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Interaction of individuals creates existential problems, the physical movement is transformed to existential movement when there is inaction, when there is no correspondence between the physical being and the mental being. Co-ordination is normal whereas non co-ordination creates existential moment. Harmony of the mind and body, the physical and the mental, results in a harmonious normal world whereas disharmony leads to the world of imagination, of dreams in the physical space. In case of non correspondence and disharmony there is escape from the present to the past or the future. This is exactly what happens in Maya's case, every incident of dis-ordination (disharmony) forces her to think of something referring to all those moments that bother her and trigger her trend to do what is the inner manifestation. It brings to her head all that has happened and all that she fears can happen in the future. The space of action doesn't make a difference for her, space is not important, it triggers and forces her to think of all that happened. Every time an interaction leading to frustration creates an existential problem. Alienation and disintegration are not physical
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categories but existential categories. The question of themes like life and death, alienation, disintegration and darkness would not arise at all if Maya were happy. Physical categories have no meaning as that is a normal routine of life but alienation means alienation of the mind, of the persons inner self. Maya when not harmonious with her surroundings is not at home in her own house, as a result of which she thinks of her father which is nothing but a memory of her past, her childhood.

Our endeavor is to study the narrative at two different levels, the physical level where things happen, the physical action take place. The narrative begins with something that is telling of the story but simultaneously the narrative moves at the existential level, both levels running parallel, what one reads is the physical level, that is what the narration is but this physical level is controlled by the existential level. The first level is the physical manifestation that is visible, other is the existential and invisible. In fact the understanding is at the second level, the existential level. All the subjects like alienation, disintegration are conceptual processes at the level of themes. What does it signify? The answer is that primarily one her to talk about the first in order to understand the second level. The rule is never reversed, it is physical to conceptual but never conceptual to the physical. Maya's existential predicament has a manifestation which results a alienation due to disharmony.

A narrative is possible when something goes wrong at the psychic level, no narrative is possible without it. Taking an example, if there is
violence, violence is not as important as the matter of consciousness and the reaction to violence is important. To react could be not to accept this situation of violence. All abstractions must begin at a physical level. It is the notion of violation that is most important. It is the perception of reality, the test must play mediation. Everybody is in the process of constituting his own world but one person cannot create a world on his own. One world cannot be created without others like in a society. This is what makes relationship not very clear. The fundamental problems of life originate from relationships. Keeping the right equilibrium is very subtle in the existential moments. Love can lead to sharing things, at other times same love can lead to murder. We constantly make pursuit to maintain an equilibrium but the problem is how to balance the relationship. Harmony is only an ideal. If at all there is a sort of harmony in the end it is a result of a constant and complex relationship. Some sequences give the impression something great is happening. Some presence are understood by the absences. This is the reason every discourse is firstly studied at the physical level and then at the metaphysical level.

Talking of relationships the main question arises of male and female relationship. There are three men in Maya's life, her father, her brother who have gone and now her husband Gautama. The first idea of what a man is supposed to be is her father who is the first man in her life. Second relationship is with her brother. Both these relationships are ideal relationships at they are mental relationship, due to cultural differences they are men but not the men Maya actually meets. Father is an imaginary ideal
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figure of what a man is supposed to be. The brother younger than the father is another type of a man. The first idea of a man for a girl comes from her father and brother who are the two archetypes in her dream world. Then she meets a man, a real man with whom she is physically close to unlike the way she has so far lived with her father, so unconsciously there is a comparison in her mind. The imaginary man and the real man cannot be the same. The idea of incest is not incest. The forbidden fruit is always sweeter as it is not supposed to be eaten, it is only a desire to eat and desire is never tested, so it never fails. Desire is just an imaginary desire where imaginative plays a very important role, it stands to no tests, test is incest and that is not supposed to be. The line is never crossed, never to be realized, so it is just on imaginary, highlighted relationships. Relations like love are in realization as constituted in the physical and mental level. No doubt the relation with father and brother are real but reality never comes close because is not realized, it is either more or less than the exact, there is no imperical reality.

