A NOTE ON TO WHOM SHE WILL
CHAPTER II

A NOTE ON, TO WHOM SHE WILL

Ruth Prawer Jhabvala left England in 1951 to encounter an India engaged in the mighty experiment of bringing its four hundred million people into the mainstream of modern life. Just such a phenomenon had transformed the face of the West two centuries ago. It was now changing the face of India. The impetus to this transformation came from the political break with the West through Indian Independence and the more meaningful East-West coming together that was sequel to India’s taking up her position an a basis of equality with the rest of the world.

The impact of modern Western ideology was seen at many levels of Indian life after Independence. As era of science, technology and modern economy was being ushered in, education in general and that of women in particular was gaining momentum. On the sociological level, certain radical changes of concept concerning the centres of power and influence in family and society were being introduced. A sense of alienation and unsettlement was a sequel to this transformation, for modernization set
in motion a disturbance in the traditional pattern of Indian life without providing any viable alternatives. India in the Fifties was in a state of transition. Newly emerging from a crisis that had threatened chaos and breakdown, the people of the country were being confronted with an intellectual challenge that ran counter to many established customs and beliefs.

India’s capital, Delhi, was at the centre of this change. From 1947 onwards, it also witnessed a coming together of cultures unprecedented in Indian history. Mass migrations from the northern states, following the Partition of India, were a feature of the late Forties and early Fifties. Being the seat of the new government, Delhi also attracted people from the rest of the country. Bengalis and South Indians, in particular, came in large numbers in search of employment. Independence brought foreign embassies and people from all over the world to the Capital. From the early Sixties, another phenomenon was perceived. A new generation of Western, drawn by Indian spiritualism, started coming in. Unlike their predecessors, they came not to conquer but to be conquered.1 How this multiple ingress was affecting the social and intellectual climate of Delhi and by implication the whole of India forms the basis of Ruth Jhabvala’s exploration of India in her novels and stories.
Living in Delhi and being a close observer of its social-cultural milieu, Ruth Jhabvala presents in her first novel *Amrita* or *To whom She will*² a dynamic picture of Delhi in a state of transition. Against this background she conceives and projects a drama of cross-generation conflict and resolution in two extended families of post-Independence India. Of the two, one belongs to the wealthy aristocracy living for generations in Delhi and the other to the new expatriate community from North Punjab now ceded to Pakistan. These families—authentic representatives of their respective communities—are faced with the common danger of invasion from each other’s ranks that is bred by the peculiar environment in which they live. A vast cultural gulf separates the two communities, but the lines that each drawn to ensure its separateness are equally sacred and inviolable. What seems to have impressed Ruth Jhabvala in her observations of Indian life in those first few years was not the degree of social and cultural assimilation that was subtly but surely changing the face of India but its reverse. India assimilation that was subtly but surely changing the face of India but its reverse. *India assimilated her generations but not her cultures* seem to be her conclusion in her first novel.

This may be rejected as dismissive criticism of Indian society and a number of Ruth Jhabvala’s Indian critics have
done so. She has been charged with presenting Indians as "ethnic curiosities" and criticized for trying to "please foreign readers" by projecting India "as an anthropological show piece." It is also a fact that the bulk of her Indian readers find her portrayal of India unacceptable, conditioned as they are by a tradition of conviction in India’s ability to assimilate her cultures. Ruth Jhabvala’s conclusion is surprising too in the light of her own experience of India. As a European expatriate married to an Indian, she should have encountered a cultural gulf of far greater dimensions than the one dividing the Delhi aristocrat from the Punjabi refugee. Yet, in her biographical records, she gives no hint of having experienced any dividing line against her. On the contrary, she has given exuberant accounts of the near perfect ness of her assimilation with India in the first few years.

