

# Approaches to Angst and the Male World: A Comparative Study of *The Bell Jar* and the Poetry of a Few Indian Women Poets

Pitting Sylvia Plath's speakers against male chauvinism is a usual critical practice, but this antinomy primarily informs her work. Most of her writings express an anguish that transcends the torment of the individual speakers in question, and voices or represents the despair of all women who undergo similar anguish. As David Holbrook writes: "When one knows Sylvia Plath's work through and through, and has penetrated her inner topography, the confusion, hate and madness become frighteningly apparent" (357). The besetting question is what causes this angst. Apparently, a stifling patriarchal system that stymies woman's freedom seems to be the cause of this anguish. However, it would be lopsided to say that Plath's work is simply an Armageddon between man and woman. This paper compares Sylvia Plath's novel *The Bell Jar* (1963) and the poetry of a few twentieth-century Indian women poets such as Kamala Das, Mamta Kalia, Melanie Silgado, Eunice de Souza, Smita Agarwal and Tara Patel to study the angst experienced by the speakers and their approaches to the male world. Here, the term 'male world' refers to any social condition where man overtly or tacitly punctuates a woman's life. Thus, it precisely refers to a patriarchal social order. Talking about twentieth-century poetry and making references to the position of women poets, John Brannigan writes: "In their time, Elizabeth Jennings, Sylvia Plath and Elizabeth Bishop seemed isolated and remote from the male-dominated generation of the fifties and sixties" (Poplawski 632).

Angst, variously translated as anguish, anxiety or dread, is a philosophical, psychological and socio-logical concept. Angst is an important matter to existentialist philosophers. Kierkegaard's use of Angst, which he means as 'dread,' denotes "a state of anguish that we feel as we are confronted by the burden of our freedom and the accompanying responsibility to impose values and meanings on an 'absurd' universe" (Chris Baldick 15). Talking about Sartrean existentialism, Baldick writes: "we as human beings have no given essence or nature but must forge our own values and meanings in an inherently meaningless or absurd world of existence" (120).

Angst is, in essence, anxiety. As Ian Buchanan writes: "Anxiety is ideational inasmuch as it is always bound to an idea (i.e. a particular image or thought), but the idea is usually impossible to decipher or decode as a sign or substitute for another repressed idea" (22). Anxiety necessarily involves a feeling of fear, but "anxiety has no intentional object, in contrast to fear, which is fear of something," and "anxiety arises from the thought that the framework we use to make sense of ourselves and of the world in which we see ourselves placed is not the only possible one" (Mautner 24). Daniel Freeman and Jason Freeman state that anxiety, as scientists agree, is an emotion and "Anxiety's purpose is to alert us to potential threat and to prepare us to react appropriately" (5, 9). Writing on Heidegger, Michael Inwood distinguishes between moods and emotions:

Moods differ from emotions. Emotions concern particular entities. I am angry about something and usually with someone. But if I am in an irritable mood, I need not be irritable about anything in particular, though I am more likely to get angry about particular things than I usually do. If moods are directed at anything they are directed at the world rather than at entities in the world. Anxiety, objectless Angst, or boredom (to take Heidegger's examples) cast a pall over the world, in contrast to fear in the face of a specific threat or boredom with some specific thing" (41).

Studied in this context, Esther Greenwood in *The Bell Jar*, who "finds herself in a psychic impasse," or the speakers in the poems discussed here have no concrete objects to fear; rather their despair is directed at the imperfections of the social systems in which they live (Bronfen 115). While they express a reaction against a chauvinistic mindset and a patriarchal system that throttle their freedom, a selfhood emerges from this opposition.

In *The Bell Jar*, Esther's angst is generated by her predisposition to depression and her difficult interactions with a male world. She fails to cope with burgeoning stress. She is embittered about the complexity of human relationships fraught with deceit. At the beginning of the novel, Esther is seen as a deeply

troubled individual who is ill at ease with everything and finds nothing to which she could belong. She is indecisive about her career choices; she perceives her failure as a writer and becomes depressed; and further, she does not like to remain in the company of her friends whom she finds so different from her. In the beginning of the novel, her distress has not much to do with the male world. It relates to her own angst: “The silence depressed me. It wasn’t the silence of silence. It was my own silence” (17).

