CHAPTER – II

THAT LONG SILENCE, CRY, THE PEACOCK

It is the view of the novelist that women generally bear the tyranny of men silently in Indian middle class families and if any of them come to suffer from some ailment, they are callously neglected and left to die unsung. Jaya is an example of the women who have no choice but to submit to be led by their husbands like Sita and Draupadi of yesteryears to the forests and jungles, and in the mire of infancy and deserted finally. After all she is yoked with her husband inextricably. The novelist has used a very apt metaphor of being yoked like bullocks to convey the idea that marriage is irrevocable and wife is bound by a covenant to follow her husband. She has to blindfold herself like Gandhari if the husband is blind, no matter if she has to suffer the loss of her hundred sons in consequence thereof. Jaya was married to Mohan who, like the modern young men, was blinded by his desire to become a millionaire over-night. He had a good job of a Junior Engineer in a steel plant at Lohanagar.

Both of them belong to lower middle class. Jaya’s mother belonged to an Ambegaon family. Her father belonged to a Saptagiri family. Jaya’s father was a follower of Mahatma Gandhi in the freedom movement, a devoted member of Hindu Mahasabha as a champion of Hindusim, and a believer in convent education. He sent his three children, Jaya and her brothers, to a convent school while his brothers had sent their children to kannad schools. His mother who was already angry with him for marrying a Marathi girl instead of a Kannad girl, opposed his idea of sending children to English school. She had said,
“No good will come of sending your children to a Padre School. They’ll forget all our customs, they might even become Christians”.

That Long Silence [P-90]

After sometime, Jaya’s father bought a separate house for himself and shifted there with his family. It pained his mother, as she wanted the joint family system to continue. Other members of the family also complained against the fission. Nevertheless Jaya’s father had great love for his family. He would paddle three kilometers daily to his mother and three kilometers back to his wife.

Jaya’s father named his daughter Jaya, meaning victory. He instilled the sense of superiority in his daughter. He once pulled out his daughter from the circle of her friends, saying that those girls, “asked for nothing more than the destiny of being wives and mothers”. Jaya, he said, was to go to Oxford after her graduation to win Chattified prize or the Ellis prize. Later Jaya blamed her father for her habit of keeping herself aloof, for her suffering due to being unsocial. She moaned,

“Why had he made me feel I was someone special?
Why had he made me feel different from others? ...
I did not want to be different from others.
I wanted to be in that lighted room with them,
not walking past, invisible, ignored”.

[That Long Silence [P-136]
A girl advised her to go back home since her father was not well. Jaya did not believe her. When she went to her home, she found the door locked. After sometime her Dada came to inform her that her father was no more. She was shocked-

“My jaws seemed gripped in painful cramp
that made it impossible for me open my mouth”.

[That Long Silence [P-155]

It was a sudden death. He had said to Jaya in the morning, showing her a V for Victory sign, that he had named her for Victory. She thought she would not be able to appear at the examination but her Dada took her to the examination hall, spurred her to appear at the examination. It was under great emotional stress that she appeared at the examination. At one stage she told her brother that she wouldn’t be able to write anything since she did not remember anything. For a while she was blank but things started coming to her soon. At one stage she wrote “Appa is dead” and sob burst out.

Soon after the death of her father, Jaya’s mother sent her and her brother, Ravi to Ambegaon to live with her Chandumama. Thereafter, her mother sold out the house to pay off the debts. Jaya felt she had no home; she was homeless. Her Dada went away to Bombay. Jaya was lonely, yet she determined to go to the college for further education.

Jaya’s father was pragmatic in character – he gave good education to his children, participated in Freedom Movement and desired her daughter should distinguish herself from
other girls but he did not know that eating too much of sweets was injurious to health. Jaya remembered that her father whenever he went to meet Ajji, was offered ladoos, which were made from Desee ghee and sugar, and he would never refuse for subsequent servings. Thereafter, he would eat heaped plate of beaten rice followed by coconut and onion. Jaya thought that Ajji’s ladoos had hastened her father’s death -

“may be it had been Ajji who had hastened Appa’s death, feeding him with all that. But people didn’t know about cholesterol then, and men died leaving no guilt behind”.

[That Long Silence [P-134]

Mohan’s childhood was even worse. Mohan also grew up at Saptagiri. His parents were too poor to pay his school fees, but Mohan never spoke of his days of poverty for he had a sense of self respect. But his brother relieved when he found a patron who paid his school fee regularly. Mohan must have felt the ignominy of accepting charity from a stranger to complete his schooling. He smiled when he remembered that he had to bear weekly grilling and hear long insipid sermons of the old for a fee of six rupees a month. Thus the charity came not without a price. But it must have been dehumanizing when he felt compelled to go to attend house – warming ceremony at Crossword House, which was so named because the second son of the house had built it with prize money he received in the Crossword contest. The old man, his patron, asked him to go with him. Mohan had to bring a tonga and help the old man asked him to go and eat food and find a place for him. Vasant had no qualms in speaking of those days of
penury frankly. Vasant told Jaya that whenever there was any function, his mother was called out to help in cooking. And all the family would reach the place at the right time to eat except, of course, Mohanna, who would never go. He had heard Anna raging at Avva for taking food home for him. Mohanna never touched the food that Mohan’s mother used to bring. Mohan was not so fussy – he would eat all that was brought by her mother. Vasant said honestly,

“Whenever mother was called out to help in the cooking anywhere, it was a great day for us, we could be sure of a good meal that day”.

[That Long Silence [P-87]

Mohan had to suffer humiliation due to poverty. His father did not have money to pay his school fees. He felt as he already knew his place, he sat down to eat with Brahmins who were served with indifference, that bordered on undisguised insult – the leaf bowl over burned when dal was slopped in from a height. The poor boy could not help noticing that the rich English speaking women were given warm reception. The temptation to earn money by hook or crook must have gone deep in his subconscious at an early age and it came out with a bang later. He managed to get both a convent school educated, English – speaking wife and money.

In course of time Manohar became an Engineer. Both Mohan and Jaya belonged to Saptagiri. Mohan found that Jaya exactly responded to the image of a wife he had already built in his mind. She could converse in English fluently. And Jaya’s family felt that Mohan was a good match for Jaya. Jaya’s Dada said, pleading his case, that he was an Engineer, “good - looking,
no squint, no glasses, even teeth... No vices, doesnot smoke or eat in hotels, comes from a good Brahmin family”. (91) And finally he said,

“I am all for it. He seems a very decent chap, soft spoken and quiet may be, but determined. He will make his way, he’s very independent. And he has a good job, as Junior Engineer in the new steel plant at Lohanagar”.

