CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTHFUL DAYS

Protima Bedi’s childhood is the childhood of a neglected child. Protima elaborating on the subject says:

"If you were a girl but the first born, it was not so bad. But to be a second born and a girl was a disaster. They hated me.

A year and a half later, the desired boy was born, and two years after him, the fourth child, another girl. So, as I saw it Monika the first born, was loved by all. Bipin the only boy, was naturally adored by all. Ashita the youngest was cuddled by all that left the second born, and a girl at that, nowhere. I became a very lonely child'. (Timepass, P. 7)

But her mother and aunts, even her sisters swear that she was not neglected and that it was a figment of her imagination. However, her argument was: 'What is important is that I had felt the neglect. And feeling left out, I had suffered immensely all through my childhood'. (Timepass, P. 7)

Childhood is the index of a future person. In what persona a man or woman would develop, its seeds are sown in his or her childhood. Protima Bedi gives an ample proof of this theory. As she admits herself: “I was the tomboy of the family. There was nothing, I felt, that I could not do.”

An interesting but daring and disastrous episode is a case in point. "Once, standing on a rock at the edge of a stream I had boasted that I could take a flying leap and cross the fifteen odd feet of water if I really wanted to. When Monica defied me, I leapt, and landed four feet away on a huge rock and split open my right knee. I was barely five then. The scar is still there, four inches long, one inch wide." (Timepass, P. 8)
Now this was embryonic of her later sensational, scandalous streaking in Goa but reportedly in Bombay.

"A film magazine printed photographs of me streaking, and word spread that I had streaked down the busy road outside Jehangir Art Gallery in Bombay. Actually I had done no such thing.

The so-called streaking had happened in Goa. I was spending a lot of time in those days with the hippies on Anjuna beach. Everybody walked around naked there. If you were in a swimming costume, you looked and felt odd. So I was a nudist like everybody else on the beach. Somebody must have taken pictures of me there, and what the magazine did was to superimpose these pictures on a photograph of a Bombay street. And people were so gullible nobody even questioned it.

Wouldn't there have been crowds in the picture if I had really done this in Bombay?" (Timepass, P. 83)

The adventurous nature was visible in her childhood and when Protima grew this trait in her also grew so much so that she streaked on a Goa beach in the company of the nudist hippies.

Gibbon¹ in his Memoirs writes 'Truth naked and unblushing truth… must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative'.² The above quoted words from Timepass, the autobiography of Protima Bedi bring flush to our cheeks.

1. Edward Gibbon (1737-1794) the legendary author of the monumental work 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' didn’t write a systematic biography but his 'Memoirs' were "put together by Lord Sheffield from various fragments by Gibbon were published in 1796... (Paul Harvey, Oxford Companion to English Lit, Oxford, London, 1967, P. 332)

As far as the theme of neglect and humiliation is concerned it is a common factor between Bedi and Kamala Das, the other autobiographer, the subject of present thesis. The very title of the chapter I of My Story screams about this attitude towards the child - Kamala Das. The title runs as: The humiliation of a brown child in a European school" "We had in my class another Shirley (against Shirley Temple the rage then). A Scot with pink cheeks and yellow ringlets. When the dignitaries arrived it was always Shirley who carried up the bouquet'. (My Story, P. 3, parentheses mine)

How Kamala, as a child-student was discriminated because she was brown she adumbrates:

'Once she (Shirley) was asked to read a poem that I (Kamala) had composed and when the visitor asked who wrote it, our principal said, 'Shirley of course she is a combination of beauty and brains'. (My Story, P. 3) Instead of the real author of the poem i.e. Kamala credit goes to the white girl Shirley.

How discriminatory and humiliating was the treatment meted out to poor brown students Kamala shows vividly, arousing pathos in a reader. She writes: When the visitors came the brown children were always discreetly hidden away, swept under the carpet, told to wait in the corridor behind the lavatories, where the school ayahs kept them company'. (My Story, P. 3)

The childhood chapter of My Story reveals that Kamala Das was a girl of introspective character - an introvert. She preferred to go 'far from the madding crowd' in the parlance of Gray.¹ 'In the afternoon occasionally I slipped out of the gate while the fat watchman slept soundly on his

¹. Thomas Gray 1716-71: Author of the famous poem Elegy in a Country Churchyard, 1750
charpoy and walked to the cemetery. The tombstones were like yellowed teeth and even the writing had faded with the rains of a half a century. But it was thrilling to read the words that had not faded and to know that Elizabeth Hardinge was born in 1918 but died in 1938... Except for monkeys I was the only living creature there... The monkeys ignored me and suckled their young. (My Story, P. 10)

She had no fear of the monkeys for she was deeply engrossed in the tombs and the nature:... "He red bongainvillea, gaudy as spilt blood, that had climbed the minarets, swung in the breeze. The marigold dipped their heads in curtsy.” (My Story, P. 10)

Tehmina Durrani is a Pakistani lady with a feudal background. Her childhood was very comfortable as she writes in her autobiography My Feudal Lord: 'I have memories of very comfortable childhood. We were never short of anything. Even if there was financial crisis, the children were not made aware of it. Appearances were important. We were a model family. The sort of children that are pointed at as example to naughty kids. We travelled extensively and lived well even when abroad. Our vacations abroad were not excursions into the land of thrift'. (My Feudal Lord, P. 167)

She describes at length the episode of her illness: At the age of 13 I fell ill. The doctor treated my high temperature, which rose every evening, as typhoid, until I became critically ill. My father made arrangements to take me to England. Dr. Mubarika Shah, the child specialist diagnosed Meningitis. She said it was too late to travel and put me through lumber puncture tests that were extremely frightening and painful. They expected me to die any day. I heard the doctor talk to my father. She said, "She probably will not survive." My father sat with me and cried...
I was bed-ridden for six months. My mother was expecting her 6th child. It must have been a terrible pregnancy... Death pervaded the house... I was recovering when my mother bore little girl... Dr Mubarika Shah said I was her miracle patient’. For she was completely recovered whereas there were chances of her hearing her eyesight or her brain might have been affected worst it might have caused paralysis.” (My Feudal Lord, P. 169)

As Tehmina Durrani was extricated from the jaws of death so was poor Protima Das, another dramatis persona of real life, the protagonist autobiographer who is under scanner in this thesis.
In her autobiography she has penned this event under the chapter entitled 'My First Death'.

'Nothing much happened in Goa till I was seven years old. That was the time I died and was reborn. Seven is a mystical number. It had to be then. Father had bought a big box Brooklax tablet which tasted like chocolates. There was also a real box of chocolates. Clever Monika gave the Brooklax tablets to me and kept the real chocolates for herself. I ate the boxful -- twenty-four big tablet of purgatives. My stomach collapsed. When there was almost no fluid left inside I passed blood... My father... and my mother and the servants were napping... Because I was such a tomboy no one worried about where I was till late after tea-time. When they finally found me, I was dead.....The doctor wrote out my death certificate. My body was washed and prepared for the pyre.

The family was gathered around, weeping and wailing, and the workers from the mines stood respectfully at a distance, silently mourning. Above them all hovered the divine Apsara Urvashi, caught in the cruel web of Karma. She had recently passed out of one body and was in search of
another.

'Here's my chance' said Urvashi to herself, 'to hide from the gods and the demons again. This time they will not know where I have been born. This time I will trick them'.

Yamraj had not yet arrived, and he could be easily fooled. Urvashi descended into her new abode. I was born." (Timepass, P. 8)

The childhood reminiscences of our fourth autobiographer Nayantara Sahgal are associated with prison where her father (Papu) was going to be lodged as a political prisoner. Nayantara was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's niece, daughter of Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, who later rose to the position of UN ambassador to the UN.

Instead of being unpleasant, her early memory of prison is pleasant, as it is associated with a chocolate cake, which she was eating when her father who was being arrested by police and put into the prison.

'Our earliest association with politics was far form unpleasant. One day when I was about three years old we had chocolate cake for tea. It was a treat, because ordinarily we had bread and butter. It was a rich dark cake, chocolate through and through, with chocolate swirls on top. While we were at tea, a group of policemen arrived at the house. When Lekha asked why they had come, Mummie explained that they had come to take Papu to prison but that it was nothing to worry about, because he wanted to go.

So we kissed him goodbye and watched him leave, talking cheerfully to the policemen. We ate our chocolate cake and, in our infant minds, prison became in some mysterious way associated with chocolate cake.

It was an apt introduction to Gandhiji's teachings for, according to him, prison should have no unpleasant associations. Arrest was to be
voluntarily courted and imprisonment gladly accepted. It was not an evil to be reluctantly borne." (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P. 34)

Protima Bedi relates about her parents in Timepass in her lucid prose: 'Laxmichand was the only son of a respectable middle class Gupta family in Haryana -- a state where, as is often said, the only culture is agriculture (this is not a poor joke, it is the truth). The Guptas were ridiculously traditional in a hypocritical way, staunch upholders of India's ancient traditions. Perhaps they seriously believed that but for them the fabric of Indian Society would fall apart'. (Timepass, P. 6)

What an irony that to such a traditional family was born Protima Bedi who, like an iconoclast broke all the traditions, not only broke them but trampled them underfoot.

