things made her to tempt doing all those things i.e. she became a drunkard finally. She felt that she could offer drinks to Prabhu if he got the chance to come and meet her. But he would feel bad seeing her drinking. The thing was that, everyone felt jealous about her. But, he was the only person who never felt jealous. However he was, he was her only well wisher. She had a great thinking that Prabhu should know her presence. So, she could accompany with him while drinking.

Ganga rang up at 10 p.m. Manju only picked up the receiver. She said "Oh, my goodness... Don't you know that my father was not living with us?" Manju was very happy on hearing Ganga’s voice after such a long time. She was just talking forgetting her mother’s presence. Padma also knew very well about Ganga, because she used to come along with Padma’s husband previously. Manju felt very bad to hear that from her mother. Having her father’s photography in her hands, she just remembered Ganga’s words, “He may be a bad husband or human being, but he is a good father for you.”
Ganga was just thinking about Prabhu all the way. One day while returning home, Ganga found a car nearby I.G office and found that the car was under repair. It was heavily raining. So Ganga asked her driver, “Ramalingam! Someone is struggling alone with the car in the rain. You park the car nearby it and enquire about it.” He was telling something and looked into Ganga’s car. Ganga was surprised to see that it was Prabhu. Prabhu also felt happy on seeing Ganga. She insisted her driver to take in charge of the car and both accompanied. She just asked him where he had been all those days. She also asked him why he avoided her. Then she told him that she just wanted his friendship and not any relationship. Prabhu felt sorry for that and said that he had some personal problems. Ganga’s brother welcomed him when Ganga and Prabhu reached home. Prabhu enquired about the health of Ganga’s brother. Ganga should thank God, because her mother had been inside the pooja room or else she would have insulted. Prabhu went to Ganga’s room. He was just looking at it normally and also glanced at the bottle, and also the grey coat which were kept in the showcase. She was very much excited to see Prabhu after a long time. She was running here and there without even knowing what she was doing.

She heard the bike sound of Mr. Manuel. She just received the parcel from him and introduced him to Prabhu. Finally he left the place and Ganga started her work. She just opened the bottle in front of him. He was shocked and got up from his place.
were in red colour. Ganga did not know what to do. She just took the glasses and kept in front of him. He then accompanied her very casually. Both had a nice time after a long gap. He said that Mr and Mrs. Manuel had spoiled Ganga completely. After hearing that, Ganga laughed at him and said that he only spoiled her. He too agreed. At that time, Ramalingam came and Prabhu was about to leave her.

She did not want to lose him again. She just convinced him not to worry about anything and asked him that when he would come next? There was no proper response from Prabhu. Ganga could not sleep the whole night after he left. She remembered about everything. Her uncle told that she should find him and marry him. But it was a highly impossible one. The confidence she had in Prabhu would last forever. He started visiting her regularly nowadays. He felt very happy staying with her for sometimes. He appreciated Ganga for her job. Ganga also asked about his girl friends. He told her that she was his only friend now. Finally he told her to take everything easily in his absence and left.

She insisted her driver Ramalingam to wait for sometime and went to the library to pay a visit. Ganga found the old clerk and was not able to meet R.K.V. She enquired about him to the clerk about his whereabouts. Then she met R.K.V. He was non-stop in his way of conversation. He gave no chance for her to speak out. Then he told her about the problem i.e. his literary edition of *Agnipravesam*.
created a big problem. It resembled a woman's life and it highly affected her. On the other hand he had a commitment with a press reporter for *Asuvamedham* where again that lady created a problem. So, the college principal insisted him to do any one of his job where he always went crazy about his writing works. Finally he left that librarian job. Then he spoke about his mother who was no more.

One day, as soon as she reached, the telephone bell rang. She was excited. She thought that it could be Prabhu. But it was his daughter Manju. She was totally restless saying that her father was not found anywhere else. Then Padma herself spoke to her and invited her to pay a visit to her house. Padma agreed that Prabhu was a womanizer, but nowadays he was a perfect gentleman. She was only thinking that where he would be and whether he was thinking about her. The next day was Diwali. Everyone woke up before sunrise. Ganga received the magazine, *Anandha Vigadan* from the paper boy. R.K.V's special edition was released in the topic *Latchaadhipadhigal*. She started reading the story. The first line begins, "This is the story about a known rich man." Before 6 O'clock, he had been a rich man. But at about quarter past six, his family lawyer Iyangar came there bending his head down. It was the story of Prabhu.

