

## 1.7 Why we Travel

### ICE BREAKERS

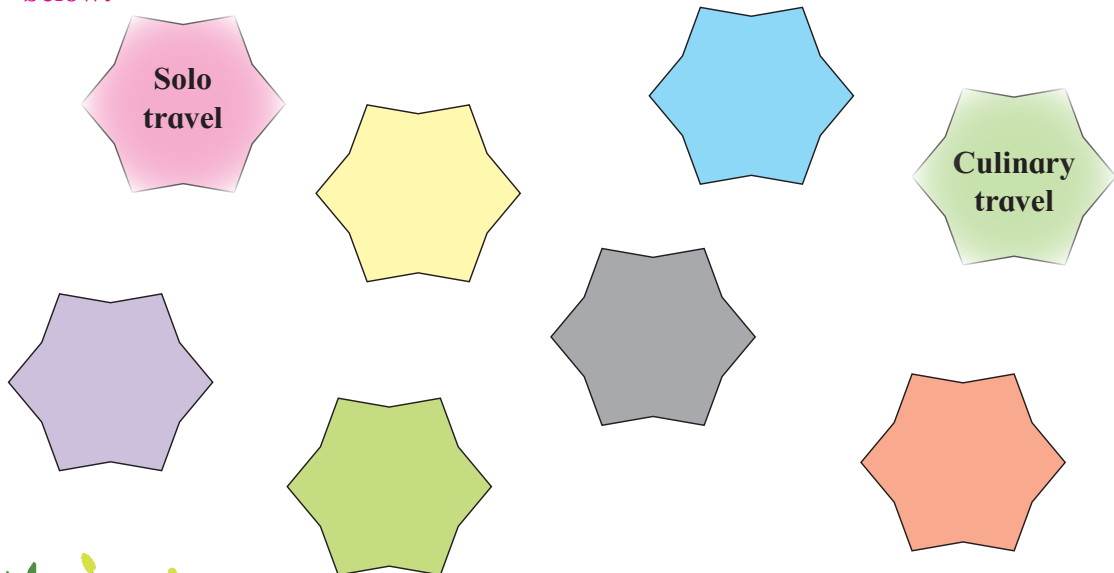
- Share your views on how travelling can be a hobby.
- Discuss in the class the benefits of travelling and complete the web.



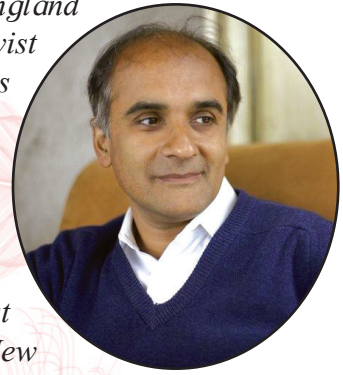
**Make a list of your expectations when you travel to some new place:**

- (a) Food should be delicious and available whenever hungry.
- (b) .....
- (c) .....
- (d) .....

- Discuss in the class the various types of travels. Add your own to ones given below:



**Siddarth Pico Raghavan Iyer, (born 1957) at Oxford, England** is known as Pico Iyer. He is a British –born American essayist and novelist and is best known for his travel writing. He was awarded the famous Guggenheim Fellowship for Creative Arts in 2005 and has won the accolade of Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters by the Chapman University. He has authored several books including *Video Night in Kathmandu*(1988), *The Lady and The Monk* (1991), *The Global Soul* (2000) and *The Man within My Head* (2012). He is working as an essayist for *Time* since 1986. He also publishes regularly in *The New York Review of Books* and *The New York Times* and other renowned publications.



In his classic essay ‘*Why we Travel*’, Pico Iyer explores the reasons for his passion to travel and shares them with the readers. He quotes famous writers and puts forth his own observations while probing into his own instinct to travel. Enormously interesting, the extract is equally inspiring for the readers who are looking for the adventures in their lives.

## Why we Travel

We travel, initially, to lose ourselves; and we travel, next, to find ourselves. We travel to open our hearts and eyes and learn more about the world than our newspapers will accommodate. We travel to bring what little we can, in our ignorance and knowledge, to those parts of the globe whose **riches are differently dispersed**. And we travel, in essence, to become young fools again—to slow time down and get taken in, and fall in love once more. The beauty of this whole process was best described, perhaps, before people even took to frequent flying, by **George Santayana** in his **lapidary** essay, “The Philosophy of Travel.” We “need sometimes,” the Harvard philosopher wrote, “to escape into open **solitudes**, into aimlessness, into the moral holiday of **running some pure hazard**, in order to sharpen the edge of life, to taste hardship, and to be compelled to work desperately for a moment at no matter what.”