Once all of a sudden, there was a bolt from the blue as Protima narrates:
'Then fate played a nasty trick on the pure, God fearing Gupta family: Laxmichand fell head over heels in love with a black Bengali girl. To make matters worse, the girl had no family to speak of, or none that she wanted to speak of anyway. A great battle (a battle royal) ensued in Gupta household. Young Laxmichand was thrown out of the house, for he insisted on marrying the black Bengali'. (Timepass, P. 6 parentheses mine)

Protima's father, left his parents and like a disinherited knight, made fortune and made his own destiny. Thus the daughter writes about her father, a self-built man: 'Lakshmichand moved with his wife to Delhi, where he joined an iron and steel company... He had to prove to his family that he could do without them... So with a little help from his wife, the hardworking Laxmichand Gupta reaped the rewards'.

But at the same time, there was a very dark, thick line that
Laxmichand had drawn at the threshold, and he meant his wife to see it: This far, because it suits me, and no further, because it does not. Raba (his wife) was not perceptive enough, so she did not always understand the meaning of that line, and sometimes she just plain forgot.

Such was the combination of her parents - a Haryanvi and a 'Bengalan'. Their first-born was Monica and hot on her heels came our protagonist - Protima. At her birth, 'There was a big hue and cry... Another girl! 'What rotten luck’, they said.

‘That Bengali witch is good for nothing! Two girls’ they wailed’. (Timepass, PP. 6, 7)

Kamala Das's parents were under the tremendous influence of Mahatma Gandhi hence austerity was the order of the day as Kamala recounts in 'My Story'.

"In the year 1928 when my father got married Mahatma Gandhi’s influence was at its highest. The simplicity that he preached appealed to the middle classes. My father soon after the betrothal stipulated firmly that his wife was not to wear anything but khaddar and perfectly white or off-white.

After the wedding he made her remove all the gold-ornaments from her person, all except the 'mangalsutra'. To her it must have seemed like taking to widow's weeds, but she did not protest...

My father was not an ideal landlord. He worked for his living in Calcutta. This was a point in his favour'. (My Story, P. 4)

Her father for her mother was a mismatch. She writes in her autobiography: 'My mother didn't fall in love with my father. They were dissimilar and horribly mismatched. But my mother's timidity helped to
create an illusion of domestic harmony which satisfied the relatives and friends.

Out of such an arid union were born the first two children, my brother and I, bearing the burden of a swarthy skin and ordinary features'. (My Story, p. 5)

One is shocked to know how savagely her father behaved with Kamala, the child. She writes:

'We must have disappointed our parents a great deal. They did not tell us so, but in every gesture and in every word it was evident. It was evident on the days when my father roared at us and struggled to make us drink the monthly purgative of pure castor oil. This used to be one of our childhood nightmares, the ordeal of being woken out of sleep before dawn to have the ounce glass thrust into our mouths and rough hands holding our lips closed so that we swallowed the stuff and sank back on our pillows with tears of humiliation streaming form our eyes...' (My Story, P. 5)

It will be worth our while to compare Kamala Das's with the autobiography of a European woman, Sheilah Graham, entitled 'Beloved Infidel-The Education of a Woman'.

She was mistress of legendary American novelist Scott Fitzgerald about their relations she wrote 'how two people can be deeply in love and yet find they cannot marry'.

There is a striking similarity in the atmosphere of fear in the childhood of two women. Sheila Graham recounts her experiences in an orphanage:

'The lady came into the dormitory. She was tall, with eyes the colour of rain. She said, 'We're going to turn off the lights now, and you must behave. Now, no talking. Be sure you go to lavatory. Does every one know where the lavatory is?'

There was a small chorus of 'yes, mum's' and the lights went out. 'I lay in the darkness feeling the tears well'.

Tehmina Durrani's 'My Feudal Lord' is an autobiography that is intertwind and interrelated with the history of her country, Pakistan.

Susannah Radstone in the article Autobiographical Times comments:

"When women pick up their pens to write their autobiographies, the shape their words take and the way their words are read form part of wider literary, cultural and social histories... Autobiography, one might say, has a history'.

Pakistan is still a feudal society. The only Pakistani autobiographer Tehmina Durrani included in the present thesis comes from a feudal society. Durrani writes about her parents in My Feudal Lord:
'I was born in Lahore, Punjab, in 1953. My father was still in Army and still a captain. He resigned soon after, I was born. My mother had taken charge of his life...' (My Feudal Lord, P.166)

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2. Ibid, P.4
He turned a banker then to the ICP (Investment Corporation of Pakistan). Then he became Managing Director PIA (Pakistan International Airlines). In this position he was tainted with the CIA scandal regarding China. Durrani gives the details of this abominable affair which brought ignomy to her father, as under:

'As managing director of PIA he was said to have links with CIA. PIA was the only international airline given operative rights into the People's Republic of China. The CIA was interested in China which had retreated into total seclusion and isolation. It was claimed that a plot was hatched with my father's cooperation, to install highly advanced photographic equipment on the wings of aircraft operating into China. These cameras were meant to take aerial photographs of Chinese installations and airport. This was a sophisticated espionage operation...

My father denied any involvement in this sordid affair. He was cleared of all charges but after he spent six months in jail. Upon his release Mr Bhutto tried to make up with him. My father refused. He wanted to leave the country. He was disgusted and humiliated' (My Feudal Lord, P.P 166, 67)

Writings about women's Midwestern Diaries and Journals Suzzane Bunkers writes: 'It might, of course, be argued that simply by recording her activities, any writer asserts the belief that what one does is important, yet the tone of many of these diaries and journals that their writers felt the need to explain their activities in detail, not much as a means of filling pages but as a way of justifying to themselves that they were using their time well and their activities recorded in a diary or journal function as the individual writer's attempt to validate her work, and by extension her sense of self. The October 16, 1883, Journal entry of Abbie T. Griffin, a
Minnea polis seamstress, is representative of such attempt:

'This day I am thirty-two years old and a quiet day it has been. This morning I did my work, bought eight bushels of Beauty of Hebron potatoes...'

The writer’s comment here might appear self-deprecatory in its passing reference to her birthday amidst the recitation of chores completed...

On January 26, after not writing in her diary for three months, Abbie matter of factly described her wedding to Mr. Dike: 'I have determined to write a journal once more and record many transactions... For two weeks mother had been very low and on that night we gave up all hope and feeling her end was approaching she felt as if she would like to see us married...

Suzzane\(^1\) comments, 'The wedding that occurred shortly before the death of Abbie's mother on February 5, 1885 was recorded by the diarist in much the same way as she had reported on her daily work (chores) and activities.

Suzanne quotes yet another entry for the journal of Abbie t. Griffin:

Friday April 28, 1882. A terrible thing happened here on Fourth Avenues. Yesterday a man Frank Mc-Manus decoyed off a little daughter of Jason Spear and outraged her and at night a group of vigilantes took him out of jail and hung him up.\(^2\)

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1. Suzanne L. Bunkers, Midwestern Diaries and Journals: What women were (not) saying in the Late 1800, Studies in Autobiographies, Edited by James Olney New York Oxford 1988, P. 196

2. Suzanne L. Bunkers, Midwestern Diaries and Journals: What women were (not) saying in the Late 1800, Studies in Autobiographies, Edited by James Olney New York Oxford 1988, P. 200
Thus what the women diarists and journal writers of Nineteenth century did as stated by Suzanne L. Bunkers in the lines quoted above, the women autobiographers subject of this thesis in the 20th century also emulated the same. May she be Protima Bedi, Kamala Das, Tehmina Durrani or Nayantara Sahgal.

For Women's autobiography a new nomenclature has been coined by Germaine Bree in studies in Autobiography edited by James Olney. The title of his article itself is Autobiography. Bree explains: 'My title needs some explanation. In the overall planning for Baton Rouge symposium on autobiography the section I was to introduce was entitled 'Women's Autobiography'. ... did the title imply that autobiographies written by women constituted a sub genre? Or a different genre? Leaving aside such questions of terminology I borrowed my title - in response to my uncertainties from Domna Stanton's recent article entitled Autosynograp: Is the Subject Different."¹

Now see how Tehmina Durrani writes about the complex she and her sisters developed due to colour complexion. If not swarthy, they were dark-skinned in comparison with their mother. Like a Nineteenth century diarist she writes in her autobiography 'My Feudal Lord':

'Our parents made a very handsome couple. We were expected to be very beautiful. This was not always possible. Our genes were not in our control. We were always being compared with our parents. Uncles and aunts would take one look at us and blink in disbelief, "Samina you are so beautiful. How did you produce these measly lizards?" Six collective little cheeks would burn.

I recall being referred to as an ugly duckling. I was barely 12 at the time and to that awkward age when everything seems either too big or too small, I hated the comparison. Nobody looked at us as us. We were placed before a mirror and everyone expected to see Samina peering out at them'. (My Feudal lord, P. 170)

In her youth Durrani was very keenly conscious of her dark complexion as it is the dominant feature of the Chapter 5, Striking the Womb.