Everyone was waiting for Ganga. Her mother was shouting at Vasantha why she gave *Anandha Vigadan* to Ganga before
sunrise. In the meantime Ganga received a call from Manju. Ganga convinced Manju and also promised her that she would find Prabhu as soon as possible and asked her whether she read R.K.V's new edition. Both then planned to meet R.K.V. and went there. R.K.V's library became a very famous one then. R.K.V welcomed them. R.K.V said that he had promised Prabhu that not to say anyone about his residing place. When Manju requested him, R.K.V said that once he went for a function and there he found Mr.Prabhu playing with his adopted child. R.K.V. convinced Manju that they could go and visit him. Then they all planned to go by a car the next day itself.

Padma did not accompany with them, but she requested them to convince her husband and bring home. Then they moved out of the house and reached the destination finally. Ganga could hear his voice. His son waved his hands and went to school. Then Manju got down from the car saying 'daddy'.

He was surprised to see them all. Manju started to cry. He then welcomed them all happily. Then R.K.V told Prabhu that marriage was being fixed for Manju and she was very adamant that Prabhu should be present. Prabhu laughed loudly and said that he was a sincere worker and the old Prabhu was no more and that was a resurrection for him. In the meantime, Prabhu asked Ganga to accompany him for drinks. At first Ganga hesitated. But afterwards when R.K.V told that he would not bother, Ganga agreed.
It was 4 o' clock in the evening. The convent bus arrived. He just told everything thoroughly. By that time, it was getting late for them. Prabhu convinced his daughter that he would complete his work and definitely come after two days and bless her. They reached home and Ganga found something was wrong.

Prabhu and Padma reached Ganga's house. Ganga welcomed them whole-heartedly. Both were alone then. Ganga felt that Prabhu would be in need of drinks. So, Ganga asked him, but he refused and told that he had stopped it. Ganga felt happy and also wanted to make use of that situation. She asked him whether she could stay with him leaving everything and everyone. There was no proper response from him. Meanwhile, Padma then came back to pickup Prabhu and both left.

Manju's marriage took place in a grand manner. Ganga just went for the reception where Prabhu felt very bad that she had come like a third person. Padma ran to her and conveyed the same message as Prabhu did. She then started bemoaning about her husband that she did not want to miss him. So she requested Ganga to ask Prabhu to stay with her, because he would listen to her. Soon after the marriage, Manju was getting ready for her flight. They all accompanied her to the airport. Manju's parents were very happy but Padma was crying all the while. Finally they reached the airport. Manju and Vasantha went to Ganga and had a nice conversation about marriage. Manju made everything clear about
marriage to Vasantha but she was not ready to give her point up. As soon as Manju heard the announcement of Bombay flight, she left the place.

On the way home Padma requested her husband regarding his stay. So, he asked his son

Look here! She is aunty; she is mother; they are brothers; see! car, bungalow, Cadbury chocolates, biscuits, mammu, pappu, toys, dolls, all are here, isn't it? They all are requesting us to stay here itself and asked for your opinion? Babuji, requested his mother to come and stay along with them but later on when his father asked him to decide any one. At last he said he was not interested in staying there. Then Prabhu explained everything to Padma

The very next day, Prabhu and Babuji were ready to leave. Ganga expected that Padma would accompany him but she did not. Both went to Ganga's house. Ganga asked them to be seated and went up to lock her room. She received a phone call from Padma. She told that she had understood him well. Babuji went and sat near the window and it was time for the train to make a move. He said, "After your retirement, whenever you want to join me, you can join me. Good bye!" She felt very happy and was expecting for that day to come.
Padma felt that she became a very close friend of Ganga. She often went to Ganga's house. She was always particular about superstitious beliefs where Ganga was not interested in that at all. Ganga's retirement period also came and finally her wishes got fulfilled. She went home and called out her mother. She was very old and looked like a small child. Ganga felt like feeding some food for her out of affection. Aunty gave some food and Ganga fed that finally. She started writing a letter to Prabhu. Her brother was not interested in sending Ganga to Kaasi. But, it was Ganga's decision. So he agreed. Ganga was getting ready. Ganga's mother asked "Where is Ganga going?" Vasantha made her clear. On the way, Ganga insisted the driver to stop the car near Padma's house.

The old man welcomed Ganga. Padma ran to her and hugged her. She was just crying and bemoaning. Then Ganga asked her whether she would like to convey any message to Prabhu. She said "Tell him that I am still alive. I suffered a lot for ill-treating him. You ask him to be happy at least there. Ask him to write letters off and on. If I die, ask him to come..." Then, Ganga left the place.