Few of us ever forget the connection between “**travel**” and “**travail**,” Travel in that sense guides us toward a better balance of wisdom and compassion – of seeing the

### Guess the meaning :

*riches are differently dispersed*

**George Santayana:** George Agustin Nicolas Ruiz de Santayana y Borrás (December 16, 1863 – September 26, 1952), was a Spanish philosopher, essayist, poet and novelist.

**lapidary:** relating to the engraving, cutting, or polishing of stones and gems (of language- elegant and concise.)

**solitudes** : a lonely or uninhabited place.

**running some pure hazard:** accepting a risk or danger

### Guess the difference:

- travel and travail

world clearly, and yet feeling it truly. For seeing without feeling can obviously be uncaring; while feeling without seeing can be blind. Yet for me the first great joy of travelling is simply the luxury of leaving all my beliefs and certainties at home, and seeing everything I thought I knew in a different light, and from a crooked angle.

Though it's fashionable nowadays to draw a distinction between the "tourist" and the "traveler," perhaps the real distinction lies between those who leave their assumptions at home, and those who don't. Among those who don't, a tourist is just someone who complains, "Nothing here is the way it is at home," while a traveler is one who grumbles, "Everything here is the same as it is in Cairo - or Cuzco or Kathmandu." It's all very much the same.

But for the rest of us, the **sovereign** freedom of travelling comes from the fact that it whirls you around and turns you upside down, and stands everything you took for granted on its head. If a diploma can famously be a passport (to a journey through hard realism), a passport can be a diploma (for a crash course in cultural relativism). And the first lesson we learn on the road, whether we like it or not, is how **provisional and provincial** are the things we imagine to be universal.

We travel, then, in part just to shake up our **complacencies** by seeing all the moral and political urgencies, the life-and-death dilemmas, that we seldom have to face at home. And we travel to fill in the gaps left by tomorrow's headlines. When you drive down the streets of Port-au-Prince, for example, where there is almost no paving your notions of the Internet and a "one world order" grow usefully revised. Travel is the best way we have of rescuing the humanity of places, and saving them from **abstraction** and ideology.

And in the process, we also get saved from abstraction ourselves, and come to see how much we can bring to the places we visit, and how much we can become a kind of carrier pigeon – an anti-Federal Express, if you like – in transporting back and forth what every culture needs. I



***Differentiate :***

- tourist and traveller


**sovereign :** supreme and effective

***Guess the difference :***

- provisional and provincial

**complacencies:** satisfaction of one with oneself or one's own achievements

**abstraction:** something that exists only as an idea





**Michael Jordan :**

an American former professional basketball player

**Kyoto :** once the capital of Japan, now is a city on the island of Honshu

**ikebana:** Japanese art of flower arrangement

**impoverished :** reduced to poverty

**Proust :** a French novelist, critic and essayist, one of the most influential authors of the 20<sup>th</sup> century (10 July 1871 – 18 November 1922)

**subtler :** more difficult to grasp

**resuscitate:** make active and vigorous

*How does travel spin us?*

find that I always take **Michael Jordan** posters to **Kyoto**, and bring woven **ikebana** baskets back to California.

But more significantly, we carry values and beliefs and news to the places we go, and in many parts of the world, we become walking video screens and living newspapers, the only channels that can take people out of the censored limits of their homelands. In closed or **impoverished** places, like Pagan or Lhasa or Havana, we are the eyes and ears of the people we meet, their only contact with the world outside and, very often, the closest, quite literally, they will ever come to Michael Jackson or Bill Clinton. Not the least of the challenges of travel, therefore, is learning how to import - and export - dreams with tenderness.

By now all of us have heard (too often) the old **Proust** line about how the real voyage of discovery consists not in seeing new places but in seeing with new eyes. Yet one of the **subtler** beauties of travel is that it enables you to bring new eyes to the people you encounter. Thus even as holidays help you appreciate your own home more—not least by seeing it through a distant admirer’s eyes—they help you bring newly appreciative—distant—eyes to the places you visit. You can teach them what they have to celebrate as much as you celebrate what they have to teach. This, I think, is how tourism, which so obviously destroys cultures, can also **resuscitate** or revive them, how it has created new “traditional” dances in Bali, and caused craftsmen in India to pay new attention to their works.