Even her grandmother had to worry about this demon of colour. Durrani recounts:

'Even my grandmother, who was such a loving soul had a problem dealing with dark complexioned offspring. She had two daughters, my mother and her sister, Samar. Aunty Samar was very attractive but had the fatal flaw she was dark... Children were made and broken for fault of their own. Nature played tricks which had an effect on the total personality of a child. It was an unhappy confluence of genetics and the environment." (My Feudal lord, P. 170)

But by the passage of time her complexion got improved ipso facto, without any conscious effort on her part as she says: 'When I was younger, I was much darker than what I am today. I do not know how my complexion changed. Perhaps I willed it under pressure'. Elaborating on the theme of this transformation she writes:

Something happened by the time we were 15-16 years old. We blossomed. We seemed to shed our old skin (as a bird or animal is in moult) and became white - the only true equivalent of the word 'gora' which is used for the colonial master. Zarmina and I often wondered about the transformation. Suddenly the two ugly sisters had been magically
converted into Cindrellas'.
(My Feudal lord, P.172 parentheses mine)

Contrary to the diarist mentioned by Suzzane in the preceding paragraphs, Nayantara Sahgal writes haphazardly as she herself admits: "If I write haphazardly it is because I describe events as I remember them and not necessarily in the order in which they occurred. It is like putting together the pieces of jig-saw puzzle." (Prison and Chocolate Cake, Preface, P.9)

However there is 'method in madness' in the Shakespearean phrasing her way of writing. The narrative is smooth and lucid.

Nayantara Sahgal was often asked by the Americans how she lived in India and she tried to give a glimpse of her childhood and similar did her sister. Inter alia she gives a picturesque description of the home town of the Nehrus the city of Allahabad which was embedded in Ramayan as Prayag.

Then the great Moghul emperor Akbar changed its name to Allahabad, 'The Abode of Allah' and ever since the same name stuck to it.' (Ibid, P. 39)

Two of the autobiographers covered in this thesis were in the thick of politics: One Tehmina Durrani whose husband was a key figure during Mr. Z.A. Bhutto's regime as well as in his capacity as the C.M. of The Punjab; the other Nayantara Sahgal being the niece of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the first P.M. of India and her mother, Ms. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, the sister of Nehru (whom Sahgal calls endearingly Mamu – (maternal uncle) was Indian ambassador to many countries and finally India's diplomat in the UN.

Shyamala A. Narayan, quotes Nayantara Sahgal as saying 'Politics
was, of course my background, and my environment, and it became my natural material’, says Nayantara Sahgal. (‘Passion for India’ P.82) Her upbringing in the thick of the nationalist movement, with both parents frequently in jail made a big difference to her sensibility. As Nehru's niece, she could meet many Indian leaders; later when her mother was posted as India's ambassador to various capitals, she had the opportunity to meet world leaders too. But any kind of name-dropping is conspicuously absent in her fiction...Her knowledge of India is that available to any other sensitive person of the time."

The first association and impression of jail i.e. politics to the impressionable mind of Nayantara Sahagal was with the chocolate cake hence the very title of her autobiography is appropriately 'Prison And Chocolate Cake'. But other associations grew bitter as Nayantara Sahgal writes: "Some of our later associations with politics were not so pleasant, for as we grew up we missed our parents more and more but we were determined not to let them know it.

One such association was our first interview with Mummie in prison. She was interned in Lucknow District Jail, and because we were very young children, we were allowed to go into her barrack instead of seeing her in the Superintendent’s office ... There was a number of women there, all wearing coarse khadi, and Mummie emerged from among them dressed in the same way. I had a fleeting impression of an environment alien to the one I had so far known and it left its imprint of ugliness on my mind.

It was hard enough to accept the fact that we should not see Mummie again until her release, but to picture her in this dingy, airless place wearing coarse clothes was harder still."

(Prison and Chocolate Cake, P.35)

This shows even as a child Nayantara's reflexes were very sharp and her IQ very high.
The reasons for her disappointment were:

'We had always associated our mother with the ordered beauty of home... we were used to hearing her silvery laugh float out from the drawing room on evenings when there were parties in the house. We were used to hearing friends and strangers who had never seen her before exclaim, "Is that your mother? Isn't she lovely."

So she couldn't stomach her jail image. Hence she exclaims, "How unfair that she of all people should have to go through this ordeal!" (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P. 35)

Her sister Lekha's ordeal:

Another such unpleasant association was the memory of Lekha aged seven being taken by Papu to a boarding school in Poona where she was to stay when he and Mummie went to jail soon afterwards. Rita and I were to join her a little later. Lekha sat in the train clutching a long pole from which waved the Congress flag.

"Why are you holding that large flag, darling? You'll get tired," said Mummie, who had come to see her off.

Lekha blinked back big tears and smiled jauntily "Oh, no Mummy You see it is to frighten the police away with."

Sahgal's narrative is interspersed with humour. For example
recounting an 'unusual event' she writes: One night many years later during the 1942 movement the police were expected at our house to search for 'seditious literature.' Her mother being out of the jail was entrusted with the responsibility of distributing the so-called seditious literature. Then came the police officer to search the house for the pamphlets. Addressing her he said, "We have received information that you have seditious literature in the house. We should like to search."

The witty mother leading him off the track and drawing a red-herring, said, 'Well, I did have some, but if you mean this," and she drew a crumpled pamphlet out of her pocket, "I'm afraid you are a little late. The pamphlets were distributed several hours ago...." The chief examined the pamphlets looking baffled." Oh well in that case" he muttered, "we wont waste our time."

Soon after he left the pamphlets were actually distributed. It was not easy because in those days the house and garden were guarded day and night by men from the C.I.D." (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P.35)

Sahgal's first impression of Gandhiji was not pleasant as she reveals:

'I did not like Gandhiji when I first met him. I was four years old when he was in Allahabad, staying at Anand Bhawan, my uncles home. I remember toiling up the stairs to the open veranda where his prayer meetings were held. In one perspiring fist I clutched a bouquet of red roses "Now remember to give the flowers to Bapu," my mother tutored me, using the name by which Gandhiji was known to his followers.

I thought she meant Papu, my father, and ran up to him with the bouquet. Mummy pulled me towards the little man sitting on the floor leaning against a white bolster.

'But he's ugly', I objected loudly, "I don't want to give them to him."
I stubbornly clutched my roses and scowled at him. Bapu gave his gleeful laugh and slightly slapped my cheek, which was his way of showing his affection, and remarked that he hoped I should always be as honest.' (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P.38)

This reflects upon Gandhi’s large heartedness that instead of bearing grudge for being addressed as 'ugly', by a little girl though, he appreciated her candour and honesty.

It also reflects upon the character of Nayantara Sahgal that honesty was deeply ingrained in her psyche even from the very childhood.

The childhood reminiscences are vividly and picturesquely depicted by Nayantara Sahgal in the Chapter III entitled as Indian childhood.

She writes: 'Every morning Lekha and I walked with Papu in the garden, one on either side of him, holding a finger. In the evenings we would listen impatiently for the sounds of his horses' hoofs clattering on the smooth path of the house...

Mummie and Papu lived and entertained like any young couple, because politics were still on the fringe of their lives and had not spread over the entire design." (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P.40)

What mouth watering snacks she and her sister enjoyed on those party night sneaking in the kitchen she describes to the tantalizing reader:

'Hot kebabs finely ground meat blended with crushed ginger, cardamom, cloves and red chillies, flaky golden samosas, their pastry - like shells stuffed with peas or tender pieces of cauliflower, steaming, fragrant, saffron-flavoured rice, each long grain separated from the other, flecked with peeled white almonds; meat succulent and tender on its bone, cooked in rich gravy, dripping with spices; a tray full of , small, round, earthenware bowls of kheer ... (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P.40)
How meticulous is the author in giving the minutest detail of every dish which speaks volumes on her taste and even aesthetic sense in depicting the food.

She is also very observant about her Mummie's career as a politician as she relates: 'A career, especially a political one, is proverbially said to rob a woman of much of her femininity. It has never had this effect on my mother... And she continues to be the most feminine woman I have ever met, dainty and petite with the time and inclination to look fresh and lovely no matter how heavy her work'. (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P. 41)

Childhood is a period of weird and freak behaviour, which is reflected in My Story. The mind is impressionable and years formative years. Reminiscing her childhood Kamala Das writes in My Story, Chapter 2 'About Childhood nightmares and the 'only good friend.'

'We lived on the top floor of the repair-yard of the motor car company. We had to climb thirty-six steps to reach our flat... But upstairs in the drawing room where visitors came so rarely there was the smell of starch and flowers. We had white khaddar curtains that were taken down and changed every fortnight.'

One thing common in the two-biographies of Nayantara Sahgal's 'Prison and Chocolate Cake' and Kamala Das's 'My Story' is the impact and influence of Gandhi on common people, the masses in changing their clothing. To boycott the foreign cloth Gandhiji introduced coarse, homespun cloth.

He himself used to spin thread on a spinning wheel. The whole of India had adopted khaddar or khadi under his tremendous influence. Rejecting and spurning fine, elegant foreign texture for suiting, shirting, and ladies dress-material in the width and breadth of India khadi was
used. As Nayantara describes in her gripping autobiography, Prison and the Chocolate Cake: 'When the boycott of foreign goods began in India, Mummie in common with many women all over the country, took to wearing coarse white khadi saris. Khadi at that time was not the finely woven material it late became. Stored away were the expensive beautiful saris of her trousseau..." (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P. 42)

Anand Bhawan was like a temple for the Indian masses for whom Nayantara Sahgal's uncle (Mamu) Pandit Nehru was, if not a god, a saint. Sahgal's description of this worship borders on the hagiography instead of history. An event of her childhood is etched in her memory when a mob burst forth upon her siesta. Read for yourself:

'One afternoon I was lying on a divan in the drawing room. It was a hot day and the whirring fan had lulled me to sleep. Suddenly a peculiar noise entered my consciousness and by the time I was fully awake its rhythmic beat turned to thundering cries of 'Pandit ji ki jai'. I got up and peeped out through the window. I saw men women and children clambering eagerly on to the veranda. I shivered in spite of the heat, for it was awe-inspiring to see a mammoth crowd moved to adoration.' (Prison and Chocolate Cake, PP. 50, 51)

When Nehru addressed, Nayantara a girl of six felt:

'Mamu came downstairs and spoke to them, his usually grave face lit up by his radiant smile, his low voice asking quiet, interested questions (sic instead of interesting questions), making humorous remarks laughing with them.' (Prison and Chocolate Cake, P. 51) And her gut feeling about herself was 'The little girl behind the window was on the wrong side of it... It was a miraculous accident that she lived in the house with Jawaharlal, accident that she played with her and that she called him her uncle, for
actually she was one small ripple in the sea of humanity which looked trustingly to him for inspiration and guidance.