Yet Ruth Jhabvala cannot envisage a coming together of two communities, who share a common religion and ethnic heritage though separated from each other by distinctions of wealth, education and breeding. In To Whom She Will, these differences are seen as fundamental and therefore irreconcilable. This early vision of India led one of her first reviewers to the conclusion that “...... allowing for a sea change her moral is essentially Herman Work’s .... That one’s cultural heritage is not a vice but a virtue.”
Ruth Jhabvala’s first novel reveals a world order in which a stubborn identification with one’s inherited culture is both realistic and desirable. This identification has its genesis in the ancient code of laws laid down in the *Dharma Shastras*. An adherence sustained over the centuries to the social order created thereof, with its ramifications of caste and class and the separations attendant upon them, still shapes and colours the Indian outlook as Ruth Jhabvala sees it. The characters of her novel identify with a well-defined area, predetermined by birth and heritage and share a common conviction that only disruption and unhappiness can result from a violation of the dividing lines. *To Whom She Will* opens with a member of the aristocratic class, now reduced by circumstances to traveling in a hired open tonga, heaving a sigh of relied as a bend in the road reveals a row of “tall yellow houses, heavy with respectability... [For] here at last was the air she was born to breathe” (*TWSW*, p. 5). Ten pages later, a member of the community uprooted by Partition is reduced to a fit of giggles at the thought of her brother in love with a girl from one of the finest old families of Delhi. For, of all the dividing lines, not one is more rigorously enforced than the one governing marriage. Both communities draw a moral from the ancient myth, where the sage issues a warning
against keeping a girl unwed for too long as then there is a danger of her choosing her own husband.

For if she bide a maiden still
She gives herself to whom she will;
Then marry her in tender age
So warns the heaven-begotten sage.

To Whom She Will bears as its epigraph these four lines from Arthur W. Ryder's translation of the Panchatantra indicating that the central concern of the novel is an exploration of the concept of arranged marriage. Convinced that early and arranged marriages constitute the sole safeguard against a mixing of class and community, the elders of Ruth Jhabvala's novel fall back on the old adage. The concept of what constitutes "tender age" for a woman, however, has changed from nine in Vedic India to nineteen in the India of To Whom She Will.

When nineteen year old Amira, the grand-daughter of the wealthy barrister Ria Bahadur Tara Chand, and twenty two year old Hari Sahni, a Punjabi refugee, fall in love and wish to marry each other, they encounter opposition from both families. They are the first generation of liberated Indians who have been exposed to the one nation concept. As a result, they consider the restrictions imposed upon them unjust and meaningless. But whatever inner strains and stresses the members of each family suffer in relation
to one another, they are united in a common effort to prevent the marriage which they look upon as nothing short of a disaster. The story of how they pursue their mission and achieve their goal forms the comic plot of the novel. In her conclusion, Ruth Jhabvala establishes the point of view of the elders that like must mate with like, and her own conviction, during this phase of her life in India, that the merging of the generations and the continuation of tradition is natural and desirable in India.

Amrita belongs to, but does not identify with, a lineage of high birth cherishing antiquated Western values. The family may have owed its origins to Mughal patronage, but with the coming of the British it had evidently transferred its loyalties to the new order. Rai Bahadur Tara Chand, described by an absentee character in the novel as a "timeserver," is the present head of the family comprising three daughters, one son-in-law and two grand-children. A grand old patriarch in the Victorian tradition, he could be describe as a relic of British Imperialism, for his brand of snobbery and class consciousness derives not from Hindu fundamentals but from those of the erstwhile rulers. Formidable and domineering, he comes down heavily on the rebel in his ranks—his gentle, sensitive but determined young grand-daughter.
Tara Chand prides himself on his advanced ideas regarding female emancipation, but is exposed as a fake in the course of the novel. He affects a distaste for arranged marriages and holds forth on his respect for individual preference in matrimony. Yet his much vaunted liberal outlook falls short indeed when he is up against Amrita’s preference for Hari Sahni.

Here we are up against not caste or community consciousness but deliberate snobbery of class. That individual worth does not figure at all in the old man’s considerations is expressed by him with unashamed candour:

‘I have also ..... spoken to the young man himself, and I may mention that I was not impressed either by his personality or by his capabilities. However.... That is a point on which I do not wish to insist. If the family background had been satisfactory, I would not have unduly concerned myself over the young man’s deficiencies. They are, after all, your affair.’ (Ibid., p. 7)

In the values expressed here lies the key to the Rai Bahadur’s personality. That a strong conservatism and social snobbery underlies the veneer of modern liberalism is indicated from the way in which he—a self-avowed champion of social progress—declares that family
background is his concern while the young man's character and abilities are Amrita's. Obvious too is the extent of his self-delusion. Overweening vanity impels him to act and hold forth with conviction. However, the gap between what he thinks he is doing and what he really does is ruthlessly though comically exposed. He believes that he has given his daughters an emancipated upbringing and allowed them to choose their own husbands. In reality, husbands were found for two and the third could marry the man of her choice only after a prolonged battle of wills with her father. Even Mira, the dim-wit of the family, is aware of this discrepancy:

