You must have read the story and found it quite moving, I mean in terms of its narrativization. Yes, the writer has this superb narrative faculty for which her stories are so riveting in nature. Her characters are like any other common human beings whom we come across in our life every day. But there are certain internal turmoil and conflicts even to such beings. In regards to this story writer, however, the protagonists who suffer are generally women characters.

Deshpande presents in her stories little vignettes about the dilemmas and conflicts of women’s lives. The stories provide us some useful insights into the minds of the women who inhabit the canvas of her art.

Also, she observed the dilemmas and conflicts of her characters upon the background of the Indian culture vis-à-vis the patriarchal slant of the prejudices regarding women. It is her attempt to shed light upon their inner struggle for human dignity under the weight of male chauvinism and thus to expose the tradition by which a woman is trained to play her subservient role in the family. It is in this context that in the story: “The Intrusion”, we are made to see by the writer how in the contour of the traditional life in India, after marriage, the woman’s position in the society is determined by her passive acceptance of being subdued by the norms of the society. The storywriter with insight and sensitivity is able to reveal to us a woman’s feelings (a bride’s agony in an arranged marriage) when she finds herself caught in the accepted logic of matrimony. For this, the writer adopts the voice of the innermost feelings of the woman as her narrativizing technique.

The story is about a newly married couple who go to a seaside village on their honeymoon. It is an arranged marriage and the bride who is the protagonist (no names are given to the man and his wife), has the feeling as if someone has just "intruded" upon her private world. She feels awkward since just after her marriage she finds she had to come to a place far away from her home place (for honeymooning), although she prior to the marriage hardly could chance upon an opportunity to know the man whom she had to ‘regard’ as her husband. At the site of honeymoon, she goes on feeling ill at ease even as she senses the man’s sexual excitement. The man’ advances hurt her ego and she receives him coldly. Yet, she feels she is unable to withstand further, since she fears her frigidity and the resultant break down of the marriage might put a stumbling block to the prospect of her two sisters in their marriage. Yet, her best efforts also could not free her from the ‘humiliating’ intrusion of the man upon her privacy. As the story ends we see the woman crying out in agony due to an excruciating feeling of humiliation (having to lose her personal dignity), while, the man went on snoring loudly and steadily lying contentedly on his back near her.

Well then, does the writer explore the issue of marital rape in the story? From the story’s point of view, yes it is. But in broad terms it is about the struggle of women in general to emancipate them from male oppression. The story is an expression of resentment by the writer at the unjust treatment meted out to any woman. The foremost concern of the writer is for the nature of female experience. By writing the story from the perspective of a ‘suffering’ woman, the writer is able to strike at some tenderly chords in the mind of the readers and the readers are made to admit the fact that a woman is subdued by the norms of society. Man is generally insensitive and incapable to give the dignity expected by a woman as his wife. It is in this context that Deshpande explores the body of the protagonist of the story as a site of subjugation and social control.

Today’s women are in quests for self-definition. Shashi Deshpande, as a story teller wants her stories to embody such quests. As a writer she possesses deep insight into the female psyche. Focusing on the marital relation, she seeks to expose the tradition by which a woman is trained to play her subservient role in the family.

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-This is all for today; But before I wrap up for now, I would ask you to read the following write-up by Shashi Deshpande, which contains some personal notes of the author about the way her stories are received by the readers:

“One would think that an artist is an artist. Or rather, that whatever the identity of the artist may be, the work remains just that – the work of an artist. A poem written by anyone is a poem, a piece of music is music and so on. The way all artists work is almost the same, except for some differences, perhaps, in small details. When I sit down at my table to write, I work the same way all writers do, male or female. There are ideas, there are facts, there is the imagination, there is the tool, language. All these come together in creating a story, a poem, a novel, a play, etc. So why, I had to wonder after I became a writer myself, was my work put into the category of  'women's writing'? Why was I invariably called a 'woman writer'? No man was called a 'man writer', was he? In fact, of all the arts, only literature stresses the gender of the artist. There even used to be words like 'poetess' or 'authoress' (thankfully rarely used now) and I found it  puzzling that the word *poet* was not considered suitable to describe everyone who wrote poetry. Very rarely was such gendering done for musicians, dancers, painters, and others. Why then was it necessary for writers? It was not just being identified as a woman writer, it was what these words meant, what they led to: a kind of valuation of the work based entirely on the gender of the writer. This problem was brought home to me very soon after I began writing. I had read all kinds of books as a child and girl without thinking of the author's gender. It didn’t matter to me whether the writer was a man or a woman; it was the book that mattered. But when I became a writer, I was almost immediately designated as a 'woman writer'. It took me some time to understand the implications of this. It meant that my writing belonged to a different category, it meant it was a subspecies called 'women's writing'. Men's writing was the main category and women’s writing was a part of it. Significantly, whenever the work of a woman writer is discussed, the discussion begins with the words 'Among the women writers'. When I got an award, the write-up on me began with the words, 'Among the women writers…'. I was incensed and asked the institution giving me the award whether this meant that I had no place in the general pool? That I did not matter in the general pool of writers? There was, of course, no response. There is no doubt that our vision of the world and our views are shaped by the places and the times we live in, by our families and by the culture surrounding us. Shaped, undoubtedly, also by our gender. Certainly, men and women see the world differently. But the other factors are just as important. All women do not have the same view of the world just because they are women! There is the famous story of the seven blind men touching an elephant and each one seeing a different animal. That we see and portray different worlds adds to the richness of literature; we need these multiple views. A woman's view, her vision of the world, is just another view, another vision, not an inferior one as it is made out to be. Many women have said this, but the phrase 'women’s writing' still survives. The literary world is littered with chauvinistic ideas, because, sadly, the usual perceptions about women and their place in the world spill over onto the writing. I have been fighting against this ever since I began writing. I have always been saddened that women’s writing is often belittled, marginalised. It has always been believed – in fact, it still is – that women write about emotions, not ideas, women write romantic stories, not about ideologies, they write of small themes, not big issues, women write about families, not about the world and so on. This idea of small and big themes, which came out of male ideas of what is important, was brilliantly confronted and demolished by Virginia Woolf in *A Room of One’s Own*. But the contrary view still continues to be held. Which is why so many men hasten to say, 'This book is for my wife/ sister/ mother/ daughter.' Saying, in effect, 'It is too womanly, not manly enough for me.' Writing, like all the other arts, is a solitary and independent profession. And risky. There is no guarantee that what I am writing will be ever published, whether it will find readers, whether I will make money. Why write then? Because I want to say something and it matters to me to say it. There is nothing going for me except my belief that what I am saying is worth saying, that I have to say it. A writer needs this belief, this confidence. Only confidence can keep me going. And it is this confidence which is dented when my work is undermined, when I am constantly told that my work is not as important as the work of male authors. That when I write about women, my work remains limited. Perhaps things are better now than they were when I began writing. I certainly hope that the struggle for gender justice has made an impact on literature as well. Nevertheless, sadly enough, there is still a constant need to convince myself that my writing does matter, and that it is not less important because it is about women’s lives.”