

CHAPTER 2

Mangoes On The Maple Tree: The dilemma of three generations

Uma Parameswaran's first novel *Mangoes On The Maple Tree* is an authentic piece of work to study and analysis Indo- Canadian diaspora. The novel is set in Winnipeg and the action takes place over a period of twenty days in 1997 during the great flood crises. The primary focus of the novel is on the distinction of two national entities, the home and the host country, two cultures, two families and moreover, the disparities of three generations and their different experiences in dealing with diasporic situation in a multicultural country. The racial discrimination has emerged as one of the biggest challenge for the diasporas, which has also been vividly depicted through the outrage of younger generation. Furthermore, this novel provides an intimate access to the characters' inner thoughts and feelings, enriched together with hints towards Indian mythology, poetic colloquial language and other metaphors.

The Bhave family- Sharad, his wife Savitri, and their children Jyoti, Jayant and Krish had left a comfortable luxurious life in Pune seven years back and moved to Winnipeg for better economic prospects. Sharad sacrificed his career as a nuclear scientist and now has been working as a real estate salesman. His sister Veejala, has been living with her husband Anant Moghe and their children Vithal and Priti longer in Canada than Sharad's family. However, the narrative is told from the different perspectives of the family members. Nalini Iyer¹, in her review of Uma Parameswaran's first and rather short novel writes:

What I found most enjoyable about this novel is that it steers clear of stereotypes about Indian immigrant families: the Bhave and the Moghes are refreshingly different from some families that inhabit the world of diasporic fiction. There are no daughters being threatened

¹ <http://www.sawnet.org/books/reviews.php?Mangoes+on+the+Maple+Tree>

with arranged marriages, no authoritarian parents, no weepy sentimentality about the land left behind.

The author Uma Parameswaran has depicted the problems and divergent views of older generation immigrants who are dealing with the conflicts of two cultures. Savitri is forty-two years old woman with beautiful marble smooth skin and petite figure. She is not only a responsible mother and wife but also a very good employee where she works. She keeps a balance between her family and professional life by devoting equal time and hard work towards both the lives. She always feels delighted to see the young crowd gathered in her home and finds utmost pleasure in cooking Indian food for them. Sometimes she rushes back into her memories of childhood days spent with her siblings in India. Savitri had lost her mother when she was just a kid but there were so many mothers, sisters and aunts around her who filled the empty place of her mother in her life. The love and affection she got from them has made Savitri an emotional human being who takes care of Priti and Vithal as her own children and also pays her deep concern over the children who become the victims of flood. She has seen all ups and downs of life in Canada and proved a real helpmeet to her husband Sharad. Although Savitri is an understanding mother who always attends to her children's' needs but she really gets disturbed when she finds a packaged condom inside Sharad's Volvo car, she instantly realizes that it must be Jyoti who had taken the car to meet Pierre and they might have gone to the extent of physical relations. Though Savitri has been in Canada for many years and has got accustomed with Canadian culture yet she is still an Indian from the core of her heart. For example, she does not put restriction on her daughter Jyoti from dating her boyfriend as any Indian mother would have done it. But she still does not want her husband Sharad to know the escapades of the daughter. So, she allows Jyoti to use her car instead of her father's Volvo car. At this point Jyoti argues with her that rather being angry she must be relieved that they are taking precautions. Savitri has no reservation about Pierre like Jyoti, she thinks that "he is a fine young man...He has a lot of energy, enthusiasm, ambition; he is a hard worker" (188) and most important point is that he loves her daughter. For Savitri, love is all important because "when you hold a man in your arms, in love not in lust, you are bound to him whether you are legally married or not" (188). But it is Jyoti who is not able to find whether it is love or lust which dominates over her mind.

Savitri knows that her home has been left behind in India and the people of her country, who have come to Canada, are facing many kinds of problems but she does not believe in the ideas

or she does not feel in the same way as Vithal and his friends firmly believe in. Vithal rhetorically claims that they would “build a temple on the Assiniboine” (86) by being united in diaspora. But Savitri says that “we have already built that temple, because we carry our gods within and with us wherever we go” (93). It means that she has carried her values and cultural ways of running a family with her in Canada and wherever she goes she would never forget them. While talking about Veejala, Savitri says that she has never been a good housewife since she had never bothered to do household chores because she was always surrounded by dozens of servants throughout her life. When the Moghes returned from USA to Delhi, they had one of the most furnished houses with all that fabulous gadgets which Savitri had seen only in magazines. Having heard about Aunt Veejala’s luxurious life Jyoti feels that it is her mother who has a bad deal, she could have lived her life being the mistress of granddad’s enormous property but rather she chooses to do three full-time jobs, her school, house and some volunteering tasks. Jyoti adds with intensity that her mother is working her fingers to the bone in this rat race. But Savitri says “my hands will survive, sweetheart, but will our spirits? No matter how long one lives here, it is never long enough to forget either our old ways or our old comforts” (96). In the earlier statement Savitri elucidates her strong trust and faith in her cultural values which she never abandons due to displacement but the aforementioned expression is suggestive of her fear being in diasporic situation. Moreover, it illustrates that she is afraid of losing her god, heritage and ancient values which are present in the form of spirits inside her and make her feel a true Indian. She realizes that the diasporas do not fit and can hardly survive in this country because of their distinct identities. Being aware of inconsistencies in her views, Savitri states that she really wants to “sort out all the questions, iron out all the inconsistencies, figure out what life is all about” but as she says “I am afraid to take time out, may be. I am may be afraid to know the answers” (96). In her words, Savitri has expressed the mental trauma and entangled life of the diasporas in which they are afraid of the answers of their most sought after questions. Deliberately, they do not want to figure out things and prefer to live in inconsistencies which make their life a bit easy. That is why, Savitri also keeps herself busy all the time in doing household chores, school activities and some kind of voluntary tasks so that she might not get enough time to think over the answers which may create troubles for her. She suppresses and avoids them as much as she can and it works all the time as she says, “life goes on without us having to figure things out, but those few times that we are faced with some brutal truth, we just can’t cope and we lash out at each other” (96). The lives of diasporas seem smooth and

easy from the surface level because they keep their eyes and ears closed for facts and indulge into rat race by being busy all the time, but whenever they are confronted with facts and truths of their identity as 'Other', they get feared and find this alien culture difficult to cope with. They show their frustration and agitation by blaming each other for choosing this place to live in and ultimately, they remember and admire their culture and country which is the raw source of their identity. Savitri remembers a powerful poem of Kamala Das, in which she says:

