Shashi Deshpande‘s Moving On Portrays the Quotidian Life of the Usual Indian

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Abstract

Shashi Deshpande’s Moving On portrays the quotidian life of the usual Indian. Her novels highlight on the internal humanity of uncles, aunts, cousins, in-laws, in that way represent a complete standard of characters, a broad range of relationships intermingle in an complex pattern. In the Country of Deceit, it tells the love story of Devayani, a youthful and ingenious woman. She is rather joyful with her solitary condition in life when the novel releases happiness mode. Yet it is almost immediately troubled when she approaches Ashok, the recently appointed DSP of Rajnur at her friend Rani’s house. The DSP develop into anxious for her love and stay with immense safety for her assertion. Any one studies one of the finest courses regarding love, anguish and human relationships in Deshpande’s novels. The reply of Devayani discloses how the whole thing in life is not so as to simple to be confidential as correct or incorrect. The ‘happiness’ which the narrator practices and depicts nowhere build her appear like an uncomplicated female. The study lays the magnitude of Deshpande’s art and concept. In this way, the questions of women’s physical traits and sexuality exploitation taken up by the writer involve rejection of prudery connected with them.

Keywords: Shashi Deshpande’s, Moving, On portrays, quotidian, life, usual, Indian.

Introduction

Shashi Deshpande’s presentation grasp a frequent demand that obviously obtain from her rootedness in daily India a society in which we respire and a traditions to which we fit in. Shashi Deshpande’s strong point dishonesty in telling a story as it is. In Moving On she emerges as an authoress with a strange approaching into the personality of human relationships and a similarly slight judgment for features. Shashi Deshpande endeavors to jump profound into the cranny of the brain deeper than she has always completed in investigating the gradations and the arrangement of family relationships in that way originating a recurrent attraction for her novel. But, at the same time Moving On remain its reader everlastingly aware in order to stay friendship of the different dealings that the characters contribute to with each other they are like Baba-Mai, Gayatri-R.K., Manjari-Shyam, Laxman-Mangal, Raja-Rukku, Bharat-Medha to name a few, if not everyone the foremost ones, pursued by several other names in diverse groups and relationships such as Malu, Raja, Hemi, Premi, Anand, Sachi, Pavan, Nirmala, Abhishek, Raman etc. The reader in revolve has to be all instance attentive if he is to comprehend these relationships in the correct context.
The narrator in the novel *Moving On* is Jiji (Manjari), a widowed woman who shifts into think about for her sick father. It is identifying her father’s diary after his death; she places out to review her life seems back in view of Baba’s experiences that illustrates past proceedings in a fresh brightness. She looks for evidences in the childhood exhausted with her anatomist father, who contributes to his demand for the individual corpse with Jiji. Along with Mai, the mother, who inscribes hopelessly ideal dreamy stories for admired magazines, they form a comfortable threesome that loves the younger daughter, Malu. This pleasant childhood is occupied with an comprehensive relations which comprises Baba’s sterile but devoted sister, Gayatri and her husband, R.K. It also embraces Baba’s the greatest friend B.K. and his relatives and Mai’s two brothers and their wives. It is analysis through Baba’s writings and the comments of the child, Jiji’s life in a family lined by the gorgeous but reserved Mai is sensibly conveyed to radiance.

While Jiji’s history emerges to be portrait ideals, her presentation is puzzled with ambiguity. She is struggling with options about the prospect; she lives unaccompanied in the big house that her father has bestowed to her daughter, Sachi. With both her children missing in school, she pastures unexplained phone calls from outsiders who desire her to sell the house and marriage offers from Raja, B.K.’s son, a designer and widower, who stays in the neighborhood. The stable estrangement of the family begins when the young and inexperienced Jiji provides her education to many Shyam, the confidence cinematographer who initiates her to the world of obsession.

“She is a creature who as a child is sold to the strangers for a bridal price, or when she grows up, serves as a supplier of dowry for her husband’s family, or who as widow, in a final act of obliteration immolates herself on her dead husband’s funeral pyre to be acclaimed as Sita-Savitri, as an immortal”38The modern age has rendered women confused between the opposing forces of modernity and tradition. They find it difficult to reconcile between their romantic aspirations for freedom and the realities of life. Shashi Deshpande has used this conflict between tradition and modernity and portrayed it sensitively.