[That Long Silence [P-92]

As her Dada had described the overall personality he had told Mohan that his sister was a B.A. Hons. a clever, well – read girl, … Prefers Trollope to Dickens, loves Jane Austen, adores Mukesh and Geeta Dutt, cries at soppy songs.

When everything was nearly settled, and Jaya had felt after hearing the description of Mohan’s personality that there was no reason for her for not marrying him, her mother came out with a vehement disapproval of the match. She said, “Jaya can’t marry that man”, but her Dada was a clever pleader. He brought round his mother, saying Mohan was fairer than Jaya (a point which weighs with women) he had a good job, and his family is well known as a family of old – fashioned orthodox people. Moreover, he did not want money, which mattered a lot for Jaya as they did not have to look to the Kakas and Chandumama for dowry. These were the considerations which led to decide in favour of the match.

Jaya had dreamt like other girls of her age that there would be love and romance after marriage as she had seen in the films of Raj Kapoor and Nargis, Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.
She had imagined that her husband would be a handsome young man and would say to her ‘I love you’. But soon after her marriage she realized that it was a marriage, not a love affair. She thought that they would achieve intimacy gradually by degrees or stages of courting and love making. But Mohan thought that they were husband and wife soon after marriage, and he had taken for granted that Jaya also thought the same way. Jaya was taken by surprise when physical link culminated into intimacy. And the husband and wife came to get two children, Rahul and Rati.

Love had come to mean nothing for Jaya and Manohar but an urge for sex. The emotions and responses of love were redundant, meaningless things. They had their own definition of love. Jaya remembered,

“What else could I call it but love when I thought of how I longed for his physical presence, when I remembered how readily, almost greedily, I had responded to his touch. What else could I name it when I thought of agony it had been to me without him, when his desires, his approval, his love had seemed to be most important, thing in my life?”

[That Long Silence [P-95]

Thus they had learnt to play the role of husband and wife “flawlessly, word – perfect”. Jaya had to yield to ‘his desires, his approval and his love’. The strong desire for sex had not only obliterated the desire for romance or love – making. All that she had read in women’s magazines about keeping husband’s love alive, keeping romance alive, maintaining the charm
of woman, was found redundant meaningless. Jaya observed that Mohan slept with her twice a week whether she had creamed her face or not, whether she had brushed her hair or not. The desire for sex had grown like a monster –

“The thought of living without him had twisted my insides. His death had seemed to me the final catastrophe”.

[That Long Silence [P-96,97]

But in course of time Jaya began to think that her need of him had decreased. She could stay away from him without twinge, or sleep with him without desire. She was fed up of doing it with the same person, in the same positions and movements-

“His procedure had always been so unvaried, that I could almost stand back and watch the whole thing from a distance – same positions, same movements, same time”.

[That Long Silence [P-97]

She realized that it was sex which affirmed aloneness of man. Perhaps it was so because we had never come together, only our bodies had done that. Nevertheless, she always sustained and supported him and cruelty to him was impossible. In spite of the fact that love as it was constrained, or perhaps did not exist between them. Yet Jaya continued to be a wife. Thus they passed their married life without passion of love.
Mohan was serving in a steel plant at Lohanagar, but he and one, Swaminathan, got into trouble when they took action against a worker. There was an inquiry which upset him so much that he decided to quit the job. It was this that Jaya had gathered from the circumstances while the real story was different. Mohan explained that he had made up his mind to quit that job earlier than that incident of strike of the union in support of the worker.

He was in fact not satisfied with the salary he was getting. It was too small to meet his expenses and ambitions. He recounted that his father had asked him to send some extra money, either for Vasant or Sudha. But Jaya was to go to Ambegaon with Rahul. He felt that he was short of money. He felt that after years of struggle he had improved a bit in his financial condition. Earlier he had not enough to pay for clothes and school fee, and now he had not enough to pay for gas connection, for brother’s clothes, his sister’s fees etc. Living frugally was not the answer. He had learnt that simple living was looked down upon by the society. Once Jaya had to go to a doctor in a simple and crumpled saree for she had started bleeding during her second pregnancy. The doctor ignored her thinking that she was not rich enough to deserve his attention. It was when the chief Medical officer recognised her that the doctor attended her. Gandhi’s principle of simple living was contumuously disproved.

Mohan had no option but to find a more lucrative job and he succeeded in his effort. Jaya did not know how he came by the job. The new job brought them to Bombay, enabled them to send Rahul and Rati to good schools and to get all things they needed, decent clothes, a fridge, a gas connection, travelling first class. There was enough to send home for Sudha’s fees, Vasant’s clothes and even for Sudha’s marriage.
That Long Silence of Shashi Deshpande shows that women have been keeping silence since long in spite of being under the dominance of man. Jaya had imagined for herself a life of an independent girl, going with both hands in her pocket, but it was not to be because woman in India have been under the pressure of circumstances, customs and traditions, all of which put restraints on women. Jaya’s father was pragmatic, progressive and radical; he had dreamt that her daughter would go to Oxford for higher studies, win prizes and excel all other girls. But her father died before his dreams could be transformed into realities. After her father’s death, the question of her marriage arose. It was to change the course of life. The girl who as her father had imagined was to win laurels became Mohan’s wife because her elder brother wanted to be free of the responsibility of a younger sister- “Dada wanted me off his hands; he had wanted to be free of his responsibility for an unmarried younger sister, so that he could go ahead with his plans. After Appa’s death, the Kakas never let Dada forget his role as the man of the house. And so Dada had cleverly maneuvered me into a position from which not marrying Mohan would have been childish, irresponsible and unfavourable to Dada”.

Jaya’s Dada was a clever arguer when Jaya’s mother objected to this proposed marriage, saying categorically, “Jaya can’t marry this man”. Jaya’s brother proceeded like a man who had the clues to a woman’s mind. It is argued that Mohan was fairer than Jaya, knowing well that woman gives sufficient weight age to the complexion. He further argued that Mohan was a decent chap, having a good job which again was considered a key to happiness by women. Next, he said that his family is orthodox and old fashioned which was preferred to the pseudo – modern ones. Thus he concerned his mother that Mohan was an ideal match for Jaya. As a
result of this canvassing Jaya was married with Mohan and her father’s dreams evaporated into thin air.

Mohan re-christened her Suhasini, to make her forget that she was Jaya of her father’s dreams. Mohan, who had lived a life of want and poverty, had a desire in his subconscious to get wealth by hook or crook. He was initially a Junior Engineer in a steel plant at Lohanagar, but he had to quit the job because there was a union strike against the suspension of a worker ordered at his instance, but more importantly because the salary he was getting was not sufficient to provide a good living for himself and to meet expenses of his brother and sister. He therefore, got another job at Bombay which was more lucrative. In order to fulfill his desire of a good living, he accepted the substandard material which in course of time landed him in trouble. He feared that government action would be taken against him and he would have to bear ignominy. Therefore he was advised to go away from the scene for a while.