When i was ill, my three year old son was
Brought to me amma he said leave this hospital
Come home with me even if i had died that
Week i would have walked as a ghost to my
Home and him. (194)

In this poem, the deep love and affection of a mother for her child is expressed that she can overcome all the hurdles and sufferings to meet her child. In other words we can also say that Savitri, who is conscious of her diasporic identity, in which she feels sick like a patient in the hospital and wants to run away to her home where her son is waiting for her. She also wants to go back home, which represents the love and affiliation for the lost homeland. She is so desperately attached to her home and child that even after death her spirit would go there. On the other hand, we have Savitri's husband, Sharad Bhave who is an important character in dealing with older generation immigrants. He had given up his job as nuclear scientist years back and moved to Canada to work as real estate broker. When he had taken this decision he might have thought that his children would find better opportunities in a developed and advanced nation. They would be able to fulfill their dreams without any political, social, and mainly economical hindrances. But as Sharad has got experience of an alien land within these awful seven or eight years, he gradually comes to a conclusion that "everything is flying off centre in this culture" (26). It seems that the realization of being 'other' always strikes on his mind. He is aware of his diasporic identity as well. Perhaps, that is why he has isolated himself from the society. He no more wants to be a part of crowded white mass which stare at him with strangeness. Sharad is conscious of his identity for being a diaspora and he does not want to feel awkward among the crowd which asks many questions of his existence on this alien land. He says

All those alien faces staring at or through you. It makes me wonder, makes me ask myself,
'what am I doing here? Who are these faceless people among whom my life is oozing

away?’ Each of them is so self-contained, looking at me as though I shouldn’t be there. All those discreetly questioning eyes that make me ask myself endless questions. (30)

Sharad is missing his home, not yet being able to make a connection between his heritage and new ways of Canadian liberalism. His lecture on trust and responsibility and good moral backgrounds illustrates his contempt of Canadian culture and his diasporic consciousness which never allows him to forget his own values that has been taught to him and the background where he comes from, which to be sure brings up a clash between his “home” and “abroad” that symbolizes Indian culture and western culture respectively. His son Jayant lives life as a Canadian, no more considers the old country and its people related to him and says “Our people, our old country- Dad there’s no our people, no old country for anymore in the world anymore, least of all for us. *This* is our land and here we shall stay” (30-31). It seems that Jayant wants to get uprooted from the soil in which he spent his childhood. It is useless for him to survive with the values and customs of the old country in Canada which carries no importance on this land. But Sharad has not cut off himself completely from his roots. He firmly believes that roots are very important for survival of any living being and wants to grow them in the Canadian soil where he lives for his survival. He gives an example of “plantain tree” which always leaves “a young sapling before it dries up” (31). This pious tree which symbolizes “continuity and usefulness” is often used in every festive occasion to strap on the wedding *shamiana* or the doors of houses and in addition to it, every part of this tree- “flowers, leaves, trunk- is put to good use” (31). But this tree of Indian soil cannot survive, if it is grown in Canadian soil. It would grow and bloom where it belongs. Just like “an Ontario poplar can’t survive in Manitoba soil” (31) because it is a foreigner, not native to the land of Manitoba. The situation of Sharad is more or less the same like these two trees. His cultural roots and values symbolize the plantain tree but unfortunately it does not find suitable soil for its survival on alien land and dries up in the similar way as the Ontario poplar does.

The divergent views of older immigrant generation towards India are revealed through brother and sister, Sharad and Veejala. Sharad frequently visits his past to make his present alive and whenever the opportunity comes he tells historical or mythological stories to his children so that they can also keep in touch with their culture and roots. He tries to give them the same kind of love and affection and more importantly, the homely environment in which he had been brought up. In contrast of her brother Sharad, Veejala has a different view of living. She is described as a “strikingly good-looking woman, elegantly dressed in an expensive skirt-suit” (44) works as an

Assistant Professor of Astronomy in a prestigious university of Canada. She has always been a career oriented woman and hardly pays attention towards house chores like cooking food for her children. Moreover she spends less time with her children Vithal and Priti which results, a communication gap between Veejala and her son Vithal, who has already dropped his university degree without completing it. Nine years old Priti, is deprived of those fascinating bed time Indian mythological stories which her mother never bothers to narrate to her. It may be because that she wants to throw down her Indianness completely in order to adopt Canada as a new home. As far as Veejala is concerned, “one can have only one home at any given time” (47) so, one should not live in past which has been left behind. She firmly believes that the burden of past culture and heritage makes us handicap and creates many hindrances in moving ahead in our present life. She says:

If there's a crutch handy, you, and by that I mean all of us, can bet your last dollar you'll use it whether you need it or not. That's human nature. Whereas if it isn't there, you'll jolly well learn how to move around on your own two feet. And all that baggage from the old country is just a crutch. All that weight on our backs. We have to strike roots here, I know that, you know that, but we sure have a devil of a time doing it. But let's not mess up anything for the kids. (48)

She disagrees with Sharad who firmly believes that past is important in order to have a sense of identity of pride. Veejala contradicts him and says that “only those who can't cope with the present tend to live in the past; romanticizing the past is an escape route at best and it can be toxic” (48). This passage reveals the split alliances that the first generation has for the country of origin. Sharad insists on maintaining his culture and tradition and clings to memories of the past as a source of identity but Veejala refers past as a crutch and toxic which makes impossible for them to assimilate into the host society and she emphasis on striking roots in Canada. However, later in the novel, it is the same Veejala who decides to go back to her homeland because she herself is tired of carrying around that crutch of the past, the memory of and longing for the homeland, and of her struggle to get rooted in Canada. It may be because she is also swinging between the two cultures like Sharad and Savitri. Her firm decision of leaving her family and home in Canada does not only affect her children and husband, but also to her brother Sharad who gets a kind of shock after receiving the news of her resignation. He is deeply bothered, worried and angry at her decision. He burst out his anger while talking to Savitri and assumes that Veejala might be having an extra- marital affair with somebody otherwise a woman of her age would not