Shashi Deshpande’s *In the Country of Deceit* presents us with the inspection of Indian society-the stereotype of the alone Bollywood actress, the humorous old aunt and the boulevard child-turned instructor of two gorgeous, angelic children, so far so good. But Shashi Deshpande goes on and articulates the crossroads of unreliable lifestyle, exploring at the end their frequent disapproval of a worldwide offense away from salvation and the reader is left speculating is it the fault of love or that of deceit. And through this *Country of Deceit* Shashi Deshpande obtains the readers on a rollercoaster ride, fearlessly perplexed what we have been taught and coming up with a new, self-indulgent description of a pleasure that devour them and allures them, all at once.
The different characters try their best to find a “suitable-boy” for Devayani but she refuses: “I want a needlepoint of extreme happiness... 'the answer is no”39. The plot gets a new twist with the sudden arrival of Rani, a one-time famous actress, in the protagonist's house in spite of their different they become quick friends. It is in connection with her relationship with the film star that the protagonist meets the charismatic Ashok Chinappa, the new district superintendent of police who is much senior to her and father of a ten year old girl. She is attracted by his personality and gets involved in a passionate love affair with him. Dissatisfied with her status of the other woman in Ashok’s life, Devayani constantly veers between euphoria and emotional turmoil-“I turned my face from side to side and wondered, do I look like an adulterous?”40

Though they know full well that such a relationship has no future, yet they spend moments of supreme happiness in each other’s company. Devayani longs for a happy married life and sex without guilt and fear “This is what I want, I don’t want clandestine meetings, drama, constant fears... .This is what I want, this is what I will never have”41 but she can’t resist Ashok who assured her love and truthfulness but no future “I can promise you love and I can promise you honesty”42 In response to the cautions from her family she says that there are no boundaries in love. Deshpande’s work convinces the readers that truly, there can be no moral judgments in love. Spending a day In each other's company gives her a preview of conjugal bliss: “This is what marriage means; knowing that the years lay ahead of you a long stretch of time waiting for you to occupy together”43 Amidst her psychological probing she overcomes her emotional turmoil and realizes the final truth that “only this man could give me such ecstasy, only he could give me such joy with his love making... it was this man not the sex. This man's love, not the sex. And yet, the sex too”44

She is dispirited from captivating an energetic role in sex or even allowing herself to understanding the act as pleasant. In the Indian social tradition a woman’s sexuality is limited to raising children only and there is no place for any of her sexual desires that does not continue the process of procreation. In this novel Deshpande dares to break certain conventional attitudes that are never questioned in our society. Removal euphemism and circumlocution she has confronted squarely the various facets of the taboo subject of female sexuality in unequivocal terms. In the first person narrative Devayani expresses her erotic urges like a man in a powerful language. As a single woman, Devayani herself fights with the wishes and strain of her body. In an interview to Kuortti, Deshpande boldly asserts: “I started writing even about woman’s sexuality very few women wrote about it... it was good to know that there is such a thing as female sexuality and that you are not, need not be ashamed to have that”45

The story revolves round the turbulent bend given to the life of the protagonist, Devyani, as the shatters all set rules in the quest of pleasure. There is incredible that punctual her chase for gladness even if it is in the form of illegitimate connection with a married IPS officer, Ashok Chinnappa. In her responsive representation of the same, Deshpande make sure that she portrays the affiliation not as a tumultuous issues or a fling meant for pay for culpable happiness but as a slight receptive connection that confirms to be the crisis for Devyani in her huge wilderness of mundanely. There is a pensive depressed in the mode the relationship is indulgence having an end date from the start. The
surrender of pleasure at the altar of status is not something unidentified to us. Devyani, in the novel, belongs to the middle class family, brought up in a customary setting stressed to liberate her and begin her individuality and self-determination. Shashi Deshpande has given the graphic details about women and their psychology. Since childhood, the consciousness of a child is molded in a meticulous manner to instill in her all types of feminine identity. Simone de Beauvoir writes: “One is not born rather becomes a woman......it is civilization as a whole that produces this creature...described as feminine” 46

Shashi Deshpande gives minute details of the development of the protagonist-Devyani. In the novel each girl, be it Tara, Pushpa, Ria, faces a different problem within the family circle. she presents about the circumstances of women and their breakdown in the fast altering socio-economic setting of India. She writes about the conflict between custom and modernity in family member to women in the middle class community. The desire, effort and failure of the protagonist in the traditional Indian society are the main points in her novel.

