Acknowledgments

Having devoted a good number of years of arduous work, the study eventually has come to completion. There have been difficult times that I could hardly come through without the help from people around me as the title was new and unknown to so many. I am deeply indebted to my gorgeous and father-like supervisor Dr Vijay Malhar Madge for his invaluable, non-stop, and genuine guidance with insightful suggestions, constant encouragement and meticulous supervision at all the stages of the thesis. “Whoever teaches me a word” said Imam Ali “he makes me his slave forever”, hence no words can express better the indebtedness of students to their teachers. Truly speaking, without Dr Madge’s kindly supervision, I could not have achieved as much as my work required.

I would like to express my acknowledgments and thanks to Dr B. S. Korde, Head of English Department, Pune University for his kind help and advice during the study. Also my thanks go to Dr Manoj Bhise Head of English Department Wadia College for his encouragement for completing of this research work.

Similarly, I should like to thank the library-staff of Osmania University for opening the treasures of the Centre for International Programme formerly known as the American Studies Research Centre. My prolonged stays there were academically quite fruitful to me.

I would like to extend my sincere thanks to Mrs Vaijayanti Vijay Madge my guide’s wife who tolerated me during these years even better than my mother. I had already heard that one must supply things to one’s guide, but let me tell a strange tale which shocked me. It was the moment when this couple told me that I should not go out of this house without
having something and I got used to eat and drink without having to buy those things there and more strange that she allowed me to cook non-veg in her private kitchen. And how can I forget such father-like and mother-like faces? Thanks again for everything.

My emotion, love, and every cell of this tired body would like to express enormous and ample gratitude along with more bunches of most beautiful flowers of the world to the apple of my eyes, and who can be it but my dear son – Milad who suffered my separation for five years patiently. He was only 6 years old when I left him. Forgive me dear, forgive me. And I promise I’ll do my best for you from now on.

Last but not the least, I’d like to thank whoever gave me a hand during these years especially my parents (Hatam and Zarrin) and other friends.