leave her family and go back to India. But Savitri is more calm and understanding than her husband. She blames Canadian culture for such assumption of her husband. On the other hand, Sharad who has always been a family man discloses his main reason to come and settle down in Canada. He says, “Why did they choose this god-forsaken eternal winter of a hole except so they could foster a sense of family even though so far from home? Just to be near her so they’d have each other to turn to in times of need” (135). Sharad has always taken care of Veejala throughout his life and she has also trusted him the most and felt closest among all her siblings. Veejala also sought his advice in all matters, whether it was her matrimonial or academic decision she always consulted him. But this time, he feels neglected and completely perplexed, unable to understand her decision of giving up her respectable career as a professor and going back to India, leaving her family behind. Seven years back Sharad took the same kind of decision of giving up his career as a nuclear scientist in India and moved to Canada for better options but since then, he has been struggling to integrate into Canadian society along with cultural roots. But unfortunately, he neither assimilates into the new culture nor forgets his own origin and past; this situation takes him in a state of “in-betweenness”. Similarly, Veejala is also sandwiched between two cultures and nations. On the one hand, she treats her past, culture and heritage as a crutch which does not allow her to mingle in Canadian society. She pretends to be a complete Canadian citizen through her dressing sense and her way of living but somewhere, in her mind she is unable to fight her ambivalent feelings. Truly saying, she herself is fed up of being a victim of dual identity and finally decides to quit her job and country which does not accept her as a part of it. We can only say that she is still an Indian from the heart though she has adopted Canadian culture externally. When she is asked in an interview for a newspaper article whether she expected the conditions to be better in India and whether she felt discriminated against due to being a woman. Veejala answers “she would feel better wasting her life in her native country than in these backwoods... it could be I am the wrong colour as well” (138). These statements suggest of her reason for leaving Canada and drawing back to her home country. She finds the academic as well as the living conditions of Canada worse than India and she would never mind to spend rest of her life in native land instead of killing her precious time in these backwoods. Her views resemble the views of Mrs Khanna who expresses her pity after seeing the pathetic and deplorable condition of Indian women at Jackson Heights and Queen’s in New York which is worse than the conditions in India. She feels glad that she is living in India rather than in the countries like America or Canada. She says “the

view from the inside is always different than the view from the outside” (58). This statement signifies the inner feelings of those people who underestimate their own native place and ultimately leaves it for the sake of fascination towards “abroad”. But as soon as they step down on foreign country they realize the sterility of the land and uncongenial environment in which they have to live. Veejala is very well aware of her decision. She realizes that she cannot cope with the present in which she seems to have lost her identity. On the one hand she is leaving her husband behind, it means she is leaving a part of herself behind in Canada. On the other hand, she is running away from the kind of society in which she feels trapped. As she discusses this matter with Savitri, Veejala says, “Already I feel as though I have left myself behind...Or maybe it is my last desperate attempt to do something worthwhile, instead of being tied down to a bloodless rat- race. (147)”

In the present novel *Mangoes on the Maple Tree* the second generation has not born in the country of residence in Canada, they have spent their childhood in India and still feel connected to their homeland. Till now, they have experienced both the cultures on equal basis in their life span. Both Jyoti and Jayant incorporate the values and traditions of these two cultures in their life but they think differently and often contradict each other in their views. As far as Jyoti’s connection with her brother Jayant, it signifies a close connection with her ancestry and culture, but on the other hand, her relation with her boyfriend Pierre, who is a white Canadian, takes her away from her heritage. In Jayant’s case, his road trip which he would soon embark with his friends Brendan, Jim, and Bob. This troupe indicates or symbolizes that he is moving away from his home and culture and eagerly wants to merge into Canadian culture. Having heard that Jayant is preparing for his trip, his brother Krish says that he would miss him and designate him with the word “Bhau” (11) which he rarely uses for him. This word in Marathi is generally used by their cousins back in Pune to give respect to the elder brothers but Jayant does not like these respectable words used for him and strictly forbids his brother for calling him “Bhau”. He just wants to adopt the western language and desperately intends to integrate into the culture in which he has been living for a long time and wants to dump the language and culture which has already been left behind. He really wants to get rid of his Indianness which is indicated in the following words: “Jayant had shed his Indianness fast and he had dinned it out of the other with his derisive taunts. “Oh shit, do you have to call everyone Auntie or Brother or Uncle? And if you must go for all these crappy familiarities, say Auntie Vee, not Vee Auntie, for chrissake” (11-12). This scene discloses Jayant’s insights over homeland which has been left for life along with its culture and customs and on the other side,

how desperately he tries to merge into Canadian society which is completely different from his own country. He has adopted Canadian speech and tries to shake off any language even a single word “Bhau” that connects him to India or reveals his identity as an Indian. It is only he, who has told his younger brother not to call him “Bhau” perhaps he thinks that this kind of respectful language does not go with the Canadian culture. He also ridicules Indian values and morals which are just crap for him. Jyoti argues with him about their status as foreigners in Canada and their real identity lies in India. But Jayant says “Don’t you come at me with all that crap about morals and Hindu values and the whole Hogwash. I’ve had an earful from Dad all these seven fucking years. Him and pipe dreams about India” (14). He directly attacks on his father’s decision of leaving India and abandoning his career as a nuclear scientist where he could have become a director of an Indian Institute of Technology or some national lab by now. Jayant strikes that if his father had been so much in love with India, he wouldn’t have left his birthplace and come here to adopt the profession of a “crappy real estate broker, just one step better than an encyclopedia salesman” (14). In all his rage, Jayant reveals his determination to shed off his Indianness, which does not go with Canadian way of living. But in contrast to it, Jyoti is still attached to her heritage and is aware of her Indianness which is the ultimate source of her identity. She defends her father’s decision of leaving India for better future prospects of the family. She pictures his plight in the following words: “It couldn’t have been easy for him to pack up everything and move here at age forty, and it’s no bed of roses here, mowing the lawn and painting the house and doing a hundred menial chores which used to be done for him by servants in the luxury of his ancestral home” (14). She defends her father’s emigration to Canada by quoting his words as “to give our children a healthy environment where, because one doesn’t have to scrounge for food, the spirit can aspire to higher experiences than this sorry world allows” (15). Furthermore, Jayant no more wants his father to live his dreams through him by making him win in all activities like table-tennis, squash and filling his shelves at which his father would feel proud. He does not want to continue with his games. Thus, this fight churns out Jyoti’s awareness of their differences, their ‘Otherness’ to which they are destined to be marginalized on a foreign land. This country would never accept and assimilate them at any cost, as she bursts out on Jayant in the following words:

I’m glad you’re pitching out... and I sure hope it gets into that thick skull of yours that we’re different, and no matter what we do, we are never going to fit in here. Take to the road, get high, sleep around, but still and all...all the swearing, all the in-jargon, you can swear all you want, but you’re never going to be one of the boys. (13)

Furthermore, Jyoti knows that their Indian heritage is the only source of their identity. One can never lose one's identity for being somebody whom one takes it as an ideal. One can copy or mimick somebody but can never get rid of one's real identity. One can be easily detected as an "Other" due to different ways of living, different language and accent, different values, religion and traditions and most importantly due to different skin colour.

