



A Psychoanalytical Scrutiny of Man-Woman Relationship in the Novels of Anita Desai

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Abstract

Anita Desai is the primary promoter of the mental novel managing the unpredictable idea of womanhood. She has clarified in detail the internal unsettled trauma of her characters in an extremely unique way. Her books disclose the logical inconsistencies and reasons perceived by a person to compel him to involve in battle forever. She has a place with the gathering of Indo- English journalists who have examined in detail the real issues approached with the individual, political, and social perspective. Anita Desai has exhibited the specific reasons which ask to make compromise with the normal beat of life. She has clarified the impact of feelings and sensibilities on man and woman and how they respond to various circumstances. She has depicted the conduct of individuals under strain. Her novels provide a peep into the complex scenario of man woman relationship.

Key Words: Man, Woman, Relation, Marriage, Inner, Psyche, Conflict, Trauma.

Anita Desai has an autonomous way to deal with women' issues in Indian social scenario. She does not reject marriage as something evil but just like as every single human relationship seem to be. Several of her female champions have the possibility of a merry, glad marital life, however the thought appears to stay just a rainbow dream. In the greater part of the male-overwhelmed families the idea of marriage as an association of two unique personalities has not been figured out. Women' individual character has not been straightforwardly acknowledged in Indian public and social activity. She is underestimated

and this easygoing frame of mind is the reason for her torment and hopeless life. The contrast between the pretended reality and the frightfulness and awfulness of matrimonial lives requests the heaviest cost from the wedded woman to safeguard their self-respect and identity. Uma Banerjee trusts that,

The insincerity of the foundation of marriage is progressively taking the state of a dead gooney bird around the necks of the cutting edge, liberated, self-regarding women (Bannerjee 123).

A large portion of the examinations on conjugal satisfaction demonstrate that people having

comparative tastes, interests, values will in general frame stable relationship. Along these lines marriage is said to be merger of two selves or marriage of two personalities. In most of her prior books, Anita Desai has composed about man-woman relationship. As marriage is an association of two unique personalities and there will undoubtedly be changes or adjustments. As per Desai, most weddings turn out to be association of contradiction. Men are well-suited to the social roles having their own interests and women are enthusiastic and wishful.

Their frames of mind and interests are extraordinary and their viewpoint and response towards similar things is unique. The woman is relied upon to modify with the changing family ways and environment. In a marriage, change for the woman just erases her singularity, her 'self', her heart. It influences her whole mind and conduct which demolishes her sensibility and her inner self. She feels secured but gradual outcome is that there is a slow disintegration of conjugal relationship and for a woman marriage comes to symbolize invalidation of all that she has come to value. Uma Banerjee appropriately says, "Mrs. Desai trusts that one Nora won't make a big deal about a distinction and women will keep on playing the incomparable cost for supper tickets" (Bannerjee 155).

All the marriages in Anita Desai's books are business exchanges. In every one of her novels, there are horrendous encounters of hitched lives. Anita Desai by implication recommends women to either stay unmarried, free and unaffected by the general public or wed and be doomed to everlasting private damnation. In her books, there is an exhibition of the working of female mind that reveal the condition of the subject under study. Anita Desai gives another measurement and vision to the topic of relationship.

Anita Desai's first novel, *Cry, the Peacock* (1963), pursues the topic of the conjugal conflict and its effect on women. Maya and Gautama,

and are the victims of the piercing issue of maladjustment in marriage. The tale exhibits the account of a youthful excessively touchy and masochist woman named, Maya. The epic starts with a melancholic environment with a portrayal of Toto's passing, the most loved puppy of Maya. This episode agitates her so much that she thinks that it is difficult to persevere the mental strain. The tragic end of Toto produces a startling feeling of doomsday in her persona and she experiences premonition. Desai sketches the psychological and sociological conflicts, the troubled sensibilities of men and women in her creative works. The recurring concern in her novels is the woman's agony of existence in a hostile and taboo-ridden male dominated society.