Jaya had to go with Mohan like Sita and Draupadi of Yore, instead of being an independent woman, living according to her choice, she was Mohan’s wife. They shifted from churchgate to Dadar, where Jaya was not so busy as she was in church gate home. There was nothing to be cleaned, arranged or re-arranged since it was not so well furnished. They had come here in a way to pass the period of exile, in anonymity. In her churchgate home, she had gadgets that were to be kept in order, glass ware to be tidied, furniture and curios which were to be kept spotlessly clean and shining. There were mahogany elephants and such other pieces of decoration which were to be dusted and polished continually to keep her home shipshape and decorated. Mohan had collected these things to make his home as he wanted it to be –
“The truth is that it was Mohan who had a clear idea of what he wanted, the kind of life he wanted to lead, the kind of home he would live in”.

[That Long Silence [P-25]

And she was just to accept his ways. Jaya was not interested in all those unnecessary things. She wanted to live a life unhampered by paraphernalia, yet she had to give in. She was almost an ascetic, having no interest in anything. According to Jaya it would have been difficult for her to answer if Mohan had asked her what she wanted. She was very happy in Dadar flat since it had least of the paraphernalia – “I had queer sense of home coming. That while Mohan prowled about uneasy having fearful, like a trapped, confined animal, I was at ease with myself and surroundings. I felt as if I had gone back to the days of my early childhood and was back in my Saptagiri Ajji’s room”. At the same time Jaya made it clear that she would not be spartan as her Ajji, who had only one chair which had a hard seat having nails that seemed to sprout from the most unexpected places. To make her point clear, she cites the example of Maitreyee who rejected her philosopher husband, Yajnavalkya’s offer of half of his property saying that the said property would not give her immortality. The husband could never know what she wanted. Jaya also did not evince interest in anything that was not essential for day – today life. She chose to remain silent even Mohan was gathering gadgets and artefacts. She was after all one of the two bullocks yoked together, it was not possible for one of them to go its own way.

When Mohan found himself in a financial scam, he first said that Agarwal was responsible. But as the days passed, he charged Jaya with negligence of duty and insincerity to him. He said that Jaya was calamitously indifferent to his prospects. She did not even try to
know that C.E. stood for and never tried to be friend C.E’S. wife. Then, he said that the mess or cesspool that he was in at the moment was due to Jaya and the children for whom he was trying to earn money by hook or crook. He said,

“I have always put you and children first, I have been patient with all years, whims, I have grudged you nothing but the truth is that you despise me because I’ve failed. As long as I had my job and position, it was all right; as long as I could give you all the comforts, it was all right. But now, because I am likely to lose it all” …

[That Long Silence [P-121]

Jaya wanted to contradict but she could not because her body went rigid, and Mohan left the place without giving a hint where he was bound for. The wife was to hear the charges levelled and keep silence, not to contradict or disprove them.

After all she was advised by her Ajji to keep silence. Her Ajji told her that it was not a good habit to question and retort. She said, “I feel sorry for your husband, Jaya whoever he is. Look at you for everything a question, for everything a retort”. And her Vanitamami had advised her, “If your husband has a mistress or two, ignore it”. Accordingly she didn’t retort.

Ramukaka prepared a family tree of two hundred years, but Jaya had no place in it. Ramukaka explained to her that she had ceased to belong to his family after her marriage. But to her surprise, Jaya noticed that her mother and Kakis also had not been shown as members of that
family on the ground that they were not born in the family. Thus she found that women were deprived of their right place in the family by a false reasoning. Jaya felt like asking Ramukaka why her mother and Kakis not shown as members of the family and why her Ajji, “Who single – handed kept the family together’ was not the member of the family, but she said nothing to Ramukaka thinking “Ajji should be pleased with me. I had learnt at last - no questions, no retorts, calmly silence”.

The case of Mohan’s mother was all the more pathetic. Her husband was a pauper, unable to pay his son’s school fee of six rupees, yet he was head - strong, and tortuous. One day, when all else had taken food, except Mohan’s mother, who was waiting for her husband as she always did however late he was. After she had given dinner to the children, she cooked rice for her husband, since he had made it clear once for all that he would not eat ‘children’s disgusting leavings’. When he came in, he went straight to the bathroom. Mohan’s mother made her husband’s plate ready by the time he came out of the bathroom. He become furious on not finding fresh chutney; he threw away the brass plate and walked out of the house. She picked up the plate, cleaned the wall and the floor. Vimala her daughter, taking pity on the helpless mother, offered to do it for her, but she did it herself and asked her daughter to go to the neighbour to get some chillies, so that she could grind chutney for her husband. When Vimala returned with chillies, she found her mother’s eyes had become red due to the smoke coming from the wood which was of bad quality.

On another occasion, Mohan’s mother was making bhakries. Vimala, who was preparing to go to school, found that thumping of her mother’s hands while beating bhakries had come to a
stop. Then she heard screaming. Vimala went to the kitchen to see that her mother was beating her face instead. Vimala gave her water, took her to bed to pacify her. Her face was swollen. She died a week later. Vimala told Jaya that unlike her who hadn’t had any child after five years of marriage, her mother was always pregnant. She had lost her four or five babies, yet she was pregnant. In spite of having such a difficult life, she had “the huge kumkum on her forehead, blotting out everything in that face but the blessed woman died with her husband yet living”. Nobody knew the sufferings of the woman except her daughter, who told Jaya about it after swearing her not to divulge the truth to anybody. “Vimala swore me to secrecy, and not that it would have mattered if she had, for Vimala is dead too. Vimala had further told Jaya that even Mohan did not know this as she never spoke to him about it, a boy as he was.

Mother suffered and died unheard and unsung, and similar was the case of her daughter, Vimala. When Mohan and Jaya went to Saptagiri on their annual visit Vimala’s mother-in-law told them that Vimala had been lying in bed for over a month, yet the mother-in-law did not know what Vimala’s ailment was. She asked Mohan and Jaya that they could take her away if they wished, adding at the same time in a matter - of fact tone,

“I never heard of women going to hospitals and doctors for such a thing as if other women did not have heavy periods! What a fuss! But these women who’ve never had children are like that.”