When we move further and study the character of Jayant, we come to know that he is not able to distance himself from his homeland and its pleasant memories. In the beginning of the novel he shows his fascination towards western culture but as the novel proceeds, his deep knowledge of Indian culture and an intimate relationship with its heritage is truly reflected through his past memories in which he goes back time and again. It shows that he has love and hate relationship with his country, culture and heritage. On the one hand, he romanticizes the days spent in India with his grandparents and enjoys all the beautiful memories of past but on the other hand, he feels betrayed because all the things which he loves, have been snatched away from him. He loves his ancestral home and culture but unfortunately he has been deprived of them. The chapter-7 in the novel emphasis on Jayant's relationship with his heritage and shows his closeness to it. Though Jayant has tried all attempts to get integrated in Canadian culture yet in the core of being he is still very close to Indian culture and finds his ultimate happiness in it. Each and every small detail of the ancestral house is still intact in his memories even after so many years. He remembers his grandmother sitting on a thick woven mat of silken straw under a parijata tree in the courtyard of ancestral house where she used to play her violin. The courtyard of the house was really vast and divided into two parts. The farther half had trees like, a bakul and *neem* trees, some bushes of jasmine, *raat- ki- rani* and a few bunches of banana trees. The portion along the left side of the wall had been covered to grow vegetables which were used in cooking food. At the end of the wall, there were three old styled latrines and a separate well which were given to servants for their use. The nearer half of the courtyard was flanked by the main house on the one side and by storerooms and bathrooms on another and by the kitchen and dining room on the third. Here the ground was plastered by cow- dung water and it had become as hard as a tennis court. At the centre of this courtyard, there was a planter of whitewashed bricks for tulsi plant with little niches and near it there was this parijata tree under which his grandmother used to sit with her violin. This image of his ancestral house comes before his eyes as clear as he has been living his each and every moment of life in the same house. He remembers the incident of his first visit to his grandparents after four

years stay in Canada, Jayant had become conscious of his Marathi, because he and his sister had switched to English though their parents used to speak in Marathi at home. He was hardly able to speak Marathi so he tried to avoid any kind of communication with his grandmother but one day she called him to sit beside her and asked to play the violin because she knew he was taking piano lessons in Canada. She promised him to teach violin within few months, so that she could leave her violin for him as a symbol of inheritance after her death. She told him that in their extended ancestry of musicians no one played violin except her and now she wanted him to be her descendant. Having heard this, Jayant felt really excited and learnt the basics of violin within three months. After two years of this incident, his grandmother died but Jayant still does not know whether she has left her violin for him or not and feels cheated and betrayed. Furthermore, Jayant remembers “every detail of the proud family history that has been passed on to him through bedtime stories” (108) and reproaches his father for seeking every possibility to engage him with his culture and heritage which he himself has left behind. He is angry with his father who has been impatient to come here renouncing all claims to ancestral and paternal property and become a real estate broker. Again betrayal and treachery play their roles in Jayant’s life. He is very close to her sister Jyoti, she is an extension of him but she too betrays him by choosing a white Canadian as her life partner. He hates Pierre because he is taking his sister away from him and from the community where she belongs but Jayant knows that this bond of love between brother and sister is inviolable. This sacred relationship can only be expressed through the symbol of *rakhi* which is tied on the wrist of brother by the sister to protect and stand by her in times of need. Jayant has also a deep knowledge of rituals performed in a Rajput wedding, where the bridegroom comes to bride’s house riding a mare and her brother challenges the bridegroom in a symbolic duel before entering the house, after which they embrace each other and proceed towards the bride who is waiting for her bridegroom with a garland of roses. The wedding decorations, *shehnai* music, strings of flowers hanging from bridegroom’s headgear, the dressed up mare and all other rituals have always fascinated Jayant and he feels emotionally attached to them. Again he ponders over Jyoti’s relationship with Pierre and finds that once he really liked Pierre without any reason and even now it is not impossible for him to love him. He can accept him because Jyoti loves him but she does not seem to be as happy as she should be, it is because he and his parents had:

-their instinctive resistance to this alien seducer who had pulled away one of their own. They had withdrawn, each in their own way, from that core where all extensions came

together like a spirograph drawing, intertwined, each inextricably a part of the other; so inextricably that though they had pulled their strands to themselves, the ends were still at core, taut like high tension wires. (112)

Jayant remembers the wires that run along the railway track, vibrating and humming with a sound which generally inaudible to human beings due to loud noise around them. They keep moving up and down from the centre as they are connected with two separated and distanced poles. They have been running along the zillion miles distance like this in the same condition since many years. These vibrated wires can be compared with the condition of diasporas who have covered a long distance since ages by being dangling between two nations, they keep moving backward and forward and making a buzzing sound of their suppressed feelings. Then, he thinks that he would be able to accept Pierre because of Jyoti and he would receive him with all wedding rituals which he might have done in a hundred past lives. It seems that the darkness around him is fading away and a new day of light is soon going to arise.

In this novel, Jyoti's relationship with her boyfriend Pierre is also a prominent issue to discuss because Pierre is a white Canadian. They want to get married in July but before Jyoti could tell her parents about their marriage plans, Jayant announces his plans for road troupe. Jyoti is aware that how her parents would react when they would come to know that she wants to get married to somebody who is not of their "our own kind" (9). This is suggestive of the parental generation who is always conscious of their diasporic identity and wants to maintain it by refraining their children to go for inter-cultural marriage, though they have spent majority of the time period of their life on alien land and following every bit of its culture. Nevertheless, Jyoti's parents are not authoritarian; they want their daughter's happiness. Jyoti's father Sharad likes Pierre because he has black hair and eyes like them. More than this, he believes his own values which he has passed on to his daughter. From the very beginning of the novel we are indicated that Jyoti is not happy with Pierre, though she chants his name like a mantra all the time. But she does not feel protected and secure in this relationship. Since Jayant's road trip has been announced and he would be away from the family for one year, Jyoti feels abandoned and alone because she is very close to her brother, they are an extension of each other. Jyoti is deeply sad and worried about Jayant. Thus she feels despaired and a kind of emptiness has surrounded her and Pierre is no more around her to give support and love. It seems that she is lacking her confidence in this relationship. In her thought she digresses to a metaphor drawn from her inherited culture.