In being together, the lovers find compassion and understanding. Their ecstasy of togetherness, though only for a few moments, outweighs the pain of separation. As Devayani voyages the deceitful road to an illicit love, she ponders “Why did I do it I Why did I enter the country of deceit? What took me into it? I hesitate to use the word love but what other word is there’s” 47 but ultimately understands that there can be no easy answers. Though her separation with Ashok is tragic, yet she has her own joy “I too had a moment a very brief moment, when I raised my arms and my fingertips brushed the sky?” 48 Deshpande makes her heroine assertive. She has the courage to make her own decisions. Devayani as a new woman shows patience courage and an enviable spirit to face life as it comes on her way. As in Moving On, Deshpande in this novel also shows how to move on how to make the most of one's life. Through her protagonist, the novelist portrays the reality that one must comprehend the sense of life and learn how to face it in her afterward to Shakti. The novelist pointed out:

“What women need is the strength to deal with the problems of quotidian life. I sense of having the power to deal with everyday problems as well as large ones. The power to take their own decisions, without being constrained by traditional ideas of honour or sacrifice, an ability to see beyond these ideas, to see things with their own eyes, with their own minds” 49

When Ashok leaves, Devayani, much like Sumi in A Matter of Time backs out without unpleasantness. While suffering from the pangs of her conscience, she had pondered on the futility of her relationship with Ashok and exclaimed- “I had thought Anna and Vronsky’s affair beautifully tragic” 50

Deshpande’s admirable craftsmanship in portraying the inner psychology of the heroine creates a narrative of tender beauty, no less than the beautifully tragic affair of Tolstoy's heroine, rather than depicting a theme of adultery. The novel thus really becomes a dream feast sketching a state of intense weakness and beauty. In the Country of Deceit appreciably outlines the makeover of the canon from the traditional patriarchal values to the value of self
individuality and declaration of women's desires. The novel exudes pathos, understanding and compassion. As in Deshpande’s other novels, memories play significant roles. Memory is a recurring theme in Deshpande’s fiction. Characters imprisoned in their memories dominate the narrative space of her novels. Devavani’s last words -

“Should I forget these things? Must I forget his tenderness, the gentleness of his touch, the urgency of his passion? And why, yes, why must I forget that I too had a moment, a very brief moment, when I raised my arms and my fingertips brushed the sky?"50 remind us of Madhu’s reconciliation with life with an epiphany observation, “How could I have ever longed for amnesia?” at the end of Small Remedies.

The development of a girl child in Indian society is seen mainly in relation to her attitude towards her family and her duty towards it. Downstairs the ages, the position of women in the custom bound, male subjugated society has been very undesirable. A mainstream of women are submissive to a life of mortification in the form of gender bias while performing the roles of wife and mother in a strictly tradition bound setting they live in. Even woman with open-minded contemporary education, with an unmanageable desire to smash slack from time privileged crippling and depraved community norms do frequently misplace their connecting and find them in deceitfully painful circumstances. Even reasonably self-determining women have not been talented to apparent off the besetting drawbacks shaped by the traditions and ideas sedulously conserved in the ritual hurdle Indian family. Women understand that the structure of patriarchy which survive for a long time, no longer provided the requirements of the fast altering world where women annoying to liberate themselves describe their possible. Disgusting against their emancipation they have started inquiring the communal political beliefs and gender arrangement.

“In an interview Deshpande admitted that hers is not the strident and militant kind of feminism which sees the male as cause of all troubles, rather her novels deal with the psychic turmoil of women within the limiting and restricting confines of domesticity”52 Deshpande further adds “I think we need to have a world which we should recognize as a place for all of us human beings. I fully agree with Simone de Beauvoir that the fact that we are human is much more important than being men and women. I think that is my idea of feminism”53

Shashi Deshpande challenges to smash the long silence of Indian women in her writing by changing a principally andocentric representative arrange to a feminine recitation. While the texture of the novel is suffused with feminine sensibility, the structure of the novel, too, is feminine in the sagacity in which Luce Irigaray uses it. The image of “multicolored patchwork quilts”54 aptly sums up the narrative pattern. Everyone is telling is observation in the flow of awareness form reminding the readers of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. Thus, the novel has a multifaceted story construction that embodies numerous filaments, using reminiscence and written text in the form of a first person narrative and epistolary technique. Since her we profession is with the internal humanity of sensibility rather than the outer humankind of action, Deshpande has tried to create a style supple and suggestive enough to express the stream-of-consciousness of her central character. Full of ground-breaking flourishes, it exudes a continuous urge for experimenting linguistically and creates a magic spell on the readers. The beginning of the novel gives us a vision
of how a cinematographic camera builds up a scene. The author uses segments of scenes and events from diverse
time frames and pastes them one after another forming a collage. The carefree handling of narrative vis-a-vis the
time and point of view has an overwhelming lasting appeal on the readers.