Thus travel spins us round in two ways at once: It shows us the sights and values and issues that we might ordinarily ignore; but it also, and more deeply, shows us all the parts of ourselves that might otherwise grow rusty. For in travelling to a truly foreign place, we inevitably travel to moods and states of mind and hidden inward passages that we’d otherwise seldom have cause to visit.

On the most basic level, when I’m in Tibet, though not a real Buddhist, I spend days on end in temples, listening to the chants of sutras. I go to Iceland to visit the lunar spaces within me, and, in the uncanny quietude and

emptiness of that vast and treeless world, to tap parts of myself generally obscured by chatter and routine.

We travel, then, in search of both self and anonymity – and, of course, in finding the one we apprehend the other. Abroad, we are wonderfully free of caste and job and standing; we are, as **Hazlitt** puts it, just the “gentlemen in the parlour,” and people cannot put a name or tag to us. And precisely because we are clarified in this way, and freed of inessential labels, we have the opportunity to come into contact with more essential parts of ourselves (which may begin to explain why we may feel most alive when far from home).

Abroad is the place where we stay up late, follow **impulse** and find ourselves as wide open as when we are in love. We live without a past or future, for a moment at least, and are ourselves up for grabs and open to interpretation. We even may become mysterious—to others, at first, and sometimes to ourselves—and, as no less a dignitary than **Oliver Cromwell** once noted, “A man never goes so far as when he doesn’t know where he is going.”

There are, of course, great dangers to this, as to every kind of freedom, but the great promise of it is that, travelling, we are born again, and able to return at moments to a younger and a more open kind of self. Travelling is a way to reverse time, to a small extent, and make a day last a year—or at least 45 hours—and travelling is an easy way of surrounding ourselves, as in childhood, with what we cannot understand. Language facilitates this cracking open, for when we go to France, we often migrate to French, and the more childlike self, simple and polite, that speaking a foreign language **educes**. Even when I’m not speaking pidgin English in Hanoi, I’m simplified in a positive way, and concerned not with expressing myself, but simply making sense.


So travel, for many of us, is a quest for not just the unknown, but the unknowing; I, at least, travel in search of an innocent eye that can return me to a more innocent self. I tend to believe more abroad than I do at home (which, though treacherous again, can at least help me

**Hazlitt** : an English essayist, drama and literary critic, painter, social commentator and philosopher (10 April 1778 – 18 September 1830)

**impulse** : a sudden strong and unreflective urge to act

**Oliver Cromwell** : an English military and political leader (25 April 1599 - 3 September 1658)

**educes** : brings out or develops something latent or potential



**risumi** : a risumi is a special kind of resume that has been written with an ISO 8859-1/14 character set and then sent through a mail that drops the high bit.

**crucible** : a situation in which people or things are severely tested

**monasticism** : resembling monks or their way of life living alone

**Camus** : Albert Camus ( 7 November 1913 - 4 January 1960) was a French philosopher, author and journalist

**Christopher Isherwood** : (26 August 1904- 4 January 1986) an Anglo-American novelist, playwright, screenwriter, autobiographer, and diarist

*Why are we objects of scrutiny?*

to extend my vision), and I tend to be more easily excited abroad, and even kinder. And since no one I meet can “place” me –no one can fix me in my **risumi** – I can remake myself for better, as well as, of course, for worse (if travel is notoriously a cradle for false identities, it can also, at its best, be a **crucible** for truer ones). In this way, travel can be a kind of **monasticism** on the move: On the road, we often live more simply (even when staying in a luxury hotel), with no more possessions than we can carry, and surrendering ourselves to chance.

This is what **Camus** meant when he said that “what gives value to travel is fear”– disruption, in other words, (or emancipation) from circumstance, and all the habits behind which we hide. And that is why many of us travel not in search of answers, but of better questions. I, like many people, tend to ask questions of the places I visit, and relish most the ones that ask the most searching questions back of me: “The ideal travel book,” **Christopher Isherwood** once said, “should be perhaps a little like a crime story in which you’re in search of something.” And it’s the best kind of something, I would add, if it’s one that you can never quite find.

I remember, in fact, after my first trips to Southeast Asia, more than a decade ago, how I would come back to my apartment in New York, and lie in my bed, kept up by something more than jet lag, playing back, in my memory, over and over, all that I had experienced, and paging wistfully through my photographs and reading and re-reading my diaries, as if to extract some mystery from them. Anyone witnessing this strange scene would have drawn the right conclusion: I was in love.