They reached Thangavayal. Prabhu and Babuji were waiting for them eagerly. Babuji was a grown up boy then. He received Ganga's bags and welcomed her. Prabhu criticized "oh! Ganga! Are you really retired? No I could not believe it." Ganga stayed for a long time with Prabhu. A separate cook was arranged for Ganga. Nowadays he stopped taking non-vegetarian and liquor. Babuji only
served food for both of them. It was high time for Ganga to move to Kaasi. Prabhu asked Ganga whether he could accompany with her. Ganga told that it was his well and wish. Meanwhile, Babuji felt sad regarding their departure. Prabhu explained everything to him and convinced him. Finally Babuji permitted them.

Babuji only dropped them at Bangalore railway station. They both looked like couple. They blessed him and started their journey. Everybody in the train sought for their blessings knowing that they were moving to Kaasi. They moved to Rishikaesam, Haridhuvaaram, Badrinath, Gangotri, Manasarovar, Kailash and finally reached Kaasi, near river Ganges. They themselves cooked food. They read Kambaramayan and had a nice time. All the time, Ganga and Prabhu were united together wherever they went.

One day Ganga woke up too early and went to river Ganges for taking bath. Ganga did not disturb Prabhu, because he was in deep sleep. Ganga was just experiencing the pleasure of bathing where the water flow was higher and noticed that Prabhu was in search of her everywhere. She called him from the river and he tried to stop her. Suddenly, Ganga felt as if someone was pulling her legs underneath. It was none other than Ganges mother. Prabhu felt sad. Finally Ganga got drowned in the river. “My past, present and future representative, Ganga is going down. Where is Ganga going? This is the story of a purified soul which struggled a lot in the hands of time.” 30 Thus, her love towards Prabhu came to an end.
Jayakanthan begins his novel *Munkil Kaatu Nila* as “Munkil Kaadu was the name of our village.” It had been of great difficult to travel through bus or train. Even in case of emergency, it was possible only by travelling through the mud path 3 miles inside the forest. Great moments like renaissance took place in Moongil Kadu (Bamboo Forest) too. The mean human characters in this story the protagonist mentioned was none other than his eldest brother, Periyavar, very selfish, killer whale, who had always a good name and fame in the society.

They were 5 members in their family. Two of his brothers died due to illness and the main responsible person for their death was his eldest brother, who never allowed the doctors for a proper treatment. His second brother settled permanently at Singapore and the protagonist was the last one. He was forced to be educated, where it was not necessary for him and also he was not interested in getting any degree or job etc. So, he came back to his village after his father’s death.

The protagonist’s brothers got married and he was a bachelor still, because he was not interested in marriage. Many people at home were worried regarding his marriage. Once his brother called on a doctor thinking that the protagonist had some problem. He was worried why educated people had been so foolish in their behaviour and at the same time the reason they pointed out was disgusting. They had disease or not, there would be a great demand for doctors because they had plenty of money and on the other side
fear. Even then two of his brother's children were studying MBBS. That was not a big surprise, because even the harijans wanted their children to become a doctor.

He was not interested in marriage. The main reason was that he did not like people of his society and at the same time never wished to marry a girl of the same society i.e. a killer whale society. The dominations of the upper caste towards the harijans stayed permanent in our village and his brother was the main ruler.

He had read a lot of books but had no belief in stories, because it only tells the importance, needs and problems of the society. On the other hand he had also experienced reading on how to tackle the problems but that was of no use because he had no courage to face all those things. The particular soul whom he was close with was his friend Nila. She was not like other people in his society, instead a good-hearted, hardworking, very innocent and she was a down-trodden. To be frank, he was mad about her and would never forget the days he spent with her. At the same time he would never forget the bad incident that took place in Nila's life. She was married to a 50 year old man, when she was 10. He was totally disturbed because both spent our time with joy always. The previous night of her marriage too he playfully kissed her, because he did not know anything about her marriage. He was unable to sleep the whole night thinking that he had committed a great mistake.
Innocent Age was the story written by him about Nila. It got published in his college magazine 20 years ago. That story was about her innocence. "I don't even remember any imprints in my mind. But she is in my mind. The story was a token of love. Even today I remember about the story." His friends and well-wishers appreciated him for his work. It was his age of innocence that he scribbled about Nila. He would forget things very easily. Even though he had written many stories, his sweet memories with Nila stayed in his mind as an unforgettable event.

He always loved Bamboo forest, mostly he spent his time sitting in the swing at the hut inside the forest chewing beetle leaves and tobacco leaves. The main reason he went there was to spend time with Nila. His college-mates knew very well about their relationship i.e. they both were good friends.

