

## AN ARTICULATOR OF THE ANGUISHED HEART : AN ASSESSMENT OF KAMALA DAS' POETIC VOICE

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**Jhansi Rani Bongarala**

Lecturer in English,

VSR&NVR College,

Tenali, AP,India

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### Abstract:

This paper attempts to see Kamala Das a fresh, bold and brutally honest voice in Indian Writing in English. Kamala Das' vivacity looking for the opportunity to free herself from her sex-focused wedded life and to free ladies from the inappropriate behaviour and embarrassment from desire hungry men, goes above and beyond to wipe the tears of the needy individuals, the destitute, and the foodless dozing on the wet asphalt. She is every woman who needs to speak out. It would be too naïve to brand her as hot. It is fitting to see her as a champion of a new brand of Indian feminism.

Keywords:articulator,heart,anguish,assessment etc.

Kamala Das, an Indian author in English, offers her intriguing and captivating identity against the scenery of her poetry. The verses of Kamala Das represent her attention to a woman's hunt for character and her natural inclination to break the shackles of a cold marriage. She is the recorder and articulator of the anguished cries of women for love shorn of sexuality and freedom from heartless sensuality.

The graceful corpus of Kamala Das incorporates inside its overlap various themes, the significant motif being love. Love is one of the focal strings that keeps running all through her verse. She examines how the effect of her family shaped her profession, how the antagonistic school climate made a feeling of distance in her, how the books she browsed through formed her freedom loving soul, how her conjugal association with her spouse added to the improvement of her free identity. Actuality and fiction mixed indistinguishably making a confounding, interesting identity in Kamala Das. Her poems record her bittersweet memories and distanced life as a disliked kid at home and at school.

The grandmother, the grandma's sister, the granduncle, the dad, the mother, the siblings, the school where she studied, and her better half are altogether brought before the eyes of the perusers. To put it plainly, the tremendous display of life at Nalapat House is made to flash before the reader. The lady in her poems aches for serious fulfilment through affection and love and in disappointment she looks for affection in others yet it ends up being just desire and finally, her yearnings are coordinated towards the association with the Eternal

Lover, Lord Krishna also, over the long haul, she looks for herself accomplishing an emblematic association with Allah who is different from the Hindu gods who she thinks are unforgiving.

Kamala Das' vivacity looking for the opportunity to free herself from her sex-focused wedded life and to free ladies from the inappropriate behaviour and embarrassment from desire hungry men. She goes above and beyond to wipe the tears of the needy individuals, the destitute, and the foodless dozing on the wet asphalts. She likewise offers vent to her indignation against the predominance of religious hostility. Kamala Das, along these lines, rises as a crusader not just for the freedom of ladies from *eager for sex men* yet additionally the general population from racial ill will and religious fundamentalism.

We see an innovative flight, and verbal brightness in the verbalization of her sentiments. Her rich reserve of English vocabulary, her pre—Raphaelite style of taking on a similar mind-set as a painter yet composing like a writer, her exploitation of imagery and representations from Nature, and the combination of articulations and feelings. Kamala Das' verse in English language rings with force, her considerations employ power and her sentiments grasp the reader as well as the pundit. She deftly handles the working of the human mind, and endeavors to investigate the issues of the unconscious.

Kamala Das' commitment to Indian Poetry in English lies in including another measurement by her mercilessly plain depiction of the endeavors of the protagonists to look for rich fulfilment in affection without desire. The final picture that rises up out of the basic perusing of her verse is that Kamala Das is an anguished searcher of unadulterated love, an open book without any layers of mystery, an adoring mother, a multifaceted author, and a resolute crusader for the cause of the underestimated. A definitive state on the assessment of her verse can't be landed at, as new voices will be heard stepping on untrodden ways as to the verse of Kamala Das revealing more insight into the unexplored territories in her verse.

An innovator striking new grounds in Indian English Poetry, and a skeptic in her age by virtue of her ruthlessly plain voice, Kamala Das develops as a recorder and an articulator of the anguished cry of ladies for love and affection free from sexuality. The post-Independence India, a similarly new marvel in Indian Writing in English, saw the development of promising Indian women writers, for example, Mamta Kalia, Gauri Deshpande, Meena Alexander, Monika Varma, and Kamala Das writing in English. English verse composed by Indian ladies establishes an unmistakable phase in the development and improvement of Indian Poetry in English. They are most certainly not lingering behind the male partners in enthusiastic flight and innovative creation. For an Indian lady with her customary foundation of social taboos and hindrances, even to be an artist in her native language is difficult. For the most part, Indian ethos tends to stifle a lady from enunciating of her cognizance freely. Be that as it may, Kamala Das is an Indian lady artist composing verse in English uninhibitedly on prohibited subjects in the Indian setting. Openly and boldly, she utilizes denied vocabulary. She looks at more daringly than what a man would do, the aches and dissatisfactions of love, from her different significantly close to home and subtle physical

points. Most likely, there isn't one more Indian artist, either in English or in some other language, to compose so sincerely and powerfully, drawing out the inward inclinations so originally.

