Chapter IV

Of Lovers and Grandmothers:
Knowing the Land through Personal Lives
In the previous chapter, we have seen how the past is recounted by women travellers, and how invariably, the colonial past emerges in their narration. We have also seen the remnants of a latent nostalgia that is harboured in these narratives. The present chapter deals with three texts which tell us about the personal lives of three authors and their sojourn in India. Here, I shall be dealing with the way in which travel and personal life merge in the land which is travelled. The texts that have been chosen for study are Sarah Lloyd’s *An Indian Attachment*, Imogen Lycett Green’s *Grandmother’s Footsteps* and Jill Lowe’s *Yadav: A Road Side Love Story*. These books were written over a period of three decades. *An Indian Attachment* was written in 1984, *Grandmother’s Footsteps* in 1994 and *Yadav* in 2003.

Here, I shall be dealing with how India is internalised in the travellers’ minds through their experiences gauged from their close personal relationships. Relationships with other human beings in the texts become a crucial point in each author’s understanding of India. We can see that the authors explore the geographical terrains of India through the men and women who literally become impersonalised as India. Their experiences of various emotions - love, hate, despair, confusions, and incomprehension - form sequences that leave behind imprints of their knowledge of the country which they travel. Here, the most important factor is the strange way in which the dissimilar realms of the private and the public combine and merge in an astounding fashion to shape their understanding of the ‘inside’ and ‘outside’ spaces simultaneously.
I shall be looking at how relationships enhance the whole gamut of personal experiences of the traveller/writer and how they provide her with the wisdom of hindsight in their writing. These spaces of experience, along with the power [and sometimes lack of power] enjoyed as a white female, confer on the travellers an authority which at certain points dovetails into self-critique and scrutiny. The travelling woman, with her own package of knowledge and expertise, becomes the sole authority of the travelled realm as well as the originator of meanings in it. In all the travel narratives, experiential authority takes leverage and control, for the ‘I-have-experienced-it/seen-it-all’ rhetoric dominates the accounts.

We can also see that the exploration of the other through relationships is a method of exploring one’s own femininity. That is, it is an exercise that emphasises one’s subjectivity and the role of experience in understanding the other. In the books I am analysing, we can see the writers exploring their intimate physical relationship with a person who is closely associated with India. In the case of Sarah Lloyd and Jill Lowe, they fall in love with Indians who serve as the sine qua non of their understanding of India. Imogen Lycett Green lost her grandmother, Penelope, in Khanag valley in Himachal Pradesh and she pursues the trails left behind by her grandmother to salvage the legacies of Penelope’s travel patterns and knowledge and to discover what ‘real’ India is all about.

**Sarah Lloyd: An Indian Attachment**

The book begins with an anecdote from Lloyd’s personal life which is quite ‘Kiplingesque’ in nature. The author endows this scrap with a touching foreword
reads thus: ‘For Jungli, who couldn’t see the point.’ This is followed by fragments of Jungli’s and Lloyd’s dialogue:

‘What are you writing now?’
‘About our life in this hut.’
‘What does that bit say then? (pointing)
‘It describes how you took me to see the snake in front of Sitaram’s shop.’
‘Who’d be interested in that?’
‘Some people might.’
‘Well they’d be off their heads. I’ve told you before; you are just messing up good paper.’ (IA: Foreword)

Right in the epigraph, the problems of cross-cultural interactions and relations are poignantly brought out by Sarah Lloyd, before she begins to narrate the story of her amorous alliance with Jungli, a Nihang [Sikh warrior] whom she meets in India. This meeting becomes the turning point of her life and the liaison becomes synonymous with her experience of India. Jungli (hill man) is not the hero’s real name, but he is conferred this name to indicate the essence of primitivism and virility in him. He is that child of nature, whose freshness and beauty capture the attention of the author.

He had a powerful face that instantly compelled me; high forehead, long nose, and skin the colour of almonds; but the eyes suggested a sadness, a past full of grief. On his head he wore a dome of blue turbans. A length of orange fabric was tied around the waist of his aquamarine tunic, and a second piece hung over his shoulder, loose. In front of him lay a sword (IA:1).
This brief introduction to Jungli serves as a prelude to India as well. In an amazing reversal of gaze, Lloyd encapsulates the sensuality of the male body by employing male metaphors.

Our unspoken attachment deepened. I was moved by his tenderness, his simplicity and beautiful eyes. Beauty is a great robber of my common sense. I tried not to be affected by it; I tried to avoid him. I knew it would be outside the limits of the religion he followed. And I was a traveller. ...I was transfixed. I could no longer avert my eyes than the enchanted sailors could cease gazing at the mermaid on the rock” (IA: 4-5).

Somewhere Lloyd could conceptualise herself as an adroit mobile individual with agential power and the vulnerability encapsulated by Jungli attracted her to him. She also tells us about her mental imaginings of India that drew her to travel throughout India. She says that the moment she reaches Jungli’s home town in search of him, she realises that her search for the India in her imagination reaches that penultimate stage of fruition:

Clopping slowly through the rich green countryside to the accompaniment of these ancient and solemn ragas, a honey coloured sun bulging on the horizon, I was infected by a wave of euphoria, subconscious recognition that made up our journey encapsulated all I had imagined about the Indian plains...something stirred the memory that had prompted my euphoria, and at last I understood that it was what made me travel to India. An Image; an incomplete sequence from a documentary film. The
image of a tall figure in white, walking along a road. A sadhu maybe, a man with unfulfilled eyes. A straight country road in a flat green landscape. Feet disturbing the dust. Music suggesting melancholy; no destination. I had come to India to capture that image (IA: 8-9).

It was for the realisation and the fulfilment of that ‘incomplete’ picture that Lloyd is drawn towards India. From the vantage position of a privileged traveller, this image of a man, probably sexually unfulfilled, can also be read as the lure of a latent romance in seeking out vulnerability and helplessness. She is attracted towards the pristine quality of inviolate existence as she stumbles on Jungli’s ‘tender’, ‘simple’ and ‘beautiful’ eyes and there her ‘imaginings’ of India and ‘reality’ combine avidly in the metaphor of female desire. The man she searches and finds becomes synonymous with the country she explores. There is also a hint of a sensual eroticisation nascent in Lloyd’s quest.

After Lloyd’s first meeting with Jungli, she goes in search of him to his village. When she arrives there, she uncovers the place as the quintessence of India. She feels completely at home in Jungli’s village as she finds the freshness of a new life.

