Journeying and Journalling

Journeying and Journalling:
Creative and Critical Meditations on Travel Writing

edited by

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Introduction: Journeying and Journalling

GISELLE BASTIN AND KATE DOUGLAS

In December 2004 the town of Penneshaw, Kangaroo Island, provided the backdrop for an international conference titled 'Journeying and Journalling'. The conference created a space for creative and critical meditations on travel writing. Kangaroo Island, southwest of Adelaide (South Australia), is Australia's third largest island. It is considered by many to be one of Australia's most beautiful destinations. Mapped by both Matthew Flinders and Nicholas Baudin in the nineteenth century, Kangaroo Island soon became infamous as a site of colonial brutality, and for providing an unforgiving landscape for settlers. In contemporary times, Kangaroo Island or 'KI', is best known as a site of agricultural produce (wine, honey, wool, meat and grains), and with unique fauna, picturesque coastline, heritage sites and national parks.

It isn't surprising then, that a cohort of Flinders University Humanities academics have been drawn to KI for a number of years for an annual conference. These conferences have been heavily influenced by travel writing theory and scholarship and by post-colonial scholarship more generally. The Journeying and Journalling conference, on which this book is based, brought scholars from around Australia and from international locations to Kangaroo Island to discuss travel writing—from its traditions to its contemporary incarnations—and through a multitude of genres. This collection of essays stems from this conference. The essays are split into four sections. Section one: 'Writing the Journey' looks at different manifestations of travel writing craft, focusing in particular on representations of identity and self. In 'Side by Side: William Dalrymple and Delhi', Tim Youngs explores the work of British travel writer, historian and journalist William Dalrymple. Youngs explores the complexities of representing race and culture within travel writing, positioning Dalrymple's work—despite its inconsistencies and complex self-constructions, as ultimately concerned with reconciliation. For Youngs, the representation of race and culture by travel writers remains a complex enterprise. In her chapter 'On Not Being Indigenous: Writing and Journeys in Elise Aylen's *The Night of the Lord* and Jean

Rhys' *Smile Please*', Helen Tiffin similarly looks at writers whose travel writings stretch the traditions of the subgenres in which they write. Tiffin explores Jean Rhys' 'unfinished autobiography', *Smile Please* and Elise Aylen's *The Night of the Lord* to argue that although each text emerges from colonial/post-colonial circumstances, neither fits into paradigmatic patterns for post-colonial travel writing.

The final three chapters in this section seek to claim space for particular writers as travel writers. In 'The Long Hand of Murray Bail: Travel and Writing', Paul Sharrad examines a selection of work by Australian author Murray Bail, revealing the ways in which Bail's travel experiences shaped his writing. Similarly John McLaren's piece 'In Search of the Celtic Sunrise' examines a selection of Australian and Canadian poets to consider their work as a meditation on Celtic origins. The last chapter in this section, 'Travelblogging' by Kylie Cardell and Kate Douglas, considers an irreverent and perhaps even renegade form of travel writing: the self-published 'travelblog'. Cardell and Douglas position these texts as a mode of everyday, amateur, and yet heavily commercialised form of travel writing.

The second section titled 'South and West Journeys' explores the multiple discourses that go towards the writing and experience of any journey. People's accounts of their journeys become the artefacts that, in turn, construct narratives of 'place'. As Michele Grossman observes of Stephen Muecke's *Reading the Country*, much of the travel writing in this section engages in encounters and exchanges about 'the meanings of country and [the] cross-cultural points of contact and disjuncture that never resolve[…] or settle[…]'. Several of these essays engage with the writer's desire to encounter the world in its difference, and to weigh up different cultural relations between the self and the world. This searching manifests as either physical journeys taken on foot, or as accounts of others' memoirs. In 'Acts of Walking' Lesley Williams maps Adelaide's coastline, from Glenelg (Holdfast Bay) to Cape Jervis on the Fleurieu Peninsula, on foot. Williams imagines the landscape into being through her journey and interleaves Indigenous and white settler responses to place and identity. Borrowing an idea from de Certeau, Williams asserts that 'walking enunciate[s] space'. Mark Minchinton in '*Kellerberrin Walking*—Writing & Vagabondage in South West Western Australia: Nine Speeds of Walking/Writing' offers a creative, reflective piece about the author's own walking journey of 600kms from Busselton to Perth, from Wyalkatchem to Kellerberrin in Western Australia. Minchinton creates a piece that he describes as 'auto-ethnographic research produced as performance'. Like Williams, he too undertakes his long journey on foot, stopping twice daily to experience the landscape and the inhabitants via the