Esther seems to be perplexed about her true self when she describes herself as “a split personality or something” (20). Her defense mechanism of taking a hot-bath when she is troubled testifies to her affliction. What further show her mental distress are her poor health and disinterestedness to marry. When she reveals, “With one exception I’ve been the same weight for ten years,” and “I never intended to get married,” we see how troubled she is. Esther’s loss of the zest for life has to do not simply with her predisposition to anxieties, but also to her rancor against a devious male world. When she experiences deceit in her relationship with Buddy Willard, who proves to her as an “awful hypocrite,” she breaks beyond repair, and this embitters her mind against the possibilities of any honest relationship. However, it is revealing to see that being “fooled” by Buddy, Esther thinks of avenging this act of deception. But what she thinks of doing is nearer to succumbing to a similar imperfection. It seems as if she wishes to avenge one man’s deception by associating with another man! As Esther says, “Ever since Buddy Willard had told me about that waitress I had been thinking I ought to go out and sleep with somebody myself. Sleeping with Buddy wouldn’t count, though because he would still be one person ahead of me, it would have to be with somebody else” (74).

In *The Bell Jar*, Esther talks about an article, mailed to her by her mother, in which a man’s world and a woman’s world are polarized. However, as the article suggests, marriage can unite the two worlds. Esther’s skepticism about marriage is occasioned by the deceit from the male world. She finds deceit inbuilt in a man’s character. As she says: “It might be nice to be pure and then to marry a pure man, but what if he suddenly confessed he wasn’t pure after we were married, the way Buddy Willard had? I couldn’t stand the idea of a woman having to have a single pure life and a man being able to have a double life, one pure and one not” (77).

It is curious that Esther’s disenchantment with the male world goes concurrent with her attraction to it. Following her disillusionment in her relationship with Buddy, she again thinks of starting a relationship with Constantin, but hesitates being reminded of the disillusionment. She feels that her extreme insistence on propriety in a relationship is either pathological or chimerical. She further feels that despite the flamboyant protestations, a man’s love for a woman is indeed his love of power, his secret wish to dominate. She disapproves of a system where women are to pander to patriarchal caprices.

Esther often says in the novel that she has dismissed the thought of marriage: “I’m never going to get married,” “But I wasn’t getting married” (89, 233). Her thought of marriage as an anathema must have been generated by her debilitating apprehension as to honesty in human relationships. A continued existential anguish makes Esther a neurotic. About her neurosis, she says: “If neurotic is wanting two mutually exclusive things at one and the same time, then I’m neurotic as hell. I’ll be flying back and forth between one mutually exclusive thing and another for the rest of my days” (90). Throughout the novel, we see Esther suffering anguish, and her suffering is also born from her awareness that nobody is able to understand its gravity. How painful is this when she utters, “I can’t sleep. I can’t read” (121).

Esther’s bitterness about a male world that does not care much for a woman’s feelings is furthered by her interaction with Doctor Gordon, a psychiatrist – a man – who makes persiflage as to her neurosis:

‘Suppose you try and tell me what you think is wrong.’

I turned the words over suspiciously, like round, sea-polished pebbles that might suddenly put out a claw and change into something else.

What did I think was wrong?

That made it sound as if nothing was really wrong. I only thought it was wrong (124).

The continued disenchantment with life, occasioned by various causes, fills Esther with a death wish from which she could hardly extricate herself. Many a time she feels she should cease to live. We find her saying, “That morning I had tried to hang myself” and “Only my case was incurable” (152, 153). Esther is haunted by a permanent sense of insecurity and any apparent prospect of freedom is balked by an angst that lies deep within her heart: “But I wasn’t sure. I wasn’t sure at all. How did I know someday—all college, in Europe, somewhere, anywhere—the bell jar with its stifling distortions, wouldn’t descend again?” (230). At the base of it lies an anxiety that both she and the world she inhabits are incompatible. The bell jar may variously symbolize a stifling social order, an apprehension of threat, a male world subsisting on patriarchy and its apathy to the aspirations of women. However, Esther’s resoluteness to confront it and to secure her honor demonstrates her strength of mind: “I took a deep breath and listened to the old brag of my heart. I am, I am, I am” (233).