*It was all very well for Pappaji to say that he had not arranged his daughters' marriages: but Mataji had been there and all the aunts, and they had seen to it that suitable husbands were found. How else could she have married Harish's father? She could not have gone out to look for him. And Tarla too—Vazir Dayal had not just walked into the house; various aunts had seen to it that he got there. That was the way things were done, the way they had to be done.*

(Ibid., p. 180)

Yet, the Rai Bahadur's stand with regard to Amrita is endorsed by his three daughters. The eldest Tarla, though apparently dedicated to the cause of female emancipation, backs her father up in all his moves against Amrita. Tarla
affects modernity and adopts liberal views on education, marriage and careers for women. But in the face of Amrits’s choice in matrimony she proves to be just as hidebound as her father. She takes Amrita’s part against her excitable mother Radha and one suspects that sibling-rivalry, rather than a sense of Amrita’s welfare, is behind it. That she offers the girl no genuine protection and extends no real affection is clearly perceptible in the novel.

Amrita’s mother Radha who had, in her tempestuous youth, flouted her father and insisted on marrying a man from another community is the strongest advocate for the dissolution of the Hari-Amrita relationship. In her heart she looks upon her own inter-community marriage as a mistake and is determined to prevent Amrita from repeating it. Yet, though continually contrasts her sisters’ opulent homes with her own ramshackle one and regrets the loss of the diamond necklaces pride will not allow her to voice her disappointments. On her contrary, she takes refuge in a contrived ambivalence regarding her marriage. She frequently declares her respect for her late husband’s memory and praises the freedom struggle in which he had participated. Yet Radha identifies completely with her own family and feels that in the atmosphere of her father’s house was “the air she had been born to breathe” (ibid., p. 5). She repeatedly harangues Amrita and goads her father
on to greater severity, determined that in Amrita’s case at
least, history should not be allowed to repeat itself.

Mira, the youngest of the family and the only one who
possibly cherishes some real affection for Amrita, has no
better contribution to make to the subject under discussion
than to commiserate: “‘It is a pity ...she cannot marry my
Harish. That would be so ideal for all of us’” (ibid., p.
104)—a conclusion she has reached after her experience of
one inter-community union, her sister Radha’s.

The three sisters, for all their character contrasts and
their bickering and sparring, unite in a conspiracy to
arrange Amrita’s marriage with the America returned son
of a Delhi socialite Lady Ram Prashad Khanna. They
arrange an interview and show Amrita to her prospective
mother-in-law in a ceremony so formal and ostentatious
that the thinness of their Western veneer is revealed with
startling clarity. Even Tarla’s modernity fails to sustain her
when she is up against a cultural invasion of her own
family. There is then nothing for the sisters but to fall back
on the traditional. In this they display the same flexibility
of principle which enabled their father to allow the
arranging of his daughters’ marriages while pretending not
to notice.

A threat to the clan’s conspiracy comes from Tarla’s
husband Vazir Dayal Mathur, whose mission in life seems
to be the debunking of everybody around him and his father-in-law in particular. Amrita’s grandfather, in the approved English fashion of half a century earlier, plants to send her away—not on a pleasure trip to Europe but for education to England—in an attempt to make her forget her calf love for Hari. Whimsical and egocentric and possessing immense wealth, Vazir Dayal conceives the idea of foiling his father-in-law’s schemes by offering to pay Hari’s passage himself. He makes promises of financial assistance in the process of a game of patience, his magnanimity increasing with every right move:

He felt very pleased with himself, though probably even he was not sure what pleased him most, to be helping Amrita, to be annoying his wife’s family or to have completed his patience so successfully. (ibid., p. 108)

Vazir Dayal’s game of patience seems to bear about the same relation to Amrita’s problem as Tarla’s efforts at female emancipation. For all their apparent dissension, they are seen by the novelist as kindred souls—both playing a game and using Amrita as pawn. The card game and social work are used by the novelist to establish the two types of character as well as to define the extent of the sincerity and seriousness that Tarla and her husband are capable of vis-à-vis Amrita. Amrita is, quite understandably, repelled by the attitudinizing, selfishness and malevolence she sees around
her and mistakenly believes them to be the products of Western 'sophistication. Motivation for revolt comes with romantic love for a member of a community she believes to be composed of simple unostentatious people who, to her innocent trusting mind, represent the soul of India. Yasmine Gooneratne interestingly relates Amrita's rebellion to Ruth Jhabvala's own recoil from her European-ness at this stage of her life.¹⁰