"The clinical fact that meets us behind the form of the Oedipus complex as it is established by analysis is of the highest practical significance. We learn that at puberty, when the sexual instinct first makes its demands in full strength, the old familiar incestuous objects are when up again and freshly cathected with libido. The in infantile object - choice was only a feeble one, but it was a prelude, pointing the direction for the object - choice at puberty. At this point, then very intense emotional processes come into play, following the direction of the Oedipus complex or reacting against it, processes which, however,
since their premises have become intolerable, must to a large extent remain apart from consciousness. From this time onwards, the human individual his to devote himself to the great task of detaching himself from his parents, and not until that task is achieved can he cease to be a child and become a member of the social community. For the son this task consists in detaching his libidinal wishes from his mother and employing them for the choice of the real outside love-object, and in reconciling himself with his father if he has remained in opposition to him, or in freeing himself from his pressure if, as a reaction to his infantile rebelliousness, he has become subservient to him. These tasks are set to everyone; and it is how seldom they are dealt with in an ideal manner - that is, in one which is correct both psychologically and socially. By neurotics, however, no solution at all is arrived at; the son remains all his life bowed beneath his father's authority and he is unable to transfer his libido to an outside sexual object. With the relationship changed round, the same fate can await the daughter. In this sense the Oedipus Complex may justly be regarded as the nucleus of the neuroses.” (Freud -I, p.380)

Maya’s non-relation with Gautama forces her to go in the past and fall back on her father thus establishing a relation with a non-existing father. Gautama’s loss of respect for his father is not accepted by Maya. We see two perceptions of Maya’s father: the first being the likeness between the two, the second when she thinks of him only as a father who has no relation with Gautama. In fact when she thinks about her father he is more of a rational being who never understood her completely but she feels now
that he is there to help her and do anything for her. Gautama does not participate in her anguish as he fails to understand what she wants:

"Restlessly, I paced up and down in the hot, closed room where an electric light switched on would have set fire to the parched, aching wood and stiffing fiber. I did not wish in meet those men who had not cared to have me come out to them - but I longed to be outdoors; their alien laughter irked me, yet the basic passions and tragedies they spoke of, in quoted couplets, appealed to me with equal strength. I was caged in this room that I hated severe, without even the grace of symmetry. I walked to and fro, fingering the few object of value and loveliness that it contained - all of them presented to me by my father, chosen by forefathers. 'Your knick - knacks,' Gautama who saw no value in anything less than the ideas and theories born of human and preferably, male brains sometimes said, to cruelly tease. 'Designed to gather dandruff and defeat your feather - duster', he would say, blowing dust through the crack of a small bronze Shiva's elbow, and 'What purpose do they serve?' opening a small lacquer box and finding it empty save for it bent pin. And I remembering them in their glory, catching the pollinated sunshine upon gleaming teakwood bookshelves, freckled with the shredded shadows of bowls of tuberoses, now pitied them in their shame, and did my best to polish them and restore their rightful pride. But that glory had died under such treatment, and the wood felt very like wood to my fingers, the lacquer very like lacquer. Though, perhaps the dancing Shiva was smiling still, faintly, in scrutably in the twilight, as he listened to the familiar words, to familiar flights of Persian fancy...." (CP.p. 99)
Maya struggles to achieve a harmony between herself and the outer manifest world. where she sees the status of the dancing Shiva and through the window hears Gautama laughing at the same time. She wants to achieve harmony between her head and her heart. The more she seems to be losing Gautama the more she longs to live with him thereby transforming the destructive aspect of death which is also represented by the destructive aspect of Shiva’s cosmic dance with the creative impulses of life and love. On the one hand, there is a possibility of annihilation, and on the other, there is a possibility of physical or even emotional union. The two aspects of destiny seem to be projected at the same time:

Spreading my arms out before me, I felt a stormy longing to rush out and join them, fling myself upon the dew-wet grass and beg them to continue, to roll out, breaker upon breaker, this ocean of rich, thick red wine, perhaps also, most of all, for my father’s presence amongst them, his hand placed gracefully on the chair arm, his voice, the gentlest and deepest of all. But I also know that nothing would have angered Gautama more, and Gautama angered when already in this astringent, ironic temper would be a catastrophe to me, who dreaded the rift of a quarrel now when we needed to ally ourselves so closely together, to withstand the threat that loomed over our unity. I withdrew heavily from the door, and flung myself at the mantel piece, to cling to it and gaze into the mirror, knowing that my desire to hear this long-loved poetry quoted by cigar—mostly, male voices was mingled with a deeper, stronger instinct to spend each possible moment close to Gautama, and cleave to him before we were cleaved by violence. In the watery reflection, I tried in vain to make out
which one of the vague blurs he was, which arm was his, which sharp, incisive gesture. As it was his voice came to me disembodied, from another world, and the fear that I felt more and more frequently and desperately now, overcome me with a rush (CP.pp.101, 102).

Looking at herself in the mirror serves double purpose, to see her looks how she is for others and how she is for herself. The two aspects of destiny seem to be projected at the same time. She analyses her face and she believes that a refined intellectual face unlike hers could arrive at union with Gautama.