Cry the Peacock is a family narrative exhibiting marital discord between Maya and Gautama. Unable to manipulate her conflict Maya kills her husband at the climax. Her obsession for the notion of death gets intensified due to the given circumstances of her married life compulsions converting her as a threat to the basic survival need. Her unusual behavior and hallucinations render her misfit in the practical world and this evokes her imprisoned self. Marriage for Maya has turned out to be an unaccomplished repressed desire that pose a violent threat to her normal self. It plays the role of external stimuli that damaged all her rational existence. Her cold marriage and her expectations for attention and pampering from Gautam lead to her frustration. She needs proximity from her husband that she fails to get.

A cosseted and mollycoddled little girl of a well-off Brahmin, Maya experiences intense obsession for her father. Thus, even after her marriage, she searches for her dad's image in her better half. Maya's marriage to Gautama is pretty much a marriage of comfort. It "was grounded upon the fellowship of the two men and the shared regard in which they held one another, instead of anything else" (*Cry, the Peacock* 40) It was a match between two extraordinary personalities and there was not a

solitary connection in the physical or mental standpoints to strengthen their ties. Maya with her:

Round, infantile face, truly, stout and spoiled the little shell-like ears twisting around insignificant obliviousness, the sheltered, overfull lips - the, simple dark foreheads, the senseless, accumulation of twists, a blossom stuck to them - a pink bloom, a youngster's decision of a posy. What is more, Gautama with his tall, thin, stooped frame, turning grey hair, colorless skin nicotine recolored long, hard fingers, down to earth, matter of certainty approach and awkward peculiarities (105).

It was a match between two distinct dispositions without a solitary close tie. Meena Belliappa comments, "The inconsistency of characters stands uncovered - Gautama who contacts without feeling and Maya who feels even without contacting". (Belliappa 26)

The wedding bonds that dilemma the two are exceptionally delicate and dubious 'neither genuine nor enduring' however broken over and over; and more than once the pieces were picked and set up together again starting as a holy symbol with which, out of the pettiest superstition, we couldn't stand to part. (40)

Maya is wistful and is brimming with sadness over the passing of her pet puppy Toto yet her better half is disconnected and accepts the occurrence in actuality:

It is all finished, he had said as serenely as the arbiter underneath the Sal tree. You require some tea, he had stated, appearing little, he knew about my wretchedness or of how to comfort me. (9)

Maya was particularly infatuated with Gautama and required his friendship and seeing; however, these were especially absent in their

marriage. Over and over, we discover Maya turning towards her better half for help and love yet without much of any result. Their preferences, likings, believing are diverse:

I attempted to disclose this to Gautama, stammering with nervousness for now, when his friendship was a need. I required his nearest understanding. How was I to pick up it? We didn't concur on which focuses, on what grounds this closeness of brain was important. 'Truly, yes'; he stated, as of now considering something different, having shrugged my words off as unnecessary, minor and there was no chance I could influence him to trust that this, night loaded up with these few aromas, their impacts on me, on us, were immensely critical, the simple center of the night, of our dispositions today around evening time (19-20).

Maya again turns towards her significant other for help when his companion was discussing palmistry and prescience. Gautama alone resembled a "stone in the wild ocean quiet, stationary. In any case, he excessively swung to me with an articulation that show shock at my vehemence"(79).The negligibility of their relationship over and over influences Maya. She understands that:

We had a place with two unique universes; his appeared the earth that I cherished along these lines, scented with jasmine, shaded with alcohol, resonating with verse and warmed by affability. It was mine that was damnation. (102)

The title of the novel, *Cry, the Peacock*, is about Maya's sob for affection and comprehension in her cold marriage. Maya cheered in the realm of sounds, sense, development, smells, hues and so forth. She was infatuated with living contact, relationship and fellowship, which were the warm delicate sensations in which she needed to relax. Shockingly, this association is against Gautama's reasoning and logic. Gautama could see not an incentive in anything short of the

thoughts and hypotheses so not charm him and his ideally male cerebrums. Maya yearned for his camaraderie and spent restless evenings. She could not acknowledge this inadmissible life, as instructed by her dad, since it strains her nerves. She would be wakeful during the evening, stifled by the craving she felt for Gautama as well as for all those aspects she wants in her life.