senses of sight, touch and smell, and through memory and imagining, in an effort to experience his own Indigenous past. Minchinton uses his journey to enact a desire for the landscape to 'reclaim me'. In 'The Itinerant Text: Walking Between the Lines with Stephen Muecke and Mark Minchinton' Michele Grossman reviews the recent writings of Mark Minchinton and Stephen Muecke and finds in them interesting critiques about how 'non-Indigenous writers and readers might travel ethically and creatively in and around places—physical, textual, psychological—claimed by intersecting Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australian ways of being, knowing, remembering and inscribing'. Grossman observes how Minchinton and Muecke produce 'itinerant texts', texts that elude stable definition or 'possession of critical orthodoxies'. In the final chapter of this section Diana Glenn, in 'Lollies in the Streets': A Survey of the Life Narratives of a Group of First Generation Women of Campanian Origin Residing in Adelaide, South Australia,' charts the travel stories of Italian women migrants from the Italian region of Campania who travelled to and settled in South Australia in the 1950s and 1960s. Despite enjoying improved economic conditions, these Italian settlers experienced Adelaide as a 'nothing', an alien place at the end of a journey that many associated with 'a sense of profound loss'. For others in this settler group, however, this was a journey that marked an exciting new beginning.

The third section, 'Colonial Journeys', looks at particular examples of the ways in which travel inspires writing. In 'Hidden Histories: Narratives of the Southern Ocean Sealers', Anthony J. Brown examines fragments of journals and other forms of life narrative texts to assemble stories of southern ocean sealers. Though these stories remain fragmentary, Brown illuminates something of the lives and deaths of these men. Kay Merry's 'Dancing With Devils: The Aboriginal Women and the Sealers of Bass Strait and Kangaroo Island in the Early Nineteenth Century' provides further insight into the lives of the sealers, while focusing closely on the lives of the Indigenous women kidnapped by the sealers and brought to Kangaroo Island. Merry explores the abuse of these women—abuse that remained unchecked for three decades—through an examination of the journals of George Augustus Robinson, who was the Tasmanian Aboriginal Protector during this period.

The final three articles in this section each look closely at written texts as a means for understanding the journeys of individuals—each of whom would have been considered pioneers with stories to tell. However, the authors of these chapters, through post-colonial lenses, reveal the complexities of these journeys and the often difficult relationships these journeys produce. In 'Matthew Flinders Private Journal: A Private Journey', Gillian Dooley examines the private diaries of Flinders in light of other knowledge about Flinders. In doing so, Dooley

is able to explore Flinders's private assessments of events against the master narratives. In 'Through Colonial Spectacles', Margaret Allen similarly examines the narrative of an individual in light of larger questions—in this instance of colonial masculinity and master narratives of history. Allen reads the anonymous narratives of a young Australian doctor working in India in the early twentieth century. In 'White Journeys to Black Countries', Tracy Spencer recalls seeing the graves of missionaries Rebecca Forbes and Jim Page on a hill above the community of Nepabunna in the northern Flinders Ranges. Spencer asks, 'How did they come to be there?' How did they live and die with the Adnyamathanha people? Spencer focuses on these journeys in her chapter.

The fourth section, titled 'Symbolic Journeys, Mythical Journeys' considers the importance of symbolism and motifs in travel writing and looks at the role that mythology plays in stories about travel. In 'Train Spotting: Reconciliation and Long-distance Rail Travel in Australia', Peter Bishop interrogates the various discourses embedded in advertising material and personal testimony about rail travel across Australia. He uses the concept of the journey by rail as that which frames discourses about place and belonging. Bishop observes the silences and omissions that exist in travel accounts of journeys across Australia's 'centre', noting the way that train tracks criss-cross the landscape and innumerable Indigenous songs in the landscape, along the way enacting new songs in the process. Clare Archer-Lean in 'Ambiguity as Journey in 'Mudrooroo/Johnson's *Master of the Ghost Dreaming Series*' examines well-journeyed Australian author, Mudrooroo's/Colin Johnson's series *Master of the Ghost* Dreaming. The journeys in this selection of writing by Johnson include ones that are intra-textual and inter-textual, journeys that self-referentially 'construct a challenge to the notion of the fixed and stable journal and record of any journey'. Mudrooroo's/ Johnson's self-reflexive writing makes use of what Archer-Lean refers to as trickster discourse, a discourse that recognises that the act of writing is itself a kind of trickery. Mudrooroo's/Johnson's writings are not 'always concerned with opposing and reacting to the colonial narrative, but with evoking complex and varied identities'. A similar account of how a complex and varied identity can unsettle and disrupt dominant discourses of nation is present in Jim McKay's 'Subterranean Currents in the ANZAC Myth and the Life Narrative of Ted Smout'. McKay interprets the funeral service of Australia's last serving World War I veteran, Ted Smout, in terms of how the way Smout's life story differs to official versions offered via the standard myth-making apparatus. Smout's life of altruism and his own dealings with post-traumatic stress syndrome—his story overall—both invites re-readings of standard definitions of the 'Aussie Digger' as well as re-invigorates interpretations of ANZAC mythology generally. And