There is alienation because of indifference, because she is extremely self-centred. She is living in a world Gautama can never peep. It makes her world more and more inaccessible to Gautama. He is sensitive to certain things which are of no importance to her. No one takes a step to bridge the gap, nobody makes an effort. Maya is metaphonically tense like a poet as all poets are close to madness in their intensity. They constitute worlds farthest from each other. Every two individuals are different because of their different value systems, they are different persons by definition. Human beings being different is a normal human process as interests are different. Reason of her

Man and woman can live together as a result of complementation, Man is not interfering and the same rule runs for the woman, but this is not the issue. Similarity creates problems, as a result of difference they should have been complementary but they are opposed. Both of them are
responsible for making it more and more closed in imagination. Next comes the stage when it is not a question of man and woman but it becomes is clash of two persons. For both relation and non-relation one has to take the person as a person, there is no matter of difference, of age, gender. This starts at the elementary level when you cannot take even a child for granted. The consciousness of a person starts at the mirror stage. It is at this point of life when one wants to know ‘Who am I’ and with this starts the whole problem. Each persons world is different but what is important is the mutual respect. The point of departures are elementary but where it matters is at the level of being, no matter what the age or gender. In order to maintain a relation a mutual respect is essential. Everyone will be ready to give in if the attitude is normal. Ultimately it is the respect that is most important but Gautama fails to realize it. He insults her in the presence of his friends throwing her back to her alienated world.

“Did I deserve that? Did I really deserve that “ I moaned, leaning a febrile forehead upon the cool mirror the mirror, always the mirror in my bed room, feeling sick, as though, I had been struck a blow, knocked giddy. Was it so unforgivable to wish to share in human friendliness? In companionship. To Gautama it was — for a women, for a light — headed woman, a childish one, like myself. In this world there were vast areas in which he would never permit me and he could not understand that I could even wish to enter then, foreign as they were to me. On his part, understanding was scant, love was meagre. Not to be loved as one does love...
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In the flashing darkness of eyeballs pressed upon by wet fingers, I relieved the horror of those awesome realizations that followed, sometimes, a moment of union, and taught me how hopeless, how important is sex- where not union but communion is concerned. “Gautama,” I had whispered then, torn to shreds by the dragon like dark, and my worn body had made, a movement towards him “Yes?” he had replied, in a voice so day lit, so styptic, so dry, that we might never have brushed hand with hand, twined hair with hair, even in the most private night. “Or else, What now?”. But no, I could not bear to think of that. Or of moments when I had yearned for the contact that goes deeper than flesh – that of thought – and longed to transmit to him the laughter that gurgled up in my throat as I was a goat nuzzle, secretly, a basket of sliced melons in the bazaar while the vendor’s back was turned, or the profound thrill that lit a bonfire in the pit of my stomach when I saw the sun unfurl like a rose in the west, the west and further west. But those were the times when I admitted to the loneliness of the human soul, and I would keep silent. The things we leave unsaid would fill great volumes; what we do say, only the first few pages of introduction. The silence descended upon me again now, and while I held my soul, still burning, in my hands. I saw my body detach itself from it and float away to rest upon the slim mirror where I could gaze upon it from a cool distance. I studied it, observed the round, childish face, pretty, plump and pampered, its smooth, silver skin with one, small velvet mole; the small, shell like ears curling around pretty ignorance, the soft overful lips arched with vulnerable sweetness; the long curled lashes and the very heavy, very dark back brows; the silly collection of curls, a flower pinned to them - a pink flower, a child’s choice of a posy. One might think it a lovable face. But it is not the face that a man
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like Gautama could love. He might be charmed by it, momentarily diverted by it, for a while, but to capture him entirely, if a fleshy face could do it, it would have to be a finer one, the elongated, etiolated one of an intellectual, refined by thought and reflection, bereft of the weakness of impulses, aloof from coarseness and freshness. This I told myself in calm, still words, and I gazed long at each feature of the image before me, so like a painting on a chocolate box, and hated its fiercely. Hate was a new emotion to me, and, its trespassing upon it, I entered a new vista of knowledge. (CP.pp.104-106).

These moments are full of fixed notions, both self-hatred and self-pity or self-realization that some way out is possible and at times this mixture of fear and hope, hatred and love lead to the thoughts of the past. In a way the astrologer’s prediction begins to enter in the inner most layers of her mind and small little suggestions are slowly acquiring the power of possession. She struggled to control herself to be a conscious person to be able to act the way she would normally do but she also realizes that these conscious moments are slipping into her unconscious and she is becoming less and less master of herself. At times she feels that all rationality has left her and she is becoming insane. So there is a perpetual see-saw battle between what she thinks, she knows and accordingly she can act and her state of being possessed when she is not sure of herself and is depressed. In these moments of depression her longing for Gautama increases and she feels more and more lonely and desperate. It is obvious that Gautama does not share her universe, he has no idea of the extreme inner conflicts that Maya is going through and in his rational analysis considers her only a
neurotic and attributes this problem to her childhood. They begin to peep into each other's childhood, to understand the present they try to bring out the contours of the past and blame the instability in the present to its seeds sown by their parents in childhood.