However, here too Amrita finds herself at a loss. Her affection for Hari is based on an idealized concept of the Indian-ness she supposes him to represent. That her idealism is misconceived is perceptible from the way her quest for the simple and the natural leads her to people whose dividing lines are just as uncompromising as her grandfather's and whose rejection of her is as total as the Rai Bahadur's rejection of Hari.

The cultural contrasts are established in a series of brilliantly etched scenes. Rai Bahadur Tara Chand's imposing mansion, furnished with massive Victorian furniture and expensive ornaments brought back from his travels abroad, forms an effective contrast to the "downstairs part of a one-storey house in one of the new colonies" (TWSW, p. 11), where Hari lives with his mother, brother, sister, sister's husband, their three children and a cow. That the polarities in life style are not only
wealth based becomes clear from other points of contrasts. One is that between the elegant interior décor of Tarla Mathur’s drawing—room and the crude ostentatious one of Hari’s sister Prema Suri’s—the rich and cultured member of the Sahni family. Compare.

All the essentials of luxurious living are present in the two images, but the contrast between them hits the eye. The novelist is able to achieve this by means of judiciously chosen epithets for each. Adjectives like "cool," "fresh," "dainty," "sweet," "titillating" and "fine as breath," used to describe Tarla’s drawing-room, are deliberately contrasted with the "also flowered," "wildly patterned," "equally large," "bulged," "stuck," and "waist-high" of that of Prema’s. Discreetly suggestive of the social-personal attitudes that make up the respective life styles of the two women and by implication that of their class, is the complete absence of personal effects in Tarla’s drawingroom as opposed to the unashamed exhibitionism in Prema’s. there is noticeable irony in Ruth Jhabvala’s use of the phrase “admirable symmetry” to describe Prema’s acutely inartistic arrangement of her furniture.

The rituals of eating, serving and preparing of meals are also effectively used by the novelist to denote cultural contrasts. The description of a lavish meal served by livered retainers in the Rai Bahadur’s immense dining
room with its “broad heavy dining-table…. Spread with a gleaming white cloth and laid with initialed cutlery” (ibid., p. 9), is followed two pages later with a picture of Hari sitting on a charpoy in the middle of the courtyard, eating his dinner out of little brass bowls on a tray, in full view of the cow undergoing her milking operations (ibid., p. 11). Prema’s tea party for Amrita, with the tea things laid out on a huge dining table looking “rather isolated, like rabbits lost in the snow” (ibid., p. 53) and the teapot nursed by the fire for two hours by a ragged little servant boy, is projected as hilariously incompatible with the sophisticated arrangements of Tarla Mathur’s soiree in honour of Lady Ram Prashad Khanna.

Yet Hari and Amrita are drawn to each other by virtue of these very polarities. Amrita believes she recognizes a delightful Indianness in Hari’s habitual unpunctuality—an unworldliness and impracticality so truly Indian that it could not be governed by “hard-set European things like time and clocks” (ibid., p. 21). His undisguised love of food and unselfconscious enjoyment of it makes her think of him as “simple and unspoilt’ and his ways “as the traditional, truly Indian ways which had been lost in her family” (ibid., p. 23). Hari, on the pother hand, is attracted to Amrita for her westernized sophistication and her wealthy background. That the two have not the slightest
notion of each other’s aspirations is established in their first scene together. Amrita voices an apprehension that Hari’s sister will not approve of her.

Hari’s reaction is a characteristic incomprehension—“Hari did not understand. The things for which she thanked him for not despising her were perhaps the things for which he loved and admired her most....” (Ibid.). this gap in understanding remains unbridged right to the end of the novel. Amrita, who had to do all the loving and planning, is forced to delude herself continually in order to explain away Hari’s inexplicable attitudes and keep the romance going. Hari, for whom loving is composed of thinking vague pleasurable thoughts of Amrita after dinner and uttering sentimental nothings from time to time, would like nothing better than a status quo in their relationship. That however is not to be. Amrita urges him to take a definite decision regarding her, and his mother and sisters conspire to marry him off to Sushila Anand, a girl from a distant branch of their own family.