In the second piece of the novel, we discover Maya protesting about Gautama's wantonness. These are the early side effects of conjugal conflict. She finds she has no hero to stick to. She encounters a harming blow. Gautama is slightest keen on her universe of faculties. In spite of the fact that he is ordinary in each sense, he appears to be unwilling to physical proximity. Like Maya, he also is a result of his initial encounters. Desai has recommended that youth encounters leave an effect on the fate of the man. Shockingly for Maya, her initial life ends up being a disable; however, for Gautama, if not a disable, it is a seed of future uneasiness in his life. He fears demonstrating his feelings. He maintains a strategic distance from closeness as it prompts the divulgence of oneself. He stays unengaged about everything. He is very much aware of his tendency which at snapshots of vexation, turns out with his hidden complex. He cannot value Maya's exotic nature. His name proposes that he is a plain. Maya feels his pressure and frustration as he thinks that she is a 'wayward and nervous kid'. Maya's psychological aspect is immature to pursue the difficult issues of the life.

Consequently, they keep on existing in two separate universes, failing to realize each other's troubles. The universe of one is to a great degree sentimental and fantastic and of the other is sane. Maya is powerless tyke and she has a deep desire for affection. Gautama is a practical man and cannot stand this sentimental nature. The writer uncovers Maya's craving for fellowship - physical and mental; while Gautama does not respond to the peacock's move to death and the coupling call of pigeons. What Maya looks for is the adoration to alleviate

herself from the weights of nerves. Analyst Coleman says about connections that:

The need to adore and be cherished is pivotal for sound identity improvement and working. People seem, by all accounts, to be constructed to the point that they require and endeavor to accomplish warm, loving relationships with others. The yearning for closeness with others stays with us for the duration of our lives and division from or loss of friends and family generally shows a troublesome change issue. (Coleman 73)

Maya had troublesome issues related with adaptation and modification since she generally felt that she was not sufficiently cherished by her significant other. She felt dismissed and remained her own hostage. For Maya, love implies a nearby physical contact, and missing that, she feels discouraged; though for Gautama, love cannot be a perfect, in actuality, to have a desire prompts mutual inconveniences. These distinctions unmistakably demonstrate that they did not have similar thoughts regarding love. All through the novel, one can feel the prophecy is made by the pale skinned person and Gautama's unconcerned manner just aggravates the mental issues of Maya. Numerous commentators have paid attention to this incongruence. Usha Pathania, following the reason for disharmony between the two, comments:

Conjugal connections are built up with the express motivation behind giving fellowship to one another. Be that as it may, this component of brotherhood is unfortunately absent in the connection dispatch among Maya and Gautama" (Pathania 14).

Whatever weddings have been alluded to in *Cry, the Peacock*, they are not upbeat in the genuine sense. Maya's mom has not been referenced in the novel. Gautama's folks additionally carried on with an unnatural wedded life. There is an apathetical approach

amid them as they keep themselves occupied with their own livelihoods. Lila, Maya's companion, wedded a tubercular patient for adoration. She wraths and raves at the joke of the marriage, yet holds back every single infantile notion of her significant other. Mrs. Lal, the Sikh spouse, freely criticizes her significant other as a fraud and a shark, uncovering the profound antagonism for maladjustment in marriage. Nila, a divorced person, announces, "Following ten years with that rabbit I wedded, I've figured out how to do everything myself" (*Cry, the Peacock* 162).

All these marriages call attention to the issues of lack of understanding amid resultant chaos in between a couple where both partners by and large, assume an imperative character in making their marital life confusing. Marriage is an association of two spirits. Women who are dealt with calmly moved toward becoming casualties of conflicts, frantiness, division and forlornness. They battle against solid, negative, soul-executing conditions, however apparently futile and worthless. They discover solace in submitting suicide or fleeing or living independently.