This psychic condition of Esther gives similar pictures of angst Plath suffers in her life. Referring to Sylvia Plath and her contemporary American poets such as Hayden Carruth, John Berryman, Theodore Roethke, Anne Sexton, Ginsberg and Lowell, Lillian Feder writes that “all of them convey extreme isolation in society and a simultaneous fear of and fascination with their own psychic dissolution, the ‘abyss’ of the self” (348). As Susan R. Van Dyne writes, Plath’s work “has inevitably been read through the irrevocable, ineradicable and finally enigmatic fact of Plath’s suicide. The challenge for her biographers has been to puzzle out the relationship not merely of her life to her art, but of her art to her death” (Gill 3).

The Indian women poets discussed in the paper present similar pictures of angst experienced by the speakers who confront a male world. Probably no other Indian woman poet is compared with Sylvia Plath as often as Kamala Das. As both are confessional poets, we find striking similarities between their works. Most of Das’s poems are a tirade against a social system that curtails the freedom of women and subjects them to the directions of a patriarchal order. But the question is whether what Das, Plath, or the other Indian women poets feel sad about is woman’s general condition everywhere. Again it concerns whether the dehumanization of women portrayed in their works is a universal, obdurate fact. It is immaterial if such condition is personal or universal, but the fact that it exists makes the condition alarming.

As Bruce King writes: “Das’s themes go beyond stereotyped longings and complaints. Even her feelings of loneliness and disappointment are part of a larger-than-life personality, obsessive in its awareness of its self, yet creating a drama of selfhood” (147). In her critically acclaimed poem “An Introduction,” Das uses the expression “categorizers” to summarize what men are. As categorizers, they like to place women in categories, that is, they determine the roles women are to play. Further, what role is to be played at what point of time is also fixed by them. Das acutely presents this insidious control: “Dress in sarees, be girl / Be wife, they said. Be embroiderer, be cook. / Be a quarreller with servants. Fit in. Oh, / Belong, cried the categorizers” (de Souza 10-11). The speaker’s anguish becomes intense when she polarizes man and woman, placing man’s crudities of desire versus woman’s earnest longing for love. The speaker, in the poem, cites a particular personal instance in her life when she was discomfited by a man’s insincere affections, but she seems to generalize the whole of men characterized by that imperfection. This condition, as the speaker means, is a general one: “I met a man, loved him. Call / Him not by any name, he is every man / Who wants a woman, just as I am every / Woman who seeks love. In him ... the hungry haste / Of rivers, in me ... the oceans’ tireless / Waiting” (de Souza 11). However, it is understandable that the anguish the speaker got from this personal event might have forced her to have such a generalization. What is striking about it is a contrast between woman’s honesty of love toward a man and the latter’s phony affections. In a patriarchal system, man seems to punctuate the growth of woman. This apparent growth is, indeed, a veritable stasis.

In the poem, Das underscores her linguistic independence as well as existential, but she is sad to find that both are threatened. She is bedeviled by the patriarchal injunction “Fit in.” Further, the poem is replete with the imperative “Don’t,” used by “categorizers”. This imperative comes from the male world, and conceals a psychosis of power. Under the constricting influences of patriarchy, the speaker seems to be ridden with angst, ridden with an apprehension as to the possibility of a free existence. Here, Das portrays an essentially earlier Indian societal condition. The present Indian society, however, is not very patriarchal. But the fact remains that patriarchy, or a patriarchal mindset, is not totally absent from any society. What patriarchy connotes is a tendency to belittle women.

Although the poem abounds in the use of the personal pronoun “I” that underscores the poem’s manifest autobiographical content, toward the end of the poem, the speaker uses it in quick succession to describe her varied personae. The kaleidoscopic changes of the speaker from one role to another not only demonstrate a spectrum of experiences she undergoes in her life, but also an acute state of anxiety that plagues her every change of role. The poem, though autobiographical, is a biography of every woman who undergoes selfsame travail in her life. As Eunice de Souza writes about Das: “in her best poems she speaks for women, certainly, but also for anyone who has known pain, inadequacy, despair” (de Souza 8). In the poem, the snapshots of a tormented speaker exhausting herself in the delirium of roles picture the angst of every woman. Das presents this picture of exhaustion that integrates the anguish of both man and woman, thus making their angst indistinguishable:

It is I who drink lonely  
Drinks at twelve, midnight, in hotels of strange towns,  
It is I who laugh, it is I who make love  
And then feel shame, it is I who lie dying  
With a rattle in my throat. I am sinner,  
I am saint. I am the beloved and the  
Betrayed. I have no joys which are not yours, no  
Aches which are not yours. I too call myself I (de Souza 11).