Once, he enquired Nila's husband Maruthaiyan that how their marriage took place. And also he introduced Maruthaiyan to his friends. They were shocked to see such an old man marrying a small girl.

Then Maruthaiyan started his story that it was their custom, or else Nila would become an orphan. Nila's father was unable to pay his debts and cried to Maruthaiyan. The Panchayat asked Maruthaiyan to buy Nila instead of the amount and that was the reason besides their marriage. Maruthaiyan also said, even then if somebody paid his debts, he would release Nila and she had the
right to marry someone else. On the other side Maruthaiyan also said that he could not stay without her, because a man might not be able to lead his life without a woman's company. Maruthaiyan felt very bad, because the protagonist was still a bachelor.

Taking into consideration about Maruthaiyan's amount, he paid his debts and also he knew very well that Nila would never come leaving that old man. Maruthaiyan told that Nila was like his grand daughter. So, leaving all those things he asked Nila to concentrate on her education and he would be responsible for her education. She felt very happy and continued. Soon after her school, Nila would go straight to him to clarify her doubts. Likewise one day she asked about his marriage, though he was a master there. He pretended and ordered her to concentrate on her subject but he was blindly fumbling.

She told that she was ready to face anything i.e. the forthcoming problems. Later on all the people from Panchayat and the Committee members went to meet Nila to discuss how to eradicate the project. On the other side his brother was planning on how to make the project a grand success. Even though he was helpless, he came forward to give away his suggestion to help the harijans. But that was of no use. The protagonist tried to convince him by saying that all those problems would be solved if only he had agreed to let the water reach their fields and construct a pipeline. But, he ignored by saying the cost would reach the top. Later his brother decided to destroy the slum area creating a fire accident.
When he told that news to Nila, she was shocked and left the place immediately. Soon after that, another problem started relating him and Nila. He felt very angry and pounced on his brother for his attitude, but it was of no use. The protagonist was just given a name as mental in the society for his behaviour and he was given treatment. He was pushed to the dark world where he felt lonely without Nila.

He just remembered Nila. So he went near her school and was imagining that Nila would come after the school was over. To his surprise it happened really. He saw Nila coming by the way. When she saw him, she ran to him and gave a kind hug. "She cried and asked him what happened to him? Where had he been all those days?" 33

Later on she told him happily that she had got back her job because, the election was approaching near. She also told that his brother had signed as a candidate and he had also promised the harijans that he would make something in favour of them regarding the pipeline connection. She told that she did not believe in his brother's words, because every politician would make false promises before every election.

Nila later on told him that Maruthaiyan was dead. At that time, the protagonist did not expect any kind of sad reaction from her face. Besides all those problems, the protagonist asked for Nila's hands i.e. to marry him, thinking that she would agree. Instead she
told him that she was not interested in the marriage and her concentration was only on revolution. He had understood Nila, because she was not a single soul but lot of committees behind her. She had taken a lot of responsibilities on making changes in the society - act of caste abolition, inter-caste marriage etc.

Nila did not like hurting the protagonist on the other side. So, she told him that she would discuss that to their committee members. Then she departed from him kissing affectionately. He became lifeless and felt happy that he told her everything with courage. Then he felt that he should meet his friends and tell them everything besides their tight schedule. So, he posted them a letter and they too went to meet him. He told them everything from the beginning to the end, including Nila's matter. They felt bad for his brother's attitude and at the same time congratulated him for their marriage. Then they left him saying that soon they would meet him on his marriage.

He was dreaming about Nila. At that time, he received a letter in which it was written very shortly by Nila that she would be going on discussion about some meeting. It was an emergency and also she would discuss about their marriage to the committee. He was in total confusion that why Nila did not inform him about her resignation and what would have happened to Nila. Later on he convinced himself by saying that she would meet him definitely one day or the other.
After such a long time, one day he received a letter from Nila. In that letter, it was written that she would like to meet him in their usual place, soon after dark. He felt very happy and read the letter many times and set out after dark to meet Nila. He was very eagerly waiting for her. At that time he just heard the noise of insects, bugs and water flowing through the river. In a far away distance he found some light flashing and he confirmed that it could be Nila. Of course, it was Nila, but she had not come alone. She came there with 6 members. She understood that some meeting would be going to take place, and so, he did not disturb her. Everyone went into the hut. Nila came and sat near him in the swing. She felt regret and apologized for not informing anything to him. He understood and told her that the people who came along with her would be waiting. So, he told her that Nila could go and start the meeting immediately. Nila was pleased and she left that place by saying that those people would go away from there after an hour and the rest of the time she would be with him. She also kissed him on his cheeks affectionately. When the discussion was over and everybody came out by saying that it was in Nila's responsibility to organize and start the next day struggle. Before leaving, Nila introduced them to him. Then the protagonist was introduced to them by her. Afterwards, they left the place without wasting a single minute. Rest of the night, Nila had been with him. They both spent the whole night romantically. She said, "Why should we marry? Is there any
need of recognition in the society for our friendship?" Time went on.