But closer than this emptiness, beyond these fears, deeper than the resentment, all of which flared from time to time into anguish, was something that was frightening because it was so pervasive. Despair. A dull despair as at some inevitability. A primal feeling. A deer nimbly running towards the lake but braking of a sudden, sensing a tiger near, then moving forward again, driven not by its parching thirst but by a sense of inevitability. Kalidasa must have described it somewhere, for they had a way, the Old masters, of combining breathtaking tenderness with nightmarish violence. Infinitely more moving than those who showed the violence of life through violent images. Separation, blindfolded walk into the forest, the circumcision blade; Shakuntala's deer, blue water, tiger. (9)

In the above passage, Jyoti discloses her inner conflict regarding her love for Pierre. The key words in this passage are “despair” and “inevitability” which give a direct reference to her instable relationship with Pierre. She chants Pierre's name constantly as a mantra as if it would resolve all her problems but Pierre himself is a problem for her. As she repeats his name throughout the novel which suggests that she wants to remind herself all the time that Pierre is the man who she is engaged with, she is going to marry this man and would spend rest of her life with him. As we proceed in the novel, we find that Pierre, in disguise representing British rule in India. He just dominates over Jyoti's mind and does not involve her in taking decisions which are related to both them. The reason for this assumption being that Jyoti, at one point complains that Pierre has taken so many decisions about their life without consulting her and involving in the process. We are told by the narrative that Jyoti is more inclined towards her heritage, family, culture and roots. Her Indian heart belongs to Sridhar not to Pierre. Sridher is like a shield covering and protecting her from all problems and keeps her in touch with India. Pierre can be regarded as a detour, as flowing by with the flood tide, to reach at the ultimate destination which seems to be Sridher. Finally we can say that there is a metaphor flood tide which has been used to connect it with Pierre. As the waves of the flood go up and down, Jyoti also ponders about him and their relationship in waves. There is another phrase “Jyoti remembered” (10) that simply refers to her memories of childhood days in India. She keeps going back to her past days and remembers rituals and customs that used to be performed on certain occasions. All this suggests that Jyoti has indelible impact of those days on her mind which would forever remain with her. Another connotation of this phrase is that Jyoti remembers her identity that she belongs to India, due to her diasporic consciousness. She also gives a reference of buffalo and the Incas which suggest a metaphor for her own status as a foreigner, entangled in the gaze of the other and finds difficult to run away from this trap. This reveals that Jyoti is very much aware of her diasporic situation.

Jyoti cannot imagine being married at the age twenty-one, especially not to Pierre who represents colonial power and undermines and suppresses her in a way by taking decisions of her life without consulting her. At this stage of her life, she finds herself in a dilemma which way to go. It seems that she feels “torn” between two men- Pierre and Sridher. It can be easily detected that she is attracted towards both the boys differently, but when we study her situation more deeply, a more complex and implicit answer is drawn and that is Jyoti is not only torn between two lovers but she is torn between two affiliations, two countries and two cultures. As a result of this we can say that she is in a position of “in- betweenness” which is illustrated when Jyoti admits that she is stressed out because “I’m seeing this guy and feel kind of guilty that I like some things he doesn’t” (59). Jyoti attempts to run away from this dilemma and asks Annt Vee, if she could also come along with her to India as she has not been there for a long time but Aunt Vee declines and reveals the fact that a trip to India would not resolve her problems.

Besides Jyoti’s and Jayant’s perspectives, the author Uma Parameswaran has also presented several young Indian characters who often visit Bhave’s “Open House”. Savitri’s kitchen always welcomes them with open arms for lunch and dinner. This small gathering of Jayant’s and Vithal’s friends seems to be like an Indian community in minority form. They share their feelings, talk about certain prevalent issues of the society and above all they seem to enjoy Indian food like *palak paneer* and *chhole-puri* more than Canadian food. Among this group, there is Vithal’s friend Sridher, who is passionately in love with Jyoti for past three years and there is another new boy from India Danesh, who still lives according to Indian ways, which are reflected through the manners of his greeting to Jayant’s mother “with joined palms, Namaste, Mrs Bhave, it is so nice of you to have me over” (76). The young crowd talks about interracial dating and they feel surprised that majority of Indian girls in Canada do not prefer young boys of their skin colour but go for whites. At this point, Danesh gives his views and suggests them to integrate in Canadian culture in which they are living. He says: “But you should make every effort to merge, since you are here to stay, Jayant. I mean this is your country. You have to try to assimilate, don’t you think? The Canadians would appreciate that” (81). After Danesh’s remarks, there starts a heated discussion on Canadian multiculturalism and Vithal bursts out his rage in the following passage:

Assimilate my ass....They –white Canadians- don’t want us to assimilate. They want us out. We’ll be squashed like bugs soon....All these years they led us to believe the isolation was coming from us, that we were communal, parochial, closed within our cultural

exclusiveness, etc., etc., but now that we are trying to merge, their real feeling are coming out. They've never wanted us and now we've become a real threat. Serves us right for wanting to be one of them. We have to stay separate from them and stay together, and we've got to show them we have as much right to be here as all those pissed-off whites who've bullied their way into this country these last three hundred years. We've got to stay apart, stay together, that's the only way. (81)

Vithal's outburst illustrates the dilapidated condition of Diaspora of all ages. The host society does not accept them and generally shows hostility and acts violently to suppress them, which makes them feel different and segregated from the white people. When one is invariably victimized for being non-whites, then one can never move a step ahead for assimilation. Vithal's solution lies in staying apart from white Canadians and staying together in the diaspora community. In the multicultural society the only way they can see is that they should maintain a boundary from the host country. Mostly, they are humiliated and racially abused by the natives of host society. Vithal seems to be very aggressive and advocates that "Ghettoes are necessary... Only in ghettoes can unity thrive" (82). Vithal gives the example of Jews who ghettoed themselves, strengthened their power and did everything five times better than others. And now they have reached the top of the world. He firmly believes in his roots and claims that if one's roots are strong and deeply rooted in its culture, one can flourish anywhere. He claims rhetorically that Indian community should stay united for their survival in this land. Sridhar also raised his voice against multiculturalism and argues that it is just a government strategy to promote ethnic divisions which would compensate them in perpetuating their power. They adopt Britishers old formula, "divide and rule" (82) to disrupt the ethnic groups in the country. Political parties do not stay behind and play their tricks to spread this kind of disturbances. Vithal agrees with Sridhar and firmly advocates "ghettoes", it would strengthen them to fight for their rights. Here, the heated argument between this young generation brings out the emptiness and hollow declaration of Canadian multiculturalism. A critic Mrs. R. Vedavalli, in her critical essay "Sending Roots: A Study of Uma Parameswaran's *Sita's Promise* and *Rootless but Green are the Boulevard Trees*" says that "They feel that assimilation is not an allegiance to the rational, mechanical, achievement-orient Western culture, adhering to whiteman's value system. Rather they expect Canada to become a melting pot where different people from different cultures and ideas co- exist on equal terms" (Balachandran, 137). The unwillingness of the host country in treating the immigrants as equals with the natives, prevents the immigrants from assimilation and merging into the adopted culture and they start clinging to their culture and mix with the people of their community. But the author Uma