[That Long Silence [P-39]
When Mohan and Jaya took her to the hospital, the doctor asked them how it was that Vimala didn’t tell anyone about her illness. The doctor said that it was too late for surgery. Mohan and Jaya rued after death, “It had been an ovarian tumour with metastases in the lungs. They wondered, “Why didn’t she tell us? Why didn’t she write to me? Vimala had left no answer. “She sank into a coma and died a week later, her silence intact”

The case of Kusum was worse. Kusum was almost adopted by Jaya’s Vanitamami, though she was ‘spiritless of all her sister’s brood! Kusum’s sister, Shailaja was sharp and bright, and had tried to insinuate herself into Vanitamami’s graces. Vanitamami chose none of Kusum’s siblings, except Kusum perhaps because Kusum was a failure like her. Kusum’s Vanitamami was so much under subjugation of her mother-in-law. Kusum was no better. Perhaps it was for this reason that Vanitamami had taken Kusum under her wings. But unfortunately nobody liked the induction of Kusum in the family. She was particularly to keep herself hidden from Chadumama – “The cry to ‘Run Kusum, Chandumama is coming” had been enough to make her fly in terror”. But Vanitamami succeeded, to keep Kusum with her in spite of her being under subjugation.

Jaya brought her to the Dadar flat, but Kusum said to her one day almost begging that she must go to her children who perhaps she thought like a mother, needed her care; Jaya wrote to Kusum’s brother, Dilip, who took her away. A few days, and the day before her husband was to take her back home she threw herself into a well and died. She was no use to anyone after she went crazy, nobody needed her. Jaya had never hoped that her mother could be so ruthless to a woman who was ignored and deserted by all and finally led to commit suicide, silently, without a
note of complaint. Jaya thinks Kusum was not crazy. It was not in her madness or insanity that she drowned herself in the well. She was, in fact, so much broken inside that she could not bear the atrocities of life anymore - Jaya thought that Kusum had taken a decision boldly - “Hadn’t she taken the biggest decision of all, the only decision that mattered in life – whether to live or die? It could not possibly be poor Kusum; it was poor Jaya” Thus Kusum’s death was the death embraced not by an insane, but by a sane and brave person, who took the decision in compelling circumstances for her life had become an unbearable burden.

The title suggests that women have been suffering in silence. They do not tell even of their physical ailments to anybody. Nobody, not even the husbands and other close relatives care to know about their maladies. Sometimes they conceal their ailments and sometimes they are neglected by all in spite of having the knowledge of their ailments. Mohan’s mother died without getting any treatment, and so did her daughter Vimala, Kusum was hated and ignored by all, including her husband and children. All these women suffered silently and died silently. The same views are expressed by the novelist in her famous novel, *The Dark Holds No Terrors*.

Sarita or Saru, the heroine of the novel, went to her father’s home where the women in the neighbourhood started talking frankly about their own problems which till then were their closely guarded secrets - “Artlessly they would turn the talk to some complaint of theirs. In a few days she knew the whole range of them. The myriad complaints, the varying symptoms, she thought, if put together, would provide a world of data for a treatise on the condition of the women. Back ache, head ache, leucorrhea, manorrhagea, dymanorrhea, loss of appetite, burning feet, an itch there ... all the indignities of a women’s life, borne silently and as long as possible,
because how do you tell anyone about these things?” Everything kept secret, their very
womanhood a source of deep shame to them… It made her angry. “Why didn’t you do
something about it earlier?” She often asked. But they had schooled themselves to silence”.

It appears that Shashi Deshpande is deeply shocked by women’s tendency to suffer
silently and die silently. Their silent sacrifice remains unnoticed. Therefore she says with great
anger, “Their unconscious, unmeaning heroism, is born out of the myth of self-sacrificing
martyred woman, did not arouse either pity or admiration. Therefore the novelist wants the
women to break that long silence to get their place in the man-oriented world.

Deshpande has taken up cudgels against Defoe’s attack on fiction as a vehicle of lies.
Jaya remembers, it was Daniel Defoe that old puritan, who called fiction ‘a sort of lying enters
in’. Jaya asks Mr. Defoe who is to draw the line between fact and fiction and whether we can
live with the hole in the heart. Deshpande has raised the question of relevance of fiction. Long
ago, Plato had also made almost similar observation when he said that Literature was twice
removed from reality. But the long history of fiction has disproved all the allegations.

True it is that fiction presents imaginary situations and characters and a thesis that the
novelist had built in his mind. But the question that has been raised by Defoe is whether the lies,
the imaginary characters and situations, really make a hole in the heart and deface human
emotions or kill them, or doing any harm to humanity. Deshpande’s novel *That Long Silence*
has woven a story to present the truth that woman is assigned a secondary role, and relegated to
secondary position. It is an issue which is being addressed by all men and women all over the
world. Women have come out of the torpor, and risen to the highest places of presidents and
prime ministers of several countries, some of whom are considered to be the best in the line. The Women’s Liberal movement and individual aspirations have broken the fetters.

But it is also true that women of the middle and lower sections of the society are still imprisoned in age-old superstitions. Deshpande has done a great job by ridiculing the mythical women, Sita, Draupadi, Gandhari, etc, who followed their husbands blindly as if they had no existence of their own. She has asked the Gandhari-type women why they have blind folded themselves to the misdeeds of their husbands. Jaya, for example, did not try to know how her husband, Mohan came to get the new lucrative job, how the money was coming for new comforts. The whole situation, as presented in the novel is concocted; there is no particular Mohan and Jaya being referred to, but there are Mohans in India who have been amassing wealth by unlawful means and thousands of Jayas are enjoying the riches, with their eyes closed to the moral lapses of their husbands. Jaya recounts her own story with a pinch of irony. She recalled,

“How Mohan had managed to get the job. I never asked him how he did it. If Gandhari, who bandaged her eyes to become blind like her husband, could be called an ideal wife, I was an ideal wife too. I bandaged my eyes tightly. I didn’t want to know anything. It was enough for me that we moved to Bombay, that we could send Rahul and Rati to good schools, that I could have the things we needed... decent clothes, a fridge, a gas connection, travelling first class. And there was enough for Mohan to send home to his father - for Sudha’s fees, Vasant’s clothes and Sudha’s marriage”.

[That Long Silence P- 61,62]
The story of Mohan and Jaya is false indeed, but the novelist had tried to remove the bandage from the eyes of the women so that they may be able to see the sins of their husband and oppose them.