Gautama believes that it is probably Maya's father who gave her the idea of possession and the notions of absolute values. She has not learnt the realities of common human existence and she obviously does not realize that love and romance are transitory and if there is anything that obstructs, they are a positive hindrance in the progression of normal human activity.

"Exhibitionism," said Gautama. "Nothing but a penchant for exhibitionism. As common a disease as egoism, or melalomania, not to be suppressed." (CP.pp.89-90)

On the other hand Maya believes that Gautama and his family members are all egoists, they are rationalists alright but this rationalism is pursued only in external world, in the world of wealth and material things. There is a clear juxtaposition of head and heart. Maya seems to think through her heart and Gautama's feelings are controlled by his head. There is also a possible juxtaposition of attachment and indifference. For Gautama Maya is stuck in the sentimental attachment which lead human beings no where and Maya believes that Gautama's attitude of indifference has made him incapable of any human relationship.

No one, no one else, I sobbed into my pillow as Guatama went into the bathroom, loves me as my father does. The curtain fell too behind him, in tragic
folds. He did not hear me – the tap was running. The vacuum into which I spoke made me more frantic, and yet he was not really meant to hear. In Gutama’s family one did not speak of love, far less of affection. One spoke - they spoke of discussions in parliament, of cases of bribery and corruption revealed in government, of newspaper editors, accused of libel, and the trials that followed, of trade pacts made with countries across the seas, of political treaties with those across the mountains, of distant revolutions, of rice scarcity and grain harvests.... They had innumerable subjects to speak on, and they spoke incessantly. (CP.pp.46-47).

The conflict intensifying is slowly moving towards an emotional crises and we find its external manifestation in Maya who is lying with very high fever and in her delusion sees images of rats, the revealing god; the monkeys and snakes. There is also the image of a desert as a vast expanse of loneliness, helplessness and frustration she visualizes lizards all over. We have in these images a movement from the world of men to the world of beasts portraying danger, destruction and deception. These animals are frightening but they also take Maya to the universe, which is beginning to fascinate her by its very fantasmatic vision. As a possessed being she is slowly pushed into a universe which is highly complex, dangerous and hypnotizing and she can not resist it. She feels herself to be sitting in a tomb, she is already dead but this death is a normal happening, this is a death of which she is aware, she is conscious and the tomb seems to become her home, her resting place, her place of meditation where she may even think of things other than this world. The normally beautiful moonlight acquires a dangerous aspect.
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But there was a moon. A great moon of hot, beaten copper, of molten brass, livid and throbbing like a bloody human organ, a great, full-bosomed women who had mounted the skies in passion, driven the silly stars away from her, while she pulsed and throbbed, pulsed and glowed across the breathless sky. (CP. P.51)

Gautama’s cold and stiff attitude increases Maya’s frustration. We never find Gautama in a casual and easy mood when the requirements of the body could overpower his logical mental self. The soft moments are not to be seen in his case, love and sex are of course very far off.

His smile was indulgent, even if strained with tiredness, but to me, unsmiling, it was the barrier, the limbo that had always held us separate. Looking down at his thin face, grey and drawn upon the white pillow it seemed to me that I was climbing a mountain from the top of which could be seen the entire world, unfolded like a map, with sun-silkened trees and milk mild rivers and jewelled township amidst fields of grain and valleys and tracts, all fruitful, all florescent, while he, because he did not care for walks, or views, was tired from reading too much, and had matters to think out within the confines of his brain, remained behind in the dusty, enclosed cup of the small plain down below. Were I to force him to follow me, he would follow unseeing. Oh, unprivileged to miss the curved arc of a bird’s wing as it forces itself against the weight of air into the clear sky where it can skim the currents with singing ease, the stream rising from a pot of tea, flavored with orange; the revelation within the caress of a familiar hand, tender, heart-torn, and the speechlessness that goes with it; the persistent, sweet odour
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of a ripe pineapple, freshly sliced, its pale juice and streaked flesh, pungent and a sweet, inhaled with a delight that swells to the point of exploding or of soaring away into the sky; the pages of an exquisite, hand bound book, odorous of rice and ripe age, marked with the fine letters suited to the verse, cleaving together in the rich all-embracing voice of a baritone drunk with wine, and the untrained voice, as great, as memorable, that rings out on the open road at night and sets trembling those who hear it while lying sleepless in the moonlight that floods in through open windows; moonlight that floods in through open windows, moonlight, its quality and coolness, playing upon papaya leaves, its silver glint cutting sharp, black silhouettes out of those great, marvellously designed leaves; and then the papaya tree in itself..... I contemplated that, smiling with pleasure at the thought of those long streamers of bridal flowers that flow out of the core of the female papaya tree and twine about her slim trunk, and the firm wax-petalled blossoms that leap directly out of the solid trunk of the male...(CP.pp.91-92).

