

ISSN INTERNATIONAL
STANDARD
SERIAL
NUMBER

ISSN-2321-7065

IJELLH

**International Journal of English Language,
Literature in Humanities**

Indexed, Peer Reviewed (Refereed), UGC Approved Journal



Volume 7, Issue 1, January 2018

www.ijellh.com

Manisha Dagar

English Research Scholar

Lingaya's Vidyapeeth,

Nacholi, Faridabad, Haryana, India.

manisha.dagar@gmail.com

Dr.Priya Raghav

English Research Scholar

Lingaya's Vidyapeeth,

Nacholi, Faridabad, Haryana, India.

Kamla Das: My Story splits villa of Indian Patriarchy.

Kamla Das's works cites all her life as a open book marking her a confessional writer from Kerala. She is a distinguished Indian writer who composes in English as well as Malyalam,her native language. Her love for poetry began since early childhood under the influence of her great Nalpat house, which grants her profound arid thoughts of childhood love but harsh disgusting mature feelings at the age of six .Diasporic cultural mists masks her childhood memories with Indian drastic regional marks due to her father's shifting jobs. Everyone compiles and canonised her refuge of self-exploration about Indian patriarchal subjects being bold and iconoclasts but no one accepts when it happens in childhood then coarseness has more subjugated marks .The pain which goes lifelong in sufferings from school days to marriage ,sex ,children health and above all miss matched parents canopy triggers the bullets of thoughts day nights where to get relief makes her bombastic bold as critics marks her words which are

related as seductive in themselves. This article will explore splits villa of her patriarchal motifs from her autobiography.

Keywords: Language, religion, childhood, patriarchy, cuddling, pain persistence and refuse.

A writer expresses a sensibility shaped and moulded by his Age, a full appreciation of his or her work is possible if we understand the background influences at work. Kamla Das's works assumes more influences even greater being a woman as she lead a comparatively more society defined and society governed life which is established, by her My Story. The readers of the serialised autobiography were drawn into a charming and intriguing life of love and longing, of desire and disloyalty. The book was banned in orthodox houses of Kerala to females branding it immoral while under the carpet whole fuss was created by their own immoral tactics to enjoy women in their own senses of different roles. It is impressing the way she unfolds her heart :

“Today let this paper receive my dripping blood.

Let me write like one not in the least burdened by the thoughts about the future,

Turning each word into a negotiation with my life lived so far.

I like to call this poetry.”

Mostly woman are sentenced to patriarchal oppression and unable to find a way out of its asphyxiating labyrinths, who could identify themselves with the sad, lonely and ever – experimenting protagonist of My Story in her desperate search of true and lasting love. First published in 1988, it took My Story fifteen years to cocoon itself in English by no means a translation of the Malyalam text. Not only it has a different beginning and end, the opening chapter of the original appearing towards the end of the English text, the Malyalam text has only twenty seven chapters whereas the English one has fifty. During British rule she used to

live in Calcutta with her father who work at the automobile firm where he was employed selling Rolls Royces, Humbers and Bentleys to the Indian princes and their relatives. This sophisticated father salesman job brought much pressure on Kamla Das and her brother that he wanted perfection European in every essence. Anyone could smell the torture instead of rice and curry native cuisine of Kerala they were served soups, cutlets and stew. Her father ate with a fork and knife. When as children they ate the western meals with their little brown fingers even the cook stood frowning on them, thinking them savages. The time which is marked for fatherly affection and cuddling love is surpassed over their heads as sophisticated curtsy. Mother only could eat rice and lentils as cook could not change her tastes or being male cook could not pressure her employer adult. The children are helpless without their grandmother feeling lonely in innocent childhood who was the only person in their life who understand that they are children. The result later was too many works devoted to her love. As per descriptions their mother, 'vague and indifferent', was most of the time engaged in writing. She was left with a thorough feeling of neglect as her workaholic father had little time for her and did not know how to show his affection. She had an abrupt feeling that her parents are horribly mismatched, they have given birth to her with a swarthy skin and ordinary features as if born out of an arid and loveless union. Normal Indian family dilemmas are not there. This anguish is always prominent in her works when she writes:

“I was like a house with all the lights put out.”

She characterised her relationship with her brother as 'the kind a leper may feel for his mate who pushed him on a hand cart when they went on their begging rounds.' Her white classmates at her European school not just made fun of both of the brother and sister who were dark, but at times even tortured her brother until he bled from nose. She have to intervene to save him. Just a student she was but responsibilities are great to save her brother and not let anything be told at home as their parents won't have time and energy to help their children.