in Michael X. Savvas's 'Crime Scenes: The importance of Place in Australian Crime Fiction', the integral role that location plays in the genre of Australian crime fiction is examined. Savvas asserts that Australian crime fiction has its own unique way of incorporating place into narrative and part of this incorporation has historically involved not naming the locales of Australian stories. As Australian cities have developed their own particular style of 'crime', however, a confidence about naming cities has emerged.

Collectively these chapters provide a snapshot of current directions and preoccupations in contemporary travel writing scholarship. They function as a reminder of the work that has been done, for instance, on representations of Indigeneity and of writing marginalised narratives into the travel canon. However, these chapters also remind us of the important work that remains, particularly in relation to travel writing as a form of reconciliation—for example, between Indigenous people and colonisers, and between colonisers and neo-colonials. Scholars also bear the responsibility of considering the complexities of representing culture and place in a post-colonial, even post-traumatic world. The legacies of history and scholarship, and the weight of contemporary politics both enable and disable travel writing. However, what remains is a sense of the importance of this work, as a means of redressing the past and for writing new histories.

Side by Side:
William Dalrymple and Delhi

TIM YOUNGS

Mary Louise Pratt has referred to a 'discourse of negation, domination, devaluation, and fear that remains in the late twentieth century a powerful ideological constituent of the west's consciousness of the people and places it strives to hold in subjugation'.[1] She names this the 'white man's lament' and sees it as exemplified by Paul Theroux and Alberto Moravia. Pratt views the white man's lament as a 1970s response to the contestatory voices of what she calls 'Postcolonial hyphens': those writers like the African-American Richard Wright and the Franco-Algerian Albert Camus, who, twenty years before, were writing 'in direct connection with specific moments in the struggles for decolonisation'.[2] According to Pratt:

> The white man's lament seems to remain remarkably uniform across representations of different places, and by westerners of different nationalities. It is a monolith, like the official construct of the 'third world' it encodes.[3]

An unfortunate consequence of Pratt's statement of uniformity and monoliths is that it has led many of those who have been influenced by her important book to overlook counter-examples and contradictions. This is true not only of discussions of the white man's lament in particular but of travel writing from the so-called centre in general. Two observations about this interest me and inform this essay: first, that inconsistencies may be present even in the work of a single author; second, that many travel writers may be less the knowing promoters or unwitting dupes of imperialist or neo-colonial ideologies than they are agents whose deliberate choices about form and content involve a more complicated self-construction than is often admitted.

By way of illustration, this essay will focus on the British travel writer, historian and journalist William Dalrymple, who has been sensitive enough to local conditions to exclaim (in an essay on the caste system in Rajasthan) that

'the foreign eye is easily misled',[4] and who has based his book *White Mughals* (2002) on the romance and marriage between James Kirkpatrick, the British resident in Hyderabad, and the Mughal princess, Khair un-Nissa, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. It is a study of the forgotten history of cultural crossings and conversions, a theme that has preoccupied Dalrymple with increasing intensity since the United States and Great Britain took the lead in the 'War on Terror' after September 11 2001. His introduction to a 2002 edition of the journals of Fanny Parkes insists that 'at a time when respectable journalists and academics are again talking of the Clash of Civilisations, and when East and West, Islam and Christianity are again engaged in a major confrontation, Fanny's record of this fragile hybrid world has never been more important',[5] a sentiment that was repeated almost word-for-word in the Introduction to *White Mughals* as Dalrymple calls for cultural reconciliation.[6] He elaborated on these ideas in a lecture given on 18 August 2004, referring to 'The recent tendency to demonise Islam [that] has led to an atmosphere where few in either camp are aware of, or indeed wish to be aware of, the kinship of Christianity and Islam', and quoting the Scottish medievalist, Sir Steven Runciman, as remarking that 'our civilisation has grown … out of the long sequence of interaction and fusion between Orient and Occident'. Dalrymple paraphrases with approval, it seems, Runciman's view that the Crusades should be understood 'less as an attempt to reconquer the Christian heartlands lost to Islam [than] as the last of the Barbarian invasions'. Dalrymple further makes evident his detestation of the notion, voiced increasingly since 9/11, of the Clash of Civilisations. He insists that:

> Despite their differences Muslims and Christians have always traded, studied, negotiated and loved across the porous frontiers of religious differences. Probe relations between the two civilisations at any period of history, and you find that the neat civilisational blocks imagined by writers such as Bernard Lewis or Samuel Huntington soon dissolve.[7]

And, unafraid to make an even more directly political point, he speaks of how

> at the moment, in the aftermath of the horrors in Abu Ghraib and Guantanamo Bay and the entirely avoidable and barely reported massacres of ordinary Iraqi civilians in Falluja, it is highly debatable whether now is the moment for putting only the Arab world on the psychiatrist's couch. Surely, at this point, it is us in the West who should be engaged in some introspection? (Lecture)

It may be with some surprise, then, that one goes back to Dalrymple's first book, *In Xanadu*,[8] and rediscovers this champion of cultural sensitivity and mutual understanding writing of 'Arab deviousness' (33), of Turks as 'boring'

(62), of the Armenians as the most 'unpleasant race in Asia' (64), of 'slit-eyed Mongol features' (112); joking at foreigners and making fun of their accents; and suggesting that it is the unflattering appearance of their women that explains 'the Turks' easy drift out of heterosexuality' (71). True, *In Xanadu* was written when Dalrymple was only twenty-two years old, and he has since dismissed it as a 'student romp' that in parts 'now makes me wince with embarrassment',[9] yet he still reads in public passages that make fun of foreigners' mispronunciation of English, as he did at the same public discussion with me in which he disowned the book and at the same time commented:

> The fact is that it has got the best jokes and it is a much funnier book than the others. I think I've got progressively more politically correct and dull as I get middle aged. But readings of *In Xanadu* will get a louder laugh than anything.[10]

Sure enough, it did. In the same interview, pressed on the point, he said:

> I am not sure I believe in national characters. I think it's nonsense to talk about the French being like this or the Italians like that. I agree that one of the flaws of the travel book is this assumption that there is a national stereotype.[11]

Asked to account for the difference between the persona of *In Xanadu* and that of his later work, Dalrymple replied:

> I think that while I consciously changed the form I've written the different books in and altered the form to suit whatever I'm trying to do, I never consciously created a persona around the 'I'. The 'I', I suppose, is the me of that particular moment. *In Xanadu* is very strongly influenced by the travel writing of the 1930s, so it assimilates attitudes that even when it was written 20 years ago were already 50 years out of date. … [I]f it were to be published now it would be slaughtered in the press, and quite rightly. I think Britain has changed a lot in the 20 years since that book was published. What is often sometimes rightly derided as political correctness also has an underside which is a greater sensitivity to other cultures, which is a good thing. …
>
> …I think definitely it was me changing rather than making a conscious effort to change the persona of the 'I'. *In Xanadu* was half-written when I was still at university at the height of the Thatcherite '80s and *City of Djinns* was written after 4 years living in India. It obviously has a very different set of influences. You grow up a lot in that time, but it's an interesting question.[12]

Dalrymple's reply is intriguing because it suggests the self changing as society does (though it would be quite wrong to accept that the travel writing of the 1930s is more conservative than it is today[13]). Dalrymple has also asserted elsewhere that

> if you engage with where you are change is inevitable, even if you don't realise it at the time. I certainly feel my travels have changed me, and for the better. … Serious travel should … free you from the imprisonment of your own culture and upbringing.[14]

If we accept that Dalrymple has changed, or at least that the radical critic of Islamophobia coexists with the mocker of foreign accents, then there must be signs of this progression or contradiction within—and not just across—his texts. But I think we must also accord Dalrymple—and other writers—more agency and self-awareness than recent travel writing criticism has tended to grant in its subjects. If Dalrymple's admission shows that the author and the voice of travel narratives change, then it follows that signs of ambivalence must exist within each text. Indeed, even in *In Xanadu*, Dalrymple admits to having his preconceptions of Iran confounded by the complex realities of the country, thus showing a responsiveness to and reflection on experience that is in happy contradiction to his laughter at foreign accents. Perhaps we might say the same of Dalrymple as he has observed of Delhi, that we find 'different ages [lying] suspended side by side'.[15] He is no monolith.