This thought process of Maya and the symbols she is using undoubtedly show her desire of being closer to Gautama and her frustration as a result of Gautama's indifference and lack of desire. Maya's being childless is also an existential problem, it is resultant of non-relation. There is a literary of mental inner universe. The physical world is only a setting, it is a reflection of the inner self. The symbols used by Anita Desai showing her desires and frustrations have a parallelism with Freud's interpretation of symbols.
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The range of things which are given symbolic representation in dreams is not wide; the human body as a whole, parents, children, brothers and sisters, birth, death, nakedness and something else, besides. The one typical – that is regular – representation of the human figure as a whole is ‘a house’ as was recognized by Scherner, who even wanted to give this symbol a transcendent importance which it does not possess. It may happen in a dream that one finds oneself climbing down the façade of a house, enjoying it at one moment, frightened at another. The houses with smooth walls are men, the ones with projections and balconies that one can hold on to are women. One’s parents appear in dreams as the ‘Emperor and Empress,’ the ‘King and Queen’ (loc,cit) or other honored personages; so here dreams are displaying much filial piety. The created children and brothers and sisters less tenderly; these are symbolized as small animals vermin. Birth is almost invariably represented by something which has a connection with ‘water’: One either falls into the water or climbs out of it, one rescues someone from the water or is rescued by someone - that is to say, the relation is one of mother to child . [cf.p.194.f]. Dying is replaced in dreams by departure by a train journey being dead by various obscure and, as it were, timid hints, nakedness by clothes and uniforms. You see how indistinct the boundaries are here between symbolic and allusive representation.” Freud-1 page 186.

Maya’s unsatisfied self is shaken badly with the arrival of a letter from Arjuna, Maya’s brother in New York which brings back old memories. The relationship between brother and sister, between father and son and amongst the three of them in a sort of a triangle is juxtaposed against a relationship with Gautama. Though there was obvious conflict even in her relationship with her brother and at times with her father she still longs for those days. At the same time she realizes that probably her
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problems and her inner conflicts began in her childhood in this relationship with brother and father and she tries to analyse the intricacies of the old relationships. This self-analysis which attempts to see the traces of this relationship on her sub-conscious in a way leads to more of a fundamental predicament. She realizes that even though she likes the very thought of Arjuna, how different she is from him and how their father trusted both as two very different beings.

How I used to try and persuade you to run away when we were children. Even the sight of the basket with its load of matchsticks and bread for the journey wouldn't persuade you. But to me it was stifling, false,---- I live now, not comfortably, not prosperously but I work hard, and I know that are her meaning...

Hardwork? Meaning? And, Arjuna, what of our home? Our father? After all, what was his money spent on if not on the feeding and rearing of the many servants and their impossible families who lived in the quarters behind the fruit trees. (CP.p.138)

Arjuna is very much like Gautama who works hard and in his work finds the meaning of his life and he considers the reference to the horoscope as absurd. Once again we see Maya's life at two levels, the external conscious level which is rational and which is equated almost with the male world and Arjuna and her father both belong to this world which is not very far from the world of Gautama. The only difference is that of distance which activates old memories and crystallizes the old relationships without getting into the predicaments of daily life. Moreover in this
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distance is definitely lost the physical aspect of dependence. In the case of Gautama the situation is different, there is no crystalised past, there is only the transparent present. Gautama is an imperial reality embedded in the absurd present which cannot be ignored. There is a distance of indifference but this distance is so close that it is not possible for Maya to transform it into a dream which is a characteristic of the distance of the past. Gautama is surprised to see the letter from Arjuna about whom Maya had never talked. Even though Gautama knew the family well, in the present scheme of relationship with Maya the past has receded into a delusion, there is nothing but dark reality of present with all its conflicts and compulsions. Gautama can rationalise, can have a very common sense philosophical outlook about human beings, a very detached and indifferent outlook where every thing seems to be placed properly. For Maya obviously this is not so, her world is shattered and she wonders whether it is the world around her or it is she who is insane. The physical fever not only raises the temperature of her body but she is also burning from within. She longs for Gautama’s hand to cool her burning desire but this is not to be. Gautama is completely unaware of this conflict within Maya. He considers her behavior of others like her as unnatural. When Gautama comments on Maya’s relationship with her father she is terribly upset.