Insofar as anxiety has to do with desire, instances of explicit sexual descriptions in Das's works could be ascribed to the rising anxieties in the speaker who groans under the weight of the man's "monstrous ego" (Das, "The Old Playhouse." de Souza 16). In most of the works by Das, the speakers confront the fact of lust and thereby a male world. However, the descriptions of desire, as in this poem, far from being crude, present a picture of sexual gratification that is primordial, yet patriarchal: "I lost my will and reason, to all your / Questions I mumbled incoherent replies ... / my mind is an old / Playhouse with all its lights put out" (de Souza 16). In another poem by Das, "The Stone Age," the speaker presents her protest against the limiting actions of her husband. She resents her husband circumscribing her freedom. She addresses him, "Fond husband, ancient settler in the mind, / Old fat spider, weaving webs of bewilderment, / Be kind" (de Souza 16). The graphic physical descriptions in the last part of the poem highlight man's urgency of desire, but it also shows his helplessness. The actions of the man in the poem are ludicrous, pathetic and base, and what seems to be an expression of sexual passion on the part of the man demonstrates his pitiable descent into insignificance. In Plath's works too, where references are made to her husband, or to her conjugal life, she does also present, like Das, pitiable pictures of mismatch between her earnestness and longing and the caprices of a male world. In the face of such incongruities, the speaker experiences angst.

Angst is manifest in the poetry of another contemporary poet Mamta Kalia who, like Plath, describes familial matters that include references to her childhood, her portrayal of her father, her relationship with her husband, her life in the home and the society, in the crucible of which her anxieties are forged. Like Plath, Kalia makes references to her father, who does not seem to be much adored by her. This reminds us of Plath's poem "Daddy." In her poem "Tribute to Papa," Kalia writes: "You are an unsuccessful man, Papa"; "You're not sure what greatness is, / But you want me to be great"; "These days I am seriously thinking of disowning you, Papa, / You and your sacredness" and "Everything about you clashes with nearly everything about me" (de Souza 20). The poem ends with the speaker's fear of her father's extreme sensitivity that forces her to restrain her freedom. The lines cited above highlight a gulf between the expectations of a daughter from her father and the latter's failure to rise up to it. What is exasperating to the daughter is her father's weak sentimentality against which she could not possibly do anything without risking his suicide. The speaker's submission to this fact is her submission to patriarchy. In a very frustrating way, she is forced to lose her freedom. This increases her angst. However, her surrender to her father's sentimentality is nevertheless her priority to human considerations.

As Bruce King writes: "In 'Tribute to Papa' she rebels against patriarchy and the inhibiting world of middle-class respectability, with its 'clean thoughts, clean words, clean teeth' (155).

In another poem, "Sheer Good Luck," the speaker points at the moral degeneration of the society in which she lived, and she deems herself lucky that she was secure. The speaker surely points at a male world. As she writes: "So many things / could have happened to me. I could have been kidnapped / at the age of seven / and ravaged by / dirty-minded middle-aged men" (de Souza 21). Such other possible things are mentioned by the expression "could have been." But it is anticlimactic when she writes: "But nothing ever happened to me / except two children / and two miscarriages" (de Souza 21). The apparent jocular content of the lines manifest a woman's quotidian existence regulated by a patriarchal system. The references to the two miscarriages that the speaker talks about underline her personal tragedy, but it also points at a system that makes its influences felt. In "Compulsions," the speaker emphasizes her abandonment vis-à-vis a chauvinistic strangulation of freedom. She describes a host of actions she would like to do that would not be naturally approved of by a patriarchal system on grounds of stereotypical rectitude. But she is not sure if she could do all this. She says: "I want to sit in my office chair / with my feet up / I want to slap the boy / who makes love in a café / ... I want to pay Sunday visits / totally undressed / I want to throw away / all my cosmetics / I want to reveal / my real age" (de Souza 21-22). The speaker is aware of the impossibility, and the necessary anguish that would follow. In "After Eight Years of Marriage," Kalia presents the speaker's anguished conjugal life that does not seem to give her happiness. The speaker describes the drabness of her own married life, but she seems to refer to the conjugal life of any woman who might be experiencing angst in a stifling patriarchal social order. She recounts, when after eight years of her marriage, the first time she visited her parents, they asked her, "Are you happy, tell us." Kalia presents this moving picture: "It was an absurd question / And I should have laughed at it. / Instead, I cried, / And in between sobs, nodded yes" (de Souza 25). In the poem, we find the speaker describing her moments of happiness and unhappiness, and how she "wept in bed all night once / And struggled hard from hurting myself," and how "it wasn't easy to be happy in a family of twelve" (de Souza 25). Happiness and unhappiness are the natural things of life, but what is intended in the poem is to draw our attention to the fact that how difficult it is to confront a system that confines one's freedom.