(Prison and Chocolate Cake, PP. 50, 51)

Now we come back to the childish, freak behaviour of Kamala the child and her brother: 'My brother and I on holidays sat near the full-sized windows looking out and at times dangling some rubber toy on a string to intrigue the passers-by. If someone tugged at the string, we pulled it up in a hurry and hid in the bedroom fearing deliciously that he may come up to grab us. It was an enthralling pastime." (My Story, P.5)

Elaborating on her only good friend Kamala Das recounts:

'We had only one good friend who liked to touch our hands and talk to us about life in general. This was a burly gent named Menon who worked as the Stores Manager of the Motorcar Company. When our mother slept in the warm afternoons we slipped out of the house to visit him while he sat at his table ordering long tumblers of frothy tea which he drank blowing on it and wetting his handle-bar moustache." (My Story, P.6)

Menon got for the child Kamala a doll's house like that which she saw with her neighbour a pale child and became envious of the invidious thing. She writes: 'Of this I spoke to my friend Menon and perhaps he felt moved, for in a month's time he brought for me a large doll's house complete with dainty furniture which he had whittled all by himself. This was placed on the round table which had the brass top, and at night when the lights were switched on, it shone in all its varnished glory like a Taj Mahal. The friend's house was a hut compared to ours.' (My Story, P.6)

She describes, very engagingly the monkey-business of the monkeys:

'On this (corrugated roof of the factory), noisily pattered the feet of
the monkeys who lived on the trees of the cemetery. Occasionally one of them would creep into our house and steal a coconut or a loaf of bread from the kitchen. One day while the cook was shouting obscenities at the thieving ape the scavenger said, "Thakur don't speak so to any monkey. He may be Lord Hanuman himself, come to test your devotion." (My Story, P.6)

The monkey is one of the gods in the Hindu pantheon, an avatar of Hanuman, holding an important place among them.

But it didn't matter much to the cook as Kamala Das reasons, 'The cook was not at all religious. He made fun of all the Hindu Gods, hurting the sentiments of the occasional maid and the scavenger. One day the scavenger said that the cook ought to go to Vilayat\(^1\) and settle down there, he was such a Saheb.' (My Story, P.6)

Of all the four-autobiographers under the present study only Kamala Das is a poet. As the saying goes, coming events cast their shadows, this trait in her was manifesting itself from her early childhood. As Kamala Das writes: 'I was six and very sentimental. I wrote sad poems about dolls who lost their heads and had to remain headless for eternity. Each poem of mine made me cry. My brother illustrated the verses and wrote faintly political articles'. (My Story, P. 8)

When she grew in a full-fledged poet and was acclaimed as a poet of repute these traits of sentimentality also developed in her poetry. N.V. Raveendran in his critical study of Das's poetry The Aesthetics of

\(^1\) Vilayat in Urdu means foreign or abroad.
Sensuality confirms these characteristics in her poetry: 'The examination of the stylistics feature of the poetry of Kamala Das reveals that while the attempts to construct a personal world goes on, there is an apparent parallel attempt at sensual celebration - this celebration underlines her aesthetics of sensuality. This aesthetics of Kamala Das has a universal appeal. In her most personal poems also the poet is found to be sharing with her readers' tender emotions.'

The seeds that were sown in the child bloomed and she blossomed into a poet of an individual style.

From the very childhood she felt herself lonely as she recounts of a picnic trip: 'One day all the children of our school were taken to Victoria gardens for a picnic ... I went away to the farthest fence and lay near a hedge of Henna which had sprouted in tiny flowers. The sun was white that day, a white lamp of a sun on the winter sky, I was lonely. Oh I was so lonely that day. No one seemed to want my company, not even my brother who was playing a kind of football with his classmates. Helen, the only girl who could dance, was telling the others of the film called "The Blue Bird." I wondered why I did not join the girls who crowded around her'. (My Story, P.9)

How appropriate is the imagery of a white, lonely sun with her own loneliness. And when the teacher admonished her: "What on earth are you doing here, Kamala?... Her condition was, 'And the white sun filled my eyes with its own loneliness. The smell of Henna flowers overwhelmed me. Sobbing, I rose and walked toward my teacher. (My Story, P. 9)

Like the historical house of Nayantara Sahgal (actually it belonged to her grandfather Pandit Motilal Nehru) where she had disliked Mahatma Gandhi, so was Kamala Das's Nalapat House which too had association with Mahatma Gandhi. Kamala Das gives a detailed description of the house as it was situated. She writes: "The house, though not large by the local standards had an inner courtyard and a temple situated inside the main hall which opened out the house... a portico supported by pillars that led on to higher portico where the Ottanthulel dancers performed...

To the south of the house was the snake shrine which was at least two thousand years old... beyond that stretched the region of the dead, the Sradhappura, The house built for cooking food for the dead on their death anniversaries and the coconut estate where after each cremation a tree was planted in memory of the newly deceased." (My Story, P. 12)

Gandhijis presence there has been described in the following words:

"When we went there as children, the Nalapat House had seven occupants, not counting the servants. My grandmother, my aunt Ammini, my grand uncle the poet, my great-grandmother her two sisters and Mahatmaji: Will Mahatmaji approve, whispered the old ladies of the household to one another at the beginning of any activity. It was as if Mahatma Gandhi was the head of Nalapat House." (My Story, P.13)

Mahatma Gandhi had acquired such a status in the heart of Indians of that time that he had become their conscience keeper. Before any action or activity they thought of his approval and often hesitated as if
asking 'What will Mrs Grundy say?'

‘In Chapter 46 Kamala Das writes: ‘Not even Mrs. Grundy would have found fault with my morals’. (My Story, P.202) This shows his popularity among the masses and the respect he commanded in their hearts. The ubiquitous khadi is everywhere as Kamala says: "My grandmother spun khadi yarn on a thakli holding it aloft over her head in the afternoon, while the others slept and the old windows creaked in the heat. She was plump, fair-skinned and good-looking. Her throat, whenever I nestled close to her, smelled of sandalwood. She told me of the trip the ladies of the family once made to Guruvayoor to donate their jewellery to the Harijan Fund' (My Story, P.13)

Another of Gandhiji's influence upon the people who wanted to ameliorate the lot of the down-trodden people whom he called Harijan (which they could not cherish or even stomach the sobriquet) was that they raised funds and donations for them.

This donation of jewellery to the Harijan Fund was not liked by Kamala for women do not part with their jewellery, as she expresses her dislike by calling Gandhi a 'brigand'. She writes: 'Mahatmaji had talked in Hindi and in English which they could not anyway understand, but his smile hypnotized them.

1. Mrs Grundy is the symbol of conventional propriety. A play by T. Morton, Speed the Plough is the origin of this character. Sir Abel Handy with his shrewish wife and son, and the Ashfield couple provide some amusement. Mrs Grundy who, has since the symbol of the British idea of propriety, is a neighbour and obsession of Dame Ashfield who constantly refers to her, wondering what Mrs Grundy will think or say. But Mrs Grundy herself, a sort of Mrs Harris never appears'. (Paul Harvey, Oxford Companion to English Literature, Oxford, 1967, P. 773)

Kamala Das in My Story writes, 'Not even Mrs. Grundy would have found fault with my morals...' (My Story P. 202)
I thought of Gandhiji as a brigand, although I did not speak my mind then. I thought it has diabolic aim to strip the ladies of all their finery so that they become plain and dull,. Austerity seemed meaningless at that time of my life'. And, a cruel practical joke." (My Story, P.P. 13,14)

In the preceding pages we have seen how Nayantara Sahgal had openly called Gandhi ugly to his face. Her honesty and candour were very much appreciated by Gandhi who exhorted to cling to Honesty always in life in the same way.

Similar is the reaction of Kamala Das as she calls Gandhiji a brigand, had she spoken her mind openly and frankly to him he would have appreciated and approved of the sincerity and candidness on her part.

Such was the impact of Gandhiji even upon young attractive women that they too were carried away by his 'fad' of khaddar. Kamala Das writes: 'My aunt Ammini was an attractive woman who kept turning down all the marriage proposals that came her way. She wore only white Khaddar and did not use oil on her wavy hair. She chose to lead the life of an ascetic, but when she was alone in her bedroom facing the fragrant Parijatam tree she sat on the window sill and recited the love songs written by Kumaranasan, whose poetry was fashionable then. It was while listening to her voice that I sensed for the first time that love was a beautiful anguish and a thapasya’. (My Story P. 14)

One can imagine that how Gandhi’s austerity and asceticism had proved infectious even with beautiful woman. But Kamala Das, herself a poet, felt the power of love, which could not have been suppressed in spite of Gandhi.