When we go abroad is that we are objects of scrutiny as much as the people we scrutinize, and we are being consumed by the cultures we consume, as much on the road as when we are at home. At the very least, we are objects of speculation (and even desire) who can seem as exotic to the people around us as they do to us.

All, in that sense, believed in “being moved” as one of the points of taking trips, and “being transported” by

private as well as public means; all saw that “**ecstasy**” (“**ex-stasis**”) tells us that our highest moments come when we’re not stationary, and that epiphany can follow movement as much as it precipitates it.

When you go to a McDonald’s outlet in Kyoto, you will find **Teriyaki** McBurgers and Bacon Potato Pies. The placemats offer maps of the great temples of the city, and the posters all around broadcast the wonders of San Francisco. And—most crucial of all—the young people eating their Big Macs, with baseball caps worn backwards, and tight 501 jeans, are still utterly and **inalienably** Japanese in the way they move, they nod, they sip their **Oolong teas** – and never to be mistaken for the patrons of a McDonald’s outlet in Rio, Morocco or Managua. These days a whole new realm of **exotica** arises out of the way one culture colours and appropriates the products of another.

The other factor complicating and exciting all of this is people, who are, more and more, themselves as **many-tongued** and **mongrel** as cities like Sydney or Toronto or Hong Kong. I am, in many ways, an increasingly typical specimen, if only because I was born, as the son of Indian parents, in England, moved to America at 7 and cannot really call myself an Indian, an American or an Englishman. I was, in short, a traveler at birth, for whom even a visit to the candy store was a trip through a foreign world where no one I saw quite matched my parents’ **inheritance**, or my own. Besides, even those who don’t move around the world find the world moving more and more around them. Walk just six blocks, in Queens or Berkeley, and you’re travelling through several cultures in as many minutes; get into a cab outside the White House, and you’re often in a piece of Addis Ababa. And technology, too, compounds this (sometimes deceptive) sense of availability, so that many people feel they can travel around the world without leaving the room—through cyberspace or CD-ROMs, videos and virtual travel. There are many challenges in this, of course, in what it says about essential **notions** of family and community



**ecstasy (ex-stasis) :**

Discuss the pun implied by the writer.

**Teriyaki :** a Japanese dish of fish or meat marinated in soya sauce and grilled

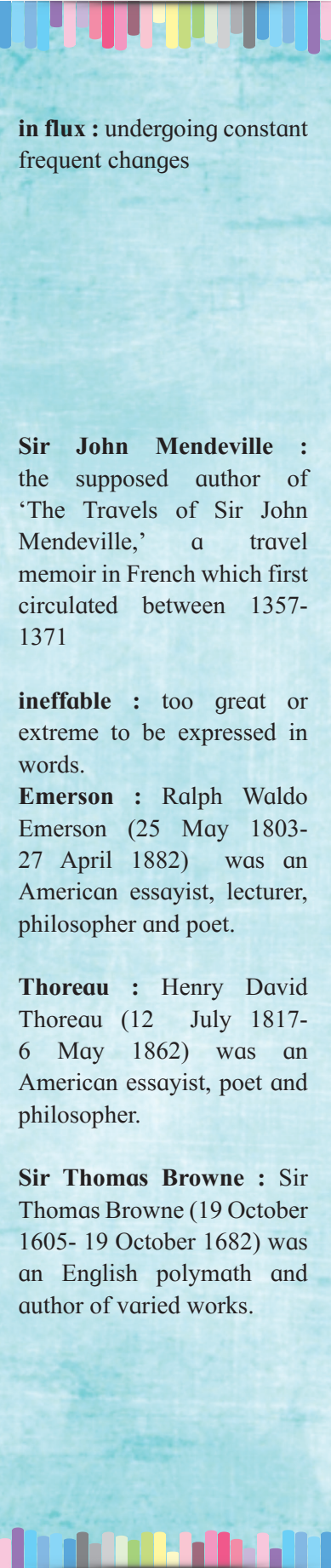
**inalienably :** in a manner that makes it impossible for something to be taken away.