Parameswaran intends to merge these two cultures into each other in order to create an enriched hybrid culture which would lead to a more congenial environment for living for both the cultures. As she has mentioned in her essay “Ganga in the Assiniboine: A Reading of Poems from *Trishanku*” that the place of confluence of any two rivers are supposed to be sacred in Hindu ethos. Similarly, she wants the confluence of *Ganga* and Assiniboine rivers which would be symbolic of enrichment and it would change the society into a better appreciation of multiculturalism. Vithal becomes the voice of Uma Parameswaran, when he says, “We’ve got to stand tall. And, by god, we shall. We shall build our temple at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine, and then we shall say, Okay, we are ready to assimilate. But not here, not now. To assimilate now would be tantamount to boot-licking...” (83). In the play, *Sita’s Promise*, Uma Parameswaran links the epic India with modern Canada through myth and dance. The character of Sita promises that she would definitely come to Canada again which has become a home for many immigrants from different countries. In her essay Mrs. R. Vedavalli further says that “Uma Parameswaran depicts the plight of the immigrants and the pangs of alienation symbolically by the sufferings of the bird. The love and concern shown to the bird suggests how the natives should comfort the immigrants” (Balachandran, 133). Vedavalli also claims that the promise of Sita symbolizes Parameswaran’s vision of Canada, as a mosaic of cultures. Under the influence of Canadian culture, Jayant argues that Indians in Canada are as diverse as in India and it is impossible to keep this unification in a community which is itself diversified in nature. Moreover, one does not make friends for their common skin colour or same political entities but for their common qualities. He claims that “India is a political entity that came together as a nation after a zillion years because the British made it so” (83). Danesh gets excited and insists on nationhood being the product of “five thousand years of culture” (84) yet Jayant is still impatient and claims that he is more concerned about present condition and it is all that matters to him. He argues that he does not feel any sense of belongingness when faced with “illiterates who troop into airports carrying kerosene tins and bedding rolls? I’ve seen them mucking up all of Heathrow with their stinking masalas and turbans” (84). During this argument, the shameful incident of the *Komagata Maru* is also mentioned, which stained the domain of Indian immigrants. Vithal gives an accurate conclusion of this discussion, saying that their own people are the main culprits of the misdeeds that happen with their community. They are the worst enemies. Such men are the products of British education which produces brown Sahibs who find faults with their own people and stab them at the orders of the

whites. Vithal claims that “Jayant is himself a prime example of what he is trying to say, that our worst enemies are our own people. (85)”

Racialism has always been a prominent issue in the course of Diaspora situation. If we peep into the past, we always find numerous incidents in which Indians had been victims of their skin colour and even in present days after many generations, this sort of discrimination has not been lessening its impact but instead of that it has been moving its clutches to grab the whole world into its filthiness. The present novel also depicts the issue of racialism in the scene when Jyoti goes to Romona’s home, from where she is supposed to pick her cousin Priti, but due to changes in the plan of Veejala, Priti is not there. Having reached Romona’s house, two teenage white boys ring the bell and says, “Collecting pledge for the school band” (121). But Romona whose parents are out, replies that nobody was at home. One of the boys mimicks “nobody’s home...what you see ain’t people, them’s ghosts...paki! Paki house!” (121). It is Jyoti’s first encounter with the overt racism. She gets agitated after hearing the word “paki” which triggers in her like an “uncontrollable spasm of fear and shock” (124). The word “paki” is an expression of extremely racial abuse that the natives generally use against the foreigners which directly attacks on their status as “other” or “alien” making difference more visible. It destroys all the hopes and ways of Diaspora community to assimilate into the host country. As a result of it, they feel segregated and a feeling of alienation comes naturally in them. Sometimes, being tough they try to rebel against such kind of discrimination as our protagonist Jyoti acts in the same way. She opens the door with confidence and catches one of the boys by his coat collar and drags him into the house. She outrages him “you’re itching to grow up to be a barbarian, eh? this is a great place, a great country, but snotted kids like you are stinking it up...we are getting a bit tired of uncivilized pigs like you” (121). She bursts out her anger on the boy who represents the group which supports racial discrimination. The boy becomes a dumb while Jyoti scolds him and he does not utter a single word. He seems so scared that he would have peed in his pants, if she had slapped him. This incident has frightened her as well, though she has acted with a strange surge of power exactly as Vithal would have done if he had been in the same situation. She is worried about Romona who usually becomes the victim of racialism while walking back home from school and she has not told about it to her parents. While reacting on the incident Jyoti feels that racialism is like “the black hole we should be alert to” (125). This black hole would soon gulp all the human races into its hollowness. She tries to calm down and remembers what Sridhar has suggested for the solution of this problem. He had

said “Just wait a couple of generations and there’d be a lot more white-brown kids who will solve the problem for us” (125). Soon she dives into the thoughts about her relationship with Pierre and doubts that whether Pierre would ever understand the kind of pain one feels when the word “paki” is flung. Again she is lacking her confidence in this relationship.

As far as, Krish and Priti are concerned, they represent the third generation of Indians who are protected from the trauma of cultural conflicts between the two cultures. They are younger in age and have experienced only Canadian values and ways of living. Though their parents have tried to acquaint them with their enriched Indian culture through Indian food, family bonding and mythological stories of Sita, Draupadi and Gopala yet they are only familiar with these fascinating stories, not using them in practice of their day to day life. They have completely adopted English culture and its language and do not speak a single word of Marathi. As Once Jayant mentions that his younger brother Krish does not know a word of Marathi which indicates that this generation is not bothered about that they are actually losing their native language. This reminds us the story “The Door I Shut Behind Me” of Uma Parameswaran in which Chander and Agrawal meet an Indian gathering and they discuss their mutual problems related to their kids who do not speak a word of their native language. One of the lady says that her baby’s first words were in Marathi like “Aai, dada” (99) but as soon as he grows and regularly goes to park, he has started calling them Mommy- Daddy and now the situation is this “he couldn’t even understand Marathi, leave alone speak it” (99). A man from the gathering says, “Just you wait a few years and he’ll be correcting your English. My daughter is on tenterhooks whenever her friends drop in; she is afraid we’ll say or do something wrong” (99). The home for this generation is where they are residing and the language they speak is their own language. So, in this way they are not in the state of “in-betweenness” like the other two generations mentioned above. The small boy Dilip in “Trishanku: A Cycle of Voices” expresses his joy and wonder of Canadian culture in the following lines:

Amma, I like school.
It is such fun.
We play most of the time
And sing songs in French.
Amma, fingerpainting is such fun
So many bright bright colours
And we can use all we want.
Amma, if a crayon breaks
You can just throw it away
And take a new one!
Ma, you think you could change my name

To Jim or David or something? (32)

Moreover, they live in present and do not spend their time in memorizing the past because they have not been to their homeland and have never experienced that life which the above two generations have experienced. It was the foreign land not their home land on which they took the first step of their life. So, it is very close to them and they like the place where they live. Although this generation fully integrate into western culture and live like the white children from their infants, they also become victims of racial discrimination due to their skin colour which defines their real identity in a foreign land. In the present novel also, nine year old Romona and many more kids of her age face such kind of discrimination in their day to day life but they feel helpless because they are not completely aware of the situation in which they are living in.

Mrs. R. Vedavalli in the same essay further says that the author “Uma Parameswaran gives more importance to family bondage and emotional ties between the family members, the core of Indian culture... the immigrants hope to survive in the alien culture being nourished by the strength of family bondage” (Balachandran, 137). This deep love and affection between family members can be noticed when Jayant decides to give up his idea of going out with his friends on a troupe and remains with his family, he consoles his cousin Priti, moreover Jyoti’s refusal to date her boyfriend Pierre and finally a happy family gathering at the end, all this suggest strong family bonding in Indian diaspora.

The novel *Mangoes On The Maple Tree* includes various words and phrases of Canadian or American language which are generally used by youth. Especially, Jayant and his friends of his age use several slang expressions or simply careless speech throughout the novel, example being, “pittoosake”, “howdee folks!”, “Jeesus”, “chrissake”, “howzzat” and “oh gross! Yummy”, “don’t take a ratch”, “oh flip”. This Canadian or American inflected jargon indicates their integration into Canadian youth culture by adopting their way of speech. Simultaneously, this novel is also enriched with Indian mythically-inspired narrative tone and there is highly frequent use of Hindi and Marathi words whenever the first generation go back in past memories of India . The stories of Sharad and Savitri revolve around the mythical characters like “Panchali” (36) and “Lord Gopala” (148). The younger generation is more inclined towards Canadian language than their native language.

Apart from all this, there are certain names of Indian food like ‘*puri-cholle*’, ‘*palak-paneer*’, ‘*rassa*’, ‘*moong or dal*’, ‘*kadhi*’, *laddus* and *burfees* which is made in Savitri’s open kitchen. At this point, we can say that it is Indian food which keeps the diaspora in touch with their country because all of them relish the Indian dishes rather than western fast junk food.

Furthermore the novel is rich in songs and poetry. Savitri sings Hindi songs which say, “*dane dane per likha hai khanewale ka naam, lenewale karod denewala ek Ram*” (140), “*chaudhvin ka chand ho, ya aftar ho, jo bhi ho tum khuda ki kasam lajawab ho*” (186). Then, there is poetry of Edgar Allan Poe, entitled “To Helen” which is recited by Sridhar in order to make a confession of love and affection for Jyoti.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That treacherously o’er the perfumed sea
Dashed me to bits on yonder rocky shore. (67)

Apart from all this Indian sensibilities, Parameswaran has also mentioned many pious Indian trees in the novel. Indian trees are famous for their majesty, grandeur and sacredness. Their reverence in Indian culture is similar to a green pearl in the crown of India. Each pious tree which is worshipped as god has a mythical or legendary history behind it and holds a special position in every Indian heart. These trees are always linked with immortality and wisdom in India. As our author Uma Parameswaran has mentioned the number of names of auspicious Indian trees like Peepul, Plantain and Mango in her novel that depict her vast and authentic knowledge about Indian mythologies and its cultural heritage. Trees play so significant role in her life that can be drawn from the fact that she has given the title of her first ever written novel on the name of two trees Mango and Maple tree. Mango trees are semi-evergreen fruit trees that grow in tropical, subtropical and warm temperate areas. The favorites of the Most of Indians, Mango has become the National fruit, which has been cultivated in the country since ancient times. Its red-yellowish colour and juicy taste symbolize the vibrant colours of Indian culture and its sweetness. On the other hand, to know how much Canadians value the Maple tree, you need not look any farther than the national flag of Canada. The symbol of Maple leaf on the flag is easily interpreted to represent the Sugar Maple, the national tree of Canada. The Sugar Maple is generally found throughout the deciduous forest of eastern Canada and it is long admired for the spring production of sweet sap that can be reduced to syrup. Mangoes and Maple tree are distinct in their qualities as well as in their nature.

They represent two cultures and nations which are in contrast to each other, yet Uma Parameswaran has combined these two distinct entities together to give the title of the novel *Mangoes On The Maple Tree* which indicates the blending of Indian and Canadian culture and each one enriching the other to form something new, that is generally referred as hybridization. The concept of hybridity captures the schizophrenic state of the immigrant individual who seeks to combine two cultures and languages without abandoning either. Similarly, in the present novel, both the families Bhaves and Moghes negotiate the disjuncture between the memory of an old identity and the concreteness of a new one. They often find themselves misfit between their imaginary homeland and the actual living conditions of Canada. The immigrant characters like Veejala and Jayant want to shed away their Indian identity and try to adopt Canadian identity, but both fail and ultimately emerge as the product of hybridity. An instance of such hybridization is presented right at the beginning of the novel, when Jyoti is looking at:

One of her childhood crafts that her mother had proudly placed by the side of a framed *peepul* leaf painting. The peepul leaf had been painstakingly dried and painted upon by a pavement artist on the streets of Mumbai. Her own handicraft consisted of her attempt, in Grade Five, to dry a red maple leaf and paint a white polar bear on it. Her mother, Savitri, had framed each of the two leaves in similar gold-painted wood frames, assuring eleven-year-old Jyoti that the white blob on the maple leaf was as clearly a polar bear as the fruit on the peepul leaf were bananas. (5)