In the poem "Anonymous," Mamta Kalia presents an autobiographical picture and is distressed to find her identity at peril. She says that she has become anonymous. But she also says that she is very much like



others. Thus, the fact of being indistinguishable from others gives significance to her anonymity, but at the same time it makes her feel ordinary. Kalia presents this condition in the following lines: "I no longer feel I'm Mamta Kalia. / I'm Kamla / or Vimla / or Kanta or Shanta. / I cook, I wash, / I bear, I rear, / I nag, I wag, / I sulk, I sag" (de Souza 26). When she says "I am no longer Mamta Kalia," she pictures her grief of being anonymous, but at the core of it she establishes a sense of sorority with any other woman experiencing the same joys and aches as she does. In establishing this commonality, she tries to establish an identity of her own, and consequently means that every woman may have an identity of her own. Apart from this, she also takes a pragmatic approach to life and tells that care for banal considerations could mar relationships. She calls upon lovers to emphasize mutual affection for each other and not to allow trifling things to affect relationships. As she writes: "Every time I open my mouth, / you feel let down, / and every time you discuss your pay scale, / I try hard not to frown. / If this goes on where will we end? / Or have we ended before we have begun?" (de Souza 24).

Like Mamta Kalia's "Tribute to Papa" and Sylvia Plath's "Daddy," we find in Melanie Silgado's poem "For Father on the Shelf" a portrayal of her father. As Bruce King writes: "Like many contemporary feminist writers both de Souza and Silgado are preoccupied with their relationship to their father" (160). King further writes: "Both de Souza and Silgado seem to contrast their father's assurance and crude ease in the world with their own insecurities and fears. Where the fathers belonged to settled societies which were deadening for women, the poets' own more liberated world is filled with anxieties, often influenced by their family, education and cultural inheritance" (160). The speaker reminisces about her moments with her father and is filled with emotion, but the lines "You never knew I wet my pillow / oftener than I had ever wet my bed" suggest the speaker's sadness at the incapacity of her father in gauging the depth of her anguish (de Souza 32). About this poem, King writes: "In such poetry the subject matter has largely shifted from the external world to the psychology of the self. It is the poetry of memory, dreams and anxieties, fears and self-revelations" (133).

In "1956-1976 A Poem," Silgado presents the speaker's horrors at the way both she and the world confronted each other. She is distressed by the memories of an existential anguish; by the shock that ensues from her expectations and the reality: "Twenty years ago / they laid a snare. / I emerged headlong, / embarrassed, wet. / They slapped me / on my bottom, / I screamed. / That was my first experience" (de Souza 29). In the poem "Do Not Tell the Children," we find the speaker expressing a curious anguish that makes her forestall her ageing. She perhaps senses that ageing is fraught with danger in that "There is no comfort in growing old. / The old are too old. / So I have frozen the moment. / The precious moment is frozen forever" (de Souza 33). Such expressions demonstrate the degree of anguish the persona goes through who could see into something inevitable and painful. As King writes, in Silgado's work "The confessional, compassionate, familial and social often blend; the personal is set within a context of others," and "Memories of family life become Silgado's way of understanding herself. The poems speak directly while moving rapidly through sentiments, anger, sympathy, tensions, understanding; by recovering the past there is self-definition" (133).