‘Why don’t you?’ he said, in a cold, astringent tone. ‘Your father would take you where ever you wanted to go. He can.’ It was the tone he normally used in speaking of my father, but without any leaving of indulgence. Yet they had been friends – Gautama almost a prote’ge’ of my father, who had
admired him and, I believed, still did. Coming slowly up on his bicycle, in the evenings, it was my father Gautama used to come to call upon, and had it not been for the quickening passion with which I met, half-way, my father's proposal that I marry this tall, stooped and knowledgeable friend of his, one might have said that our marriage was grounded upon the friendship of the two men, and the mutual respect in which they held each other, rather than upon any thing else. To watch this respect being broken, reduced or, at any rate, concealed, at a steadily growing rate, by Gautama, had been almost the most searing pain of the first year of our marriage, especially as I knew that I was, in some way, responsible for it. But now I had a headache, such a fierce headache, I really could not bear to worry about it any longer.

‘Ah, Gautama,’ I cried, tearfully, and rose from my pillow to hold and draw him into my own orbit of though and feeling, yes not daring to make the bold, physical move. ‘You don’t imagine I would go without you? Leaving you behind in the heat?’

‘Why not?’ he said, snapping open his cigarette case with a metallic click that matched his voice. ‘I daresay I can manage, considering I did so for a great many years before I married you’.

‘Don’t,’ I cried, writhing, ‘please don’t speak like that.’

‘Don’t speak like that, in God’s name?’ he said. He spoke in exasperation now, Danger!

I lay back in bed. ‘You know I wouldn’t,’ I said, staring at his back with its bent spine and projecting ribs that I would have stroked as eagerly as I would have fondled the cat’s soft fur, had I seen her arch her lovely head, or
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touched a rind of melon that invited by its granulated, green - ribbed coarseness. I should have liked to reach out and touch, gently, one curving rib. Nothing could have disgusted him more, at this moment, in such a mood, and knowing this, I started to run my fingers distractedly through my hair instead. 'Is there to much work to be done this summer? Couldn't you get away – just for a short holiday?' (CP.pp. 40-41)

It is not that she has a very fascinating image of her father but whatever relationship there was between the two is beyond the comprehension of Gautama and he shows no sympathy or understanding of the predicament. For Gautama Maya is a sick woman at the moment having high temperature physically. Maya lives in a dream world and can still see her father’s image in the mirror. She is engrossed in not only an unreal world but a surreal world. She can hear the screeching of the peacock. The very mention of father brings more conflicts and pushes her into more complex layers of the unconscious. For Maya her father is a personality who inculcated all good things in her life. It is he who taught her that:

The source of disintegration is the human being’s vanity in his power to act. Not realizing the futility of his rebellion, he steers himself further and further out of the orbit in which he was born to act, and destroys himself. The world is full of destruction that is born of the Western theory of life, not an Asian one------- But when he turned to smile at me, there was all the pain of parenthood upon his lips, chastening and subduing. 'Is that so difficult to see, Maya?' (CP.pp. 54-55)
On the one side was the father with the pain of parenthood upon his lips, on the other is her logical and stern husband. As her fears are intensifying, instead of convincing her and pulling her out of them like her father had been doing, he remains unconcerned and untouched. With the peacocks crying, Maya imagines Arjuna in the African jungles and she hears the beats of the Kathakali dance and at times when her fever ebbs she hears the whisperings of the owls.

Gautama wonders why Maya has not answered Arjuna letter, why this hesitation and fear about the horoscope. The very mention of the horoscope brings an internal upheaval in Maya. She beings in fear the sounds of the dreams obviously there most mysterious and most frightening songs could not be heard by Gautama. He could never penetrate into the depths of Maya's unconscious laden with extreme fears and hopes. There universe with never touch each others units Gautama remains a rationed being leading a physical life in the external world Maya has been pushed into insanity.

The horoscope read out by the astrologer is slowly descending deeper and deeper to her unconscious and she is being transformed into a being thoroughly possessed with the horrible confrontation with death. For Maya death is nothing but the disintegration of the being. She is apprehensive of the process of disintegration relation in the preamble itself. Death, is approaching, scared to face it, she saves herself and kills Gautama.
When Maya sees the monkeys in the cages ready to be sent to a laboratory she realizes their anguish, thirst and hunger and finds a correspondence between her state of mind and that of the monkeys. She is like a monkey in a cage, thirsty and hungry, all set to be analysed and dissected by the rational sentiments. For the scientist a monkey is only a physical being with no mind and soul, no feelings, no space for any relationship. Maya’s being is deeply touched by this situation. She too is in a cage at the mercy of others, the others who do not share anything with her, who do not have any idea of humanity, of her feelings as a person, of her desire for love.

The critical junction at which Maya is standing is eased a little with the advent of Gautama’s mother and sister. They are real human beings and bring a bit of relief to Maya by providing her with real human company. Maya tries to hold to this company. She wants them to stay longer.

‘Human company is what you need. Young, gay people with plenty of ideas and ambition and occupations. We must take you back to Calcutta with us. It will do her good, won’t it Nila?’

No, I cried, miserable. What, the house empty again, and I alone with my horrors and nightmares? No! If they stayed a while, they might help me, as my own father could not, by teaching me some of that marvellous indifference to everything that was not vital, immediate and present, I did not know how they could do this, but some how they could do this but some how it had to be done. They were sane people, sane, sane, and yet so much more human than my own husband. God, to be alone with him
again, my unknowing, unsuspecting and steel-hard adversary in this oneiric battle, all night, all day, for how many more nights, how many more days? God, to have to start counting then again in utter loneliness? No I begged and flung myself at her knees, feeling her warmth radiate towards me “Stay-stay another week. There’ll be a dust – storm it will be cooler-

But it isn’t the heat that drives us away”, she exclaimed, touching my face with fingers that touched softly with their hard tips. “I should be glad to stay with you a little longer, but-

But you shall, you must! I cried so loudly that she was a bit shaken, and drew her hand away. Her own children teased her consulted her, lived with her and understood her, but they did not caress her. She did not have time for caresses, very little of it, and nor did they. And yet I yearned for her to hold me to her bosom. I could not remember my own mother at all. My throat began to swell with unbearable self-pity. I would cry, I knew it, in a while, and dreaded it, in their sane presence. ‘Please’ I whispered” [CP. pp.162-63].

The entire family is rational and practical but none is as cold and stern as Gautama. It is very interesting to observe Gautama’s conventional behavior. He refuses to understand even his own sister’s problems with her husband. For him human relations just do not exist, his sister has a husband and she should stay with him as the culture demands. Being a lawyer himself, he bluntly refuses to help her, so it would be an over expectation of his helping Maya in any manner.
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Maya thinks of her father and friends, but their universe is also different. Maya is slipping into a universe which has nothing in common with her old friends:

Once upon a time it had been a world peopled with friends as solid as shadows now were to me, and the desire in my fingers to touch and feel them - the grain of their souls and the finish of their personalities – was as strong as though they had been made of poppy petals or silken tapestry, not of skin that is susceptible to dry scales, and hair that is rough and unruly-neither of them nearly as satisfactory to the senses as those finer products of art and nature” [CP. p.56].

Maya has reached a point where the outer world, the inner world and the individual’s extreme anguish is not shared even by best kin’s and friends.

Maya cannot relax and participate in the conversation at the party. She is unable to share their thoughts and activities as she thinks differently, what she can see the others do not see. They are living in the present whereas she dwells in the future. Fears for them are empty signifiers, they have no existential significance. All of them talk for the sake of talking, their present does not look to the future, for them present is eternal, they are at the beginning of life and they do not imagine any negative kind of aspirations of life. The signifiers are empty when their significance is not consequential, when the words are taken literally, words taken one to one, embedded in present to define present and present is the time which is still
without any movement. Maya is existentially destabilized but this destabilization creates certain dimension, a sense of movement, apprehension and of a continuous present. Present is a movement, it is alive for Maya but the present for the people in the party, and for Gautama, is static. The present is circumscribed by a wall of non-consequence so that there is no external difference between falsehood and truth, as there is no truth of the signifier, stuck in a present. Naturally Maya's universe is propelled by movement, apprehension, fear and hope. Her world is a complex mixture of hope and fear, the little hope that is supposed to be surrounding her.

The most important question is the situation in which a being is placed. Maya is fixed in a situation of helplessness, is unhappy but does not want to give it up. Whenever there is a slight possibility of life, we find movement, therefore leaving a slight possibility of hope and mobility. On the other hand is disintegration, death which is static, end of all movement. As a consequence one is stuck, there is immobility, no hope and no going beyond that point. If she dies in love, she will eternalize herself.

Desire never fails as desire is only a dream that is never tested. Imaginiare plays a very important role as it undergoes no test, it is incest and that is not supposed to be, it is never to be crossed, never to be realized, so one creates an imaginary universe. Relations like love constitute the physical and mental aspects, but in the case of relationship with father and brother, the reality never comes close. As a result of not being realized.
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Role of cultural incest and the role of prohibition lead to distance which itself creates a kind of sublimation in the domain of the imaginary. Love or hatred if based on imaginaire is more than what it is in reality as in reality there cannot be absolute good or hatred. There is a world of difference in living with a person in reality and with imaginary archetypes.

In further pursuing the discussion of this thesis, are we to consider the nature of the frustration or the peculiar character of those who are affected by it? It is extremely seldom, after all, that frustration is universal and absolute. In order to operate pathogenically is must no doubt affect the mode of satisfaction which alone the subject desires, of which alone he is capable. There are in general very many ways of tolerating deprivation of libidinal satisfaction without falling ill as a result. In the first place, we know people who are able to put up with a deprivation of this kind without being injured: they are not happy, they suffer from longing, but they do not fall ill. Next, we must bear in mind that the sexual instinctual impulses in particular are extraordinarily ‘plastic’ if I may so express it. One of them can take the place of another, one of them can take over another intensity, if the satisfaction of one of them is frustrated by reality, the satisfaction of another can afford complete compensation. They are related to one another like a network of intercommunication channels filled with a liquid; and this is so in spite of being subject to the primacy of the genitals – a state of affairs that is not at all easily combined in a single picture. Further, the component instincts of sexuality, as well as the sexual current which is compounded from them, exhibit a large capacity for changing their object, for taking another in its place – and one, therefore, that is more easily attainable. This displaceability and readiness to accept a substitute must operate powerfully against the pathogenic effect of a frustration. Among these protective processes against falling ill owing to deprivation there is one
which has gained special cultural significance. It consists is the sexual trend abandoning its aim of obtaining a component or a reproductive pleasure and taking on another which is related genetically to the abandoned one but is itself no longer sexual and must be described as social. We call this process ‘sublimation’, in accordance with the general estimate that places social aims higher than the sexual ones, which are at bottom self-interested. ‘Sublimation’, in accordance with the general estimate that places social aims higher than the sexual ones, which are at bottom self-interested. Sublimation is, incidentally, only a special case of the way in which sexual trends are attached to other, non-sexual ones”. [Freud I, pp. 389-390].

Mirror makes one conscious of ones own self, questioning the self who you are. It also helps in acquiring the idea of one’s state of mind. Divide yourself into two parts and through the mirror you can look at your physical self and be conscious of yourself. Mirror is both depressing and alleviating, if depressed it functions as a catalyser, it intensifies the state of depression. Maya makes it worse. The intensity of self depression increases as the catalyser through the other, through whom you look at yourself. With the feelings intensified by looking at the body through the mirror one tends to be depressed to the extent of hating oneself, triggering violence at oneself. For a depressed person mirror can accelerate the signs of suicide also. One begins to dislike one’s own body and wants to annihilate the body as it now becomes the other increasing the suicidal tendencies.

The opposite of this archaic dismembering is the form of the Ego which is constituted for the first time in the mirror; the orthopedic form
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which puts the pieces together to provide a wholeness a body belonging to a subject. The image in the mirror allows the subject to say: “This is my body”, and thus to assure himself of its fictitious ownership on a space and a time which previously escapes him. This is identity in the psychological and juridical sense, in the sense where the proper name of the subject is written on a card, near a photograph which helps him to be recognized. In suggesting this identity as alienating, Lacan reverses the meaning of madness, for it is the mad who says that he is another.

The lure of spatial – identification

We have seen what is spatial identification. What remains to be explained is why it is an illusion and how it is founded on an absence that Lacan qualifies as ‘gap’ (‘chasm’). It depends on the exchange between the ego of the subject and every other object, and demonstrates the fact that two persons facing each other see only the alienated image of the other: the basis of amorous passion and in general all inter – subjective relationship “What is at work in the triumph of the assumption of the image of the body in the mirror, is the fading object which appears only in the margins; the exchange of looks”; Exchange of absences; for the gaze indicates the distance between the surface of the mirror and the reflected body of the subject. Behind the gaze of the other, as behind the mirror there is nothing, only the apperception (experience) of non-existence. Here comes into play narcissism and its immediate correlate, aggressively suicidal or not. Lacan calls this intertwining of Freudian death instinct and narcissism “the imaginary knot.....” [Imaginary, Symbolic and Real by Catherine Clement]
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The suicidal tendencies can also be shifted leading to violence to others. Violence towards Gautama is also violence to Maya herself, in fact it is to the whole environment. Violence to one's own self or everybody around leads to the tendency of hatred and ambiance of hatred.

Maya kills Gautama and after his death there is a delusion - the happiness is only at the surface. The deliverance of violence took place in rage and after every deliverance there is depression. What Maya actually wanted was his love and not his death. Maya in pursuit to justify her action is trying to show she is very happy, but this happiness is only at the manifest level, in reality there is extreme depression after deliverance. She feels this is the way out but its reality it is not the way out, it is a false exit.

The acceptance of her failure by annihilating the other is only a physical one which is not possible otherwise Maya's trying to be brave is her trying to justify her act by creating a false illusion around her. What has happened is not what she really wanted but is forced to do by circumstances leading her into this cycle of violence due to her extreme depression and suicidal tendency. She continues to remain a brave person but this does not bring any equilibrium, only false illusion.