**Oolong teas :** dark coloured partly fermented China teas

**exotica :** strikingly different or colourful, belonging to distant foreign countries

**Guess the meaning :**

- many - tongued
- mongrel
- inheritance
- notions



**in flux** : undergoing constant frequent changes

**Sir John Mandeville** : the supposed author of ‘The Travels of Sir John Mandeville,’ a travel memoir in French which first circulated between 1357-1371

**ineffable** : too great or extreme to be expressed in words.

**Emerson** : Ralph Waldo Emerson (25 May 1803-27 April 1882) was an American essayist, lecturer, philosopher and poet.

**Thoreau** : Henry David Thoreau (12 July 1817-6 May 1862) was an American essayist, poet and philosopher.

**Sir Thomas Browne** : Sir Thomas Browne (19 October 1605- 19 October 1682) was an English polymath and author of varied works.

and loyalty, and in the worry that air-conditioned, purely synthetic versions of places may replace the real thing—not to mention the fact that the world seems increasingly **in flux**, a moving target quicker than our notions of it. But there is, for the traveler at least, the sense that learning about home and learning about a foreign world can be one and the same thing.

All of us feel this from the cradle, and know, in some sense, that all the significant movement we ever take is internal. We travel when we see a movie, strike up a new friendship, get held up. Novels are often journeys as much as travel books are fictions; and though this has been true since at least as long ago as **Sir John Mandeville’s** colourful 14<sup>th</sup> century accounts of a Far East he’d never visited, it’s an even more shadowy distinction now, as genre distinctions join other borders in collapsing.

Travel, then, is a voyage into that famously subjective zone, the imagination, and what the traveler brings back is – and has to be – an **ineffable** compound of himself and the place, what’s really there and what’s only in him. And since travel is, in a sense, about the conspiracy of perception and imagination, the two great travel writers, for me, to whom I constantly return are **Emerson** and **Thoreau** (the one who famously advised that “travelling is a fool’s paradise,” and the other who “traveled a good deal in Concord”). Both of them insist on the fact that reality is our creation, and that we invent the places we see as much as we do the books that we read. What we find outside ourselves has to be inside ourselves for us to find it. Or, as **Sir Thomas Browne** sagely put it, “We carry within us the wonders we seek without us. There is Africa and her prodigies in us.”

So, if more and more of us have to carry our sense of home inside us, we also – Emerson and Thoreau remind us—have to carry with us our sense of destination. The most valuable Pacifics we explore will always be the vast expanses within us, and the most important Northwest Crossings the thresholds we cross in the heart. The virtue of finding a gilded pavilion in Kyoto is that it allows you

to take back a more lasting, private Golden Temple to your office in **Rockefeller Center**.

And even as the world seems to grow more exhausted, our travels do not, and some of the finest travel books in recent years have been those that undertake a parallel journey, matching the physical steps of a pilgrimage with the metaphysical steps of a questioning (as in **Peter Matthiessen's** great "The Snow Leopard"), or chronicling a trip to the farthest reaches of human strangeness (as in **Oliver Sacks'** "Island of the Color-Blind," which features a journey not just to a remote **atoll** in the Pacific, but to a realm where people actually see light differently). The most distant shores, we are constantly reminded, lie within the person asleep at our side.

So travel, at heart, is just a quick way to keeping our minds mobile and awake. As Santayana, the heir to Emerson and Thoreau with whom I began, wrote, "There is wisdom in turning as often as possible from the familiar to the unfamiliar; it keeps the mind nimble; it kills **prejudice**, and it **fosters** humour." Romantic poets inaugurated an era of travel because they were the great **apostles** of open eyes. Buddhist monks are often vagabonds, in part because they believe in wakefulness. And if travel is like love, it is, in the end, mostly because it's a heightened state of awareness, in which we are mindful, receptive, undimmed by familiarity and ready to be transformed. That is why the best trips, like the best love affairs, never really end.

- *Siddarth Pico Raghavan Iyer*

*Collect information about Rockefeller Center.*

**Peter Matthiessen:** an American novelist (22 May 1927- 5 April 2014), naturalist, wilderness writer, zen teacher and CIA officer