It is true that people in middle class families want to have a good and comfortable life which providence has denied to them, and they find it difficult to realise their dreams. Jaya become comfortable as it never was. Her father died in debt, mother sold off the house after her husband’s death to repay the loan, her marriage with Mohan was held because dowry was not demanded. Naturally, it was a welcome change. Mohan came from a very poor family. His mother used to go to assist in cooking when there was some function in the neighbourhood and the whole family would reach there, invited or not, at the lunch or dinner time. His father didn’t have means to pay his school fees of Rs. 6/- p.m. and snubbed his son for lying on the mat which he thought would be spoiled. He had a pauper and irascible father. He wanted special treatment for himself. He would not eat what he called, “children’s disgusting leavings”. He wanted his rice fresh and hot from a vessel which was not used that day for cooking meals. Mohan’s school fees was paid by an old man and had to sit with Brahmin to eat his dinner which was served with indifference. The children, who pass their childhood in want and poverty, have their desire in their sub-conscious mind to find a good living for themselves. It is no wonder that children of such mental make – up resort to unfair means. It is a daily experience that people do not hesitate in doing frauds, and other economic crimes. None of the members of the family checks such a man because they have also a craving for wealth. It was credit to Jaya that she had a conscience which suggested mass hara-kiri for the family in repentance. Again, an altogether imaginary
situation is presented before the public to suggest that an act of fraud should be condemned by the family.

The novelist has suggested through the Kusum episode that one should have sympathy with the neglected and the defeated. Kusum was a neglected girl in her home. Her father never did any work to earn money, yet he was addicted to smoking and films. Her mother had always an infant in her arms to take care of. Naturally the elder children Kusum, Shailaja and Dilip etc were neglected- they moved about unkempt and unfed. Kusum being innocent could not adopt vile methods as Dilip did to make a place for herself. As she was neglected in her mother’s house, she was persecuted in her in-law’s house. Consequently, she lost equilibrium, yet hers was not a lost case. Repressive circumstances had made her crazy. Jaya came forward to help her in spite of opposition from all the members of her family. Even Mohan advised Jaya not to have anything to do with Kusum, but Jaya did not leave Kusum to suffer alone. The novelist wants to give the message to the society that persons like Kusum should be given help, not left to fend for themselves; Jaya and her Vanitamami were the only two persons in the world who could realize that women like Kusum deserve sympathy and help.

The novelist has also presented the case of the lowest class, the labour class as we call it, to evoke love and sympathy for them in the heart of the people. Jeeja is a woman who had allowed her husband to marry again for she had failed to give birth to a child. But her co-wife died, leaving her children to be brought up by Jeeja. She had worked all her life for livelihood. Nayana, wife of her step son also had a miserable life. There was no time when she was not pregnant and her husband had given her the ultimatum that he would throw her out of the house
if she did not give birth to a male child. Her husband, Rajarama himself did nothing, yet he had become a drunkard. Nayana was fed up with him so much that she wished he were dead. He made a hell of her life. He would beat her whenever she refused to give him money. In spite of their miserable life, they were honest and serviceable. The novelist wants to say that they deserve a better deal. Jaya took pity on them, went to the doctor to request him to pay due attention to Rajaram.

This novel mainly deals with relations between husband and wife. Mohan Jaya story betrays the truth that woman is still an appendage to man. She is yoked with man, but the direction is always decided by man. Deshpande has proved her point by referring to the examples of the highly respected mythological figures, like Sita, Savitri, Draupadi and Gandhari. All of them went following their husbands to the jungles. In this novel, Jaya goes from churchgate to Dadar in compliance of the wishes of her husband.

Then, the woman has no right in her own home. Jaya’s Vanitamami was not allowed to buy sarees of her choice. She could not keep her niece Kusum with her with respect. She had to run away from Chandumama’s presence. Jaya also was not allowed to keep Kusum with her.Everybody including her husband objected to her proposal to keep Kusum in her house. Kusum was therefore kept at the Dadar flat.

In marital relations Jaya was obliged to go Mohan’s way. She had imagined that after her marriage she would gradually develop intimacy with her husband, but Mohan adopted the crude approach – he became husband from day one. Jaya recollected, “Whereas for Mohan it had been
extremely simple, we were married, we were husband and wife, so everything according to him, was permissible. He had taken it for granted that I thought the same way. And so perhaps it was only I who had been surprised when intimacy had come, all of a sudden, with the physical link”. The result was disastrous for Jaya. The intimacy stirred no feelings in her. The whole thing had become a routine and dull exercise. She felt the loss acutely. She complained,

“Sensual memories are coldest. They stir up nothing in you. As I thought of those days, of my feelings, and then looked at the man lying beside me, nothing stirred in me. Those emotions and responses seemed to belong to two other people, not to the two of us lying here together”.

[That Long Silence[P-95]

Love had come to mean nothing but indulgence in sex, their longing for each other.

Jaya was Mohan’s wife and Rahul and Rati’s mother but she was left alone. Mohan spoke daggers to her as she said that it was for her and children that he had to resort to dishonest means, and absolved himself of the guilt. But it was not all. He said to his wedded wife that all was well till he had his job but everything went wrong after she come to know about his predicament as if she had been living with him for her comforts. And he ended his vituperations with the remark that all the women of the world were flippant like her. Saying this he walked out on her. Rahul, her son, also acted in an irresponsible manner, failed to come to her hour of distress, and her daughter, Rati talked to her indifferently. Jaya felt she was alone. She moaned,
“Mohan’s wife, Rahul’s and Rati’s mother- I can crawl into that hole, I had thought, a warm and safe hole; but here I was now prodded out of it by cruel, sharp staves”.

[That Long Silence [P- 173]

The message that the novelist wants to give is that woman’s emotions should be respected.

After suffering a lot due to her failure to speak in defence, she decided not to remain a silent victim any more. She got the message from Mohan that all had turned out well and he would come back. Jaya reviewed the whole situation and thought whether they would go back to their original position, and whether she would give the answer he wanted. It was not acceptable to Jaya anymore because in that case the authority would peep into Mohan once again. She would not allow Mohan to become her master. Therefore she said to herself. “I will have to speak, to listen, to erase the silence between us”.

But she was not to fight for herself alone; she was a crusader for woman’s emancipation, which was possible only when all women realized how they were treated slightingly, repressed and suppressed. Awakening in the masses was sine quanon for a revolution. It required a consistent long effort. Therefore she said,

“We don’t change overnight. It’s possible that we may not change over long periods of time. But we can always hope. Without that, life would be
impossible. And if there is anything I know now it is this; life has always to be made possible”.

[That Long Silence [P-193]

Thus Deshpande closes her novel with a hope of success in the end, no matter when it will come.