She smiled. I don't know the reason for her laughter. Then she told me that has anything happened between us in our relationship. Nothing happened. So why should we hurry up our marriage? If something happened, let us think over marriage and take it to our committee. Now come with me. Let us go. Saying so, she took me into the hut. I felt as if I had been hugging her in a dream. Forgetting all, she slept on my chest.

When the time went on, He couldn't forget that night. "I felt she is my Nila I enjoyed observing her sleeping. When she got up, she kissed me for not sleeping the whole night."

It was 4 O'clock in her watch. The protagonist said, "Let us spend some more time." She had to leave in advance. So she started. Then they both took bath in the river together. Nila was about to leave before the sunrise. He felt very sad and do not want to lose her. Nila told him that she would come and meet him at eight in the morning and left the place. He felt happy regarding the last night's incident and left home. The next day all the women in the slum joined together for a struggle. Before they started their rally, Nila came into his house. Everyone saw her with a strange feeling and he ordered his worker to get the garland which was kept inside. She came and said, "Wish me on my success." He placed the garland on her and wished not only her but also the whole village.
Nila started her struggle joining all the ladies. His heart felt like he had lost something. Then he arranged two boys to pass information to him whatever was going on at that place. Thinking over it, he sat tensed in his swing without showing it outside. Then there he came to know that three were shot dead and in that Nila had been one. He did not cry, because death was very brave for her.

Jayakanthan depicts the picture of love in a different angle through his novel, *Pralayam*. The story begins with the old man Ammasi’s only adopted daughter Papatti’s marriage was about to take place the next day with Thenan, a private rickshaw driver. For that, all the arrangements were made by Alagappar and his wife Baghyam, the master of the couple. Selvam, the only son of Alagappar had been watching the couple pretending as if he was reading the book. The old man noticed Selvam, for his behaviour. At the same time Alagappar praised his son. While both were talking, the old man interrupted and asked them when Selvam’s marriage would be. Alagappar and his wife Baghyam took a deep breath and told the old man that their son was not interested in marriage. Papatti, who was listening to all and took a glance at Selvam.

Besides, Thyli who was working in a building for daily wages came along with Chinnaponnu and criticized the old man for coming late to his daughter’s marriage. Ammasi felt pity on them instead, thinking that she was growing old and was not yet married and Chinnaponnu always roaming with her. He called them both to
accompany him for dinner but they refused telling various reasons. Knowing them very well, the old man enquired about where they were going.

A blind woman, walking with a stick blindly fumbling, asked the old man “Is it Manickam?” It was the old man’s niece Kokila. Feeling pity on her, he asked “Is he sending you for begging even today? She said “What is in it today? That is my fate. What others could do?” and continued begging with her plate. Chinnaponnu said that Patchiammal was a good hearted woman and takes good care of Kokila. Likewise, they were gossiping about everyone without even knowing that it was going to rain.

The old man was totally worried about Patchiammal’s life, because she was married to a rotter and the result was then she had to live as a concubine with Manickam.

People at the village were running here and there to save their lives. The trees fell one by one. The walls inside the hut also were got broken. Everyone packed up their things and went in groups in order to search some other shelter. Ammasi ordered them not to stay in groups. He asked them to stay wherever they found the place. No one listened to him because, all liked to stay with their family. Before sunrise, everyone was settled at some places. Ammasi took notice of Papatti and felt bad because it was their wedding night such incident took place. He then enquired about Thenan. She told him that he had been accompanying with her.
Later, he went off. She did not know where he had gone. The old man asked her to sit there and he set out searching. She was observed by Selvam.

Alagappar was attending all the phone calls busily and was convincing the people. He was very angry regarding on the global warming. Even though he hated, he was taking some steps to help the needy.

It was the fourth day. The rain was drizzling and finally stopped by night. Till then the flood level did not decrease. People had not taken any measure of clearing the trees from the road, or to close the drainage. Kokila was very happy, because the past four days, there was no need to go out for begging. But on the fourth day, Manickam ordered her to beg, or else she would not be provided food. So, he dragged her food and pushed her outside. Kokila continued her work.

It was the same day Pakkiri was released from Vellore jail. Soon after his release, he came to the village to see his wife Patchiammal. But he was cheated, because the village was completely drowned. Searching his family in the rain, he came and stood near the old bungalow where there was no one except a woman's voice telling, because he dashed her.