On the face of it, this underlining of the role of the author, whose evolution affects the presentation of the travels, would seem to take us in a different direction from those travel writers such as Robyn Davidson who distinguish themselves from and hide themselves behind their first person narrators.[16] That is to say, Dalrymple's emphasis on historicity and the documentary function appears to contrast with Davidson's employment of literary strategies associated more commonly with fiction. I am not sure that the divergence between the two methods is that great, however. With both, the construction of the seeing and travelling self is prominent. It may be that in Dalrymple's case the emphasis is on the social construction, and in Davidson's on the literary self, but the function of the self as mediator and pivotal figure is crucial to both. That being so, it would seem to be as important to attend to literary technique, to aesthetics, and to *agency* as to the book's surface or latent ideologies. In other words, despite the documentary function of Dalrymple's writing, the writerliness of the travel book intercedes. I do not mean by this simply that everything is subjective or even only that it is constructed; but that it is constructed in a *literary* way. This is what Dalrymple has said of the structure of *City of Djinns*, for example:

> I devised quite a complicated structure for *City of Djinns* which is a narrative of a notional year my wife and I spent in Delhi, but by the time it was written we had been there about four years, so it contained the best of the gleanings of my diaries. I would look at the diary entries for December and compress them and choose the

> best bits, but also, as the year goes on and we move from monsoon to monsoon I spiral down into the history of Delhi. Each chapter takes you back a stage. … It was very difficult to write, particularly putting the history going backwards because often so much of what happens in history is formed by what has happened before it and yet if you're doing it backwards you can't refer to that because the reader doesn't know that, for example, before the British there were the Mughals because we haven't got there yet, so it's a very illogical way of writing about history and yet it works terribly well, I think, in this book. The reason for the structure was that the central idea is that Delhi does seem to act like a sort of fly paper on time. Time doesn't seem to have its destructive power in Delhi in the way it does in some other places. …What was lovely was that you could—and this is what travel books often do—tell the story of the past through bits that are still alive but do it in reverse chronological order. You can go backwards and see living fragments of each, not just that there was an old building here which was from the fourteenth century, but there living nearby or reflecting some aspect of that was a guy who in some ways related to that fourteenth-century building. There is a lot of this sort of play of time in *Djinns*, but while it contained 5 years of research, I also went to great efforts to have the same sort of knock-about stuff as in *In Xanadu*, most notably the kind of comic relief whenever I am worried that I'm getting too boring about mediaeval Indian history. For example, Balvinder Singh, the taxi driver, who is a real character, and who also appears as the link in a documentary we made. He is an utterly fabulous character.[17]

A problem with this, I think, is that the historian in Dalrymple sees not the individuality or even the modernity of people but their past. And when he looks to introduce that comic relief he sometimes does so by placing the modern and the ancient together to incongruous effect. Thus:

> Balvinder Singh, son of Punjab Singh, Prince of Taxi Drivers, may your moustache never grow grey! Nor your liver cave in with cirrhosis. Nor your precious Hindustan Ambassador ever again crumple in a collision—like the one we had with the van carrying Mango Frooty Drink. …
>
> …Mr Singh is a *kshatriya* by caste, a warrior, and like his ancestors he is keen to show that he is afraid of nothing. He disdains such cowardly acts as looking in wing mirrors or using his indicators. His Ambassador is his chariot, his klaxon his sword. Weaving into the oncoming traffic, playing 'chicken' with the other taxis, Balvinder Singh is a Raja of the Road.[18]

We are not far here from Colin Thubron's Russians and Central Asians in whose faces and mannerisms, like their landscapes, Thubron finds the traits of millennia. I suppose in Dalrymple's defence one might claim that in India the signs of the past are manifest and interacting with the present in a way that is not

apparent in Europe but, despite a comparison of the lecherous Mr Singh with Essex man, I cannot imagine Dalrymple comparing a white British taxi driver's vehicle with, say, a stagecoach. Appearing in a documentary with Dalrymple, Balvinder is made the willing butt of the joke: the good sort, without a chip on his shoulder. We laugh at his misuse of 'handicrafted' for 'handicapped' (17) and not—because we are not told about them—at any malapropisms of the Hindi-speaking Dalrymple.