*Cry, the Peacock*, though Anita Desai’s first novel, fully exhibits the one list’s symbolists imagination. It explores the inner world of human beings and demonstrates the causes and their strange behaviour and fears. Since Desai is concerned with the depths of the inner self, the psyche of her characters, she employs symbolism to express their real feeling and thoughts. So quite naturally, the novel abounds in symbolic situations, episodes, scenes, characters etc. But these symbols are not limited to any particular sphere of life; they are drawn from human life and nature, particularly from trees, birds, animals, seasons, atmosphere, etc. The writer uses both the past and the present symbolically to show the depths and causes of the protagonist’s anguish, dread, despair and ultimate maguey.

The novel opens with the death of Maya’s pet dog, to the dog and its Deaths are symbolic in more ways than one. The end of the dog symbolizes the constant presence of death in human life. The nearness’ of death ferries Maya and she is obsessed with it. She is a child and her dog stands for a child to her, fulfilling her need for the love of a baby. When her husband Gautama returns home, he sends away the dog’s body in the Municipal van? His cold indifference to the
death of a pet is symbolic of his unawareness of the feelings of his wife. It further indicates the lack of genuine understanding and communication between the husband and the wife.

Guatemala’s and Maya’s reactions to the death of a pet dog symbolize two different approaches to life. While he takes death to be a normal event, she is greatly disturbed by it. It suggests that he is fully aware of the realities of life and does not fear the presence of death, but she loves life so much that she always has hysterics at the sight of death. She does not possess the will or the courage to face the hard realities of life. The death of the dog is also symbolic of her imminent tragic end. The hollowness of their married life is again suggested by Guatemala leaving her to meet a client without saying a single word to her.

The title of the novel is also symbolic. The peacocks and their cries are highly symbolic. The peacock is supposed to be the only creature that knows about its death before hand. It is used as the symbol of Maya, who also knows about her impending death before hand. Like the peacock, she is more in love with life when she knows her peacock; she is more in love with life when she knows her imminent death. The peacock knows that death is the ultimate reality and that when it rains they will die. They gaze at the sky to see the approaching death in the form of dark clouds and thus they are never free from the fear of the presence of death throughout their lives. Thrusting the prophecy of the albino as astrologer, Maya knows that her death is close at hand end. When the peacocks see the clouds loaded with water, they cry out as if in pain; “pia, pia,,Lover, lover, Mio, Mio, I die, I die”(95). They want to have the fullness of life in the limited time left. Maya is in a similar situation. She knows that she is going to die soon so she is deeply in love with life. Her suppers because of her deep design to live a full life. The
peacocks first fight, then mate and in the end die. This process of their death is symbolic of the end of Maya and has husband Gautama. She has known her fate since her childhood. After the prophecy of the astrologer, she would listen to the peacock’s cry and would experience terrible fear and agony:

    Lover, I do Now that I understood their call, I wept for them, and
    wept for myself, knowing their words to be mine (97).

    She experiences the same maddening agony as is experiences by the peacock conscious of its end, and consequently she becomes terribly restless:

    I am dying and I am in love with living. I am in love and I am dying,
    God, let me sleep, forget, and rest. But no, I’ll never sleep again. There
    is no rest anymore-only death and waiting. (97).

    Maya, the heroine of this novel, is symbolic in many ways her name is symbolic and she herself is aware of it. “Only a dream. An illusion, Maya – my very name means nothing, is nothing but an illusion” (172). Her name in Hindi implies wordily pleasures and temptations, which kill a person who comes in contact with them. Gautama dies due to his close contact with Maya. She herself is also deeply attached to Maya (wordly allurements), and so she also dies in the end. She stands for imagination and dream world. She is the symbol of heart, love liners and sensuousness. Also she symbolizes the positive side of life with all its joys and beauties. After killing Gautama, she gets mentally deranged and there after dies because she has gone against life.
Gautama stands for mind, logic and detachment. He is given to the negative side of life in the name of reality. He is the symbol of logic. His legal profession symbolizes it. His name evokes the image of Gautama Buddha, a great yogi and religious figure adored widely in the world. Obviously, he represents detachment and the rejection of the physical pleasures of life thence to Maya,

he ........ looked very much the mediator beneath the bedhme, seated upon a soft tiger skin, too fastidious to touch the common earth, with those long, clean, cut hands, of his, too fastidious to admit such matters as love, with its accompanying horror of copulation, of physical demands and even, over blaringly, spiritual demands of possession and Rights won and established...........(113)

Gautama does not like to be touched: he feels perturbed by it. He considers sentimentalism a childish thing. He is a realist and not a dreamer like Maya. The one-sided news of each of them is the cause of their death: none of them see or he else life in its wholeness with its positive and negative sides.

Gautama’s indifferent and insensitive nature is symbolically depicted through “an opal ring” given by him to her 10 wear. Though he gives the ring to her, “he does not notice the translucent skin beneath, the blue trash ing veins that ran under and out of the bridge of gold” (10) Gautama’s unawareness of the changing colours and beauty of the opal ring is suggestive of his unawareness of the changing moods and sentiments of his wife. The opal ring is the symbol
of her iridescence i.e., her different moods, her emotions of love, fear despair and longing, and her beauty and loneliness.

Maya’s enthusiasm for life is symbolically resealed through the moon:

    But there was a moon. A great moon of hot, beaten copper, of molten bras livid and throbbing like a bloody human organ, a great, full bosomed woman who had mounted the skies in parson driven the silly stars away from her, while she pulsed and throbbed, pulsed and glowed across the breath less sky(71).

The moon is the symbol of passion for life. It is full of life and enthusiasm like Maya and does not care for other silly stars just as she does not bother about her husband’s family members. She identifies herself with the moon and feels like crying “look-look – there is a moon in the sky!”(41) But she realizes that none of his family embers cares for such things. She does not want to go to that place again, for she does not feel like one of the family members. In the past she always regarded them as dead and unemotional, but now when she fears death very much she realizes that they are the symbol of life itself, very active and alive. Obviously, she wants to go to them so that through them she may touch life itself. But then she realizes.

    Now, when I surged, Open – armed, towards them, all receded to some distant back – ground, and were merely a past of that multitude for which I ardently and futilely longed, to whom I was about to say good-bye, for I might never see them again(52).
Gautama’s mother stands for hope, life and hard work. In the beginning, Maya does not like the idea of going shopping with her. This suggests that she does not like to come in contact with life because she already feels betrayed by it. But Gautama’s mother insists on Maya accompanying her “she took my hand and her hand was warm. ‘Come’ she said, ‘Get up and come, Maya’” (158). Naturally, when out in the streets, Maya feels relaxed and happy, on their way, they see “..... The goal – mohurs still had a few bilious of scarlet blossom nestling on feathery branches, so brilliant.....”(159)

The description of the gol – mohurs with a few flowers is symbolic of the bright life still left in Maya. But when the mother – in – law and sister – in – buy bangles for her, she suddenly becomes unhappy.

Once I had the bangles on my wrists, they drooped with their weight and I leant against a pillar of the arcade, complaining, I am fired, I am so tired (159 – 160).

The bangles become the symbol of bondage, and that is why Maya feels tied down by the situation. The red colour of the bangles symbolizes blood and Maya’s behaviour at her father’s house, for which she pines throughout, evokes the image of rain and joy for her. She feels happy like a peacock on seeing her father’s house. The peacock, with all its joys and pains, symbolizes Maya’s life.

She is deeply in love with life when she knows that she is going to die. Her mother – in – law comes to reassure her, but Maya jumps from the balcony and takes with her the old lady
also, for Gautama mother is the symbol of life to her. Maya and her mother – in – law’s death can be interpreted yet in another way. She becomes the symbol of death in the act and the mother – in – law of life. Thus their deaths suggest that life and death are inseparable, death takes away life with it, and with life, and death invariably exist.

The title of the novel, *Cry, the peacock*, is indeed very symbolic. Maya’s whole life, her mental working agony and death are depicted symbolically through arrived portrayal of the life of the peacocks. Anita Desai has presented a pen portrait of Maya who was brought up and nurtured in opulence by a doting father but had been married to an advocate who had little regard for emotions as reasons and arguments were his force. She thought that love is the premium mobile; while her husband took his cue from the Gita, which, according to him, preached the principle of detachment. This contrariety hurt Maya’s emotions so much that she was led gradually to the verge of nervous breakdown.

May’s father lived a lavish life. His wife was already dead. He had, therefore, showered his love on his daughter, Maya. She remembered her life in her father’s house – “As a child, enjoyed, princess like, a sumptuous fare as fantasies as the Arabian Nights, the glories and bravado of Indian of Indian mythology My father poets a loquat for me, with a fastidious that is a pleasure to watch. When I play battle – door and shuttle cock, using the small granges as shuttlecocks that shot, bird-like on the grass, he only laughs to see me leap and fly. “Thus her father gave has a princely life of comfort and love.
She also had loved for her father she like his features and gestures. “As one neat crisp white square settle upon the other, one long crease straightens and floors into the next, so do his thoughts, his career assume a similar pattern, formal as a Moghal garden, gracious as exact, where breeding, culture to a nice art”. She believes, “No one, no one else loves me as my father”.

Such a girl was married of Gautama as advocate, who was an intellectual, bereft of sentiments and emotions. Some were the characters of all the persons in the family. “In Gautama’s family one did not speak of love, far less of affection. They spoke of discussions in parliament, of newspaper editors accused of libel”, etc. Gautama’s mother was an awfully busy woman. She looked after a dispensary, a Crèche, a workshop for blind, the disabled, and the unemployed.

She talked about nothing but impersonal matters. Gautama wanted to discuss with her a legal case he was defending. Gautama’s father was deeply engrossed in Gandhi’s movement and talked only about political problems when he was out of prison. Maya or anybody for that matter was never a subject for discussion. Maya not so grave and serious—“they spoke to me, the synoute, only when it had to do with babies, meals, shopping, marriages, for I was their joy, their indulgence not be taken seriously.

Naturally, Maya felt as if she was bought form the shade and protection of a banyan tree out in to the heat of a desert. She was hungry for love. She didn’t have any child; she had her dog, Toto, to give her love to. But, as the fate would have a mind to give a burial to the dog, but
her husband came home in the evening, rang up to the municipality, which sent the truck of take
away the carcass. Maya was shocked by such an unsentimental and unemotional treatment given
to her beloved, Toto, she was dejected to find that Gautama’s family were devoid of emotions for
beauty and love-‘I spun around, clutching the baby, to stare at my relations, whose names I
knew, whose moods I sensed, whose hands I touched, and found other was not one amongst
them to whom I could cry, Look look-there is a moon in the sky!”.

Maya become desperate like a gentle soil among the boors. She felt that it was not for
them that I laughed with fiercest desire, not even for Gautama, but for my gentle father. At times
she thought that she would never come back to them. But she had her friend Leila, who
managed to live in spite of trying circumstances, Leila had taken lie in her strict, Leila’s husband
was suffering from tuberculosis and her parents did not even visit her because she deceived
Maya’s invitation to go to her for tea and a logy drive for fun and amusement, saying that it was
a fun’s laying bore the ignorance of my pretty little dander heads”. Her friend pour was
completely opposite and luxuries of life, yet she was not satisfied. Maya, therefore, deduced that
one had to adopt ourselves to the changing circumstances to fined containment.

But she found of difficult to adjust with pettiness of men and women. She went to attend
a party headed by Mrs. Lal, where the ladies fried to show off their wealth, laughed at the
poverty of others and opening admired valuating and depravity. She was deeply shocked by the
vulgarizing of other cabaret dancers. The events in that party oppressed her, but nobody felt as
strongly as she did, “Yes, even you, unsuspecting husband-who Misses if”.

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Each of the events of this novel reveals new fact of Maya’s personality. A party was going on in the law outside her room and people recited crude couplets. She had heard Gazals from her father therefore she had a desire to go out to attend the party. But she found to her great discomfort that a women had no place among were she was appalled by this gender discrimination. She wanted to stand on a level ground with men, but she released that she was not allowed equality even by her husband – “In this world there core vast areas in which he would never permit me”. The question that confronted her in the face was it so unforgivable to wish to share in human frimel lives?

In companionship how important in sex where not union but commotion is countered”. She was demoralized so much that she felt she was not good enough for Gautama. She thought face, Lonny face which could attract Gautama. She felt, “yes, I am going incense. I am moving further and further from all wisdom, all calm, and I shall soon be mad, if I am not that already”. In fact, she was more urbane, sensible, and spirited them her husband, but she was shocked to find that fined that women were not treated as companions in the game of life. They were treated merely as sex symbols. Nobody in the family of Gautama appreciated her viewpoint. She was a woman among egotistic and sensitive men. Her helplessness distressed her.

There were not one, but several important issues on which Gautama differed from Maya. Gautama thought that Maya’s upbringing in opulent had insured her from hard realities of life-Life is a fairy tale to you still. We have what have to learn of the realities? He awaited decaled Maya’s desire for love her proclivity towards Urdu poetry saying that these things were delusive, he awaited from the Gita to say “that one should try to attain datasheet not involvement and
attachment. He further thought that one should weigh everything in the balance of logic and argument and counsel and faith, but logic. But Gautama, that is terrible – ‘not faith but logic’.