Everything was so perfect, the clear early morning, the smell of damp wheat, the flowers in the verges and the sky flecked with birds: blue birds, green birds, black birds, white birds, bulbuls, hoopoes and so many kinds of birds. And we were happy in this newness, in a simple, unconstrained, uncompromised way we never were to feel again (IA: 14).
This freshness in internalising the novelty of new love and new life is sensually transferred to Lloyd’s relationship with Jungli, who by being a *nihang*, was a virgin as well. When she finds a home-away-from-home, simultaneously she finds ‘a-man-away-from-home’.

After a week of being together twenty-four hours a day, the relationship did become physical. It was inevitable. ... His light heartedness was deceptive. When he touched my arm, awkwardly, woodenly, as if I were a goddess and above that sort of thing, I realized that it was the first time in his life. I was thirty one or so, near enough, so was he (IA: 15).

The eroticisation of the land and human body as such had been discussed in the second chapter. In the previous chapter, we have seen human bodies become part of the landscape travelled. But in this case, a specific man is eroticised as an embodiment to draw the similarities between him and the land travelled. Lloyd says:

> It was never a pure accident that I came to live in a Sikh community. ...They were mainly in a community where men lean towards effeminacy, they were proud and dignified, fearless and determined, passionate and warm hearted, adventurous and enterprising, self-reliant and adaptable: every thing I liked and admired and wanted to be. Jungli, to a lesser extent, was all of this, an archetypal Sikh. I came to know him inside out, his character, his moods, his thoughts; he was the soul of my India (IA: 16).
Moreover, he also symbolised that kind of untamed, unsophisticated nature which Lloyd was looking for in her search of India. Hence, she calls him Jungli [hill man]. For her, he internalised an inviolate virility and masculinity which she associates with the ideal land she was looking for. In this instance, we can find that in the close communion of natural surroundings and the man who mirrors nature itself, the lover and the land travelled become one and the same.

Lloyd’s stay with Jungli is deemed to be her first-hand experience of Indian life. In Jungli’s home she learns to eat, sleep, bathe and work the Indian way. She also braves the extremes of weather and the initial shocks of the ideas of fatalism of the people surrounding her. Though it is looked at rather alarmingly in the beginning, later it becomes an everyday affair for her. Even despite her detachment, she finds herself ballasted to the monotony and boredom of Indian life as her lover also becomes part of her habit.

I felt little of the sense of passing of time. Days were the same: the early walks (if it wasn’t too hot), the washing of clothes, the morning meal the unbroken eight or nine hours in our room behind the fly curtain and finally the brief relatively cool of the evening. One day could have been interchanged with another: there was no continuity of purpose, no unfolding of events, and in any case events didn’t come my way (IA: 33).

She believed that it was the aura of romance that kept the relationship going. The inability to communicate, the mutual and mute understanding between Lloyd and Jungli, according to Lloyd, kept the romance enduring. But there were
certain instances when Sarah finds herself not being able to come to terms with her being an outsider. She could feel the village bristling with xenophobia and almost immediately, Jungli assumes the part of her protector. Initially she is resentful, later she accepts his role.

I never saw the village shops. It was when Jungli told me what the villagers thought of the foreigners, and why it was, and from what it was, that he wanted to shield me. He protected and looked after me with a devotion I found deeply moving, almost sad in its single-mindedness.

Outsiders, it seemed, were a potential threat to the sanctity of village life...were resented and mistrusted... (IA: 33).

While she senses the intense vibes against her as a foreigner, she also is aware of her disruption of a post colonial space, as she presumes that she would probably be the first white traveller to visit the village since independence. She sees the continuity of the native resistance and resentment towards the White due to their privileged and colonial status.

Much of the present attitude towards foreigners must have stemmed from the time of the Raj. Westerners were still envied for their wealth, education and freedom, both envied and mistrusted for their power, laxity of morals and lack of faith or adherence to religious ethics. For all the technological advancements and the length of their period in office, village life *per se* had been only superficially affected by the Raj (IA: 34).
Lloyd also finds the societal interferences in her personal matters quite insufferable. She speaks about the gaze of the villagers on her body which is not all indiscreet, interfering, restrictive and controlling. She also feels that her individuality is completely snuffed out by the curiosity which perceives her as a White/female specimen. As the monotony of life sets in at the time of her cohabitation with Jungli, Lloyd finds her ‘self’ being completely erased due to her cultural alienation. She becomes a slave of her habits and she also finds her being alienated from her ‘self’, leading her to deny her very ‘self’ that she was searching for in her quest of India.

Sarah Lloyd’s nomadic exile becomes complete as even her own language becomes strange to her. She becomes inarticulate and garbled at this complete erasure of herself. This moment of a disjointed cultural identity makes her identity fragmented and hermetically sealed. In the story, through the ups and downs in her own relationship with Jungli, Lloyd tells us the different stages through which a traveller-woman goes through, by narrating her own experience. She tells us the tale of attachment, involvement, dislocation and then, slow disentanglement.

One day a man came and spoke English. I hadn’t spoken any for sometime and I didn’t particularly want to: talking my language again somehow distracted me from my purpose, broke through my disguise and reminded me of who I really was. The man was puzzled by my monosyllabic replies and confused as to why I was there (IA: 42-3).
This phenomenon of her being estranged and later being exhibited as an excellent specimen of a White woman is particularly voiced throughout Lloyd’s book. Here, she also illustrates the pathos of effacing herself for the sake of love and the ideals of inviolate beauty; discovering the other and getting immersed in it. Her cultural difference from the surroundings and her gendered existence also restrict her physically as the inquisitive gaze of the villagers ploughs into her independent demeanour. Their ethos regarding communal living and the erasure of individuality disturb and confine her independent meanderings. The taboos on sex and man-woman relationships are also described with awe.

The villagers were extraordinarily ignorant about sex. Young men would be told what to do on their wedding day by their elder brother’s wives, who didn’t know much either, since... many women viewed sex as no more than their duty to their husbands (IA: 58).

The ignorance and complete subordination to their husbands and the cultural imprisonment of the men in the village, in a way, enunciate the privileged position of the Westerner in comparison to an Easterner. Lloyd could also see this phenomenon reflected in her relationship with Jungli.

I was gradually becoming aware of the enormous gulf between us. I represented the analytical, doubting educated West, Jungli the innocent, irrational, mystical East. He was possibly unusual for a young Panjabi ...in that he showed no interest in England and knew nothing about the life there (IA: 69).
This yawning chasm between their two worlds is illustrated in another piece where Lloyd is perturbed by Jungli’s opium addiction. She says:

Try as I might, I couldn’t persuade Jungli to give up opium. He wanted to stop but he couldn’t, and if I teased him about it he would tease back. “Your writing is your intoxication’, he once said to me. ‘Aren’t I entitled to mine?’ I considered this standpoint and realized that there was truth in what he said. It brought me up short, and I never viewed my writing in the same way again (IA: 67).

This was the kind of uneasy, yet tangible reconciliation of the differences between the East and the West in Lloyd’s life story. Yet the reconciliation was only short-lived. Her discovery of Jungli thus becomes her journey in getting involved, losing herself and then regaining her identity in India. At the surface level, it becomes personal to a certain extent; but we can see its symbolic manifestations implied deep below the main story line.

Lloyd also tells us about the various means and ways through which she tried to adapt to strangeness, both physically and mentally. The adaptation to Indian habits, especially regarding physical hygiene, helped her to erase the possible differences between her physical self and that of the others around her. She tells us how she helps to smear dung on to the walls and the way she goes native by accepting the habits on matters of personal hygiene, sanitary habits, etc. She tells us that by getting used to these new habits, she was trying to be one with the strangeness and newness that she experienced all around her. It is not only with
her surroundings that she accommodates herself to, but it was also in relation with her self and her own body that she tried to conjure a completely reinvented equation.

All this squatting and sitting cross-legged had inspired a new relation between me and my feet. The villagers were obsessive about having clean feet. I would see them lovingly washing them at the pump, removing hard skin and ingrained dirt with pieces of broken brick. I had previously regarded my feet as rather remote objects that I wasn’t altogether responsible for, but the necessary adoption of different habits made me almost as fanatical as they were (IA: 86).

For better or worse, Lloyd sees this change in her as a rediscovery of her tangible self, and knowing India through a deep-rooted sensuous relationship meant, knowing that side of the self which was undeniably malleable to new cultural surroundings.

Lloyd understands that it was this search for the ‘unknown other’ that attracted Jungli to her and vice versa. Both of them were trying to explore something that eluded their selves and by working it out, they were trying to capture that quintessential other that eluded them.

Months after we first met, I asked Jungli why he had been attracted towards me in Calcutta; for him it had been the first sight thing.
He replied, ‘I saw this girl, all alone. No mother; no father; no friend; no relative. She was thousands of miles from her homeland. Yet she wasn’t afraid and she looked happy.’

I have heard it that people fall in love not with person, but with a quality they lack but would like to possess. My initial attraction to Jungli had been precisely that: among the things I admired about him. Living by instinct and supreme generosity came high on the list.

...

What Jungli said was true: I had been happy in Calcutta. It was my happiness that he fell for, the happiness that had eluded him, and might continue to elude him, for the rest of his days (IA: 88).

With both the individuals seeking out what was missing in them, they were searching for the strange otherness that eluded them. In Jungli’s generosity as well as Lloyd’s freedom, both of them evinced a strange vulnerability which they probably shared. In this sharing Lloyd could salvage and internalize India in a physical sense. She could feel how much India had become part of her when she tells us about her experience of parting from Jungli on a brief vacation to Pakistan:

Twenty miles across the fields lay Pakistan. It beckoned enticingly and I succumbed. Jungli couldn’t accompany me for he had no passport.... I missed him. I missed him partly because I was fond of him and had grown dependent on his protective presence, but partly also because Pakistan
gave me tough innings. I could find no food; men leered; the streets were hot; the trains were packed; and there was nowhere to sleep. My sole consolation was that Pakistan felt foreign, which India no longer did one bit (IA: 99).

It was through Jungli that Lloyd internalized her experience of India, struggled with the strangeness and unfamiliarity and then accepted India as her own for a brief while. Doing so, she was also trying to fathom the hidden charms in Jungli that had escaped the appreciation of his own family members. Simultaneously, she feels the same about the aesthetic appeal of the Indian landscape which is again probably unnoticed by Indians. Her participation, she feels, makes it obligatory to be the custodian of a kind of connoisseurship which is not found among the native crowd. Moreover, she believes that her position of being a foreigner helps her understand the refinements and the artistry of nature, which generally elude most Indians.

Few Indians, even plainsmen, were much interested in the scenery on these journeys. They snoozed, smoked, munched, chatted and were sick out of the window; the landscape by and large ignored. In between whiles they must have pondered idly on what it was that foreigners found so absorbing (IA: 104).

At the same time, her understanding of India as well as Jungli was not devoid of any guilt. She explicates these qualms she feels in an episode where she sees a White woman married to an Indian in Leh.
She was a slim and pretty girl who would have looked nice in almost everything, but dressed like that she looked awful. She must live a life of hell, I thought, in that spiritual and cultural graveyard of a military camp four miles outside Leh.... Could my horror at the sight of this captive girl have been produced by guilt? Guilt that until that moment I didn’t know was there; guilt about my lack of commitment, a suspicion that I was only play acting? Or romanticizing? Or was it a genuine sympathy for her plight? ...To commit a Westerner to traditional Indian society for life is like caging a bird. That girl had given her soul away (IA: 102).

This was the moment in which Lloyd realizes the kind of extreme incompatibility in the relationship that was garnered by each other’s sympathy and fascination for the strangeness in each other. Eventually, she realizes that mutual disparities are deep-rooted in culture. She tells us that this incident made her see her relationship from a completely different perspective. “I could see in perspective for the first time; could see that my own attitudes and Jungli’s were remotely compatible” (IA: 103). She also takes a lone pilgrimage to Hemkund where she gets a chance to ponder on her relationship with Jungli. In the limitless spectacles offered by travelling, Lloyd lists out happiness and freedom that she was actually searching for all her life.

I joined a pilgrimage to Hemkund. We drove through the Himalayas almost to the Chinese border and climbed the mountain, through primeval forests and meadows of flowers and butterflies, to the icy lake amid bare snowy peaks. It was a time of happiness, of total absorption in the
immediate present, of mind and body functioning in unison and stretched to their limits.... It was a time of recognition of the freedom and independence I have lost. I scarcely thought of Jungli at all (IA: 108).

Later, Lloyd moves in with Jungli to Utter Pradesh where he was working and there she thought she could continue with her research on Sikh religion and culture in peace. There were occasions when misunderstandings prompted violence from Jungli’s part towards Lloyd which further widened the differences between them.

Moreover, Lloyd felt her privacy being infringed upon:

Not normally an especially gregarious person, the lack of privacy at the dehra turned me positively antisocial. To survive, I withdrew into myself. ...Sometimes people didn’t talk about anything but sat together in silence, finding solace in each other’s presence. They hated being alone....It was the only social life they knew.

The things I found fascinating - where people came from and what their life had been previously, the machinations of dehra, indigenous ways of doing and making things, the bullock carts crossing the plain and the plant, animal and human life it supported – were never touched upon (IA: 125).

Gradually, Lloyd tells us the story of her getting accustomed to the kind of domesticated life that she loathed and her only escape was through writing. She
elaborates on how the kind of disorganization and tasteless living in *dehra* became so much part of her life that she actually started living it without any complaints.

Our belongings were hung on nails, wedged into holes in the brickwork, looped over strings and crowded on cracked planks. It was so wonderfully fragile, spontaneous, home-made and temporary looking....The ugliness created its own kind of harmony. A single attractive object would ostracize itself by making me dissatisfied with everything else: if I had anything nice I gave it away (IA: 133).

In the changed circumstances, living with Jungli in *dehra* made Lloyd mute her own tastes, her own self to create a sort of harmony and concord. She tells us about the trials of taming alien ways of domesticity and habits to feel at home there with Jungli. She also comes to know a cross-section of Indian population while living out her life there. For Lloyd, landscape becomes the only escape and pleasant distraction from her bondage with Jungli.

The plain stretched as far as the eye could see. As visual panorama it was supremely satisfying, majestic in its vastness, unlimiting to the passage of the mind.... The figures and the grazing animals, the thickening sepia sky before a storm and the colours of the landscape changing with the seasons; all these I could watch from the doorway. They were my greatest solace during the time I lived at the dehra (IA: 142).
Lloyd tries to eclipse her physical and mental confines by deriving a subliminal pleasure from the landscape around her. Soon the community life in dehra, and the lack of privacy too interfere with her relationship with Jungli. The weather, relatives and neighbours added further foil to the privacy and time she badly needed with Jungli. This need was another hitch in their relationship, as Lloyd was to find out that notions of privacy were different among cultures.

Privacy is an alien concept to unemanicipated people of the third world, whose conditions of existence deny its possibility. Traditional patterns of living and working are physical and gregarious: the desire for privacy occurs from a need of mental concentration or from the protection from the threat of a less well-off majority. My love of being alone and my preoccupation with writing remained riddles to Jungli to the last (IA: 198).

As she tries to see through the cultural differences logically, on the basis of concepts like privacy, she realises that the traditional Indian ways of life and the moody temperamental swings of Jungli are not to her taste and her comprehension.

I enjoyed sitting in the horizon, the sunsets that faced us, the sound of the larks, the grazing animals and such wonderful summer storms. I loved being allowed to lead such an uncluttered life...to live among unsophisticated people in a culture so different from my own. I loved India, its wealth of philosophical cities and simple villages. I loved all this.
But in the end I learnt that the traditional Indian way of life, rigidly defined on a basis of religious ethics and duty, was not for me (IA: 199).

In the same way, she also notices Jungli’s changing facades which had also become contradictory and incomprehensible to her.

The weird goings on at the dehra, the mysteries it guarded and the dramatic ups and downs of my relationship with Jungli, on whom I could never rely to react as I expected and who was alternately loving and gentle, boisterous and provoking, angry and petulant or in quiet depths of despair, were as much as my imagination could cope with (IA: 199).

This kind of an unprecedented irresolution in her life is further complicated by the debased status of women in the society of which she becomes a part. She was happy to belong to India; however she could not appreciate many unsavoury details of life in dehra.

I felt privileged to belong to an Indian community, however unattractive many aspects of life at dehra may have been, because it allowed me to live not just in India but within it. As a dutiful Indian wife I was quite passable and Jungli was proud of me: neither did I laugh too loudly, nor ran anywhere, nor acted extravagantly in any way. I tried to behave with dignity and restraint. I was - for me - moderately docile. I worked hard (IA: 209).
Fitting herself into the domestic role of an Indian woman, in fact took a toll. Jungli and Lloyd realise that they have to part and invariably they do. It was through India, her liaison with Jungli that Lloyd finds the change wrought out on her by travel. She recalls it to be not very obvious, but subtly transforming:

I would like to believe that an experience of this kind [of experiencing India] could alter one radically, but in my case I doubt if it did. I would have liked India to change my outlook, myself, instead of subtly influencing my attitudes. It is the writing about it that has changed me, by forcing me to explore my feelings to a depth I would not have done otherwise, and further, by having to express them. Naturally secretive, I have spent my life avoiding exposure to the world.... India taught me to be a woman. I have discovered how much more simple and pleasurable and dignified life became when men and women had separate, and clearly defined roles (IA: 210-11).

India had a bearing on the suppressed emotions of Lloyd. And she could explore her emotions to an extent through her relationship with Jungli. Jungli redefined every single value she believed in: reason, logic, refinement, etc, and his impulsiveness and generosity were something that appealed to Lloyd enormously. But, looking at the ‘other’ and mentally adjusting to it naturally severed the relationship which hinged on the wild obsession with each other's opposing characteristics. After leaving Jungli, Lloyd realised that:
I could never go back: I can only ever go on. It seemed to me that Jungli and I were no longer being revitalised by each other. His lack of reasoning power made it hard to communicate. His lack of enthusiasm disturbed me, as did his negative filling of days with sleep. And I was afraid of him (IA: 244).

The same obsession petrified Lloyd and she knew that, if she persists on staying in India as well as with Jungli, she will be an alien to her own home as well as herself. The price she would be paying would have been quite heavy. She would have had to compromise on her own freedom. This is the story of a woman, who finds a home in her lover’s village; she accesses it and becomes part of it under his patronising love. But the moment she realises this temporary abode restricting and snuffling her own self, she decides to leave and be free.

**Jill Lowe: Yadav: A Roadside Love Story**

Jill Lowe’s *Yadav: A Roadside Love Story* is an autobiographical piece about her stay in India and falling in love with an Indian. For Jill Lowe, travelling was an exercise of self repair. After facing financial bankruptcy, a divorce and struggling to support her children’s education, she takes a break in her life by becoming a travel guide and later, a traveller herself. In her autobiographical piece on her sojourn in India, she tells us about her romantic explorations and her *coeur de affaire* with Yadav, an Indian driver. In this book, she tells us about the happy, if not smooth, alliance between two different worlds as well as cultures. Yadav was a driver, widower as well, who becomes her travelling companion during her tour of India. In a descriptive narrative, she tells us about her travels criss-crossing
India and at one point when she glimpses the mightiness of the Himalayas she experiences an orgiastic experience of sensual fulfilment.

Pinnacles of icing sugar, pink and frosty white, broke the black emptiness and filled the sky. ...From behind the faint outline of distant hills, a ball of burning fire pushed, shoved and wobbled its way up into a wakening sky. The ice caps reappeared, stark virgin white, stained with blood red streaks.

Hot tears coursed down my cheeks. My body shuddered. My teeth chattered. A universal orgasm penetrated deep into my soul, and carried it upwards to fuse for a suspended moment with eternity (YRSLS: 34-5).

The witnessing of the Himalayan spectacle becomes a moment akin to the symbolic deflowering of a ‘virgin’ traveller. This is the moment that metaphorically describes the process of the experience of a place translated in terms of the erotic. In this passage we can see her transfer a purely sensual experience [tactile and sexual] into a transcendental, spiritual one.

It is soon after this erotic and levitating experience that she meets Yadav, who happened to be her driver. When she meets him she is transported to her memories of her association with various other drivers in London. Immediately, she forges a strange relationship with the driver, and this happens with a mental journey into memories of home and comparisons with her personal associations that are already familiar.
The driver’s smile took ten years off his age. It outshone his shiny shirt and ill cut trousers. He was very good looking. As we headed southwest toward Rajasthan I studied the back of his head, the black hair carefully combed over a balding patch, and wondered what he was like. If there had been other passengers it would not have mattered, but now we had no escape from each other’s company on the long roads ahead.

My mental gear box shifted to Britain, and to the bus drivers I have spent my summers for the last fifteen years. Bobs and Johns, Eds and Bills, Joes and Kevs- I dined with friendly ones night after night....

In this nostalgic *déjà vu*, she slips into the memories of her bitter divorce with her husband. In these photographic memories that ferry her to the past, she reminds herself that she should sever herself from the strange cords that pull her to Yadav.

Sometimes it’s there and sometimes, it’s not: a magical inexorable cord that draws two people together. I felt its tug now.

Alarm bells rang in my head. Red lights flashed: *You did not come to India for this. Keep yourself to yourself.* The message knocked and battered at my brain (YRLS: 42).

Despite this conscious resistance, Lowe is drawn to Yadav and they form a close union which goes beyond the relationship between that of a driver and a traveller. Yavad was a widower, had four children and several grandchildren and was
twelve years Lowe’s junior. She was a White upper-class woman who had gone bankrupt while Yadav was an Indian from a working class background who could speak only pidgin English. Travel becomes the point in which their two worlds embrace each other and their involvement also starts blossoming with a lyrical intensity. Lowe discovers India through Yadav. Not only does her association spring with her seeking guidance from Yadav as a driver who is familiar with India, as and when she travels with him, she discovers the pleasures of India through the man she loves. She visits India several times before making up her mind to settle here. When she returns to London as a tour guide and not as traveller, the memory of India lingers with a passionate intensity.

India became my lifeline. At bus stops, in the underground and in hotel lobbies where I waited for my tourists, I lived India vicariously, burying myself in memories, reading books, looking up photographs and even chatting up Indians in buses. I bored my best friends with endless talk of India. I may or may not have been suffering from mal d’amour - I still wasn’t sure about my feelings for Yadav or his for me - but my mal-de-

I’Inde was very real (YRLS: 108).

In this trance of living out an alien world in one’s own homeland she examines her emotional involvement with India from a distance. She finds India to be a ‘transforming’ experience for her while all the Western values that she was brought up with were questioned and redefined during her exploration of India.
My world has been turned upside-down and inside-out. In India I had lived so many lives, had discovered alien emotions and senses that have rocked my foundations. I no longer knew who I was and where I belonged. Conventional values seemed irrelevant. I could not take my country, my religion or anything else very seriously...wrapped in my Indian dream, willingly blinded by its enmeshing web. I imagined I had found freedom. I thought I knew the answers (YRLS: 108).

The spatial displacement she finds herself in is part of the traveller’s sublime that we have discussed earlier. Somewhere deep inside, the traveller is stripped of her subjectivity due to her intimate contact and mediation with the ‘other’. This happens, as in the case of Lloyd, through the lover who becomes the catalyst that changes the traveller’s perception. With Yadav, she travels through the timeless geography of India; she also gets the whiff of the strangling red-tapism, belief in fate and other complications of day-to-day life here. With her prior knowledge as a tour guide and with Yadav’s expertise in driving on Indian Roads, Lowe manages to begin a travel agency against many odds. She undergoes the same dilemma over her finances while deciding to stay with him. In between, she flies to London once every six months back to her profession to salvage money to begin her life with Yadav in India. The decision to live with Yadav, despite her love for him, was hard to arrive at

Should I really marry him? Could I ever fit in with the simple ways of his family and friends? Would I be upsetting him and his way of life? Why was I choosing to live in circumstances which would be uncomfortable and
frightening to most people with anything like my background? Why was I contemplating marriage with a man who was, at times, uncouth and unkind?

Because I loved Yadav and I wanted to belong to him, not just for a day or month or even a year, but forever, as long as forever might last. I wanted security and propriety, a life in which no one smiled wryly about my living with an Indian taxi driver, or suggested that he was one of ‘Mum’s afternoon delights’ (YRLS: 173).

It was also the burden of severe financial and familial insecurity that makes Jill Lowe try to find an escape in real life through Yadav and her fascination for India. Despite the gruelling experience of her being teased on being older than Yadav, despite her difficulties of having to do with open spaces instead of a proper toilet and being closely examined by Yadav’s friends and relatives like an exhibition piece, Lowe takes the ultimate plunge and marries him. Another factor which undermines her relationship with Yadav was his excessive alcoholism. Yet, Lowe’s intimacy with India as well as Yadav is an attempt to erase her past and begin her life afresh. Eventually, she calls their relationship a ‘quirk of fate’:

By some quirk of fate, Yadav and I found our mirror images. Husband and wife, lover and loved, father and mother, brother and sister, friend and foe - we were interchangeable components of the same machine. As such, we
loved and hated, enjoyed and despained, laughed and cried, parted and like mercury, fused again in a single streak of quick silver (YRLS: 273).

Their bond was the strange one that attracted and repelled: a complete communion of opposites. In that bond, the opposites of the East and the West and of disparate classes and cultures blend, with a strange harmony. *Yadav: A Roadside Love Story* is the tale of the love and togetherness of two people from different backgrounds. In the epilogue to the story, Lowe tells us about her transition and adaptation to completely different way of life in India, as Yadav’s wife.

You might call my life on the farm escapism. I am sure that, in part, it is an escape - an escape from the ever-present need to explain myself, my situation and my lack of enough time or wherewithal for normal emotions and the niceties of life. But most of all, it is an escape from loneliness, the aching loneliness of unshared problems, the loneliness of unsatisfactory relationships, the loneliness of not quite belonging anywhere (YRLS: 278).

For Lloyd, though she finds a meaningful relationship with Jungli, as soon as she found the chinks within that, she finds the necessity to be independent and on her own again. For Lowe, in her relationship with Yadav, she was trying to overcome her loneliness by finding a companion. Their disparate ways of thought and living are ultimately bridged and cemented by marriage.

For both these women, their lovers became the standpoint from which their understanding of the country becomes complete. Despite companionship and
protection offered by these men, they also served as vehicles to penetrate and establish their contacts with the country they travelled. These men became mediators who help gain easy access to alien communities. By ‘belonging’ to their respective lovers, both Lloyd and Lowe could investigate those spaces of village community life, which would have been otherwise denied to them. This apart, we can see the problems of gender affecting their relationship. Cases of physical abuse and disparity in male-female relationship are also well-brought out by the writers. But by the virtue of being White travellers they still remain privileged because they are not robbed off their agential power and status in either of these relationships. And when they write about this relationship, it is the reflection of their agency that is being translated out there.

**Imogen Lycett Green: *Grandmother’s Footsteps***

The first two books explore the theme of the autobiographical narrations of two women who experience India through the men they love. *Grandmother’s Footsteps* by Imogen Lycett Green is another book on India, where the 28-year-old granddaughter of Penelope Betjeman, traces the foot steps of her grandmother, who passed away in the hills of Khanag, Himachal Pradesh. Green retraces the steps of her traveller grandmother, trying to delve into the heart of India, which her grandmother so much loved.

In the ‘Introduction’, she tells us that by writing the book, she is completing the vocation of her grandmother who lived a ‘varied and interesting life’ in India though she did not leave behind a travelogue or a memoir. Green tells us how
bereft and inconsolable she was after the death of her grandmother in India, because just the previous year of her death, Penelope had initiated her to the wonders of India.

I felt bereft. I had travelled around India with my grandmother the previous year, when she was pushing seventy-five and I was just eighteen. We had set off in January a little wary of each other’s close company, yet we returned in April partners to the core - in sickness and health, for better or worse, in laughter and tears. She had taught me not only the Devanagri script, all the manifestations of Vishnu, the sculptural incarnations of all the Hindu deities, all about Indian architecture, religion and society, but also how to deal with my lot. I had been floundering on the far side of a sulky adolescence and she pulled me together (GF: xii).

After the death of her grandmother Penelope Betjeman, Green visits India to relive her memories and take a walk down her memory lane by retracing her steps in India.

I decided to go to India. I thought if I retraced our joint expedition I would capture her once again; I thought I might be able to absorb her from the places she loved. Also it seemed to me that I should let other people know about her too. Her brave and indomitable spirit was worthy of more than being forgotten on a mountain. I wanted to write about her so that other people could be inspired by her as I had been... (GF: xii).
This book, *Grandmother’s Footsteps* is an attempt to resurrect the spirit of travel with the help of Penelope Betjeman’s memoirs and the tracks she left behind on the land she travelled. This can also be seen as an attempt of the traveller/writer who dovetails into the colonial past to salvage the memories of an ideal past. In the introduction to a brief biography of Penelope Betjeman, Green tells us about Penelope’s shipment to India as a precocious, demure eighteen-year-old and later her slow adaptation to and enchantment with India. Here, she also mingles Penelope’s personal history with that of the political history of India. She says that Penelope’s father Philip Chetwode, rose from his position as a soldier, due to his heroics and became the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army. She also tells us about Chetwode’s initiative in the Indianisation of the army.

Yet the coming of Indian independence from British rule meant that changes had to be made in the system; a nationwide force of Indian officers needed to be trained up to lead their own men, and it was with this aim in mind that the Field Marshal founded the Indian Military Academy in Dehra Dun in 1932. His successful officer training establishment, the equivalent of the officer academy at Sandhurst, still takes in cadets today (GF: 11-2).

Here, Green reconstructs the Raj and her great-grandfather’s contribution to India through a series of memories, remembrances, historical and political anecdotes, etc. Here, despite laying out her connections with the Raj, there is an underhand rhetoric about the organization and systematisation of Indian institutions by the British. It was at this time that Penelope came to India as a
demure teenager. Green also tells us the highbrow life led by Penelope Betjeman in London and her initial disinterest in India. In Penelope’s own words quoted by Green:

‘I went to India as an incurable highbrow,’ she said. ‘I never was really social; I loathed coming out in London. At dinners I always used to get subalterns. Subalterns’ conversation was frightfully dull, because I only liked people talking about Giotto, and none of them have ever heard of Giotto’ (GF: 9).

Moreover, Penelope’s acquaintance with India from a distance was also coloured by the images of sterility and drabness that had been handed over to her by sources that she had been acquainted with previously. After two years in India, young Penelope literally falls in love with India. She rides from Kulu to Simla valley with her mother and literally unravels the beauty of India which mesmerises her for the rest of her life. As a child, Green says that she knew nothing about her grandmother’s life except that she was the wife of a famous poet, John Betjeman and that Penelope disappeared to India every year on fairly long trips. But eventually, she grew up with the tales of India. Green also tells us that it was Penelope’s intention to take her grandchildren on an ‘educational tour’ to India.

I did want to go, but I was nervous of travelling alone with my grandmother. I thought it was fairly uncool to travel around India with a seventy five year old, when all my friends were joining up together to go
‘travelling’. Secondly, I was still sulky, podgy and perhaps, slothful, and I was terrified that I would disappoint her and that we would not get on together at all.... I was eighteen, at the same age as she had been when she first arrived in India in 1928 (GF: 29).

That was Green’s first introduction to India at an impressionable age and she says that this education in travelling had an ‘MA’s worth of learning’ (GF: 30). But she says that it was a relief to get back to England, for the lasting impression of the dual-experience, of India as well as her grandmother, had been quite overpowering, yet positive.

After that, what you might call the slow sinking-in of the experience took place - the dual experience of India and my grandmother. About a month after we got back, I began to feel completely recharged, changed even. I retook an A Level, passed my driving test and became possessed with energy (GF: 30).

Her acquaintance with India through her grandmother, in fact, opened up the repository of the immense energies which were within herself. This was not only physical, emotionally too Green found herself relating with her grandmother more than she had ever done in her life. But unfortunately, Penelope died in the foothills of Himalayas the following year, and Green was distraught at the sudden and unexpected demise of Penelope. To revive and relive her grandmother’s memories and spirit of adventure, Green sets off to India.
I thought about her more and more, and I decided that I had not had enough of India - thinking that India had to be where to look, because I did not seem to be able to get hold of her in England - and I was back to India to get some more (GF: 31).

With this intention of salvaging her grandmother’s memories from the land she travelled and liked so much, Green flies to India.

And when she lands in India, it is the whiff of India that welcomes her:

The fetid Indian smell - a mixture of coriander, sweat and excrement - envelops every traveller as he descends on to the tarmac runway, like a warm blanket, tangible and suffocating. After a week or so the smell seems to evaporate but that is merely the moment when one has got used to it, for actually it is ubiquitous and never fades. (GF: 33).

Another never-fading-smell that she stores in her nasal memory, according to her, is the early morning ritual of eighty million Hindus.

...just when the eighty million Hindus of India are ‘cleansing’ themselves by squeezing waste from their bowels on to the peripheral areas - railway tracks and derelict houses and river banks and beaches (GF: 34).

With this generalisation of the Hindu scatological details [reminiscent of Murphy], Green leaves for the hills of Kulu and Manali right away. She halts at places in Kulu where her grandmother used to stay before and she meets people with whom Penelope was closely associated during her stay there. When she sees
the present day Kulu, Green reminds the readers that Kulu and Manali were not always like the present day one.

Buses sit at the bus station and backfire and apple lorries tear down the mountain roads now, but it wasn’t always like this. For at the end of the nineteenth century, when Manali grew from a traders’ encampment into a couple of shops and a post office, it was already earning its reputation as an unspoilt holiday retreat. In 1910 a Public Works department rest-house was built for British officers on tour who wished to take advantage of the opportunity to hunt for fish; for red and black bear were once common there, and ibex, *burrhel, thar* and *ghoral* as well as leopards and the Kulu streams were stocked with trout (GF: 42).

The author tries to etch postcard like the picture perfect past beauty of Kulu and Manali and juxtaposes the etchings with the present day Manali, with its crowds, traffic and garbage grounds. As in the case of other writers, Green is also critical ‘modernity’ disrupting the pristine peace of Indian landscapes.

Green’s first meeting is with John Banon, a dark olive-skinned middle-aged man with Irish origins, who was a friend of Penelope. He tells Green about his friendship with Penelope and her dreams about writing a book on the temples of Kulu and Manali. It was Penelope’s plan to write a book on India, about her sojourn in the Hills of Kulu and Manali. She wanted it to be a “now and then book, comparing life in the Raj with modern India” (GF: 44). But she could not
fulfil her wish during her lifetime. All that she left behind was remnants of memoirs and documents of her unfinished research on India.

While following her grandmother’s footsteps on the hills, which naturally acquaint Greene with Hinduism, elicit interesting responses from the author regarding the religion. She also meets fellow Westerners and establishes her contacts with them. She also observes on the hippie influx to India and their fascination with Hinduism thus:

> It is not so much the domestic complications of the Hindu pantheon which attracts Westerners seeking solace and escape from their material world, however, as the eternal spiritualism that is inherent in Indian culture. There is a regular population in Manali of Westerners who have adopted what they see as an Eastern way of life....yet most of the mellow ideal of a simple life led close to nature has palled for most, for dreams of heavenly flower-power and peaceful salvation are often brought down to earth by drugs (GF: 48).

Many travelling women meet their Western counterparts in India and their commentary on the Westerners is a point that is worth analysis. Through the memoirs of Penelope, Green reinforces her disappointment with the fellow Westerners who fall for the exotic lure of India. According to her, most of them do not even care to find out the ‘real’ India, as the ‘real’ escapes their comprehension. Greene agrees with her grandmother’s observation years later in
her trip to Kulu and Manali. She sees fellow Europeans trying to go through the experience of India.

There were stoned Westerners in tie-dye clothing with pallid and spotty faces and glazed eyes. A French girl may have hair dyes with peroxide, but her countenance is colourless. In all the myriad faces and shapes and colours of the mixed Manali population, hopeless Westerners, hooked on drugs and debilitated by an inadequate diet stand out, ridiculous and sad (GF: 49).

The embarrassing spectacle of witnessing fellow countrymen trying to gauge the experience of India in a psychedelic fashion is narrated in a contemptuous manner by Green too. Here, we can see her echoing her grandmother’s embarrassing sentiments on her fellow travellers, who do not share her inquisitiveness and curiosity about the art and culture of India. Green quotes Penelope: “They dress in dotty clothes with Hindu mantras printed on them but none of them can read the Devanagari script,’ she despaired” (GF: 51).

For Penelope and Green, ‘real’ India was deeply embedded in its tradition, its architectural glories and those archival treasures that the British had either preserved or confiscated over the years. For them the image of India corresponded to two major notions. One was that of a culture that was deeply engrained in Sanskritic tradition. This, in fact, is in tune with the orientalistic tendencies of the belief in the possibility of the East having had an opulent past. The other is that of the modern civilization ushered in by the British. India, in
essence, either fits into that tradition which is based on the opposing axles of a rich but dead culture [based in ancient cities which were repositories of Sanskritic civilisation] or of an inviolate natural beauty [which resides in rural India]. For both Penelope and Green, the quintessence of India existed in natural spectacles or the cultural artefacts of the past. Artefacts were part and parcel of the Indian ‘high brow’ tradition that the British wished to document. They were also found in the edifices and monuments created and left behind by the British.

While searching for Penelope’s footsteps through Indian heartlands, Green meets an assortment of people who were very closely associated with her grandmother, in order to appropriate remnants of the life she experienced in India. These were extremely painful moments, especially when she could not get enough of Penelope from the narratives of acquaintances like Raj Krishan Gaur and his father Pandit Balak Ram.

The atmosphere in the room was suffocating now, as Krishan Gaur moved into the more general sphere of the way of Kulu, which led quickly into the way of India and into the way of the world and I did not seem to be able to get him to be more specific about Penelope. His polemic continued, and I tried to think of getting us outside. He was wise but I was claustrophobic.... The imposing Raj Krishan Gaur slipped back inside the brown and cream house and walked down the drive alone, reeling from the two-hour ordeal and revelling in the mountain air (GF: 58).
Along with salvaging bits and pieces of her grandmother’s memories from people’s narratives, Green also tries to immortalise the memories by erecting a memorial for Penelope.

But I was not walking only to retrace her steps, for along that route lies Khanag, a tiny Pahari village sitting high on the other side of Jalori Pass, looking away from Kulu and over towards the next great valley, the Sutlej. And at Khanag my grandmother had died. My task was somehow to carry a memorial stone there and set it in cement (GF: 72).

She sets out on this mission with the memorial stone and two helpers to the hills of Khanag. On the way to Khanag, she relaxes in a rest-house in a place called Shoja, where her grandmother used to stay during her trip to Khanag. She felt cold and fearful:

I read a passage in my grandmother’s book Kulu which describes her preparations for bed on the night she spent there at Shoja rest-house in 1964 ... I went to bed in my thermal underwear, three shirts, pyjama trousers and slipper socks. I draped my Kulu shawl over my mountain sleeping bag, but still I fared little better than she had. There was deathly quiet about the Victorian rest-house, but it was not a companionable kind of silence (GF: 92).

This re-living of every experience felt by Penelope is the major characteristic of the book. This travelling in grandmother’s footsteps is not altogether devoid of the traveller’s apprehensions too. Through the maps and guidance provided by
Penelope’s memoirs, Greens travels the unknown, which she had only heard and read about. This mystery of experience is definitely canopied by fear and doubts of the unknown. Simultaneously, the traveller/writer is also swept by the sublimated feelings of encountering the spectacular. She says

When my grandmother first entered the Kulu valley on horse back in 1931 with her mother, she must have come by the lake. She would have seen that we now saw, and she would, most probably, have been overcome by the magnitude of the mountains, as we were overcome (GF: 95).

As Green lays down the foundation stone of Penelope’s memorial, she is awakened to the fact that her grandmother owed her experience of God to India. She quotes from Penelope’s memoirs where she speaks about the aspect of enlightenment she experiences in India.

‘I know I owe my first real experience of the Reality of God to India,’ was another Random Thought. ‘India made me God conscious,’ she continued. ‘The two countries where the air is electric with God are India and Spain’. Her Christian beliefs were always inextricably entwined with the pantheistic spirituality to be found in India (GF: 101).

In India, Penelope found a ‘spiritual walking’ stick on which she could lean on. In India, Penelope’s desire to mingle the spiritual and aesthetic found expression, and in Green’s sojourn in this country she could experience the same as she internalised the beauty of the hills and searched for the Godly knowledge in abodes of spirituality. “And only in India are there different paths to choose from.
In India the air is electric with God” (GF: 118). Along with the quest for spirituality, Green reaffirms from the narratives of Penelope’s acquaintances that one of the reasons that compelled Penelope to travel was her personal crisis in life. Besides that, the spirit and adventure and her quest to explore something new and exciting also served as catalysts to her traveller’s itch.

Asha’s confirmation of suspicions that were already developing in my own mind made confrontation of my grandmother’s emotional life much clearer and easier. My grandmother had not come to India in 1963 wholly from an unsatisfactory marriage - for it was never simply that - but her individualism and her joy in independence had led her back to India and helped drive her spirit to fill her life to the brim with other attachments - to temple architecture, to the mountains, to her horses, her articles, to her lectures and her photography.

If she had never married, I know she would have roamed the world on various quests - for knowledge, for ways of life, for religion too - but without a love in her life and without a family she may never have been happy at all (GF: 128).

Green’s discovery of Penelope materialises in her close contact with India. In India, she finds out how Penelope tried to negotiate with her different selves: the urge for independence and the need to belong; the urge to explore new horizons and the desire for domesticity.
In her quest to find out Penelope’s friends in India and rediscovering her through them, Green nostalgically recollects her own expedition to India with her grandmother. Her own journey is peppered with many reminiscences of her joint-tour of India with her grandmother. In Green’s autobiographical sojourn, Penelope’s life also becomes deeply embedded. She understands her grandmother better through her tour of India. India becomes the terrain where two women’s lives meet and mediate, through their pasts and presents. Exploring India becomes a deeply emotional experience for Green. And here she finds her life linked to the adventures of her grandmother as well as the past entwined with the present. She travels throughout India through the memories her grandmother had left behind. Her present understanding is shaped by the narratives of the past. At times we find her being disappointed with the present circumstances infringing upon her ideal concept of the past. But eventually, she achieves an epiphanic denouement where India transforms her personality.

In all the three texts we can see autobiographical reminiscences of women who explore their personal relationships through their sojourn in an alien space. They familiarise and internalise those spaces as and when they explore the relationships. These relationships need not necessarily have a fairy tale ending, but they have a transforming impact on the persona of the traveller.

These relationships are important to the travelling women because, they have better access to the land travelled through their relationships. They are better informed because their relationships enhance their power of gaining access to the ‘other’. Through these relationships they are also better informed of the land
travelled because they experience a range of emotional ups and downs to comprehend their journey in space. These journeys in the ‘alien’ spaces thus become journeys to their selves. Through writing about these journeys, the identification and the merger of the ‘outside’ and ‘inside’ spaces become more apparent. By translating and representing the other ‘spaces’ through subjective ‘cognitive’ selves they merge both the seemingly disparate realms within the boundaries of writing. Writing is the realm where the representor [the author] and the represented [the country] unite and the writings represent, however, imperfectly, oneself. The relationships, here, become catalysts in the way the author understands herself and the country travelled.

In the concluding chapter which follows this, I shall be listing other features that are present in women’s travel writing as areas which could be taken up for future research. I shall also be rounding up the major issues discussed in all the chapters in this dissertation and the conclusions that I have arrived at.
Works cited