It is make the novel Indianized. This off and on switching to words and expressions in different languages makes
this fiction an enjoyable reading for the Indian readers though this may pose some difficulty for the non-Indians.
This hybrid linguistic richness adds fluency to the text. This extraordinary tale of love and deceit is perhaps poetry
disguised as prose. The hypnotic effect of poetry exudes from almost every page of the novel. It abounds in figures
of speech, especially similes. Most of them are so effective that the comparisons leave the readers spellbound. One
example will suffice: “The place you live is like your skin, something you inhabit without being conscious of it”\textsuperscript{55}
Deshpande is adept in handling simultaneously various devices that are complementary to each other. Her heroines
simply inhabit educational scenery in which they are heirs to a dual inheritance, in which lane Austen and Virginia
Woolf have as much currency as the Bhagvad Gita and the Mahabharata. In an interview to Kuortti, Deshpande has
rightly pointed out :“In Indian languages there is so much difference between men's language and women's
language. Certain things are never said by women”\textsuperscript{56}

In this novel she obtains up another mode of dialogue on feminine sensibility, to realistically portray the functioning
of the consciousness of the central protagonist. This repeats us of Helen Cixous’ view that “writing is of the body
and that a woman does not write like a man because she speaks with the body. She advocated that woman must write
herself: must write about women and bring women to writing…”\textsuperscript{57}

Deshpande’s powerful and genuine employ of method and words gives a feminine stroke and this makes \textit{In the
Country of Deceit} a rare specimen of gyno-fiction. Deshpande, as a narrator, writes through her body inventing the
impregnable language that submerges, cuts through and gets “beyond the final reverse discourse;”\textsuperscript{58} it is including
the one that express amusement at the very thought of articulating the word silence.

The poignant and imaginative projection of the individual experiences in the narrative of the novel extends from the
text to touch a cord in the sensitive reader and the protagonist, Devayani remains with us long afterwards we finish
reading this fiction. Deshpande makes her narrative the simplest vehicle of truth thereby transforming the whole
experience of reading into a more interior, subtle experience. She articulates her reality softly but confidently, her
speeches remaining long after their outlet.

The woman’s issue in India is different from what it is in western countries. “The writers who are conscious of the
‘othering’ of women need to, as Shashi Deshpande puts it Make ordinary women understand the possibility of power,
of being able to control their own lives. And to have this power, not as mothers, not as devoted wives, but as ordinary
woman, as humans”\textsuperscript{59}
But Indian women writers have to first battle against the deeply ingrained critical prejudices that writing is an activity that belongs exclusively to men and if a woman writes, if she writes at all, it is always trash. Shshi Deshpande presents of her own individual conflict with this sexist bias: “For quite a while, I believed—a belief that came from all around rue—that men’s lives are more important, more significant. And therefore, that serious writing is done by men and is about men. That women’s writing, like their lives, somehow lacks weight and substance”

The rapidity accept is just right, giving the reader just about enough time to understand what the story has to offer without enduring for too long on the same thing.

Shashi Deshpande depicts a essential unparalleled draw near to the reader and leaves him/her with darkness that last much longer than the story does. “I want a needlepoint of extreme happiness; I want a moment in my life which will make me feel I am touching the sky” So yearns the protagonist Devyani Mudho and in her own way, finds it, however brief and fleeting. Even if it means antagonizing her near, dear ones or lasting banned, barred, forbidden fare.

It is a state of being that the Bangalore-based writer Shashi Deshpande understands well, for how else would she infuse her characters with such trustworthiness and obsession that they seem to have a life of their own outside the book, too. Devyani is nearing 30 unmarried girl/woman in a back-of beyond town Rajnur leading an extraordinarily ordinary life, who has at best been an ‘accompanist to other people’s lives’. Now, alone in a newly constructed house she slowly uncovers, facets of herself and the drowsy town, whose presence she was oblivious of.