Three years of jail stay, the climate, all those made Pakkiri to take advantage on that woman. When the rain stopped, Kokila came out of the building with a one rupee coin laughing at
inwardly. The old man Ammasi went to the tea shop to have some bread and tea. He watched everything. When Pakkiri saw the old man, he felt very happy and ran towards him to know about his wife, Patchiammal. The old man took Pakkiri to the tea shop. Pakkiri felt happy on hearing the words from the old man: “all are well. Let us go to the tea shop.”

Ammasi explained everything which happened in Patchiammal's life, including her relationship with Manickam as concubine. Pakkiri felt angry, but the old man convinced him. Then he realized that he had to thank Manickam for having provided her food and accommodation for the three years. In between, Kokila gave her husband Manickam, the one rupee coin. Then she demanded her food. Doubting her, Manickam beat her and said, “You should not turn this side.” Poor Kokila left the place crying and was walking on the street like an orphan.

In the meanwhile, on seeing Pakkiri, Patchiammal lost herself and fell in the hands of her husband. “Does he know? – he poured his all three years in the form of kisses on her...” After some time, Manickam went inside the house and was shocked to see Patchiammal hugging Pakkiri. He felt very angry and pushed him aside without knowing that it was Patchiammal's husband. Both of them quarrelled each other. Manickam was beaten by Pakkiri. Pakkiri came to know that it was Manickam. Then Patchiammal convinced him. So he felt sorry. Manickam on the
other hand did not understand Patchiammal's words. Manickam said to her, "leave me.. leave me.. don't touch..." Then he felt that he had been left all alone. He realized his mistake and ran behind Kokila. At first Kokila did not get convinced, later agreed wholeheartedly. Both of them had a nice time in the water. He was accompanying with her. But after some time, she felt that he was not with her. She thought that he was playing hide and seek with her in that rainy water. In fact, Manickam slipped and fell into the drainage and was drowned. He was unable to see it because of rain water. Not knowing all those things, Poor Kokila was playing and called him, "don't play with me.... How long can I stand in water? Come.. come nearby me..." She did not know that he had already fallen into the drainage. She played happily as if she was throwing water on him.

She thought that he was in front of her. She laughed for a while and played happily. At last, she made a turn to find him... she found him... she had been leading her life without happiness. But she stepped into the drainage happily. She joined him. No one could separate them. The next day, both of them found dead as close lovers in the drainage. They became the talk of the town. Not only news but also the photograph was published in the news paper.

Their love was, at last, exposed like that.
Jayakanthan has given a detailed circumstance of hidden love in his another novelette, *Vizhudhugal*. It starts with a question, "How many of you would have known about Ongoore?" Many would not have known about Ongoore. It was not a kind of place that they imagined. It was a dry district near the capital of Thennaarkkaadu, Tamil Nadu. Next to it was a trunk road, where a road went separated and a board was placed naming the village. There was also a tea shop where a radio was always on. Both sides of the road there were tender coconut shops and a buttermilk shop. Two miles away from Ongoore, there was a Murugan temple. Apart from the temple there were streets, which had no origin of connecting the temple. The temple was very famous at Ongoore. In that street, there was a hut near a banyan tree.

Four saints lived there. Each saint was of a different character. The first saint had no real name. He just spoke a little which no one could understand. He laughed more than he spoke. People could not guess that why he had been laughing for throughout the night which was being continued. If people wished to see him, he would be always found meditating near the banyan tree. He was called as ‘Dirty Swamy’ but later on he was named by the people as “Ongoore Swamy.” The next saint was Ramalingam Pandaram. He was a lazy fellow. He was forced to wake up early in the morning. The slogan which he used was always wrong. The other saint was Kulachaami who was a physician there and the person who was staying for treatment was Iyer.
One day, Ramalingam was singing as usually making mistakes. Though Iyer was familiar with that slogan, he criticized him to sing some other slogan and had great fun. All these four saints were the permanent one at Ongoore. Even if some other came and stayed there, they were not permanent like these four. Then there was a new admission. He was mentally sick. His name was Madhavan. He always used to tell just a name from his mouth was “Ay!Madhavi” in his Malayalam language. His story was a sympathetic one.

Madhavan came along with his wife Madhavi, before six months and resided at Ongoore. When both resided, people did not appreciate at first, because Madhavi was two years elder than Madhavan. They both loved each other truly. Madhavi died after six months due to abortion. Two days after Madhavi’s death, Madhavan ran to Ongoore Swamy and cried. The saint understood his worries and patted him gently. From that day Madhavan was with him.