Kamala Das mesmerizes the reader by the picturesque description of her
other relative. Take for example the recounting of his grand uncle, that proves that she is a good raconteur: ‘My grand uncle Narayana Menon was a famous poet-philosopher. He occupied the portico ... There was above his chair a pankha made of wood and covered with calico ruffles, which a servant seated far away could move by pulling on its string. Beside his chair was a hookah which my grand-aunt meticulously cleaned every morning. Granduncle looked every inch a king, although he did not have enough money even to buy the books that he wished to read...’

‘At my grand-uncle's evening durbar there were occasionally brilliant grammarians and writers who came from long distances to stay with him, but they were tongue-tied, and awed by his presence’. (My Story, PP. 14, 15)

The autobiography My Story provides an interesting reading - like a work of fiction. Usha V.T. has aptly remarked, "Despite the emphasis on autobiography and the aspects of personal confessions by Kamala Das, one is also aware of her work's fictional element. The very title itself - My Story - gives us an indication of the fictional aspect of the work. This is well in keeping with the psychoanalytic theories of autobiography." ¹

Take, for example, the narrative about Ammalu, her great grandmother's younger sister who was a poet. Kamala writes: "I read her verses only thirty years after she died when I went as a six year old to stay with the old people at Nalapat, she was lying paralyzed in the dark bedroom next to the servant’s quarters. She lay like a broken doll, a pale-faced toy, thrown haphazardly on the bed by a child in a hurry.

Her name was Ammalu. It was not seemly for a Nair child to call an aged relative by name but I called her Ammalu'. (My Story, P.16)

Kamala, the child became intimate with the paralytic, as she says: 'Quite often on holidays. I sat on her bed... telling her of my classmates. At times her lips trembled a little as though she wished to make a comment but no sound issued forth. She communicated with her eyes, within which little flames leapt up each time I entered her room and took her hand in mine'. (My Story, P.16)

How picturesque is the description like a fiction. At last the tragedy struck, her end came, which Kamala described with the utmost pathos summoning to her expression: "Finally the cold baths destroyed her... while she had just got out of the pond after her morning bath. She collapsed in a heap emitting a loud scream. One day when I returned from the elementary school where I had been admitted, I saw her lie all wrapped up in unbleached cotton.... Only the pale face was visible, and the eyes were closed. Prostrate yourself at her feet, said my grandmother, she is leaving us. Ammalu is dead, whispered my brother." (My Story, PP. 17, 18)

How innocent Kamala was is manifest from her question: 'Won’t she ever get up from there?' I asked my brother. You are a fool said my brother, she is dead and soon they will burn her'.

Keats¹ had lamented for his paralytic brother in his famous ode,

1. John Keats (1795-1821) English poet. In 1818 he wrote his most famous poems, including Hyperion, The Eve of St. Agnes, La Belle Dame sans Merci, Ode to a Nightingale, Ode on a Grecian Urn, An Ode to Autumn, all published in 1820. A principal figure of the romantic movement, Keats was noted for his spiritual and intellectual contemplation of beauty. He died in Rome of tuberculosis. (Oxford English Reference Dictionary, N.Y. 1995, P. 775)
'Ode to a Nightingale'. So does Kamala Das about Ammalu, her great grandmother’s sister.

Then she describes even the burning of a human body: 'The south-west breezes wafted in, burdened with a sweet stench of human flesh. Is Ammulu burning there, I asked my brother and he solemnly nodded." (My Story, P. 18)

The dead speak to the living after death through their writings. Ammulu communicated to Kamala, when she returned to Nalapat house as a middle aged woman in 1987. She writes: 'nearly a year ago I returned to the Nalapat House, a middle aged woman, broken by life's bitter trophies, and found among old books some containing Ammulu's poems.... Most of the poems were about Krishna. To him she had been faithful. My chastity is my only gift to you, oh Krishna, she wrote in her last poem. Her writings disturbed me. I felt that after thirty years she was trying once again to communicate with the world and with me'. (My Story, P. 18)

Throwing light on Hindu rituals, she juxtaposes herself with Ammalu's death, as she writes:

"On the site of my pyre my sons shall plant a coconut tree. Then some day one of my descendants may go up to the tree and rub her palm against its bark as I went up to poor Ammalu's tree and caressed it, murmuring futile message to the dead'. (My Story, P.P. 18, 19)

In what was she trained as a child? She elaborates: 'While I grew as a child at the Nalapat House, I was trained to decorate the porch with paddy and coconut blossom for the oracle’s visit and welcome him in the traditional way leading him in with a lighted votary\(^1\) lamp’ (My Story, P.30)

\(^1\). \textit{Instead of votary lamp it should be ‘votive’ lamp.}
When tragedies strike in the life of Kamala Das - they struck from her very childhood and her formative years as we have encountered a sample above, she speaks her state of mind thus: 'The growing misery inside me, the darkness that lay congealed removed from my face all that was once pretty. I was like a house with its light put out. I walked up and down in our rooms wearing a torn saree and although my legs ached for rest, the movement went on and on as if they were propelled by some evil power.' (My Story, P.103)

Since her very childhood Kamala Das was status conscious. In Punnayurkulam where she received her primary education in the Elementary School she felt that 'I had died a cultural death and was getting reborn into another kind of world where the hard-eyed British were no longer my co-rivals'. (My Story, P.20)

Here her competitors were children of low-class people, those of the field-hands and carpenters. Writing about them, she is conceited with a superiority complex, as she recounts: 'dressed only in thin towels, were my new schoolmates. One of them the boy who shared a bench with me was Velu, who was always weary-eyed and had sores all over his body. His parents were respectable beggars who used to visit our house every morning for a handful of rice. Velu was yellow with malnutrition. On birthdays we used to organize a beggars' feast for which Velu used to come tugged in by his father who twisted his ears to show off in front of us his parental privilege'.

She is a good observer, of even as a child, the psychological complex of a parent who twisted his son's ears only for the sake of 'a show-off of his parental privilege' his authority, in front of others. Such is the human weakness. And Kamala herself derived pleasure by serving
more rice, gruel and mango to her classmate Velu. She describes it as follows:

'Give another mango to Velu, I used to shout to the servants who were in charge of the distribution, give more gruel to Velu, give more of the curry...'

Only to draw pleasure and pride by showing special favour to her inferior classmate, asserting her superiority feeding her ego.

'And, Velu, the sore-eyed, many-scabbed guest, would flash a friendly smile in my direction'. (My Story, P.20) How human ego feeds by showing favour to a fellow human who is a lesser mortal by chance and not by choice, by sheer accident of birth.

How interesting and amusing is the children's world one is fascinated by Kamala Das's picturesque description. There is that girl Devaki, who wrote a letter to Kamala and 'handed it to me most furtively. 'Don't read it now', she said, 'take it home and read it when you are alone. I have unloaded my mind, my heart and my soul'.

But the love-letters (though between two girls, perhaps for fear of Lesbian indulgence) were discouraged and suppressed by Kamala's grandmother who was shocked. Kamala writes:

'My grandmother was very upset. She told me that I was not to associate with Devaki who had proved herself to be wicked, writing such letters to innocents like me'. (My Story, P.21)

Then there is that wicked boy who once was expelled out of the class for writing obscenity on the black board. When he walked away whistling what were Kamala's feeling, she writes:

'At that moment I wanted to follow him and tell him that if he were wicked, I was fond of wickedness'. (My Story, P.21) Here lies the grain of
Kamala Das’s rebellious trait that had shown itself in her formative years.

The wicked boy, Govinda Kurup is vividly depicted by Kamala Das. It will be worth our while to read it: 'He was considered an outlaw by the teachers who took a sadistic delight in pushing him every day. He was handsome and had a dimple on his right cheek which appeared only when he smiled. I could hardly take my eyes off his face. I was so infatuated with his charm'.

This infatuation for the bad boy also reflects upon the fact that from an early childhood, the period of her formative years, sex was rearing its head in Kamala Das about which she is very frank. She never tries to hide any natural instinct and candidly and forthrightly writes about it.

She was so much infatuated with this Govinda Kurup that one day she confided in her grandmother 'I want to marry Govinda Kurup. She said don't be stupid but she laughed and seemed amused'. (My Story, P.22)

One afternoon Govinda Kurup surprised them by entering their house. He 'seemed to be in high spirits, and started to tell us of a practical joke he played on the swing Mistress of the school'. His hullabaloo disturbed her sleeping uncle who was downstairs and gave him a good dressing-down. This shows how the Nairs were class conscious especially her grand uncle was an utter snob as she describes: 'he believed in prescribing for the lower middle class and the poor a decorum that we, by the happy fact of our high descent, did not have to observe. He showed them their places'. (My Story, P.22)

Now let's compare the childhood of a privileged Nair girl with that of Sheila Graham, who was sent to an orphanage, who wrote down in Beloved Infidel, without reservation the poignant true story of her love
affair with the legendary American novelist Scott Fitzgerald.  

She describes life at the orphanage where her mother had sent her for her husband and Sheilah's father had abandoned them.

'We lived by bells. A gong awoke us at 6.30 A.M. another marched us down to breakfast at 7.00 a third sent us to our daily chores at 8.00 - scrubbing floors, polishing woodwork, cleaning pots and pans - still another classes, then lunch, then recess and so throughout the day until a final gong announced lights out'. (Beloved Infidel, P.5)

Then she left the orphanage and went back home to live with her mother. Her impressions are:

'During the first days at home I actually enjoyed the smallness of rooms. After the enormous dormitory it was cozy... My mother recuperating slowly from her operation, was grayer than when I last saw her'.