Another contemporary poet, Eunice de Souza, in her poem "Autobiographical," presents an anguished picture of the life of the speaker who goes on facing ontological problems. At every step of her life, she combats a world that torments her. She describes her experiences, but when she says: "Yes, I've tried suicide. / I tidied my clothes but / left no notes. I was surprised / to wake up in the morning," we see how deeply troubled she is (de Souza 41). As K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar writes: "The engines of her rage are fuelled by a language that is as it were fissioned for destructive effect. And yet woman cannot stay alone, and man cannot either; beyond this war of attrition, this screech and fury and expense of spirit, there is—there must be—a new adult understanding and harmony" (728). As King writes about de Souza's poetry: "Although de Souza's poems arise out of alienation and the feeling that life is a mess, they are also highly conscious of the situations and problems faced by women. This consciousness is expressed through understated irony rather than articulated comment. De Souza's persona is, however, that of someone negative about herself as well as others" (158). As Iyengar writes: "In her fiercely honest search for identity as a unique autonomous Person – not simply Goan, Catholic, or even Woman – Eunice has had to break the fetters of convention, tradition and propriety itself (727).

Tara Patel's is a voice that captures the plight of woman who languishes under the weight of her oppressive memories, but struggles to secure her selfhood. What is most moving about Patel's poems is the speaker's yearning for love that stands imperiled in a system of apathy. When Patel writes: "A woman's life is a reaction / to the crack of a whip," which "lands on the thick, / distorted welt of her memory," "whip," and "welt" conjure up pictures of oppression and indifference the woman continues to experience (de Souza 90). With every addition of indifference, the abjection is intensified. She refuses to lie low, but remains defeated. Despite her resentment and rebellion, and her multiple camouflages as "an escaped convict," "a refugee," and "a yogi," she is driven into the nadir of angst. The anguish generating

in the speaker positions her between a decidedly indifferent patriarchal order and an anxiety as to its diehard perpetuity. But the anguish in the speaker is the anguish of longing. What the speaker needs is love and this is an urgent existential necessity: “Sometimes for old time’s sake / you should look me up,” “Remember me a little and meet me sometimes,” “Indulge me,” “I miss you most when I’m eating alone,” “Have lunch with me, / I’ll pay the bill” (de Souza 90, 91). It is noticeable that the speaker has no rancor against the male world. She longs for relationship, but remains anxious as to a perceived impossibility. Contrary to this, Esther Greenwood in *The Bell Jar* too longs for love, but she chagrins at her failure to realize the falsehood that lies under the veneer of affections. Her angst is furthered by Buddy Willard’s pretences to honesty and her painful disillusionment.

Another contemporary poet Smita Agarwal makes interestingly radical approaches to the male world. In a prescriptive style, in her poem “Mediatatrix,” she gives woman the technique to make man subdued and powerless. Very revealingly she tells about man’s limitations: “A man in love is in love with his own shadow, / ... till a woman in love with / a man in love lets him see and sets him free” (de Souza 66). Studied closely, the poem underlines the anxiety that could distress man in his dissociation from women. In other words, the poem says that man has to need woman. This vital necessity is grounded on a possible angst confronting man in his attempts to lavish in thoughts of singularity and independence. As Agarwal writes,

Never hunt him down.  
Do not put words into  
his mouth. Do not remind him  
of his mother. Be patient, stand  
aloof. Let hunger, loneliness and a  
pelting rain leave him stranded under your roof (de Souza 66).

This suggestion is similar to the one made by Kamala Das in her poem “The Looking Glass.” Das’s descriptions in the poem tell that a man is easily graspable insofar as his requirements are reduced to lust. In his quest for satisfying his primordial longing, he makes himself defenseless before woman. While Das writes: “Getting a man to love you is easy,” and suggests the woman to “Gift him all / Gift him what makes you woman, / ... and all your / Endless female hungers,” she also forewarns of the possible consequences of desolation that might ensue from a relationship based on opportunism and deceit. As she writes: “Oh yes, getting / A man to love is easy, but living / Without him afterward may have to be / Faced” (de Souza 15). What the poet might be referring to is insistence on a true, meaningful relationship where physical intimacy remains subservient to a respect for the spirit. A genuine relationship dismisses the chances of anguish that follow from deceit.

This comparative study shows the acuity of angst faced by the speakers. While their anxiety is surely born of an unfeeling male world, it is also generated by their own psychological conditions as well as by their lack of coping abilities. In this light, Esther’s anguish is both social and personal: social because it is caused by the systemic defects of the social order, and personal because she is indecisive. She has no lust for life and has an ineradicable restlessness from which she cannot free herself. However, her condition is not just exacerbated by a male world; she is distressed by women too. ○

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