Every human being had his own weaknesses. It would differ from person to person. Whatever it was, nobody could find what was behind Ongoore Swamy. But others too had some weaknesses. Ramalingam Pandaram had his own weakness upon women, but stayed at Ongoore fully disciplined and controlled. The physician was entirely different. He did not like women at all. Likewise, each of them had some weaknesses. On those days, Physician Swamy was a normal physician. He was famous for all kinds of treatment. He also cured various kinds of disease.
The house which located below the hills belonged to Devadhasi family. They had their own morals. They lived as concubines. They were not like normal people. They also had three divisions in their kind. In that, the first kind was Valliammai, who was a concubine of Muthaliyar at the age of fifteen. Muthaliyar loved Valliammai, because he stayed at her house even after his marriage. But she was not like that. She stayed with many people. The second division was people lower to Valli and the last division was of very lower society where they waited for people outside their huts and sometimes they went in search of some people to earn money. When all their tricks ended in vain, they would go to the highways and stop lorries to fulfil their needs. All these divisions of people would think that it was their moral, being a Prostitute. Because of this, all kinds of disease spread all over.

Physician Swamy was the only one to treat those people. He was specialized in giving treatment. But when the disease approached him, he was helpless. He tried to hide it from others, but it was not possible. He felt ashamed of himself for two reasons. The first one, he was ashamed of doing such mistakes as others did and the second one, his plan towards new medicine went utter waste.

Finally he referred to various books and challenged himself to find a new medicine to cure his disease. So, he went out in search of herbals. While he was returning home after collecting it, his mind
was singing and passing Ongoore Swamy's hut. At that time he sincerely wished him, suddenly Ongoore swami started to laugh at him in a louder voice.

Physician Swamy just ran away from his place where his voice followed him. Feeling guilty that no medicine could cure his disease, he planned for committing suicide. But the voice which was troubling him was stopped. Being confused, Physician started to laugh like a mad. Physician ran towards Ongoore Swamy's hut by laughing. A crowd was formed when people heard of the two saints laughing without telling the reason. Finally, Physician fell into the legs of Ongoore Swamy, while Swamy was meditating. After a long gap, Ongoore Swamy opened his eyes and called him 'Swamy'.

People who stood there and Physician was surprised to see the saint speaking. Ongoore Swamy found that Physician realized and crying out of guilty. He asked him, "Why are you crying after making me speak?" Then Ongoore Swamy asked Physician to sit nearby him and kissed him. Physician now felt that as if he had come out of every sin and his disease was cured. From that day Physician was named as Physician Swamigal and he stayed there itself. Now Physician never felt ashamed of talking his past to others, he always praised Ongoore Swamy. He started cursing the medicine. Ongoore Swamy did not like those things. So he asked Physician to continue his job.
Physician Swamy was now in a new form. He continued giving medicines to people but with some restrictions i.e. he provided only to normal people and did not want to give it to people doing mistakes. All the saints use drug, puffing daily before going to the bed. The first puff was given to Ongoore Swamy and then only others continued. Everyone at Ongoore worshipped Ongoore Swamy sincerely.

Physician woke up after sometimes. At that time he saw a woman standing in front of him. He just turned his face with bitterness and started to meditate. But Physician Swamy was restless and felt as if a woman called him. Physician opened his eyes and laughed at her in a louder voice. Ongoore Swamy too woke up at that time. Ongoore Swamy looked at those both and watched silently what was happening. The lady did not feel ashamed of herself, instead she fell into the legs of Physician longing for something. Physician shouted at her and said that he would never give her medicine, because he thought that she had been a responsible woman to spread the disease. He advised her not to think about a child, because she did not deserve to carry it. Everyone at that place was shocked to see Physician speaking in such a way. Feeling ashamed then, the lady left that place immediately.

The village people had superstitious belief. They would tie cradles to the banyan tree to have children. All the cradles were
shaking to and fro due to heavy blow of wind. It started raining heavily. The hut went wet since it rained the whole night. Everyone felt hungry. Ramalingam went alone somewhere and had his food. Physician felt that some mistake had happened. So, suddenly he laughed loudly and said that he had been suffering without knowing the mistake. 'If God would be in the form of stone, tree and statue, why he couldn't be?' He said all those things because Ongoore Swamy did not even speak a word to him. All in the hut were afraid of.