But one day she had quarrelled with her mother.

'Matters boiled over one day when I refused to put blacking on the coal grates. "I won't," I cried.

You don't want me to have any fun at all. You brought me here just to make me work. I wish I was back at the orphanage!" Hurt and furious she advanced on me, her hand upraised, I warded off the blow and struck back blindly, as I had struck back at the teacher in the orphanage. I was horrified to feel the flat of my hand hit her stingingly across the cheek bone... She backed away and burying her face in her hands, suddenly burst into tears... I was beside myself. "Don't cry, don't cry," I begged her. I: put my arm around her. "Mother I didn't meant it, Oh, I'm so sorry ---"

\[1. \text{Sheilah Graham and Gerold Frank, Beloved Infidel, A Bantam Book, 1965}\]
She flung my arms away. ‘Go away’ she said through her tears. ‘Leave me alone. Go away and get a job. I don't want you!’ (Beloved Infidel, P.15)

Thus the poor girl was damned at both places at orphanage and at home as well.

Such was the condition of poor girl after the quarrel with her mother that she went to the orphanage with a request to Miss Walkton to find a job for. And she luckily got a job of a skivy - a domestic maid as she writes:
"There was one available immediately - a position as an under house maid - a skivy - in Birghton, fifty miles from London.

Though beggars cannot be choosers, she refused to wear a cap as a reaction to the mistress's instruction to wear the uniform along with cap. She refused adamantly, "Madam, I don't want to wear a cap."
At her insistence she stubbornly refused preferring rather to leave.

"No madam', I mumbled, miserably looking at the floor. 'I won't'. Determining in her mind, "saying to herself, if she makes me wear it, I'm leaving'. The mistress at last relented.
Finally: "Well for the time being, we'll let the cap go." (Beloved Infidel, P.16)

Fortunately two women autobiographers under study in this thesis viz. Nayantara Sahgal and Tehmina Durrani were spared of this sort of ordeal and suffering for they were descendants of aristocratic families. Both were well connected to the people in power in their respective countries of India and Pakistan.

From her mother's side Tehmina Durrani was a descendant of Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan, the governor of the undivided Punjab. As she writes
in her autobiography, 'My Feudal Lord'. 'My grandfather was Nawab Sir Liyaqat Hayat. His younger brother Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan was the governor of The Punjab before partition. Both the brothers were knighted for their services to the Raj. It was natural for such a family to adhere to the colonial values. (My Feudal Lord, P.164)

Tracing her father's descent to Ahmed Shah Abdali of the Third Battle of Panipat, she writes: 'My father came from the Abdali family which traces it's descent to the royal house of Afghanistan. The Popalzais are a section of the Durrani clan and considered to be the blood line from which the rulers of Afghanistan are drawn. My father's forefathers settled in Charsadda in the Frontier Province. They speak 'Pushto'. They call themselves 'Pakhtoons'.

She says of her childhood, 'I have memories of a very comfortable childhood. We were never short of anything'. (My Feudal Lord, P.167)

She writes about her schooling. 'In school I developed relations with friends who were mostly Pathan. I found myself drawn psychologically to my Pathan background.... The Pathans had a superiority complex ...Khans and Sardars of the frontier, had over the years sent their daughters to study at this conservative and strict institution (Murree Convent). Field Marshal Ayub Khan's granddaughter Benazir and Sanam Bhutto, daughters of landed families from the Punjab were all here but the Pathans dominated. Supremacy and leadership went hand in hand' (My Feudal Lord, P. 174, parentheses mine)

About this Mary Convent at Murree she writes, 'Rubina and I studied at the Jesus and Mary convent in Murree. School was home, home was school. I joined boarding school at the age of seven in 1960). (My Feudal Lord, P. 173)
Speaking about nuns waning nostalgic she writes: “I developed a close relationship with the nuns at school and often in times of despair during my marriage I would find myself crying for them. Mother Andrew and Mother Berkmans were often in my thoughts. I knew why they were called ‘mothers.’ (My Feudal Lord, P. 173)

Women are generally emotional and sentimental. This trait nowhere manifests itself than in an autobiography. However accomplished an educated woman is she would let this trait of sentimentality overwhelm her and display it.

In a cultured household poetry reverberates from every corner. Tehmina developed this taste for poetry especially the *ghazals* and *nazms* (poems) through her mothers soirees. The reminiscences of these soirees are etched in her memory which she recounts with redolence:

"Her soirees were well attended. She was fascinated by good poetry and had a keen understanding of 'ghazals' and 'nazms'. We were made to listen to people like Jamil-ud-Din Aali"¹ and Zohra Nigah² who both recited in 'Tarannum'. (in musical tone). They were frequent visitors. She would play cassettes of Habib Jalib reciting his revolutionary poems, every time the poor man was in prison which was quite often. The other guests were gleaned from the who's who of Pakistan.

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1. Jamiluddin Aali is one of the leading Urdu poets of Pakistan who wrote some of the best poems. He was a classmate of great Indian Urdu poet Akhtarul Iman at a Delhi College, who was also a famous screenplay writer and dialogue writer of Hindi films at Bollywood, (Qanoon and Waqt). He has made a mention of Jamiluddin Aali in his famous autobiography in Urdu entitled as 'Iss aabad khabab mein'. (Akhtarul Iman Iss aabad khabab mein, autobiography, (in Urdu), Urdu Academy Delhi, 1946- p., 74)

2. Zohra Nigah was born in Hyderabad (A.P). Before shifting to Pakistan her grand uncle Nisar Ahmad was at Nizam's court. (Maherul Qadri, Yaad-e-Raftagan, a collection of obituaries in Urdu, Delhi, 1992 P. 299)
She was shrewd enough to anticipate who would become what'. (My Feudal Lord, P.173)

Tehmina's mother was an ideal mother but she discriminated among her daughters. Durrani narrates: 'She had her favourites Rubina, Zarmina and myself were somehow all wrong. Amina and especially Adila were her pride and joy. I could never figure out her aversion to Zarmina, who was the sweetest, most considerate and lovable child. I can only put it down to the fact that she was not quite fair-skinned enough,...

My mother was a model hostess. She had a train of servants and had inherited little helpers-us... We were taught how to lay a table for dinner ... we were trained in flower arrangement .. Over the years she had collected a fabulous range of Rosenthal and Wedgewood crockery which she proudly displayed'. (My Feudal Lord, PP. 172, 173)

Such was the impact of Murree Convent that she wanted her daughters also to be taught and groomed there but it was cut short, unfortunately:

'Many years later when I was a mother myself, I made another visit to the Murree Convent. I had decided to place my daughters under the care of Mother Berkmans. I knew that boarding school was the only answer to their unsettled lives. Unfortunately, their stay at the Murree Convent was cut short by events." (My Feudal Lord, P. 173)

Dealing with the childhood of our protagonists - Protima Bedi, Kamala Das, Tehmina Durrani and Nayantara Sahgal in these pages, we make a conscious effort to peep into their personalities through the mirror of childhood for childhood is a very important stage in the genre of an autobiography, as Carolyn Steedman writes: 'Connection between memory and narrative have led to a recent interest in eighteenth and nineteenth
century thinking about childhood, and it has become clear that in some autobiographies of the last two centuries the idea of the child was used to both recall and express the past that each individual life embodied; What was turned inside in the course of individual human development was that which was already latent; the child (the child the autobiographer had been) was the story waiting to be told. In nineteenth and twentieth century autobiographical practice people's use of child figure (their remembering and sometimes writing about themselves as child) merged the two perspectives...¹

While dealing with the childhood of an autobiographer it becomes sine qua non to study the parenthood. Protima Bedi's father ' Laxmichand was the only son of a respectable middle class Gupta family in Haryana - a state where, as is often said, the only culture is agriculture (this is not a poor joke, it is the truth).

The Guptas were ridiculously traditional in a hypocritical way; staunch upholders of India's ancient traditions'. (Timepass, PP.5, 6)

Generally the parents are traditional. There are very few parents who are the iconoclasts or idol-breakers of tradition. It so happened that Bedi's father also proved an exception to the rule and became an iconoclast of the tradition:

'Laxmichand fell head over heels in love with a black Bengali girl. To make matters worse, the girl had no family to speak of, or none that she wanted to speak of anyway. A great battle ensued in the Gupta household. Young Laxmichand was thrown out of the house, for he

insisted on marrying the black Bengali’ (Timepass, P.6)

As the saying goes ‘as you sow, so shall you reap’. Laxmichand was repaid in the same coin by fate for Protima had the same genes. She ran away from her home to join Kabir Bedi, her lover, as her husband. She describes the whole episode picturesquely: 'They found out at home soon enough. The police were informed, the neighbours were alerted, the family mourned the escapade. I phoned two days later, just to say that I was well had no intentions of coming back, and that they were not to worry. It was my mother whom I spoke to, and before she could say anything I had hung up'. Thus fates were quits with the man who married a girl against the wishes of his parents and the family traditions 'who had no family to speak of. His daughter as revenge, married a man, Kabir Bedi who didn't belong to their caste and whose family traditions were different from that of his.

Then 'A few days later as I was walking down marine Drive, my father's car drew alongside and stopped. I got into their car quietly. He's going to beat me I thought. I didn't care if he did'. But instead he drove home and said, 'I don't want to know anything. I am just glad that you are back'.

But after a few days when she became desperate and adamant to go. 'He flew into a rage.