With a humane heart and an increased identification with the hapless ladies, Kamala Das might want to stand up to the general public of her day in a tone poignantly moving, in a voice profoundly fiery, and in a disposition not to rest tolerating a wretched part. As a lady, Kamala Das permits her own encounters through the mouth of the lady persona to enter her verse. In her poems, an inside voyage is made by her, and through the protagonist of her narratives, she investigates the domain of her inward expectations, desires, and her mixed encounters that have imprinted on her memory.

She states "unendingly about adoration, or rather the disappointment of affection, and her miserable individual life" (de Souza, 20).

She looks at her inward universe of failings and torments in affection and love relationship in a normal for confession booth way. A lived experience is exhibited confessionally from a lady's perspective. In her, the writer is the verse fully destroying Eliot's refinement between the enduring man and the creative brain. Kamala Das' lyrics present bare realities about her disappointment in affection. Such an exposing of individual cries and scholarly pressures and such a shameless self- presentation label her a confessional writer. She is a confession booth artist standing up her strongly individual encounters through the lady persona in her masterful manifestations in a tone of bluntness that is incomprehensible, in an Indian lady.

The topical focal point of Kamala Das' oeuvre is on the woman and her mental, enthusiastic and scholarly needs, in household circles, family relationships, and minor status. The woman is the focal point of Kamala Das' idyllic world. Woman, as she continues looking for character, is the real topic in the corpus of her verse. Women's longings and desires, and disappointments and dissatisfactions are her feministic concerns. She focuses on the universe of Indian ladies with regard to the present day Indian culture. She endeavours to protect a woman's way of life as a girl, a spouse, a mother, or beyond all these, as a person. Every one of her poems is a feministic document of the woman's life. An identity made difficult and complex by her own way of life is further convoluted by whatever she has said about herself in *My Story*.

The unusual parts of life as described in *My Story* have brought about a much misread and misconstrued prominent gauge of her character and identity as a lady and as an author. The individuals who know her through her verse may take certainty for fiction, and those who know her by prevalent gossip, may take fiction for actuality.

Admirers of *My Story* set up a hefty defiance safeguarding it as another bit of fiction. As commented by K. Satchidanandan in "Moving My Story:" . . . The scenes of vaporous closeness described in the book were rejected as a sheer dream, close to fleeting dreams of unbelievable connections invoked from a sickbed in a Bombay emergency clinic (*My Story* viii).

*My Story* is a mix of reality and fiction. There are zones in *My Story* where Kamala Das gives a credible record of her matrimonial life. The subtleties that sound lewd and hair-raising are intended to push the closeout of *My Story* to empower her to meet the restorative costs when she was convalescing. Here again that Kamala Das was in death bed is a reality and not a whimsical record. Her fundamental reason for existing is to sell the book and so as to make it sizzling and hot, she has included some non-existent scenes in her personal history.

"When she conceded in a meeting that in the event that one expounded on the real world only, it would have no intrigue to readers. Such books would have no sale" (qtd. in Veena iii).

Presumably, the theory discusses the verse of Kamala Das, yet an investigation of her verse is deficient if her expositions, compositions and meetings are overlooked. What Bernard Shaw's Preface to his plays, so is *My Story* to the poems of Kamala Das. An easy-going reference to the lines of certain verses cited in *My Story* edifies the perusers towards an appropriate illustration of the content and gives a setting to the explanation of her lyrics. Accordingly, the specialist can't yet consider *My Story* for an assessment of the verse of Kamala Das. At the point when the lyrics of Kamala Das are deciphered against the foundation of *My Story*, there is a probability of misinterpreting Kamala Das. Such a misreading can be tested if her better half's frame of mind is considered.

In the introduction to her *My Story*, she admits that it is her collection of memoirs. Yet after her release from the clinic, she takes a conflicting stand that *My Story* is not her personal history. She made it exciting as allowed by her hubby to meet her emergency clinic bills. Else, it would not pull in deals. As conceded by her in her interviews, whatever she expounds on herself ought not to be confused with realities from her life. The admissions from the writer herself that much of what she has uttered in *My Story* is just a fiction and not a reality, can't be disregarded.

The mounting basic compositions on Kamala Das' verses not the slightest bit help the peruser or the specialist to land at consistency in her verse. She is brimming with inconsistencies. What she concedes at one time, she denies at some other point. The studies so far attempted keep to the beaten track of not distinguishing the 'I' in her narratives from Kamala Das the person. Such an elucidation has brought about depicting a false picture of Kamala Das' identity. There are two voices in Kamala Das; one is that of the writer herself; the other is that of the protagonist of her ballads. She herself concedes:

"I've put  
My private voice away, adopted the  
Typewriter's click as my only speech  
(*"Loud Posters," The Old Playhouse and Other Poems* 47).