In Anita Desai's second novel, *Voices in the City*, a similar topic proceeds. In this novel we see broken personas in the marriage of the father and the mother. It was a marriage of comfort, the spouse in high esteem due to his family name and title and wife on her tea-domains and a house. The two have a spirit wrecking disdain and tremendous wrath towards one another. The dad changes into an alcoholic, degraded, and offensive animal; though the mother changes into a commonsense, possessive woman, losing all her womanly and nurturing appeal and warmth. She is cleaned and adjusted, yet exceptionally chilly, with a cold love for serenity. Their marriage was something of a monetary repayment. Amla, the girl, says to Dharma about her dad whether he thought twice about it later on in light of the fact that "he hadn't exactly anticipated mother, only for her homes and tea-homes" (*Voices in the City* 205). The dad

did nothing but he went through his time on earth dozing, drinking and lingering. Just thing he did with his children was he encouraged them play cricket and he adored ponies. "He was continually drinking and grinning, his knowing, resentful grin, with a feeling in him that more likely than not been exceptionally vicious to appear at all in his face, even so faintly"(207). There was not really any regular enjoying among the couple. The mother cherished music, nature and all the fine things of life:

My dad dependably drove her up the wall by essentially never doing anything. I generally observe him lying back lethargically, similar to an overloaded house feline, against mothers weaved Tibetan pads, toying with a cheroot or a glass of whisky or both (206).

There was not really any regular loving among the couple. Mother enjoyed music and the melodic soirees masterminded by her were of no enthusiasm to the spouse. The sweet music would influence every one of the visitors and even the kids, yet the spouse would stay safe to it. "He laid against a reinforce, grinning an empty, cat grin and drinking; and with the death of hours he nodded off - his head hanging forward and his mouth open and wet" (208). The sweet 'shehanai' was no superior to a boisterous pipe, a bit of pipes to him. Mother had developed hatred and disdain for him and he also had a similar scorn and vindictiveness towards her:

When he came to Kalimpong and saw her meandering about her garden, contacting her blooms, he never pursued her. He used to lie back against his pads, inert and fought - battled I think, in his noxiousness. (207)

He had disdain for his better half's affection for nature. He used to insult and ridicule her when he advises his little girls to "take a gander at a butterfly... At that point you will be blessed - like your mom." (207) The reality of the situation was that the mother had

intentionally overlooked him, close her psyche to him by focusing it on blossoms and music and fine nourishment and things he evaded. This contempt between the dad and mother leaves a scar on the brain of the kids. They are the genuine sufferers. The private hellfire of the couple is wrapping and decimating their lives.

Monisha, the senior girl, is childless and is a casualty of a poorly coordinated marriage. Jiban and Monisha shared nothing for all intents and purpose between them and were hitched in light of the fact that he had a place with a good, white collar, classy family which was sheltered, secure and sound. Her dad believed that "Monisha should not to be supported in her sullen tendencies and that it would be something worth being thankful for her to be sunk into such a strong, dull family as that, just adequately taught to acknowledge her with resilience (199).

Monisha changes after marriage from a touchy, mellow, peaceful, sensible young woman into a fruitless, removed, empathy less, masochist, journal composing woman which she herself abhors. She is upbeat neither with her significant other nor with his relatives. Monisha's poorly coordinated marriage, her loneliness, sterility and worry of living in a joint family with an uncaring spouse push her to a limit. For her life is:

My obligations of serving crisp chapattis to the uncles as they eat, of tuning in to my relative as she discloses to me the strikingly numerous methods for cooking fish, of being Jiban's better half (111).

Jiban is available at home yet "Jiban is never with us by any means"(112). Monisha feels caught in Calcutta and in the house with the thick iron bars:

I am so tired of it, this group. In Calcutta it is everywhere. Deceptively, it is a very group uninvolved, however upset. Till

there is purpose behind outrage and after that a dreary yellow fire of harshness and mockery begins up furthermore, it is horrible and severe . . . This bubble emits, from time to time, since the climate is so hot, the heart so dry (118).

This perspective of the city communicated by Monisha demonstrates that she has a cold life and misconstrued by everybody. She feels she is like the draining heart pigeons: "injured and dying, however running about their enclosures, grabbing grain . . . These stay on the ground, eager, in motion and dying." (121) She faces the trauma of living in a joint family where there is no private life. She wishes to do work in protection, far from the close relatives and uncles, the cousins and nieces and nephews. She has no security even in her own room. It was first viewed as wedding room, yet now never again, as her fallopian tubes were blocked. "The sister-in-law lies over the four-notice, talking about my ovaries and theirs"(121). They ridicule her, as in her closet, rather than saris, there are books. Monisha is the scholarly sort who conveys her very own library to her in-law house. In any case, no one frets over the books she has in her library. Anita Desai has introduced the image of women as a weak daughter in law in an ordinary white collar class Indian family who is not in any way glad. Her desire, choice, possibilities are diminished and she has become just a housewife and can do nothing that the commonplace family unit disallows. Jiban tells Monisha, "Be somewhat agreeable to them. That is all they ask of you - a little friendliness"(118).

Amla feels frustrated about Monisha and considers how and why it was that she had been hitched to "this exhausting non-element, this visually impaired moralist, this smug quote of Edmund Burke and Wordsworth, Mahatma Gandhi and Tagore, this stout, minute-disapproved and restricted authority(188).

Jiban was dull and prolix. He worked in a dull

Ministry and he would continue discussing his work for long hours. Monisha is blamed for burglary by everybody in the family. She had taken Jiban's cash to pay the doctor's facility bills for Nirode. She had experienced the ill effects of people who are mean and low. The relative yells, "the hirelings will be rejected, every one of them. I won't have a cheat in my home. . . All things considered, you were the main individual who was in the room all day"(137). Monisha "will acknowledge this status at that point and to live here a little past and underneath every other person, in exile"(136). But she cannot shoulder this for long and submits suicide without anyone else sympathy. The maladjustment is threatening by the antagonistic disposition of the relatives and unfriendly social customs and foundation.

Alternate weddings alluded to in the novel are likewise not upbeat and attractive. Dharma, the painter, bears his marriage as it has turned into his propensity. He communicates his concept of marriage to Amla:

Our relationship in not all so straight-forward and pat, wedded relationship never are. There is the matter of dedication, propensity, and complicity . . . things I couldn't converse with you about till you wedded and knew for yourself (229).

Dharma 's relationship with his daughter is marked by lack of empathy and he disowns her after she eloped with her cousin who lived with them for a long time. They leave Calcutta and come to live in the suburb, where no one knew about this occurrence. Amla feels that Dharma has submitted an awful sin of throwing out a youthful girl from himself. He says, "Nothing that worries my little girl concerns me."(229) This shows his unforgiving persona despite his apparent artistic and sensitive character.

Amla, who was attracted towards Dharma earlier, later feels disdain on observing his other part. She had readily given herself a chance to be tricked towards him. The

fabulousness of riddle, his uncanniness, the ghostliness about him had attracted young women to his studio. Amla had changed completely after meeting with Dharma. She faces swings in her temperament after setting off to Dharma's home, however earlier she turned into another Amla- a blossoming Amla, translucent with satisfaction and flooding with a feeling of affection and reward. She might want to hear the subtleties. It was just amid these hours she believed she was alive. She needed substance and perpetual quality in the relationship which she could not get from Dharma:

The comprehension between them was an inside fountain of liquid magma, shading the water of his reality and sprinkling on to his canvas the tints of the change inside him (212).

Presently, on occasion, Amla pondered whether Dharma found in his model anything over motivation which offered him safeguard from the complexities of nature in which he had oppressed himself. Amla gets no harmony from this relationship. Her close relative, as well, encourages her to abandon him as "he utilizes you, something in you that he needs. Yet, the rest - what does he care for that?" (221) At last Amla splits from Dharma. She understands the base of every one of Dharma's activities, "the spread lotus that drag the heaviness of the god retained in his contemplation and the turning out of his Karma"(231).

Nirode, Amla's brother, has no confidence in man-woman relationship. He loathes his mom as he trusts that she has an unsanctioned romance with Major Chadha. He is spurned to see the misrepresentations and stressed relation between Jit and Sarla. This couple has a place in the so called high society. They have no affection for one another yet live respectively as it has turned into a materialistic trifle. Jit knows about the numerous admirers of his better half yet does not let out the slightest peep in this matter. Sarla would not like to go

and meet her in-laws back in south. Nirode feels aversion for this relationship. He says:

Marriage, bodies, contact and torment . . . he shivered what's more, strolling quickly, feared the dull of Calcutta. Every one of that was Jit's and Sarla's, he chosen, and surely, all that had to do with marriage, was damaging, negative, decadent (35).

Every character in this novel has doubt for marriage. Close relative Lila detests men - especially her fat, narcissistic, long-dead spouse. Her assessment is that "women put themselves in servitude to men, regardless of whether in marriage or out. All the delight and aspiration are diverted that way, while they go dried themselves" (221) She learnt it the most difficult way possible. Her little girl, Rita, is likewise a casualty of maladjustment in marriage. She is separated and working with probably the best physicists in Paris. Hence, in every one of the men-women connections referenced in the novel, we see an image of destruction and vacancy. They outline that marriage, in the best case scenario, is a joke, even under the most favorable conditions, it is a danger that wrecks body, psyche, and soul totally.

In her next novel, *Where Shall We Go This Summer?* (1975), Anita Desai comes back to the subject of distance and absence of communication in wedded life - the topic of her first novel. In any case, here, the treatment is increasingly controlled and the spouse's depression is the forlornness of the woman, wife and a mother - dejection molded by the general public and family; while the childless Maya's nervousness is existential and transient, Sita's throb is local and fleeting.

It is the account of a moderately aged woman, Sita, who is tired of the everyday daily practice of futile presence. She feels choked in her all around requested, so called luxurious level in Bombay and battles to split far from everything. The plan open to her is to go to Manori Island, her childhood home. She wishes

to recover a portion of her past. She goes to the island with a dilemma regarding her fifth kid.

Sita's quandary is like that of Maya of *Cry, the Peacock* and Monisha of *Voices in the City*. She is also stuck in her cold marriage with Raman. It is troublesome for her to comprehend that however they lived so near to one another, Raman can't know the fundamental actuality about her that she is exhausted with life. It is hard for her to understand the void of her marriage.

The stress between Raman and Sita depends on qualities, on standards, on confidence between ordinary or twofold standard. Uma Bannerjee has appropriately called attention to:

This isn't just an instance of a liberated woman, rebelling against the submissive obligations of marriage. It is significantly more than that. It is an issue of the essential truth that is unpleasant and exposed and can nor be shrouded nor be split to suit people (Bannerjee 153).

Sita's hypochondria springs from the dull, tedious presence of her day-by-day life, that prevents her any sense from claiming dynamic contribution. "Life had no periods, no stretches. It just twirled around, obfuscating and confounding, driving no place" (*Where Shall We Go This Summer*, 155).

She turns out to be really aware of what she is absent in her life in the wake of seeing the delicate scenes in the mysterious island where she has gone through her adolescence with her dad. The maladjustment of the marriage has changed her totally. She had "lost her everything female, all maternal confidence in labor, all confidence in it and again to fear it so far one more demonstration of brutality and murder in a world that had a greater amount of them in it than she could take" (56). The woman in her forties faces Raman at the Manori house as an outsider; the long stress of marriage had desolated her spirit and body:

He gazed at her with dislike, thinking her odd.

. . . It was the essence of the woman disliked, a woman rejected . . . In any case, while her excellence had turned worn down through nerves and disregard, her fire had turned on him and even on the kids, he felt, in resentment and bad mood (134-135).

Raman is a person who is down to earth, blurred, stooped with the obligations of life that he considers so important. His desires are standard and sensible. He is bewildered at the unreasonable conduct of Sita. He is obliging and attempts his best to satisfy her. Raman's is a customary Hindu family where even men do not smoke transparently, be that as it may, Sita, just to demonstrate hatred for the in-laws smokes transparently.

Things turn out to be downright terrible, so Raman tries to avoid and stays away from every day strain. He understands that Sita is not happy. Raman is at a misfortune to comprehend the reason of her weariness. He supposes himself a devoted supplier of the family. The unobtrusive contrast between association of bodies and fellowship between souls do not strike him as an imperative piece of his life. He is unequipped for understanding the fundamental need of Sita. Life makes them strangers who live under a similar rooftop without sharing the basic fellowship of hearts.

Anita Desai's next novel, *Fire on The Mountain*, is a tale of the struggled cry of Nanda Kaul, an elderly person, who has had tired of this world and aches for a calm and separated life. Her life is another case of conjugal disharmony. Her significant other, Prof. Kaul, the Vice Chancellor, carries on a long-lasting relation with Miss David, the Math's educator. In any case, she being a Christian, he could not break social code and wed her. The marriage is again founded on physical desire and fortuitous comfort for the spouse who carries on with a twofold life. Apparently, the Kauls were a

perfect couple to the college network however, from inside it was all unfilled and the entire social job and mingling was a trick:

Not that her significant other adored and appreciated her and kept her like a ruler - he had just done what's needed to keep her calm while he carried on a long lasting issue with Miss David, the science special woman whom he had not hitched in light of the fact that she was a Christian but rather whom he had cherished for his entire life (*Fire on the Mountain* 145).

Nanda looks on and bears this undertaking with a solidified grin all over. She takes care of the family, his home, his youngsters, closing the entryways, regulating the cooks and hirelings, engaging the visitors productively with care. However, she loses her distinction and personality all the while. Nanda Kaul is not extremely upbeat in her heart in adapting to the expanded family and stream of visitors. Her association with her significant other was nothing but the obligations and commitments they had for one another. The equivalent is valid for her bond with her youngsters:

What's more, her youngsters - the kids were all outsider to her tendency. She neither comprehended nor cherished them. She did not live here alone by decision - she lived here alone in light of the fact that that was what she was compelled to do, diminished to doing (145).

She looks for isolation not on the grounds that she supports it but rather to give rest to her tormented personality. She has closed herself far from the world, her youngsters, and grandkids, in light of the fact that she is hesitant to be harmed once more. Her solidified, rock-hard outside is just a veneer to conceal the burns of injured self-inside. All through her life, she had just been pretending, wearing a persona, performing a job which is forced on her.

Her stupendous girl, Tara, additionally

experiences separation because of maladjustment in her marriage. She is constrained into marriage with a down to earth, experienced man and experienced the acknowledged indecencies of the advanced society. She is the wrong sort of spouse for a man like him. The strain of the marriage and fierceness of Rakesh, the spouse, are responsible to shape the personality of their little girl Raka. This is the most fearsome result of conjugal maladjustments. Raka appreciates grotesqueness, obliteration and demise like isolation and shocks from society. She does not develop into a typical kid. She is a kid who has never encountered the glow of adoring arms around her delicate body and is, consequently, unfit to either give or get love. Indeed, even the two wedded couples, who lived in Carignano, present a maladjusted wedded life. At long last Ila Das develops as another heritage of a broken marriage whose life is a fiasco.

To close from the above investigation of Anita Desai's books the perception is that family and familial relationship have a critical influence in her conjuring up with the universe; yet all the more frequently the relationship that affect are those that are not amicable. A matter of discussion in her books is the aftereffect of the overly sensitive nature of her women and their powerlessness to set up a point of contact with their accomplice. Her women are in everlasting journey for their identity. Anita Desai never demonstrates a hint of one-sided or biased viewpoint in this inward battle between a couple. Her women either respect or endure the existential issues inside the family. Her character Sita in *Where Shall We Go This Summer?* is an enhancement over Maya in *Cry, the Peacock* and Monisha in *Voice In The City* in the manner that she finds a settlement, a balancing point between Maya's inclusion and Monisha's non-contribution. It can be interpreted safely that Anita Desai has investigated distinctive parts of womanhood, feminine mind and its impact on the human relationship. She has certainly given another

profundity and significance to the subject of man- woman relationship in her books.

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