Her brother, Arjuna also decried her ideas and way of life. Inspire of having a prosperous father, he made friends with boys of poor persons and defined his father. He hated easy and comfortable Life’ rode a bicycle through his father had given him money for buying a car, took interest in football matches instead of Urdu poetry, walked in dusty streets dotted with garbage heaps instead of sitting in his cool home to America, where he was working in a planning factory and somehow making both ends meet, ridiculed Maya for being married in spite of the prediction that either Maya or her husband would die within four years of her marriage, he too believed like Gautama that sentiments and emotions were degenerating-“The stagnant dregs as sentimentalism available only to the decadent”. In a way, Maya was antagonized by her brother also. He had never played any positive role in her life, but had appeared from nowhere to tell her that she was wrong in believing in faith and emotions. She was left alone to fend for herself, which was a task for anybody in the world was a task for anybody in the world which believed in logic and arguments and the task become harts for a helpless women.

Indeed, Gautama’s mother and sister, Nila gave her support. They realized that Maya was alone, condemned to pass her days within the four walls of her house without any interaction with the outside world. They took her out for shopping, but this support was only transitory. They soon left her to herself. In fact she soon left her to herself. In fact she broke down under the pressure of circumstances. Gautama’s mother and sister could do nothing except being sorrowing for the tragedy that loomed large.
Maya, by nature, was humane and charitable, while her husband did not take notice of the suffering of others. Maya went to the railways station to receive her husband’s their and sister, but she chanced to see a train-load of monkeys being taken to a laboratory at Bombay. Maya was agonized to see the cruelty of the idea and the plight of the Monkeys, which were parked in loges, without sufficient room to move, but there was nothing in to move her husband.

These contrarieties created unbridgeable gulf between husband and wife the gulf was further widened when Maya though that the husband might put her life in jeopardy if he lame to know about the astrologer’s prediction. When Maya appreciated the beauty of the moon, her husband discussed the law suit. And in a rush of ideas, he made the fatal mistake and fell down from the parapet to meet his down from the parapet to meet his death. Maya, like a tragic heroine, thought, that she was responsible for her husband’s death, and lost the equilibrium of her mind, and died.

Born in 1937 of a German mother and a Bengali father, Anita Desai is one of the prominent Indo-Anglian novelists. She is a prolific authoress as she has written ten novels and a dozen of short stories within a short period of about thirty years. A study of her works will revere that she tries to explore the psychological state of her characters, because she thinks that the inner life of a man or a women decides his or her character more than the external conditions of life.
Like Maya of cry, the Peacock, Monisha of voices in the city, dies because she coned not bear the strain living in her husband’s house. Monishia brothers, Murode, make experiments in failures. He says “I want to move from failure to failure, step by step to rock-bottom”. Adit and Dev of Bye-Bye, the Blackbird faces the problems of alienation in setting in England. Rev through he tries to be unobtrusive finds that the migrants feel like staggering finds that the migrants feel like staggerers in ‘enemy territory’. Sita of where shall we go this summer, is disgusted to see that go this summer. Is disgusted to see that people have no mission for life-‘They are nothing-nothing besides appetite and sex”. She rebels openly against social and domestic norms, but her husband, Raman, accommodates and continues his relationship with Sita.

This novel mainly presents the psycho state of Sita who finds that life meaningless because she has not achieved anything to distinguish herself. Mandakani of fire on the Mountainous to live at Kasaulai for crlitude but the memories of her past life continue to trouble her and the arrival of her problems of the present. She remains under a face that danger always lurks around and life is at the mercy of chance and coincidence. She gets the shocking news of the death of her friend and dies. Beam of clear Light of Day rises above jealousy. It finds fulfillment of life in the fact that she has life in the fact that she has made sacrifices to take care of mentally retarded Raja. The village by the sea presents the view that simple and innocent ways of people in the city. Lila and Hair have to take charge if their gangs sisters due to the ill health of their mothers. The novel presents the view that the sense of belonging to the family makes one happy. Anita Desai presents the view in custody that poetry can enthrall anybody. Daven is the idolatress and Nus if his idol because his genius and power to attract anybody of fine sensibility.
Baumgastner’s Bombay dramatists the loneliness of man. Baugmgastnes has feelings of loneliness in his least. Yet he tries to maintain contacts with the people chimanlal, Hatribullah and Farrolah offer hope to the rootless aliens as also to the dejected ones Journey to Ithaca is regarded by the critics as the best novel of Anita Desai. It is the story of a young Indian and his German wife. Her latest novel feasting fasting is a find attempt to portray the two extremes of feasting and fasting. This novel was nominated for Booker prize.

Anita Desai has a deep insight in the psychological and social problem of modern life. Desai’s novels show psychological motivations through retrospection, self-analysis through introspection, in revolts and in compromises. Desai’s characters have firm basis of convictions and faiths.

She has presented a grim view of life. None of her characters live a happy life, nor is there any one that lives an epicurean life. All of them are struggling against the odds, some of whom suffer because they are not happy married. For them marriages are not due in heaven. They are affiliated with the sense of loneliness, alienation, and permission. There are able due to dislocation in life and morbidity of temperament. She probes deep in the social conditions, which are the ultimate causes of the sufferings of man. In her opinion, the social conditions are the main causes behind warped dispositions.

She uses symbols end images to portray the sufferings in the mind. Maya sees albino astrologers in her moment of laceration. After finding herself dove in the house of her in laws, she could the inc only of the albino, the musician, his dual opaque eyes, and the lard twitching
the fold of cloth between the swallowing thighs”. Being a women novelist, her beings more often than not, women characters in the foreground and men characters play the second fiddle, though it will not be right to care her feminist. She probes into the psychical state of deranged characters whether they are men or women.

Her characters are not political obis-wiss or socialites. They are concerned mainly with their personal problems, born of their signed psycho characters are, in fact, fighting for exiting in a hostile world but their problems remain unresolved therefore are her novels breathe in the air of tragedy.

The characters narrate their stories in the first person to give the impression to the readers that they are getting information from the horse’s mouth, and nothing has been added to or subtracted from it. The readers are taken into confidence another benefit of this technique is that the character can speak about his or her experience freely, as the character knows best what is going in his or her mind.

As those stories are concerned with the inner life, they are not commentaries on social conditions or even political conditions. It is true that man is a social being, having mornings in society. Therefore life of each individual is in itself a commentary on social conditions. Maya’s problems, for example, are psychic problems, but they have risen from the fact that she was pampered by her father. while her husband never had the chance even to see zoo. The wide gap in the upbringing of these two persons was the cause of their failure to strike an attitude of reconciliation.
Her style is remarkable for her poetic images she has used to communicate her feelings. References to the cry of the peacock is made to express Maya’s desire for care of her husband and as the characters speak in first person the style is straight, direct and without any involvement.