Like a film, the action in Deshpande’s story happens mostly in the character's minds. With multiple layers in a apparently simple person, A showy Waheeda Rehman, Rani enters the landscape, befriends Devyani and rings in some social life for the ‘bechari spinster’ whose life is otherwise peopled by her sister, her kids, her aunt, cousins and memories of her bereaved parents.

She adds that by being a feminist, she believes that the female of the genus has the same right to be born and stay alive and to fulfill herself and form her life according to her requirements and the latent that lies within her, as the male has. Being a feminist does not require one to give up family life or to hate men. As she rightly points out the greatest revolutions can take place in the mind, it is not necessary to walk out to commit adultery, to divorce, to show disobedience or a rejection of tradition. Devayani. Too, has her supreme joy out of her moment of self realization, in her interview with Raniana Harish, Deshpande asserted: “No awareness, no knowledge can be required without going through some pain. To know also means to let go of some earlier knowledge or ideas which perhaps cushioned us and made us more comfortable with the world and with ourselves”

In this connection one is reminded of Sandra Gilbert who asks, “If a writer is a woman who has been raised as a woman-and I dare say only a very few biologically anomalous human females have not been raised as women how
can her sexual identity be split off from her literary energy? Even a denial of her femininity... would surely be significant to an understanding of the dynamics of her aesthetic creativity”

The themes treated by writers grow old, lose their topicality, and cease to interest the readers. But the real works of art do not die or lose their poetic value because of their appeal to the human heart. Deshpande’s latest novel, hopefully, will outlive the ravages of time because it inspires us to Moving On. As the novelist says-

“Sometimes a book, through a kind of identification can spark off an understanding of herself in the reader, which becomes part of the process of healing, or moving on” In the Country of Deceit bares some basic philosophies of life which help us to cope up with our sufferings, making us a little more understanding of human frailties, a little more compassionate-therein lies its magical charm. A good work of art is that which makes us aware of life and enables us to dive deep into human heart. It is here that a work of art transcends the label of being a feminist novel and that is precisely what In the Country of Deceit achieves in the end.

Shashi Deshpande seems to chase her recommendation intimately and get ready her characters to claim their right over their body and sexuality and cover the way to liberation. Just like a post modern, progressive woman Manjari makes the wishes of her body open before all. She remarks, “All the confusion had vanished. My body is clear now about what it wanted: it wanted Shyam. It wanted Shyam’s love. It wanted his body.” She disobeys the distinct area of her parents and marries Shyam. Towards the end of his life Badrinath himself rationalizes defiance and upheaval as a sign of growth. In his own words, “To me, disobedience is not the original sin; in fact I don’t see it as a sin at all. It is a part of growing up, of moving on. Without the serpent we would have remained forever our child-selves, living in a state of innocence, nothing happening, our story stalled. We need the serpent to keep the story moving” Like a halt idealist she still considers in the potentiality that life has to urge us to shift on and on. In her own words:

Conclusion:

“The search is doomed to failure. Yes, Babe, you are right, we will never find what we are looking for, and we will never get what we are seeking for in other humans. We will continue to be incomplete, ampersands all of us, each one of us. Yet the search is what it’s all about, don’t you see, Baba, the search is the thing.” Deshpande’s unwavering look path the misery avoidance and lies that go beyond those caught in the netting of maneuver. There are no hostages taken in TheCountry of Deceit; no victors; only scared lives. This discreet yet sympathetic assessment of the nature of love, faithfulness and dishonesty establishes yet again Deshpande’s place as one of India’s most frightening writers of fiction. Thus Shashi Deshpande has treated the archetypal Indian theme very sympathetically and has depiction the modern middle class women evocatively. In the Country of Deceit is an undoubtable proof that Deshpande’s novels can never be blamed of lacking weight and substance. Her sympathetic understanding of human characters combined with her writing skill and her power to handle her craft in a unique
way make In the Country of Deceit a critical and enjoyable reading. Deshpande writes that her writing originated from her concealed thoughts about what it is to be a woman identity in our world, her knowledge of the difficulty of playing the different roles enjoined on her by the society, it evolved out of her awareness of the conflict between her thought of herself as a human being and the plans that society has of her as a woman. The positivity which comes at the close of the novel is however realistic enough. The solution is realistic. Author deals with a male protagonist. But the basic element of internal silence remains the same. The same agony, frustration and the same impotence, helplessness and powerlessness are seen. The protagonist indulges in ceaseless struggle with odds that are against him. Thus the study examines the aspects of internal reality portrayed in the novel.

References: