CHAPTER V
Art is a mode of expression as well as of communication. In her personal essay 'Moonlight, Jasmine and Rickets', Jhabvala articulates the nuances of the process of her creation and the problem of communication. Does she have a specific reading public in mind when she writes fiction? Or, does she write fiction for that unknown entity known as the 'universal reader'?

S.K. Tikoo remarks:

The question is not what amount of genuine Indian experience Ruth has acquired as a European artist for the European readership but what she has made of this experience as an artist for readers in any continent. We can scarcely deny the fact that as an artist she employs the usual devices of detachment, irony and objectivity in her observation of life in India.

As a practitioner of the art of fiction, the choice of idiom, the mode of depicting a scene, the method of narrating an incident and of communicating the Westerner's vision of India seem to be the central problems of Jhabvala. As H.S. Mahle observes:

Jhabvala's novels and short stories depict her awareness and understanding of the social and cultural patterns and values obtaining in India. While writing about Indian life, her European imagination creates a world of its own, which pleases the readers of Europe and America. She describes the marriages in India and the various complexities involved with them. Her
worldliness and down-to-earth approach to life keeps her detached and makes her art a delightful experience for the English and the American readers.

Jhabvala's strength as well as her weakness as a craftsman in fiction has to be assessed in the light of this specific point of view.

In all her novels and stories Jhabvala assumes the role of an omniscient narrator. This is a natural mode of narration. In this method she tells stories with a perspective without personally getting involved in any of them. She is present at the side of her characters; she watches them and comments on their actions, modes of feeling, and thought processes. Commenting upon this aspect, Vasant A. Shahane, while reviewing A New Dominion in his monograph on Jhabvala, says:

A New Dominion breaks new ground in technique. Though Jhabvala carries forward her method of omniscient narrator in this novel too, there is a much greater emphasis here on what Percy Lubbock defines as 'point of view', and therefore the novel is split up in small episodes projecting the perspective of a particular character.

Like any other European writer on India, Jhabvala also does not depend on the Indian reading public for the sale of her books. Nirad C. Chaudhuri writes about this situation:

They say that the sales of English books in India even when they are on such important figures as Gandhi or Nehru, are so uncertain that they must decide only in
the light of the possible appeal of a book to British
and American readers.

Jhabvala, therefore, reproduces sights and sounds that are
unfamiliar to the Westerner and that thrill him. She is never brief. She paints the scene with the minutest of details, even going to excess in doing so. Her descriptions are comprehensive and thorough. She is always conscious of her Western readers who are unfamiliar with Indian culture or customs. Hence her comprehensiveness and details. This comprehensiveness makes a Westerner dream of India, her people, their social, religious, and economic life. Let us examine, for example, the following descriptions taken from her novels. She is never tired of painting the life of the rich, the neo-rich and the poor, exciting the curiosity of her Western audience. About the slums where the poor live, she says:

"there was a sea of huts, side by side, row upon row, tiny squat huts crowded one against the other. The colony was built out of the salvage that came floating down from a more prosperous world — rags and old bicycle tyres, battered tins and broken bricks. Walls were made of dried mud or of tattered matting, roofs were a patchwork of old tiles, rags and rusty sheets of tin held down at the corners by stones. Sarla Devi walked through the narrow lanes between the rows of huts. The earth was streaked with runnels of dirty water, vegetable waste and peels were trodden into the mud and scratched up again by mangy dogs and pigs and a few sick chickens. And the lanes were all crowded with people carrying on their domestic lives in public —
eating, cooking, washing clothes, carrying water — and hordes of underfed children playing games with gusto.

Jhabvala also surprises her Western audience with the odd customs seen among the people in India. In *To Whom She Will*, she describes a person who styled himself a doctor and professed to supply a drug made from an old recipe received from a saint in Allahabad. The recipe guaranteed to cure impotency, and all women's disorders. There was an overwhelming response from the people. He set up his headquarters near Kashmiri Gate in a room. He put green coloured water into little bottles and supplied them at one rupee and eight annas each. He received many letters thanking him.

In *Heat and Dust*, Jhabvala writes about the quack's ways of causing abortions in India. Olivia, who gets pregnant by the Nawab, is taken to a native woman who uses indigenous methods of abortion. She inserts a twig in Olivia's womb. The crude method of abortion is supervised by the Begum of the Nawab.

Jhabvala shows to the Western world that India's joint-family system is marked by disharmony and quarrels. In *To Whom She Will*, she describes a scene:

Suddenly from the veranda two floors below came an uproar of voices. Women shrilled and children howled and men boomed with anger. It was one of those family quarrels, sister-in-law against sister, wife against brother-in-law, grandmother against everybody, the tension of community living bursting into a sudden climax which had to rage itself out before it could sink back into the calm of everyday subdued resentment.
The station scene in *To Whom She Will* is not organically related to the plot and is, in fact, quite irrelevant; it simply adds to Westerners' knowledge about how Indians travel. It amuses them:

The station hall was very crowded, and they had to keep close together for fear of losing one another. Clusters of passengers squatted by the pillars, surrounded by tall baskets and parcels tied with string. They looked prepared to wait for ever, the women with their heads decorously covered, the men bovine, expressionless and ready to move off if anyone with a badge or a piece of uniform told them so. A turbaned policeman swaggered with thumbs in the belt of his shots and a truncheon swinging against his naked thigh ... An old man or two slept peacefully on the stone floor. Boy porters snatched pieces of luggage, quarrelled and were driven off by old porters. Village women swung along in their bright blue skirts with yellow waistcoats, thick silver hoops around their ankles, and babies, fast asleep, slung over their shoulders. The man behind the information desk calmly repeated over and over again, that trains would be three, four, five hours late, had been cancelled, had never started, would not arrive till tomorrow.

While describing another scene, Jhabvala says:

On the platform there were little barrows piled with Indian film magazines and American pocket editions — *'The Answer to Your Sex Problems'* ... The children got more and more excited and wanted everything bought for
them. All the barrows stopped for them, barrows piled with fruits, with cigarettes and coloured drinks in bottles, with plaster-of-Paris figurines of Krishna playing the flute, with wilting biscuits and flecked cream-horns in glass cases; and hawkers came running, their trays bulging with hairpins and buttons and combs and plastic toys, with coloured pictures of the Taj Mahal and the interior of Agra Fort, with safety-pins on cards and sticks of incense and potato-chips in plastic bags; the children wanted everything. And after the hawkers came the beggars; old women with borrowed babies, appealing and threatening, an old man winding himself round a long stick and holding out a withered arm, and children with gay faces and tangled hair, shouting joyously that they had no mother and no father and were hungry.

But in the later novels she finds it difficult to keep up this uninvolved objectivity. The narrative style becomes ironic and tinged with her own emotional responses to her Indian environment.

According to Murli Das Melwani, Jhabvala will narrate a few incidents in chronological order but will embellish the telling with casual details which will bring out the characteristic Indian attitudes and foibles with humour and gentle irony, occasionally with a touch of satire.

She may write "Of Love and Sorrow" but one is left with the impression that life is great fun despite the
conventions. In "My First Marriage" a girl may flaunt convention for a time, but ultimately submits to the traditional pattern — and is far happier.

But what has escaped the critical attention of many is the steady progression in Jhabvala's narrative technique from light comic objectivity to deep irony.

Let us take the most important social institution (namely, marriage) and see how Jhabvala describes this institution in her novels.

One gets the following detailed description of a marriage in To Whom She Will. In India, brokers are used for arranging matches; the boy is seen and 'booked' for eleven or twenty-one rupees. The parents and relatives of the prospective bridegroom's family go to the house of the bride; the girl is asked to bring tea for the guests, and she is made to sing; an auspicious day is selected for marriage, to be followed by a rich feast. On the marriage day bands play and relatives meet relatives. A big dowry is given. Both the families want the marriage to be the costliest and the most elaborate seen in the city.

Then the ungainliness and oddities of marriage are described. The bridegroom puts on a long golden coat, the white silken leggings, the cummerbund, the turban, the red-and-gold slippers with painted toes. He rides a beautiful white mare that has done service at all the best weddings in the city. A little nephew in an orange satin suit sits behind the bridegroom. Strings of flowers dangle from his turban over his face. Just a little before he climbs the mare, the bridegroom's parents present clothes to female relatives. The
marriage procession is arranged. There is a band; there are cars belonging to the relatives, and there are hired cars and tongas are beautifully decorated. There are tall lights in wooden frames on the heads of the men with naked legs and ragged shirts. The marriage procession comes to the house of the bride. Some ceremonies are performed. The bride is brought to the bridegroom. She puts on a red salwar and a kamiz with gold and silver ribbons stitched on and her face veiled by her dupatta. She hangs a garland round the bridegroom's neck, and he places a garland round her neck.

To this ceremony also a superstition is attached. The bridegroom should face the East and the bride the West. Other ceremonies follow. Photographs are taken. Introductions are made. Uncles meet uncles, cousins meet cousins. A big feast is arranged. Jhabvala makes fun of a marriage feast when she says that three hundred seers of ghee were used for laddoos alone; more than five hundred guests were eating for four days. The bridegroom sits in front of the sacred fire. The bride sits next to him. The pandit sits opposite and drones ceaseless prayers. The marriage is performed at the auspicious time.

The bridegroom is taken inside the house. There are songs and clapping of hands, and jokes are made at the bridegroom. He is teased by the women of the family. Then a competition between the bride and the bridegroom is held. They throw a rupee coin into a bowl of water and the bride and the bridegroom have to compete in getting it out. The slippers of the bridegroom are hidden, and money is demanded for their return.

Jhabvala writes towards the end of To Whom She Will:

But at last — after many hours, or so it seemed to
Hari, though really it was only two — at last the pandit stopped, and they helped Hari to his feet and adjusted his turban, and then they tied the end of his cummerbund to Sushila's dupatta. And so he led her round the fire, though he hardly realized that he was leading her; he walked and walked in a circle, never looking up, the fire so hot and people pressing round and the pandit chanting again, he just walked, losing count, so that he did not know how many times he had already been round, prepared if they wanted him to walk thus for ever ... He went on walking, aware only of the heat of the fire and the wetness of tears, though he could hear women sobbing and one cracked old voice shouting that the dupatta was tied in the wrong way. And then suddenly they began to throw flowers over him, from all sides they came, the petals, a sweet and sickly shower falling over his head and face and shoulders. It was all over, a high-pitched voice sang a hymn, the sobbing was near to him now, he felt himself surrounded, his mother, his sisters, more flowers came falling down on him; he had led her round the fire seven times and now she was his, and though he still could not see her, hardly even thought of her he was suddenly so happy.

One can see that Jhabvala portrays these scenes and situations with a genuine sense of the comic and a spirit of gaiety. From the 'booking' of the boy to the pandit's tying the end of the bridegroom's cummerbund to the bride's dupatta, everything sounds comic.
According to Vasant A. Shahane,

Jhabvala has a discerning eye for the changing pattern of urban life in modern India, especially in and around Delhi. She shows a considerable narrative power in drawing an ironic, comic, yet sympathetic, portrait of the middle classes .... She is undoubtedly a very skilful writer of domestic comedy with a penchant for irony and social satire. Her portrayal of India and Indian scene, though marked by detachment, has become somewhat controversial. Nevertheless, she is widely regarded as a major creative writer and a fine portrait of the Indian scene."

To quote S.C. Harrex,

Through the media of comedy of manners, satire and irony, she exposes the vanity, snobbery, sentimentality, pretentiousness and hypocrisy underlying middle-class manners and behaviour. In the course of probing attitudes to love, passion and power, she penetrates the purdah barrier to reveal conflict within the joint-family, especially between conservative elders and their modish adolescent heirs and heiresses; provides insights into such manifestations of affluence as immature romanticism, flabby indolence, status seeking, business corruption; and explores such universal themes as the frailty of race relationships, the vulnerability of expatriate sensibilities, and the Hindu struggle of God against self, virtue against coercion, disinterestedness against desire, and idealism against bourgeois greed.
The light-hearted comic portrayal of Indian life and culture, with no other serious concern, depicted in the early period of Jhabvala's literary career, changes to a tragi-comic description touched with irony in her later novels. In *Esmond in India*, a novel belonging to the middle period, Jhabvala takes up her favourite theme of disharmony in cross-cultural marriage. With her ironic mode, she describes the marriage relationship of Gulab and Esmond. As a perceptive creative writer, she probes deep down into Esmond's weakness and Gulab's shortcomings. She vividly brings out the differences in their tastes and habits of food. Esmond, like any other European, is upset by the spicy smell of rich food which is liked by Gulab. He finds Gulab's Indian attitude to life hateful. He becomes crude in conversation and even offensive. The novelist writes:

Esmond restrained himself from saying something sarcastic to her. He had to restrain himself very hard, for he was feeling greatly injured .... There were, he knew, many other incompatible marriages; he had had much experience of them among his friends. But at least there was always some neutral ground on which the two parties could meet. They could, occasionally and in between their quarrels, converse about indifferent subjects, if not like friends then at least like strangers .... Or they could sit and discuss their incompatibility, and so get some satisfaction out of rationalizing their unhappiness. He was longing to do that. But with Gulab? She could understand nothing; talk to her, and her eyes — her beautiful deep sad eyes, which once he had thought full
of all the wisdom and the sorrow of the East—remained what he had long since decided was a mere blank. It was like talking to an animal. An animal, he thought, I am married to an animal. Then he recalled his voice shouting 'Animal!'... To his horror he found himself wanting to seize her again and tear at her flesh and even to bite into her, to let his teeth sink deep into her soft body; to hurt her till he got some human response from her, even if it was nothing more than a cry of pain.

On a wave of disgust with himself and with her, he pushed back his chair...

He was trapped, quite trapped. Here in this flat which he had tried to make so elegant and charming, but which she had managed to fill completely with her animal presence. His senses revolted at the thought of her.

Esmond ultimately leaves her, and a curtain is drawn over his discordant relationship with Gulab.

The predicament born out of the cross-cultural marriage reveals the interaction between the cultures of the East and the West and upholds Kipling's dictum that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

Jhabvala's European background and Indian experience enable her to seek fresh insights into the Indian marriages. Her description of the premarital relationship of Esmond and Shakuntala is quite revealing. Shakuntala is fascinated and enraptured by Esmond and falls
an easy prey to the temptations of the flesh. She has premarital experiences — a common thing in the West but uncommon in India. The sense of irony that marks Jhabvala's depiction of the situation in a tradition-bound society and the cleverness with which she weaves together the various threads of life, are remarkable accomplishments.

To quote Haydn Moore Williams,

Jhabvala concentrates upon family-life, social problems and personal relationships within the typically Indian institution of the extended family, with all its opportunities for intrigue, clash between generations and marital feuding. Jhabvala avoids political issues except those which are incidental to her characters and their conflicts, and she confines her attention to the Indian middle-classes and the expatriates and literary bohemia of the great cities. Her novels deftly ring the changes on the same themes, tracing numerous permutations on family conflicts, never offering glib solutions. She maintains a sympathetic but ironical tone, seeing Indian social problems objectively and coolly. In fact, her art depends mainly on subtle understatement, ironical meiosis. She is satirical; but her condemnation extends to nearly all her characters, young and old, rich and poor, Indian and expatriate. She is cheerfully indiscriminate and unlike Mulk Raj Anand offers no solution to India's problems in social transformation. Jhabvala however, is on the side of Anand and others who refuse to romanticise India.
In *A Backward Place*, Etta's attitude towards marriage is the characteristic attitude of the West. (This Hungarian fading beauty has had three marriages and three divorces). She tells Judy:

'Marriages, my dear, are made to be broken, that's one of the rules of modern civilization. Just because we happen to have landed ourselves in this primitive society, that's no reason why we should submit to their primitive morality.' She made a face and delicately dusted crumbs from her fingers, as if she were dusting off all that primitiveness she spoke of. 'My dear Judy, you've made a mistake—it could happen as they say to anyone—but if you would only face up to it and get out before it's too late, too late, Judy.'

Etta is the symbol of Western disgust at everything that is Indian. She is in India of her own free will but yet tears everything that is Indian to pieces. She laughs at Judy's sari and calls her respectable home a slum. When Mrs. Hochstadt tells her that India has given them much, Etta hates to hear her talk like that. The novelist writes:

It was the way people who were here for only a short time, and had all their comforts and conveniences laid on, so often talked. As if India ever gave anyone anything! (Except of course germs and diseases.) What had it given Etta, after all these years, after taking her youth, her looks, her buoyancy and charm?

Towards the end of *A Backward Place*, Etta asserts: "I've wasted quite enough of my life here. Now it's time for me to get back where I belong. To a civilized place."
It is to be seen that at least a part of Etta's personality is akin to that of her creator. To what other purpose would Jhabvala give so much exposure to a character who is not in any way directly connected with the plot, other than to depict a certain emotion?

The same kind of ironic and active disgust for even those things considered sacred in India emerges in the later novels. For example, Jhabvala's descriptions of the sadhus and saints in *A New Dominion* and *Heat and Dust* are not vignettes created in passive objectivity, but portraits tinged with satire and even direct exposure of hypocrisy and deceit.

In *Heat and Dust* Jhabvala describes the sacred shrine of Baba Firdaus, where a barren woman went on the Husband's Wedding Day and was cured of barrenness. She describes the place where the grove of Baba Firdaus lay. She says:

"the rocky, completely barren and exposed path that led to the grove ... The sun could not reach here through the foliage of the trees; the sound of the little spring trickled cool and fresh .... it was quite, quite still except for the water and the birds, and sometimes the leaves rustled ... the spring ... was so shallow that I [the narrator] could touch the stone-cold pebbles in its bed."

In *A New Dominion*, Jhabvala's comprehensive description of a modern swami is evident enough for the Western readers to conclude that in India spiritualism and sex go together. The swami is a magnetic personality and can create illusions of hope and happiness through a skilful manipulation of words. He is a non-vegetarian, a
drunkard, and a propagandist. The details of the meetings of the swami and Lee could be very exciting for any Westerner.

She would lower her eyes away from him but she could never do so for long because he seemed to be drawing her back, beckoning to her, telling her come, look up, look at me. And when she did, sure enough, there he was smiling at her — yes! at her alone! — so that she had to smile back and sing the way he wanted her to and cry out 'Rama! Gopala! Hari! Krishna!' with as much abandon as she could manage. And afterwards, when he distributed the bits of rock sugar that served as holy offering, then too at her turn, as he put it into her mouth, there was this special message for her, this speaking without words that went right through her and reached it seemed to her into regions which no one had hitherto penetrated.

Vasant A. Shahane remarks:

The modern novelist may treat the novel as an improved form of imaginative journalism, or as an entertaining transcription of contemporary history. A New Dominion may contain elements of both these approaches, yet it lacks a vision which will unify and transform fact into fiction .... Although technique is in a certain sense discovery or vision, in A New Dominion, technique and talent eventually seem to go their own separate ways. Modern fiction in English is peculiarly conscious of its techniques and tools. The modern novelist tries to explore and interpret the complexity of the modern
spirit, and in this matter almost all Indo-Anglian writers except Raja Rao, seem to register an odd failure. In a realist like Ruth Prawer Jhabvala we find a very sensitive creative writer, but she is mostly preoccupied with the environment only, with India as its focal point.

While writing about Jhabvala's techniques in *Heat and Dust*, Ramlal Agarwal writes:

*Heat and Dust* is remarkable for its structural innovations. Though the two stories are very much like each other, the manner of telling them is different. The first one is dramatic. It tells itself. One episode follows another. The author just brings characters with different attitudes and backgrounds together and leaves them to depict themselves by their behaviour and by the way they interact upon one another. Psychology is telescoped or taken for granted. So little of what goes on inside the characters is ever mentioned that they seem empty or flat. But this is a deliberate fictional strategy on the part of the novelist. Olivia's story presents a cool reconstruction of bygone days with multiple points of view. The novel derives its authenticity from the truthfulness of their points of view and not from the objective reality of the Indian scene or character.

Indians are very fond of using the present continuous tense and also the simple future tense. In *To Whom She Will* Lady Ram Prashad's speech is characteristic of the Indian style:
'How I would love to stay', Lady Ram Prashad said, and continued firmly, 'but unfortunately some ladies are coming to my house, just now they are coming, to discuss the formation of a committee to bring birth control into the rural areas of Assam.'

'Just now they are coming' is a typical Indian use of English. The Indian fondness for the use of the present continuous has been aptly rendered into English and satirized by Jhabvala. Indian idioms translated in English are freely used by Jhabvala. Hari tells Amrita: 'I am unworthy,' ... 'You are a goddess and I am unworthy of you'.

'You are a goddess; I worship you.' Besides, Indians are very fond of using ornate diction, and ornate imagery. In To Whom She Will, Hari tells Krishna: "every moment of the day I think of her, she is the nightingale of my heart, the stars of my eyes, the juice of my liver." This kind of imagery highlights only the falsity of the emotion of a romantic lover.

In Jhabvala's short story 'The Award', the young admirer of the poet says, 'We call him the Tagore of today.' While Usha goes on scratching her thigh, the revered author disclaims, 'I am not worthy of the mantle of the Master.' This is a characteristic Indian idiom, of pride camouflaged as humility.

Jhabvala, the European, is quite aware of the Indianisms that creep into English. Haydn Moore Williams's comment on the advantage Jhabvala enjoys on this score is noteworthy:

Since she has "chosen" India, she can afford to be critical and satirical without offence. She can steer mercifully clear of political and religious
controversy. India is not a "problem" to her, as it appears to be to so many earnest investigators, but a life.

Jhabvala has a dig at the so-called 'babu English' too. Esmond asks Gulab about Ravi's food, and she says, 'Spinach soup and carrots and potatoes;' and adds later, 'He liked so much.' Esmond rebukes her:

'What's that supposed to mean? He liked so much. What sort of language is that? ... I don't mind ... what sort of babu English you choose to speak — I couldn't, as they say, care less — but that you might infect the boy with it, too, that's what bothers me.'

There is, of course, nothing Indian in the English that Jhabavala uses to narrate her story. Her preoccupations are only with the superficial aspects of Indian life. Very often the English-educated Indians are made to appear critical of 'Indian English.' Har Dayal, for example, tells Shakuntala:

Before I went [to Cambridge] what a callow youth I was: I had read nothing, I spoke a terrible babu English and wore very tight suits with waists in which anyway I did not feel at all comfortable.

It is the same Har Dayal who says, in another part of the novel: 'But you are happy, aren't you?'

Jhabvala is mainly a writer of domestic comedy with an accent on irony or social satire; so her language rarely attains to any poetic height. Imagery in fiction is rated high in modern criticism, but Jhabvala's novels bear little evidence of the poetic use of image.
Her use of imagery may at best be called 'illustrative'; it illustrates the characters and it never transforms them. According to S.K. Tikoo,

Jhabvala's work in Indo-Anglian fiction is remarkable in that her social themes and their moral dimensions are effectively presented, even though they are neither universally Indian nor such as receive any treatment in the light of philosophical or spiritual values which at times govern the pattern of Indian life. Jhabvala's approach to the theme and situations she has treated is realistic and photographic. She does not dispense with the minimum requirements of art to entertain and engage the reader. She works in the mode of a painter who is given to visual and imaginative description of life rather than to psychological analysis or exploration of the inner world of the characters and the society to which they belong.

Jhabvala's style is the 'subject' and this 'subject' is India in relation to a Western creative writer's sensibility. This amorphous Indian landscape, natural as well as human, comes within the range of her descriptive ability, and she projects upon it her vision greatly circumscribed by her ironic traits.

Kalpana Jawaid remarks:

Jhabvala's vision is simple, straightforward, without any complexes like superiority and alienness stepping in. She is like an artist who utilises her canvas, revealing scenes and situations as and when seen. The inferences to be drawn from them are entirely up to the
onlookers, to be coloured by their own subjective reactions and analyses. In this sense Jhabvala is definitely a true artist.

Jhabvala's mastery of English and her knowledge of India as an alien give her a competence to write about India as witnessed by a resident. She writes for the pleasure and delight of the Westerners who are happy to read about the superfluities and artificialities of Indian life in their own language; hence, her appeal to the contemporary reading public outside India, the large sale of her books in the West, and her being not popular with Indian readers.

In conclusion, it is worthwhile to quote Meenakshi Mukherjee:

Prawer Jhabvala's novels read singly impress the reader with their superb technical skill and cold brilliance of understatement, but their cumulative effect is one of barrenness. Perhaps her failure to develop ... points to one hazard that the rootless writer is prone to. While in some writers absence of a single homogeneous culture base sharpens their sensibility, in some others it might result in arrested creative vitality.
NOTES


5. *Get Ready for Battle*, pp.82-83.


8. Ibid., pp.165-66.


15. *A Backward Place*, p.5.

16. Ibid., p.85.

17. Ibid., p.173.


22. To Whom She Will, p.130.

23. Ibid., pp.22-23.

24. Ibid., p.119.

25. 'The Award', *Like Birds, Like Fishes*, p.54.

26. Ibid.


29. Ibid.

30. Ibid.

31. Ibid., p.23.

32. Ibid., p.169.