People who say she is obsessed can't comment on this was it her responsibility to safeguard and keep going in such critically too much sophisticated borrowed western guts of her father. He was orthodox in his own sense that her mother won't had power to say anything when he forced her to wear only whites after marriage and no ornament on her body except mangalsutra. Autobiographies begins on the presumptions of self-knowledge and ends in the creation of a fiction that conceals the promises of its construction, revealing the impossibility of its own dream. Man enforces a unity and identity across time by reconstructing the ego as a bulwark against disintegration. He thus defines the effects of having internalized the alienating world order. Women are more aware of their otherness. Men have cast women, as Simon de Beauvoir observes in *Second Sex*, in the role of the 'other', existing only in relation to the male identity, but women recognise the full autonomy of the other (male) without destroying their sense of self. The basic feminine self is connected to the world; the basic masculine sense of self is separate. Masculine personality comes to be defined more in terms of denial of relations and connections, denial, in fact, of femininity, whereas feminine personality comes to include a fundamental definition of self in relationship. People say Kamla had a voice of rebel, such negligent childhood could make every single human of the same kind. She recalls with great pain how poem composed by her was once recited by a cute Scottish girl called Shirley when the governer came to her school and the principal readily attributed the authorship of the much-admired verse to Shirley! The constant shifting of home – Calcutta, Bombay, Calicut – probably gave her a sense of insecurity and fleetingness. At six she had written poems on dolls that had lost their heads and had to remain headless for eternity. These dolls must have symbolised her fear of the loss of identity and selfhood. The image of her grand uncle, the poet and philosopher Nalppat Narayan Menon and her poet mother Balamani Amma must have been too overpowering to let her feel proud about her writing. Her poems only made her weep. When such a destructive criticism is given by your own mother only love deprived child would debar

her emotions and keep on going in writing world to fight for herself. Question is here who is responsible for Kamla's obsession she herself or an overpowering family that distorted her personality that marks her creativity to be fragile at the age of six, that too in such a culture where mother means Goddess. She felt her family was an incomplete one, her father too wanted to go back to Malabar.

“I was a burden and responsibility neither my parents nor my grandmother could put up with
for long.”

The malignatic trauma keep up moving making life more torturous in her that protrudes out in the form of creative literary works. When her marriage was fixed even before she was prepared for it, her fiancé hurt and humiliated her, pushing her in a dark corner and crushing her breasts, an experience she recalls in the famous poem, 'An Introduction'. There was little conservation, companionship and warmth. She was left cold and frigid in the face of his violent physical demands and his recollections of his earlier sexual exploits. She felt about him as a man;

‘who did not ever learn to love’.

This explains that at immaturity when puberty is pushed on a soft girl child, the outcome was sexually starved and unfulfilled personality. She expressed her longing for love and repulsion towards sexual exploitation. She hankered for love but got sexual assault only. In an unhappy marriage, her husband was lustful just exploiting her body almost savagely. She thinks that she has no need to remember those days of early marriage which had been marred by humiliating experiences. The outburst was 'In Love', a fine lyric that deals with the tension between love and lust. Mere sexual act without passion and warmth is lust. Love is a feeling that involves warmth, passion and physical union. For men love is often synonymous with sexual act. For women, it is pure, passionate feeling that may or may not end in sexual act. Nature had made women profoundly sensitive as well as secretive about her feelings. Women are not

sexually proactive or aggressive .They surrender to men in sexual act and men take their surrender for granted without understanding their inner urge for emotional fulfilment. Even their orgasm is internal experience. It is not like ejaculation of men .These inner experiences of women differentiates them from men. According to her women want to receive; men want to give but their giving is often too harsh to hold softly like a helpless victim .The speaker in this poem hankers for love but she gets;

“Sky, remind me.....oh, yes,his
Mouth, and.....his limbs like pale and
Carnivorous plants reaching
Out for me, and the sad lie
Of my unending lust.

Where in room, excuse or even

Need for love.....”

The poem shows the true side of Kamla Das that is defilement of sex and the experience of agony suffered by woman.It reveals her own traumatic experience of lust and sex in her own conjugal life. Her husband behaves repulsively. His only means of communication is skin.The repeated act of sex bores her and she feels that his embrace is like a jigsaw.She expresses death wish for emancipation from this horrible, disgusting life. The calm and satiety of fulfilment eludes her.K.R.S .Iyenger remarks;

‘Love is crucified in sex, and sex defiles itself and again and again.’

Conclusion:

Kamla Das protests against patriarchal repression and categorisation. She vehemently asserts her personality discarding all suggestions and instructions made by the so called patriarchal system. She writes in her own language-half English, half Indian.It is as human as she is splits villa of personality. Her works claim for autonomy for woman in general not just selfish

recounting of personal sorrows, sufferings, hopes and fears. It achieves a universal and eternal tone voicing the sufferings of all women and the repressed people of the world stage by stage, from childhood to puberty then adolescence followed by maturity and agonising aged old life full of remorse feelings of helplessness.

Bibliography

Das, Kamla. My Story, New Delhi, Sterling Publications, 1988.

Iyenger, Srinivasa K.R. Indian Writing in English, New Delhi, Intellectual Publishing House, 1995.

Peeradina, Saleen (Ed.), Contemporary Indian Poetry in English: An Assessment and Selection, Madras, Macmillan India Limited, 1987.

'The many journeys of Kamla Das', M.S. Unnikrishan, Spectrum, The Tribune, March 4, 2007.

Kamla Das, 'Sex: Mindless Surrender or humming Fiesta', Femina, June 6, 1975, p.19.

Fritz blackwell, 'Krishna motifs in the Poetry of Sarojini Naidu and Kamla Das', Journal of South Asian Literature, Vol.13, No.1-4, 1978.

Bhatnagar, M.K. and Rajeswar, M. (Ed.), Indian Writing in English, Atlantic Publishers and Distributors, New Delhi, 2002.