Thus, actuality and fiction, creative energy and experience, and dream and the truth are mixed indivisibly in this manner making a cryptic, interesting identity. Her voice is recognizable from the million voices in which she accepts to talk in her poetry:

I am a million, million people

Talking all at once, with voices  
 Raised in the clamour, like maids  
 At village wells  
 ("Someone's Else's Song," Summer in Calcutta 31).

The peruser ought not to submit the intelligent paradox of a hasty generalization by thinking all that she says is actually binding. Frequently it isn't the genuine experience that the writer depicts yet just an innovative portrayal of a human circumstance, maybe, a typical reality that the writer, because of aesthetic need, disguises. There is a twofold voice in Kamala Das - the self-portraying self and the poetic self. The continuous utilization of the individual pronoun 'I' represents both the individual voice and the protagonist's voice. 'I' represents her own self when she alludes to her genealogical love, familial love, marital love in Radha Krishna verses, and in the lyrics brilliant of her humanistic conclusions. In her connection with her significant other, she unbars and unburdens her desires and emotions.

At the same time, in the lyrics where she discusses her aching for love, she alludes to the encounters experienced by the disappointed Indian spouse, the real hero of her narratives. The artist places herself in the circumstance of an Indian lady exposed to unfulfilled love from a man who longs for her body alone and not for affection. The 'I' works at the prototype level:

". . . I am every woman who seeks love"  
 ("An Introduction," Summer in Calcutta, 63).

The heroes in her verses rise up out of the harsh encounters of their wedded life, gallant enough to long for adoration outside the circle of sex. Perusers and specialists ought not to be deceived by what she says in *My Story*.

Woman, is this happiness, this lying buried  
 Beneath a man? It's time again to come alive,  
 The world extends a lot beyond his six-foot frame.  
 Thoughts that lurk like shadows deep inside, be still.  
 Nail your laughs to the walls of my mind's cavern  
 To hang as trophies. (The Conflagration'20)

Kamala Das warrants a correlation with Indian English writers like Toru Dutt also, Sarojini Naidu. To the extent they have utilized Hindu legends, Kamala Das moreover takes after the previously mentioned writers as she looks for a perfect love in Lord Krishna in the ballad titled "Vrindavan"

Vrindavan lives on everyman's mind  
 And the flute luring  
 (Only the Soul Knows How to Sing, 128)

Radha is hitched. So is Meera. Is it true that they are not after Lord Krishna? Having failed miserably to find the perfect sweetheart in the general public, Kamala Das considers Lord Krishna as her optimal darling. For what reason should a stricter test be connected to Kamala Das when she looks for affection she aches for? Most likely, she is hitched; she is

looking for a related soul to react to her optimal love. Kamala Das varies from those writers alluded to on the grounds that neither Toru Dutt nor Sarojini Naidu has written in express insights regarding lady's body. She additionally sparkles by differentiating from most ladies writers in whom social shock is woefully missing. She steps out of the delineated universe of womanhood and accomplishes compassionate identification with the destitute and the hapless.

The reader can't but appreciate the sympathetic heart in Kamala Das and her increased identification with the hapless, the houseless, poor people, and the destitute. There are pages and entries where she discusses bolstering and lodging poor people and the oppressed. A significant number of Kamala Das' ballads are fuelled by displeasure when she composes of subjection to the licentious yearnings of the ruling male. She makes no mystery of her solid aversion for man. Out of a lady's gashed heart and mind are conceived ballads of energetic challenge. Her verse voices the endless desolation of the lady inside the house, a captive to man's appetite and desires, a casualty of societal deceptions and corruptions - a toy, arecreation, and a chattel. All her harsh encounters get marked on the memory of the artist. These profoundly felt damages end up being furious upheavals against men. She is against the acknowledged example of old, attributed pictures of women's activist. The poems of Kamala are a call to each Indian lady stalled for a considerable length of time by age-old traditions and long-established shows, to shake off her accommodation and to fight against social foul play. It is an amazing call to the lady to fight energetically, however it may be an unequal fight.

Conclusion:

Kamala Das is a women's activist fighting to free ladies from the servitude of customary social qualities and mores which had been smothering them in her nation for quite a while. Hers is the most dominant voice that has been brought up in contemporary writing for the rights and status of ladies. The champions of her accounts are those who break the acknowledged standards of society and they are the travelers who go in quest of love. She is every woman who needs to speak out. It would be too naïve to brand her as hot. It is fitting to see her as a champion of a new brand of Indian feminism.

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