Prema’s afternoons with Amrita and Sushila demonstrate successively the inevitable cross-cultural clash and the perfect harmony and understanding that is inherent in relationships within the clan. Prema’s party for Amrita turns out to be a fiasco. Amrita had expected supreme simplicity but what she encounters is vulgar display and
sentimental vapourings. She senses the culture gap between them—though indistinctly at first. Among other things, Prema boasts of her fine literary taste:

'Some of the stories in these magazines are very good. They are so true to life. I have learnt much from them and also they give me comfort.' She sighed. 'One can forget one's sorrows when one is reading,' she said, and sighed again.

Amrita remembered that her father used to say the same thing, but she thought that he had meant it in a different way. (ibid., p. 52)

Her embarrassment and distress increase with Prema's burgeoning exhibitionism and emotional outpourings till they reach a stage of physical revulsion, and, as the evening advances, Amrita finds herself further and further away from the subject that had brought them together in the first place—her love for Hari: "She had to admit that Prema was not after all so truly Indian as she had thought she would be" (ibid., p. 54). Prema, on the other hand, is astonished at the sight of Amrita in a plain chiffon sari and no jewellery at all—"not even bangles" (ibid., p. 52). Amrita's confessions of having come by bus and of her mother keeping only one servant bring her down heavily in Prema's estimation. She decides that Amrita is not good
enough for her brother and solemnly promises her mother that while she lives Hari will not marry Amrita.

In contrast to the disappointing outcome of Amrita’s visit to Prema, Sushila’s afternoon with the latter is a great success despite the fact that Prema had made none on the elaborate arrangements that she had for Amrita. Sprawled on the bed together Sushila and Prema whisper confidences, eat sweets, hold hands and understand each other perfectly.

Sushila, who is “one of us” (ibid., p. 90) and therefore emotionally attuned to Prema’s brand of sentimentality, makes a very sympathetic listener. Herself a Prema in the making, she understands and appreciates her perfectly. A heavy cloud of sentiment and pleasurable melancholy hangs in air.

The methods employed by the older generation of each community to bring their recalcitrant young ones on the road to conformity are also contrasted to highlight cultural differences. A noticeable characteristic in the tightly knit refugee clan is the subslety with which it assimilates its generations—a quality bred into them by their history of emotional and financial insecurity. Renee Weingarten’s observation that in Jhabvala’s early novels “whatever the inner strains and stresses, the Indian family dominates, wrapping its members in a loving protective cocoon”11 is
more applicable in Hari's case than in Amrita's. Amrita's family generates tensions and exercises authority but radiates little warmth and offers less protection. Radha's fiery exhortations, the Rai Bahadur's measured orations and the endless round of family conferences to decide Amrita's fate contrast effectively with the smooth adroitness with which Hari is brought around. The Sahnis, it is true, have to deal with a much feeble brand of revolt. Hari's half-hearted remonstrance's and his mild protestations of love for Amrita are easily subdued by alternate coaxing and gentle manners, has a will of iron. There is a history of discord too in the Rai Bahadur's family. Radha had displayed a similar determination in her youth and though her marriage had been considered a calamity by the members of her family, it could not be prevented. Vazir Dayal has consistently struck a jarring note. In their dealings with Amrita, her grandfather, mother and aunts draw a blank and it is Hari's family in whose hands the power of separating the two really rests. The Rai Bahadur comes perilously close to losing his authority (ibid., p. 100), and Radha has to stoop to visiting the despised refugees. Dressed in her finest clothes and jewels, she sallies forth in a chauffeur-driven car borrowed from her sister Mira, with the intention of
impressing and intimidating Hari’s mother and sister but ends up by being reassured by them. Prema tells her.

The wheel of the comic cycle turns a full round at the point that Amrita’s aristocratic mother describes Hari’s family as “really very respectable people” and regrets that their “system” “is lost among us” (ibid., p. 160). In the final analysis, however, the Hari-Amrita union is dissolved not so much through family intervention as by a diminishing commitment to one another by Hari and Amrita themselves. In the end, both can envisage a happy marriage within their own ranks. As is to be expected, the change of vision comes first to Hari—his commitment to his love being weaker than his family’s influence on him.