'All right' get out! Get out of this house and don't ever show me your face again...' (Timepass, P. 42)

And really she never showed her face to him as she never darkened his door in his life - until the heartbroken father died in a car-crash. His death was also a sequence to his being distraught at his daughters wavering behaviour which brought a stain to his honour.
Her brother broke this shocking news to her lover and husband Kabir Bedi whom she chose as her life partner against the wish and will of her parents.

She recounts this sad event of tragic death of her father: 'On our return (from Goa) I found my brother outside our door. He looked sad.

'What are you doing here?' I asked. He didn't reply. He took Kabir aside and said something to him.

Kabir came towards me, looking very concerned. 'Now darling you have to be brave, and you have to be calm...'

'What is it?' I asked suddenly scared. I knew it was something terrible, and my heart was thumping with apprehension.

Your father... he's dead... in a car crash, two days ago'

I nodded stupidly stunned

'Come I'll take you home'. Silently we went home. He left me downstairs, saying he'd fetch me in a day or two.

What could I say? I hugged my mother'. (Timepass, P.42)

A child's first impressions are generally of the parents - mother first then the father. Kamala Das writes about her father: 'My father was always busy with his work at the automobile firm where he was employed selling Rolls Royce, Humbers and Bentlays to the Indian princes and their relatives. My mother vague and indifferent, spent her time lying on her belly on a large four-post-bed, composing poems in Malayalam. We had no full-time maid at that time. The cook took us to the European school... He was not of an affectionate nature. So we grew up more or less neglected...' (My Story, P. 27)

She compares herself 'with a leper, who feels the bondage of love for his mate who pushed him on hand-cart when they went on begging
rounds'. (My Story, P. 2)

Our third protagonist Tehmina Durrani belonged to the high stratum of the society, the aristocrats. She dwells upon her parents to a great length in her autobiography 'My Feudal Lord'. About her mother she comments: 'she was the fulcrum of our home as my father put it. She was the sun and we her many planets. We derived our identity because of her and when she moved out of our orbit we existed, but in oblivion. She had a domineering personality and could reduce you to a quivering wreck by the slightest movement of her eyebrows'. (My Feudal Lord, P.163)

She belonged to the famous Hayat Family. Her mother’s uncle Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan was the Governor of the Punjab before independence and partition of India.

She writes about her father: 'My father came from a very conservative background, his forefathers were very simple people who lived a secluded life'... He was a captain in the army and at that time was the ADC to Sardar Abdul Rab Nashtar, The governor of the Punjab province of Pakistan. My father came from the Abdali family which traces its descent to the royal house of Afghanistan'. (My Feudal Lord, P. 165)

How her mother married her father is interesting enough: 'He met my mother in a restaurant in Lahore. He pursued and wooed her. He pleaded her hand in marriage. My mother was not too keen on this dashing young Pathan. She had only recently burnt her fingers. My grandmother intervened. She took one look at my father and approved of him. Looks were all that mattered in her book. He was overjoyed and went through with the marriage despite opposition from his family. Pathan boys did not marry Punjabis." (My Feudal Lord, P. 165) Islam eradicated all such barriers but as the saying goes old habits die hard.
Father's forefathers settled in Charsadda in the Frontier Province. They speak Pushto. They call themselves Pakhtoons.'

They say, 'there is a woman behind the success of a man', it was her mother who groomed her father for a greater role as she writes: 'At the behest and initiative of my mother, my father joined Lloyds Bank. He was sent to England for training... My father served with Lloyds Banks until it merged with Grandley's Bank'

Then he became the managing director of PIA. But he was involved in a scam having links with CIA spying on China for CIA was "installing highly advance photographic equipment on the wings of the aircraft operating into China. These cameras were meant to take aerial photographs of Chinese installations and this was a sophisticated espionage operation." This abominable act in which her father was allegedly involved was termed as 'Great Betrayal'. Poor fellow was prosecuted and languished in jail for six months.

However "He was cleared of all charge in court but after he had spent six months in jail."

Mr. Bhutto being guilty conscious for trapping her father tried to make up with him. "Upon his release Mr. Bhutto tried to make up with him. My father refused. He wanted to leave the country. He was disgusted and humiliated." (My Feudal Lord, P.167)

A true biography doesn't suppress such parts that reflect ignominy and infamy. The frankness, truth and veracity with which Tehmina Durrani records the whole scandal and scam her father was involved in the sophisticated espionage of Chinese installations in his capacity as Managing Director (MD) of PIA is appreciable. She could have easily skipped and passed by it.
As Germaine Bree in his insightful article entitled Autogynography writes
"Her (Susan Friedman's) critical approach is historically based. She examines the 'seminal' essay by Georges Gusdorf of the University of Strasbourg which established a basic definition of autobiography as narrative of life as story. In Gusdorf's view, the autobiographical impulse in its modern form emerged at a certain moment in Western culture with the Industrial Revolution. The individual then 'disencumbered' could look within himself (or herself) as an isolated self-directed unit who could assume command of his life'.

So the individual here, Tehmina Durrani who is "disencumbered" becomes candid and frank without hiding or suppressing any fact or factor of her or her parents' life. Similar is the attitude of another protagonist Protima Bedi who could have glossed over and passed by without mentioning the shameful episode of streaking that happened in her life.

She wrote the whole episode in the chapter entitled 'Europe' in her autobiography (Timepass, P.72). She writes: 'Shortly after I returned from Europe, I became the subject of a major controversy. A film magazine printed photographs of me streaking, and word spread that I had streaked down the busy road outside Jehangir Art Gallery in Bombay. Actually I had done no such thing'. (Timepass, P.83) The doctored pictures were thanks to a camera trick.

The city and venue both were wrong. Hence she could have passed over it by convincing herself 'better mum's the word'. Instead she forthrightly spills the whole bean of the true episode as she writes:

‘The so called streaking had happened in Goa. I was spending a lot\(^1\) of time in those days with the hippies on Anjuna beach. Everyone walked around naked there... So I was a nudist like everybody else on the beach’. (Timepass, P.83)

This frankness and forthrightness makes the autobiography genuine.

In the same chapter, Europe, she frankly mentions how she was taken out for dinner by the Alitalia Captain to 'a place run by "homosexuals". She recounts the whole story as follows:

‘Captain Alitalia was a good looking man, but I didn't like his obscene hunger for me. I had told him this repeatedly. Yet I accepted his dinner invitation... 'We're taking you to a fabulous place run by 'homosexuals', he said.

'It’s a very chic place where they sing songs about politics and class with a lot of dirty words thrown in. As people walked in the singers started commenting using four-lettered words liberally making lewd gestures and saying the most obscene things’. (Timepass, P.73)

All such instances make the autobiography look forthright, frank and candid - a real and genuine autobiography though morality is thrown to the winds.

Women are supposed to be modest, rather shy about sex. But autobiographer Protima Bedi is very frank about her sex experiences. For example she writes: 'There were a great many people in that large house, and among them was a cousin, a horrible pathetic boy, dark and ugly. He must have been barely fifteen. He would take me to the terrace alone or come to my bed at night and put his hands under my dress, groping and

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\(^1\) Correct usage 'Plenty of time'.
dawning. One night he climbed into my bed, dug his hands into my panties and oiled me there. I didn’t quite understand what he was doing. I was terrified as he put one hand on my mouth and climbed on top of me. He raped me. I remember the shock and the pain. I remember how frightened I was. I was so ashamed of what had been done to me that I kept quiet’. (Timepass, P.10)

It is a queer combination of innocence and curiosity as she says, 'I didn't quite understand what he was doing?'

Innocence about sex is a common trait between Protima Bedi and Kamala Das. Das writes: 'Until my wedding night I did not have the slightest knowledge of what went on between men and women in the process of procreation. Sex was not a fashionable word then as it is now, but its followers were certainly not inactive’. (My Story, P.24)

She further writes: 'It was customary for the Nair girl to marry when she was hardly out of her childhood and it was also customary for the much older husband to give her a rude shock by his sexual haste on the wedding-night'. (My Story, P.25)

But the frankness and forthrightness of a bold woman like Kamala Das was not appreciated by a male-dominated and a male-chauvinist world. Usha V.T. has rightly pointed out:

'Reviewers viewed the work as one that would appeal to the male gaze and tickle their sensations: "The chapter headings accentuate the Excitement... There is enough in it to give... readers the “sizzle” and “spice”... (The Times of India)

My Story described a life of frolicking on sex...The book has its accent on titillation....." (World Literature Today)

Few saw the work as a woman's tale of woe, or paid heed to its
themes of loneliness and subaltern anguish... she was recognized as a threat to the adherents of patriarchal discourse. Several critical dissent and adverse publicity followed suit and the writer had to withdraw into herself as a consequence.¹

The very quality of forthrightness and expressiveness which would have been lauded in a male writer are pinpointed as her drawback'.

Another autobiographer is subdued about such frankness in matters of sex and sensuality. But she comes from a different background and moreover she is a Muslim. In her culture sex is such a taboo that she cannot speak about it openly but only in hushed up tones.

She describes the elite parties at the house of Mustafa Khar who was a powerful politician-an ex-CM and a former Governor of the Punjab. She recounts: "Sometimes the conversation got round to 'mujras'. The men would go into ecstasies over some 'nautch' girl or the other, completely oblivious of their wives' feelings. The wives would scrupulously hide their feelings and treat their men's visual fantasies as a harmless male pastime.

