

## Gurdial Dalal

A single story *Annhi Gali Da Morh* ( Turn of the Blind Alley ) by Gurdial Dalal, published in quarterly 'Trishanku' (Jan-March 2007) is enough to discuss him as one of the front-runners. Woven around a widow, her two children and a lover, one gets stunned after its reading. Shocking to the extent that it doesn't allow discussing it with anyone for a long time as the reader gets shuddered and is unable to hold the ground he stands.

You may ask yourself, 'Can this be true?' 'Is it probable in our society?' 'Has the degeneration of values and behaviour gone that low?' One wishes to reject this writing as an exaggerated and over blown up narrative. You wait others to come to your rescue and say that it's mere theatrical. But before you can dare to really discard it, a fear of this tale being really close to reality starts creeping around your mind. That is how a single story, for the first time, has managed to cross the threshold of *Melting S 'pot'*.

The first person narrative is lead by a lady who is working as clerk in a Govt. office, the job she got on compassionate grounds, after her caring husband expired. Under social pressure she wishes to be content in her own world, busy raising two young children. Though she rejects the gentlemanly advances of a well-mannered colleague Subhash, yet doesn't afford to annoy him. On one fateful day Subhash drives her to her place. They find her daughter Varsha physically involved with a vagabond friend of her brother.

Problems of the woman get multiplied when she finds that even son Anil has given himself to drugs. It started with small doses. The mother tried to improve him with her love and compassion, hoping that the boy shall come out of his problems. But actually he makes best use of her emotional disintegration of being an isolated lady and lack of control over him. Gradually Anil's problems start getting compounded, from pills to capsules and then onward to injections. Bad company and absence of control adds to the already complex situation. It is too late for the mother to take him to drug de-addiction center.

Varsha alleges her mother being involved in Subhash and justifies her pre-marital frequent physical relations with Vicky. Anil is enslaved to drugs to the extent that he raises his hand to handle his mother on her resistance to his intakes. Anil starts taking injections; the situation comes to a pass where he employs a maid to inject him in his neck and help him ejaculate through masturbation. Son has also peeping through a hole to see his bathing mother. The climax of story is that the after the maid stops obliging Anil, he asks his mother to find his vein and inject drug. She doesn't have options; just to see him living for some more time. But the senseless creature starts putting his hands into mother's bra. She injects big doses and does not release the knot of cloth tied around his neck to find the vein, till he breathes last.

It's a strong story of weak characters; direct creations of our shallow conventions and irrelevant value system. The story should be widely read and extensively discussed.