While Hari can grasp this concept even as an abstraction and accept it, Amrita is brought to a dim recognition of it only through her gradually awakening love for Krishna Sen Gupta. In identifying with Krishna she falls back not on her grandfather’s family but on memories of her dead father. That Amrita and Krishna are of a kind is established quite early in the novel. Radha, looking around for a suitable paying quest, funds Krishna.

Krishna’s parents had noticed his displacement but had refrained from interfering. They had recognized, in their son’s revolt, the signs of a frustrated attempt at identification with a land that cannot measure up to the
standards of the West. They themselves had experienced similar emotions in their first encounter with India on their return from Europe, but in their time “there had been something definite, something concrete, for them to revolt and fight against.” The National Movement had given “their newly acquired European liberal principles an outlet and a Cause.” But their son’s case, they realise, is different. He would need to reconcile and compromise and finally perhaps his bitterness would be “rubbed away by time and habit” (ibid., p. 47).

Four years in Indian and most of Krishna’s eloquent hatred had indeed rubbed off. He had begun to lose his Western conditioning—had begun to conform. He gradually got used to being waited upon by servants, ignoring beggars and looking upon young women as members of a different species. Even the sentimental Bengali verses he had sneered at earlier, now had the power to move him to tears. His initial alienation from Amrita had been part of the general disenchantment. Though living under the same roof, he had ignored and rejected her as a type unfamiliar to him and therefore undesirable. The English women he remembered with appreciation had been bold in their speech and behaviour, more conscious of their sex and more confident in their
dealings with men. In contrast, Amrita’s innocence and modesty had struck him as prudish and silly. But now—

....the memory of the kind of women he had learnt to like was fading. Perhaps even he was beginning to find that, like many other ideas and memories he had brought with him, she was an anomaly in these surrounding: certainly whenever he saw an Indian or Eurasian woman behaving with the freedom of a European one, he experienced a feeling of distaste. But Amrita’s shy smile, her soft voice, her hands fluttering from out of her sari, these belonged; and what formerly he had characterized as prudery, he now thought of as a natural, a very fitting, reticence. (Ibid., pp. 109-10).

Krishna and Amrita, but for their separate obsessions, would have instinctively recognized their natural counterparts in each other. Apart from the similarities of their inheritance and upbringing, they share certain innate characteristics that link them to their older generations. A sensitivity and delicacy, an inbred restraint in language and a scrupulous sense of honour can be traced back in Krishna’s case to his parents and in Amrita’s to her dead father. They are linked too by a habitual directness of thought and an element of irony in their natures that expresses itself in moments of extreme exasperation. Krishna, incensed by Hari’s
circumlocutions and dodgings from the point that means so much to him, tumbles him out of his passionate protestations—“‘If only I could… I would follow her to the ends of the earth,’” with the cool “‘It is only to England you need go’” (ibid., p. 119). Likewise, at a point when Amrita is thoroughly frustrated in her efforts to get her ideas through to Hari, she answers his characteristic: “Have I offended you? If I have, I will never forgive myself. I will kill myself. I will pluck my own heart out,’” with the gentle “‘Yes Hari…. But you have to speak first with a man in the Pushtu section’” (ibid., p. 77).
REFERENCES

1. This sentence, in the present tense, appears in the form of an epigraph to Ruth Jhabvala’s second collection of short stories. See *A Stronger Climate* (London: John Murray Ltd., 1968).


6. The old Delhi aristocrats originally came from Uttar Pradesh in search of employment in the Mughal courts. Later many of them founded their fortunes under the patronage of the Mughal emperors.

7. Krishna Sen Gupta had heard his father refer to the man in these terms. See *To Whom See Will,* p. 114.

9. It was the fashion in England around the turn of the century to send young girls away on cruises to the Mediterranean to make them get over their infatuations.


12. In her description of Radha's appearance at this point in the novel, Ruth Jhabvala betrays an ignorance of the class she is depicting. A widow with a grown up daughter from a family like the Rai Bahadur's would never dress the way Radha does. The novelist is either deliberately sacrificing verisimilitude to comic
incongruity or, being new to India, has not quite grasped the finer nuances of the Indian toilette.

13. This catalogue tallies in toto with the experience of Westerners in the second phase of their cycle of response to India, as depicted in Ruth Jhabvala’s later novels. However, Westerners move from acceptance to rejection and her Indian’s from the West in reverse order.