We would hear about somebody's 'lachak' and the other's 'bhao' and how much so and so takes for a night. It was all very foreign to me. I decided that the elite was sophisticated enough to handle a risqué topic... I tried to put it all together. Hunting and food went together. But


'Subaltern anguish’ is fraught with meaning. The anguish is subaltern - particular to Kamala Das, not universal. In logic subaltern connotes particular not universal.’ (Oxford English Reference Dictionary, N.Y., 1995 P.1436)
'mujras?' It did not occur to me then that in the feudal mind a woman is also a prey."

The man who became her husband after her divorce, Mustafa Khar had earned notoriety for his sex exploits and escapades for being an erotomaniac. 'People would warn Anees (her husband) and myself about Mustafa. Tales of his exploits as Punjab's great Don Juan\(^1\) were repeated to us. 'He is a womanizer. A compulsive Casanova.\(^2\) Anees 'yar' stay away from him. The man is evil. He will damage you'. (My Feudal Lord, P. 192)

Despite her being married to Aness, Tehmina's liaison with Mustafa as his insistence is frankly described by Durrani in the chapter 'My Feudal Lord'. How Mustafa fooled his legal wife by a ruse and his chicanery is narrated by Durrani very frankly and openly. She writes:

Mustafa told me that Sherry Mustafa's wife would not bother us. He had told her that he was entertaining the 'Ulema' (clerics) downstairs. 'Ulema' read stag party in Pakistan. There was no question of a female entertaining the religious men. She had to stay in her room. Sherry fell for the story.

Sitting across each other over a candle-lit dinner we talked our future together'.

(My Feudal Lord, P. 212, parentheses mine)

\(^1\) A legendary Spanish nobleman of dissolute life, famous for seducing women. According to a Spanish story first dramatized by Gabriel Te'llez (1584-1641), he was Don Juan Tenorio of Seville. Moliere, Byron, and Mozart (in Don Giovanni) have all based works on the legend. (* The Oxford English Reference Dictionary, Judy Pearsall and Bill Trumble, Oxford New York, 1995, p. 147)

\(^2\) (Full surname Casanova de Seingalt (1725-98), Italian adventurer. He is famous for his memoirs (first published in French 1828-38), describing his adventures in Europe and especially his sexual encounters.) (The Oxford English Reference Dictionary, Judy Pearsall and Bill Trumble, Oxford New York, 1995, p. 147)
But the consequences for Durrani were social boycott, for which Durrani employs the word 'blackball'.¹ She describes how she was sent to Coventry by her circle of women who espoused the cause of Sherry for the right thinking that Sherry was 'wronged': 'At a dinner thrown for Mumtaz Bhutto, at Government house the women of my group studiously kept their distance and refrained from speaking to me. Sherry was the wronged woman. I was the nasty intrusion. The vixen and the tramp'. (My Feudal Lord, P.212)

And how she was stoned to death, which was the punishment for adultery in Islam, not literally but metaphorically. 'The punishment of stoning an adulteress to death was carried out with their looks and their acid tongues. I decided to boycott my tormentors. We stopped attending the banquets. Too many ghosts at the table'. (My Feudal Lord, P.213)

But the illicit relations, the liaison snowballed, as she writes: 'We were soon grist for the rumours mill'. (My Feudal Lord, P.215) The reference is to the popular English adage, an aphorism, 'all is grist that comes to the mill'.

For the part of Anees, poor cuckold didn't suspect that he was losing his wife to the powerful governor of the Punjab, Mustafa Khar for he was like an ostrich burying his head in the sand while the storm was raging all around him. Durrani writes picturesquely:

'Our meetings became more frequent and on reflection, very brazen. Love brings out the recklessness in man... Love also makes man very

¹ Blackball, v.tr. reject (a candidate) in a ballot orig. by voting with a black ball. (The Oxford English Reference Dictionary, Oxford N.Y., 1995, (P. 147)
inventive. I could trot out excuses and reasons for being away from home at the bat(ting) of an eyelid. Anees did not suspect... he could not suspect the fact that the woman he loved did not belong to him. Possession was the nine points of the law. As a feudal he recognized it'. (My Feudal Lord, P.216, parentheses mine).

Writing about the women who attended the dinner party thrown by the C.M. of Sind, she comments about their dress: 'Everyone turned to look at us.

Beautiful women in choli blouses, flashing navels, cleavages, the rustle of chiffon stared at me in my weird outfit'. (My Feudal Lord, P. 217) But she herself looked a sight, a tamasha, a farce. She did it deliberately, on purpose: 'I wanted to prove that he (Mustafa) would love me even if I dressed shabbily and looked a sight'. (Ibid) But the result was horrible: "Nobody looked at my face. They commented on my lack of grace. I had taken on a challenge and it had boomeranged'. (My Feudal Lord, PP. 217, 218). And Mustafa with whom she had advanced too far in love, to teach her a lesson had, 'dumped me. He circulated and was surrounded by women. He flirted with all the attractive women looking their stunning best. He was teaching me a lesson'. (My Feudal Lord, P.218)

At long last when Anees heard about the party at Governor Jatoi’s and confronted her, Durrani, made her breast clean: I could not lie to him any more. 'I told him - everything. I asked him for a divorce. I had been unfaithful to him. I told Anees that our marriage was over. Marrying Mustafa or not was no longer relevant. I wanted a divorce. I could not live with a man I had betrayed’. (My Feudal Lord, P. 219)

All these long quotations have a method in madness - just to prove
the point that how a daughter of the East can be frank rather unabashed about her affair - the adultery - in Islamic parlance and writes without glossing over it just like any European counterpart of hers. Durrani might appear shameless in recounting every iota of her extra-marital affair being infidel to her spouse, her husband reflects on her honesty, integrity and probity.

Dr. Haroon the leading psychiatrist, when consulted by her mother, pronounced his verdict: ‘Mustafa Khar is a professional seducer. Your daughter is a victim’. (My Feudal Lord, P.219)

She could not escape the twinge of conscience while performing Umra (a mini Haj) she cried, ‘Oh God, I do not want to be known as a fast woman.’ (My Feudal Lord, P. 221)

Mustafa Khar was not only a Don Juan and a Casanova but blinded by lust would become an animal who was carried away by his lust. Tehmina Durrani, now his wife, bears a daughter to him and how he violently wants to fulfil his sexual desire, frankly describes: ‘The violence had become endemic in our relationship. I know that if my mother found out about it, she would leave my home.

Three days after my baby's birth Mustafa's animal surged. He was not the least bit concerned about my health. He was like an enraged animal. My feelings were unimportant. My protestations were a spur to further violence!’ (My Feudal Lord, P. 241)

What French feminist Simone de Beavoir wrote in her book Le Deuxieme (written in 1949 and translated into English in 1953) wrote some 40 years ago is proved horribly true in the real life of Tehmina Durrani the biographer under scanner in this study.

Meena Arora says: De Beauvoir argues in her book that "in
patriarchy women have been forced to occupy secondary position in relation to men... Man considers himself Subject, he is Absolute – she is the Other.¹

'She is called 'the sex, by which is meant that she appears essentially to the male as a sexual being. For him she is sex - absolute sex, no less... she is the incidental, the inessential as opposed to the essential. He is the Subject, he is the Absolute. She is the Other.

Meena Arora further referring to de Beauvoir writes: De Beauvoir frankly discusses taboo ridden topics like sexual initiation, sexual pleasure for women... Man is never consistent; he wants his wife to be passionate... He wants her to be entirely his. (Ibid, P. 23)

Tehmina Durrani’s impressions of her husband, corroborate practically with this theory propounded by de Beauvoir in Le Deuxieme. So much so that her husband while incarcerating in a jail for political reasons want to have sex with her in the jail under the nose of security and her own family waiting just outside the room. She writes with a sour heart, her whole being burning with the agony and anguish: 'He took special permission from the (Jail) Superintendent to take us to his room. There was no door to the room. A bamboo chick² flapped about.... He told his family to wait outside. All of them went out and stood around the chick along with the guards.

Mustafa wanted to make love. This was hardly the place or time. There was complete lack of privacy I could hear the family outside

1. Meena Arora, Nayantara Sahgal and Doris Lessing – A feminist Study in Feminism, Prestige Books, Delhi 1991, P. 22

2. screen for a doorway etc. made from split bamboo and twine (Hindi Chik) Oxford Reference English Dictionary, Oxford, N.Y. 1995, P.253)
chatting. Besides my health was poor. I had been advised by my doctor to wait for my stitches to heal. I felt very frightened. I tried to tell him that I was not well and would not be for at least six weeks. He did not give a damn. I told him that his family was outside, the police were outside. It was too undignified. "It is not the sort of thing to do at our age. I have to go out and face them afterwards. I can't." He would not listen (to). 'Mustafa I swear on God, I swear on the Prophet if you dare... touch me despite the fact that I have a health problem, I will never come back to see you: I will leave you, I will take a divorce'. (My Feudal Lord, P. 290)

Such were the childhood days and formative years of the four protagonists of the present thesis viz Protima Bedi, Kamala Das, Tehmina Durrani, Nayantara Sahgal as depicted in their autobiographies Timepass, My Story, My Feudal Lord and Prison and the Chocolate Cake respectively. Excerpts from one more autobiography have been added. It is written by Sheilah Graham, The mistress of great American novelist Scott Fitzgerald, in collaboration with Gerold Frank. The title is Beloved Infidel.

How the childhood and the formative years helped form their life ahead shall be discussed in the following pages.