**Oliver Sacks :** (9 July 1933- 30 August 2015) a British neurologist, naturalist, historian of science

*Guess the meaning :*

- *atoll*
- *prejudice*
- *fosters*

**apostles :** vigorous and pioneering supporters of an idea or a cause



## BRAINSTORMING

- (A1) Read the first two paragraphs and discuss the need to travel.**
- (A2) (i) Read the sentence ‘If a diploma can famously ..... in cultural relativism.’ Pick the sentence which gives the meaning of the above statement from the alternatives given below.**
- (a) A diploma certificate can be used as a passport and a passport can be used as a diploma certificate.
  - (b) If one has a diploma, he does not need a passport and if he has a passport, he does not need a diploma.
  - (c) One can acquire permission to travel to foreign countries for educational purposes based on her academic achievements and travelling to foreign countries enriches one of the most regarding the knowledge and wisdom of the world.
- (ii) Prepare a list of the litterateurs and their quotations mentioned by the writer in the essay.**
- (iii) ‘The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeing new places but in seeing with new eyes.’ – Marcel Proust. Justify with the help of the text.**
- (iv) Read the third paragraph and find the difference between a tourist and a traveller as revealed through the complaints made by them.**
- (v) Write four sentences with the help of the text conveying the fact that travelling brings together the various cultures of different parts of the world.**
- (vi) By quoting Camus, the writer has stated that travelling emancipates us from circumstances and all the habits behind which we hide. Write in detail your views about that.**
- (A3) (i) Read the following groups of words from the text.**

A	B
crooked angle	walking video screens
censored limits	living newspapers
impoverished places	searching questions

Words crooked, censored and impoverished in group ‘A’ describe the nouns ‘angle’, ‘limits’ and ‘places’ respectively. They are past participles of the verbs ‘crook’, ‘censor’ and ‘impoverish’. But in the sentences, they act as adjectives. Similarly, in group ‘B’ words—walking, living and searching are the present participles (‘ing’ forms) of the verbs—walk, live and search. But in the above examples they function as adjectives.

**Discuss in pairs and make a list of some more adjectives like this and make sentences using them.**

(ii) The verbs in bold letters are made up of a verb and a small adverb. (adverb particle. Adverb particles are not the same as prepositions.). For example, shake (verb) + up (adverb). These are called ‘phrasal verbs.’ The meaning of a phrasal verb may be idiomatic—different from the meanings of the two separate words.

**Read carefully the following sentences from the text and underline the phrasal verbs.**

- (a) We travel, then, in part just to **shake up** our complacencies.
- (b) Abroad is the place where we stay up late.
- (c) I remember, in fact, after my first trip to Southeast Asia, more than a decade ago, how I would come back to my apartment in New York.
- (d) All, in that sense, believed in, “being moved”.....
- (e) But there is, for the traveller at least, the sense that learning about home and .....

**(A4) (i) The words in bold type show to+ verb form. These are infinitives. An infinitive is the base form of the verb. Infinitive is formed from a verb but it does not act as verbs because an infinitive is not a verb; ‘s’, ‘es’, or ‘ing’ cannot be added to that.**

However, sometimes infinitives may occur without ‘to’. For example,

Thus even as holidays help you **appreciate** your own home more —....

In this sentence, though ‘to’ is skipped off, ‘appreciate’ acts as an infinitive’.

**Read the following sentences carefully from the text and find out the infinitives.**

- (a) We travel, initially, to lose ourselves; and we travel, next, to find ourselves.
- (b) We travel to bring what little we can,.....
- (c) Yet one of the subtler beauties of travel is that it enables you to bring new eyes to the people you encounter.

**(ii) Combine two sentences into one. You may use the word given in the brackets.**

- (a) I go to Iceland. I visit the lunar spaces within me. (to)
- (b) We have the opportunity. We come into contact with more essential parts of ourselves. (of)
- (c) Romantic poets inaugurated an era of travel. They were great apostles of open eyes. (being)

(d) The travel spins us around. It shows us the sights and values ordinarily ignored. (showing)

**(iii) Read the sentences given below and state whether the underlined words are gerunds or present participles.**

(a) As it's a hot day, many people are swimming

(b) This is a swimming pool.

(c) It's very bad that children are begging.

(d) Begging is a curse on humanity.

**(A5) Write an email to your friends about your proposed trek. You can take help of the following points. You can keep your parents informed about it by adding them in BCC.**

- A trek in the forest of Kodaikanal
- Time and duration
- Type of trek (cycle/ motorbike/ walk)
- Facilities provided
- Last date for registration
- Fees

**(A6) There is a boom in 'Travel and Tourism' career. Find information about different options in this field.**

**(A7) (i) Find information about:**

(a) Fa Hien

(b) Huen Tsang

(c) Ibn Batuta

(d) Marco Polo

(e) Sir Richard Burton

**(ii) Further reading:**

- 'Childe Herold's Pilgrimage' – Lord Byron
- 'Gulliver's Travels' – Jonathan Swift
- 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea' – Jules Verne
- 'Traveling Souls' – Brian Bouldrey