City of Djinns describes in great detail the histories of Delhi, finding its different ages represented in the people who walk its streets. In this part-travel, part-history, Delhi is itself a multi-faceted character. Dalrymple rejects the fixed national stereotypes of much travel writing. He criticises the fascist aspects of British imperial architecture, as well as the 'most horrible characteristics of the English character—philistinism, narrow-mindedness, bigotry, vengefulness—[which] suddenly surfaced at once' during and after the suppression of the 1857 uprising.[19] And he reverses the British perspective on India, showing British rule as a brief interlude that is already being shed:

> I was astonished how little evidence remained of two centuries of colonial rule. In the conversation of my Indian contemporaries, the British Empire was referred to in much the same way as I referred to the Roman Empire. For all the fond imaginings of the British, as far as the modern Delhi-wallah was concerned, the Empire was ancient history, an age impossibly remote from our own.[20]

Confounding his preconceptions, Dalrymple discovers that British rule is but a short moment in the long history of India. It has not returned to an ancient past however. It has moved on. Dalyrmple neither suggests that things have not changed nor mourns a lost past. India absorbs its experiences and accrues them. There are survivals and there is newness. Thus:

> All the different ages of man were represented in the people of the city. Different millennia co-existed side by side. Minds set in different ages walked the same pavements, drank the same water, returned to the same dust.[21] (9)

How Dalrymple interprets and presents this coexistence is key. He explains in the prologue, from which the words I have just quoted also come, that: 'In Delhi I knew I had found a theme for a book: a portrait of a city whose different ages lay suspended in aspic, a city of djinns' (9).[22] This wording seems to carry a different inflexion: to suggest passivity rather than activity. Now the different ages lie suspended, preserved; just a few sentences before, they actively moved and functioned beside one another, sharing the same terrain and sustenance. Perhaps the difference can be explained by the shift of emphasis onto Dalrymple

himself: 'In Delhi *I* knew *I* had found a theme for a *book*' (my emphases). What we observe here is a version of what Michael Cronin describes in his account of travel writers as cultural translators:

> The shift in travel writing from travel log to travelogue is the shift from fact to impression, the movement from the bald description of physical phenomena to the interpretive luxuriance of emotion and opinion. Thus, the accounts themselves are active interpreters of the cultures through which they travel. They are in this respect *translations* of a culture into language and like all translations they are productions in time.[23]

In raising these questions, I am less interested in Dalrymple's personal politics or in showing that Pratt's monolithic white man's lament is insufficiently nuanced than in the balance between agency and determination; between the individual and the group culture. There is a strand of travel writing criticism that—understandably—condemns writers for their peddling of stereotypes and dubious judgements on other cultures. Often this criticism takes as its task the exposure of such attitudes that might have slipped into the book regardless of the author's intentions. But I am more interested now in what a writer deliberately does: in how he or she uses the form of the travel narrative. In that respect, Dalrymple offers an intriguing example.

I began this discussion with a questioning of the idea of a monolith. Dalrymple, with academic criticism of Fanny Parkes specifically in mind but with a number of post-Saidean critiques a more general target, has himself complained about the assumption that 'sometimes seems to be at work in academia – especially in the US – that all writings of the colonial period exhibit the same sets of prejudices: a monolithic, modern, academic Occidentalism which seems to match uncannily the monolithic stereotypes perceived in the original *Orientalism*'.[24] If the same author who remarks, with reference to 'the abuses of Abu Ghraib, the mass murders of Iraqis in Faluja [and] the betrayal of the Palestinians by Bush and Blair', that 'at the moment we seem to be doing all we can to persuade the people of the Middle East that we are all hypocrites, sadists and liars' (Lecture), also continues to read jokey passages about the misunderstanding caused by funny foreign accents, then we need not only to see that these coexist but to ask searching questions about the audiences that continue to produce the readings by responding so positively to them. Those audiences belong to the same society as the unsmiling academic,[25] and Dalrymple (Hindi-speaking and sharing his time between Delhi and the UK) is able effectively to bridge them, writing for both, bringing them side by side, exposing and reflecting the inconsistencies in his readership.