The torrential rain continued for the fourth day. It filled the Ongoore pond. The next day, flowers were spread out. No one knew that the lady came and went, except Madhavan. The lady was just longing for a child at the age of 35. It was true that she had made a lot of mistakes and Physician himself helped her for abortion on those days. More than that, she was a woman. So, she came daily to the banyan tree and worshiped. One day Madhavan watched that lady and called her as Madhavi, thinking that as his wife. She just came towards Madhavan with a wrong intention. Then finally she ran away crying.

That day after dark Physician woke up suddenly and started crying at Ongoore Swamy. Ongoore Swamy asked him who we are to punish and forgive. Then he said something. Physician did not understand about what he talked and whom he supported. Once when he realized, Ongoore Swamy again explained about goodness
and purification. Physician realized his mistake and he ran to that lady's house. He said to her, "Please come tomorrow morning. I failed to do my duty on that day. So please forgive me." Then he came back to the hut happily. Afterwards, he was thinking about the bad people in the society. His eyes were filled with tears.

The next day, the lady came and worshipped him. Taking the medicine in his hand, Physicain looked at Ongoore Swamy. She was longing for Physician's forgiveness and she fell on his legs. Physician advised her to be controlled for 40 days. Then everything would be all right. She would be recovered from her disease. After giving instruction, Physician had a great doubt that how she would follow those instructions with control. But she agreed without hesitating. Two days after, Physician saw that lady had been selling tender coconut on the road side. He was surprised and he appreciated her. All the way, Physician had only one confusion that how she was to bear a child and whom child it would have been.

After 40 days of treatment, she looked pure. Physician said that 40 days treatment had been over. Thereafter, she would be ready to bear a child. Every thing would be in the hands of God. Then he was thinking about her who would be there to help her. At that time he saw Mathavan calling her as Madhavi.

A meeting was conducted under the banyan tree and everyone was in search of Physician. When Satti Samy enquired about Physician at Ramalingam, he said that Physician was
becoming a fully dedicated saint. At that time, Iyer interrupted angrily and asked him that why he had been blabbering something. Everyone knew that he was touching every lady’s hands by the way of applying ash. So he was not pure then. Satti Swamy stopped their quarrel. Then Iyer again said, “Nothing is unfortunate. He had gone for a good work. Let him complete it successfully.”

Day before yesterday night, the lady was crying out of labour pain. Physician thought, it was his duty to help her, so he accompanied with her. Mathavan who stayed along with her for a long time ran away shouting her name. Physician had not known about delivery. So he took her to the town hospital in a bullock cart. Next day morning, the cart driver said to Iyer that she was struggling hard. She should not have had such a wish at that age.

After three days, Physician returned to the hut with a baby. Everyone was waiting for him near the banyan tree, shocked. Physician lifted the child above his head and said that he was born saint. So he asked Iyer to prepare for a cradle in the banyan tree and went inside.

Everyone celebrated the child’s birth without considering the lady’s death. When Ongoore Swamy looked at the child, he started to cry, because the child resembled everyone. “Yes! What is the difference between laughter and cry? It may carry the same difference as the root and branch have.” Love has been exposed like that in this novel.
Thus, Hemingway and Jayakanthan are not interested in idealizing in their works, but are just content with portraying various revelations of love as they saw them in actual life. The love affair does not always materialize as in real life situations and in most cases they end in disaster, because it is an existential reality. These writers want the readers to realize that the existence of good and evil, order and disorder, or success and failure is teleological, and that, in spite of one’s undefined ambitions and unfulfilled desires one should cultivate firm confidence to survive. With such a confidence and with the awareness of the existential realities in this world of the opposites, one can bravely face the dreary actualities without falling an easy prey to them.
REFERENCES

1 Tennyson, *Ulysses*.


3 Ibid, 79.

4 Ibid.

5 Ibid, 7.

6 Ibid, 46.

7 Ibid.

8 Ibid, 79.


10 Ibid, 65.

11 Ibid, 334.

12 Ibid, 393.


15 Ibid, 234.

16 Ibid, 235.

17 Ibid, 227.

19 Ibid.

20 Ibid, 19.

21 Ibid, 30.

22 Ibid.

23 Ibid, 63.

24 Ibid, 111.


27 Ibid, 233.

28 Ibid, 238.

29 Ibid, 240.


32 Ibid, 12.

33 Ibid, 42.

34 Ibid, 67.

35 Ibid, 68.

36 Ibid.
37 Ibid, 69.
38 Ibid, 72.
40 Ibid.
41 Ibid, 80.
42 Ibid, 82.
43 Ibid.
44 Ibid, 83.
46 Ibid, 85-86.
48 Ibid, 90.
49 Ibid, 95.
51 Ibid, 134.
52 Ibid, 139.
53 Ibid, 144.