The passage is an important sign post regarding the title of the novel as well as the lives of the characters. There are two pieces of crafts placed on the wall, framed with similar golden frames by Savitri. The former work of art consists of a Peepul leaf which is most commonly found on the land, from India to south East Asia. In the Hindu religion, the Peepul and the Banyan tree have a lot of reverence and significance; they stand intact for many years and represent the Indian ancestry. People worship the tree and perform puja under it. The Peepul tree is also recognized for its heart shaped leaves that have long narrowing tips. There are few myths which suggest that the Peepul tree is the home to the trinity of gods, the roots being Brahma, the trunk is Vishnu and leaves represent lord Shiva. So we can say that this framed piece of Peepul leaf represents the culture and heritage of Bhave family which they have left behind. As the leaf is torn of the tree which is its origin, has completely dried and lost its lively green colour. Similarly the Bhave family is also cut off from its origin that is their native land and to the large extent they have also lost their identity and the different colorful shades of their culture. They seem as culturally discolored and dead as the leaf of the Peepul. But the Mumbai street artist painted upon it and gave a kind of

liveliness to the leaf and turned it into a beautiful piece of art. Now there is another art craft hanging on the wall next to this painted Peepul leaf which was made by Jyoti when she was in her fifth grade. In this craft we see a red maple leaf which represents Canada, as we have already abovementioned its significance in its culture. This leaf has also lost its colour and is dried due to its isolation from the tree which was the ultimate source of life for it. Jyoti's painting of white polar bear on the dried leaf provides a short of life and energy to dead leaf. Although both, peepul and maple leaves have lost their lives and identities, they survive in a new form as a piece of an art which is beautiful and lovely. They would remain forever because a thing of beauty never dies. In a similar way, Bhave family migrated to Canada, to live in the diaspora, and while their relation to India might not be as strong anymore as it used to be when they were in India. A new culture and environment have influenced them. Something new has been created by adding new values, new relations and new insights to their lives. While her mother Savitri has framed both the paintings separately but "in similar gold-painted wood frames"(5) and placed them next to each other that is suggestive of her attempt, or her achievement, of arriving in the host country without abandoning either of the cultures. While the peepul leaf painting from Mumbai is a reminder of the homeland, representing the past and their heritage, Jyoti's painting is representative of the present diasporic situation.

A reference to mangoes and maple is also given when Jayant prepares a sundae for all his friends, in his running commentary he says "don't ever use maple syrup because both are too overpowering. Mangoes and maple don't mix" (74). This seemingly minor detail is another attempt to emphasis on the title of the novel. Mango is a fruit of a tree which has its roots in the soil of India. If this fruit is plucked from the tree and made to grow on maple tree which is the native of Canadian soil, it would soon lose its essence. Moreover, it won't be able to grow on the maple tree because of their separate entities. It is suggestive of the fact that as many a times the diaspora community strive to assimilate into Canadian society they won't be able do to that because of their separate identity. If we go again to the two pictures mentioned above we find that this quotation underlines the golden frame of the pictures. Though Savitri has given similar frames and placed them next to each other yet it is the frame itself which separates the pictures representative of Indian and Canadian cultures respectively and this distance between the two seems difficult to be bridged. In another way, living in diaspora, Savitri has attempted to make a family, similar to any other Indian family in India, by giving all kinds of love and affection to the children and by putting

all efforts to install good values in them. But she fails, when the same values and their diasporic identity separates them from the natives of Canadian society. Furthermore, there is an important passage in which Sharad talks about significance of roots to his son Jayant. The plantain tree figuratively stands for the family's origin in Indian soil. Having explained the usefulness and symbolism of Indian trees, we are reflected towards Sharad's close emotional connection to his homeland. But in apposition of this image, he also poses the question whether he would ever be able to shed away his cultural background and would have any chance of assimilating into Canadian culture in which he is living, where now he belongs to.

At the final scene of the novel, there is a celebration party on the cancellation of Jayant's trip with his friends. He had been waiting for this trip for a long time but due to change in the plans of his friends he deliberately decides to cancel it. It is already mentioned in the very beginning that this trip of Jayant with his Canadian friends takes him away from his family, which symbolizes his separation from his cultural background and struggle to assimilate into white culture. Furthermore we can also say that this troupe is like an escape route to run away from his state of "in-betweenness". The cancellation of troupe indicates that neither Jayant would try hard to merge into alien culture nor he would live in the state of dual identity but he would make a new kind of environment and a creative space of hybridity where new possibilities emerge and new identity positions can be taken up. In order to duly celebrate this, Jayant and his friends, including his girlfriend Donna whom he introduces to his mother as her daughter-in-law, have bought a Christmas tree and planted it in the yard of house. When his brother Krish asks about the tree Jayant explains that it is an evergreen tree which does not have any roots and it will fall as soon as the snow melts. He remembers the famous quotation of Keats' poetry that "a thing of beauty is joy forever" (221) here thing of beauty signifies the evergreen tree that would always spread happiness and joy. This planting of a rootless but evergreen tree can be regarded as a metaphor for the diasporas' struggle to make a life abroad. Having left their culture and homeland behind, they feel rootless like the tree but they have not lost their connection to it and find a new space of 'evergreen' possibilities on alien land. This is also reminiscent of Uma Parameswaran's play *Rootless but Green are the Boulevard Trees*. The source of hybridity or a creation of 'third space' is illustrated by Jyoti while talking to Krish, she says "we will plant evergreens and oaks with roots, Krish. And grow mangoes on maple, and *jamuns* on birches, and *bilvas* on spruces. God willing, we shall" (221). Once Sridhar has also given a suggestion of inter-cultural marriages that would lead to the

birth of interracial children and as a result of it the problem of racialism can easily be rectified. All this analysis shows that the younger generation has resolved the problems or the dilemma in which the elder generation find themselves dangling between two lands and poses questions of growing roots in the soil of foreign land. Jayant says to his father Sharad:

That's us, Dad. Not just you and me with our memories of another land, another life, but all of us in this modern world in the year 1997, rootless but green for the length of our life, long or short; not a plantain tree that leaves a young one in its place, not an oak tree with its roots stretched a mile radius, this evergreen doesn't have one Christly use, it isn't good even as firewood, but it is there, it is green, it is beautiful and therefore right. (221-222)

Now this younger generation is determined to create the third space of hybridity and would make the trees to grow without roots in Canada. They don't mix mangoes with maple trees but create a new breed or cultivar which has maple leaves but bears mango fruits. In his passionate speech Jayant expresses the diasporas' situation of both the generations and simultaneously suggests that Canada which is a foreign land can also be taken as their 'home' where they can live with their ancient rites along with universal gestures. Sharad is deeply touched that his son Jayant has brought him 'home' and says "that trees could and would withstand even this eternally wintry Winnipeg, which was not god-forsaken after all, because no place graced by man can be god-forsaken. (222)"

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