Notes

1 Pratt 219, 216–21. Parts of my discussion in the present essay draw on my article 'The Importance of Travel Writing.'
2 Pratt 224. For a discussion of contemporary travel writers who might be punctuated differently, as misplaced apostrophes, see Youngs, 'Punctuating Travel.'
3 Pratt 220.
4 Dalrymple, *The Age of Kali: Indian Travels & Encounters* 113.
5 Dalrymple, 'Introduction' to *Begums, Thugs and White Mughals* xvii.
6 Dalrymple, *White Mughals* xlix. For a further discussion of the cultural immersion and exchange experienced by the British in India prior to the hardening of British attitudes in the late eighteenth century, see Dalrymple's essay 'Personal Encounters: Europeans in South Asia.' 156–69. Dalrymple has on many occasions discussed the need to recover the knowledge of acculturation and hybridity in order to refute those who seem to will the very clash of civilizations they tell us is historical and inevitable.
7 I am grateful to Dalrymple for sending me a copy of this lecture. Further references will be given parenthetically as Lecture.
8 Dalrymple, *In Xanadu: A Quest*. Page references will be given parenthetically in the text.
9 Jiménez 181.
10 Youngs, 'Interview with William Dalrymple.' 40. The public interview was conducted at the Lowdham Book Festival, Nottinghamshire, on 13 June, 2004.
11 Youngs, 'Interview with William Dalrymple.' 43.
12 Youngs, 'Interview with William Dalrymple.' 40–1.
13 Youngs, 'Auden's travel writings.' 68–81.
14 Jiménez 182.
15 Dalrymple, *City of Djinns* 9.
16 Youngs, 'Interview with Robyn Davidson.' 21–36, esp. 34–5. Anna Johnston has remarked to me that interviews themselves may also involve self-construction.
17 Youngs, 'Interview with William Dalrymple.' 42–3. The documentary to which Dalrymple refers is *City of Djinns*, dir. Hugh Thomson, BBC, 2000. It was shown in a series, *Indian Journeys*. Further references to *City of Djinns* are to the book.
18 Dalrymple, *City of Djinns* 15–16.
19 Dalrymple, *City of Djinns* 147–8.
20 Dalrymple, *City of Djinn*s 71.
21 Dalrymple, *City of Djinn*s 9.
22 Dalrymple, *City of Djinn*s 9.
23 Cronin 23.
24 Dalrymple, 'Introduction' to *Begums, Thugs and White Mughals* xviii.
25 I am not suggesting that all academics would not laugh at the cultural jokes, or that all non-academics would find them amusing, but that did seem to be the case at the Lowdham Book festival, a fact to which Dalrymple adroitly drew attention, causing further mirth.

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On Not Being Indigenous: Writing and Journeys in Elise Aylen's *The Night of the Lord* and Jean Rhys's *Smile Please*

HELEN TIFFIN

Over three quarters of today's peoples have had (and continue to have) their lives shaped or radically influenced by eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth-century European imperialism and colonialism. Such histories, founded on the journeys (and journals) of European sailors, explorers, settlers (and later, administrators) have generated, in their turn, further large scale movements of peoples: indigenous inhabitants exiled to the margins (or even across the borders) of their former lands; European settlers, government administrators and militia posted to the European settler-colonies and the colonies of occupation; African peoples kidnapped and transported to work 'New' World plantations; indigenous labourers whose 'return' clause work-contracts were rarely honoured. Such migrations have, not surprisingly, also generated writing concerned with travelling; with exile and displacement; adaptation; the return to the ancestral homeland and/or to the imaginative norm (or ideal) imperial European 'centre'; and the formulation of 'new', multi-cultural societies in the settler-colonies and the imperial metropoles with the widespread travelling of the colonised 'back' to, for instance, London, Paris, Madrid and Berlin. Within the British Empire, in both the colonies of occupation (for example, India and the modern state of Nigeria) and particularly in the settler-colonies (the United States, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, and, arguably, the islands of the Caribbean), so important has the journey been in both imaginative and non-fictional writing, that particular patterns and motifs are observable across the very different historical, racial and cultural circumstances of colonialist journeyings. For white *settler* populations, the journey back to one's ancestral England or Ireland—even for second or third generation 'colonials'—is also one to an imagined country which represents a norm or an ideal lacking in the colonial environment.