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of
Ideas

QUEST

Editors: Abu Sayeed Ayyub, Amlan Datta

MANES SPERBER

Tradition and Mass Culture

NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE

MICHAEL POLANYI

ABU SAYEED AYYUB

Science and Humanities

HERBERT TINGSTEN

National Self-Examination

E. DE MEULDER

Human Values in Tribal Life

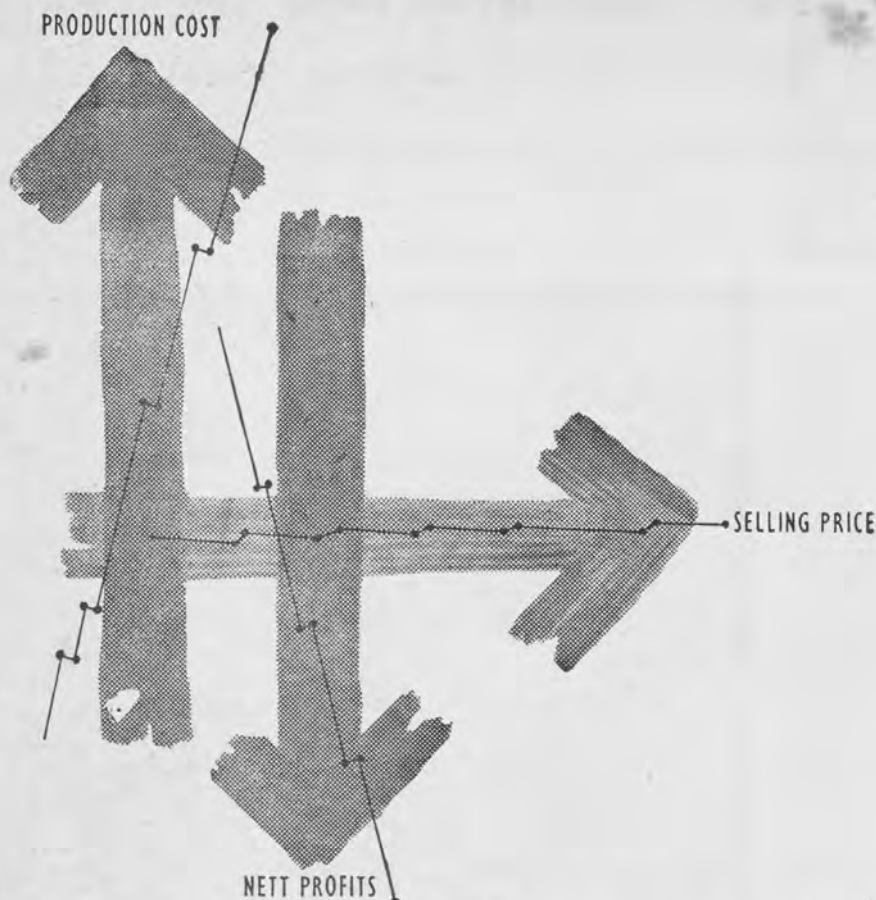
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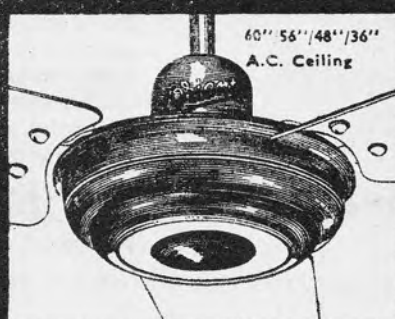
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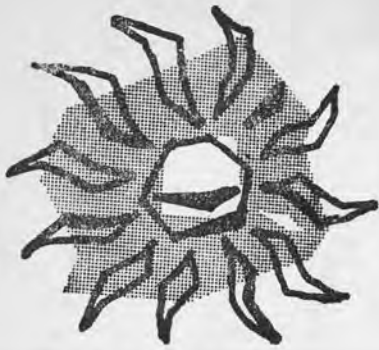
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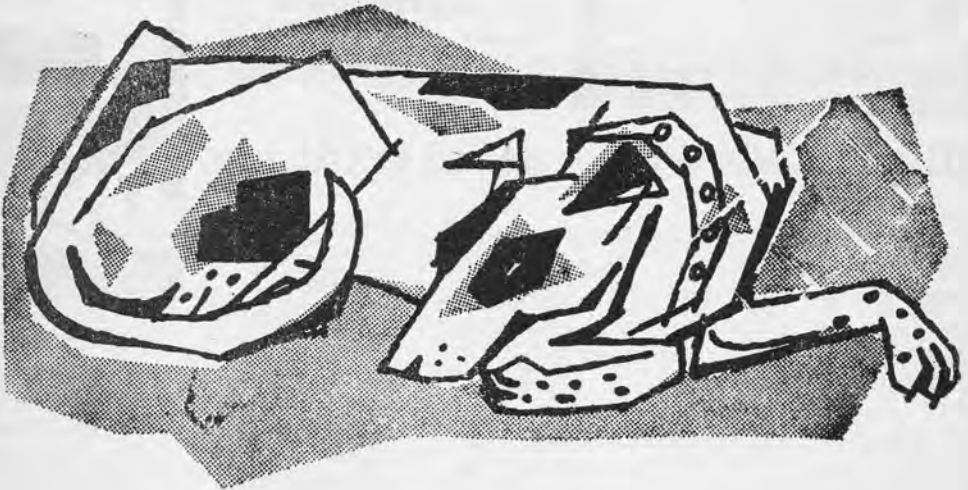
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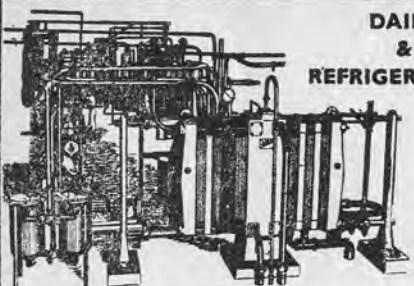
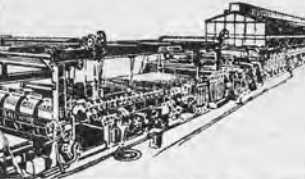
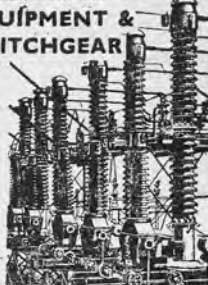
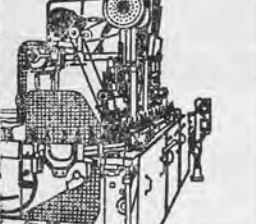
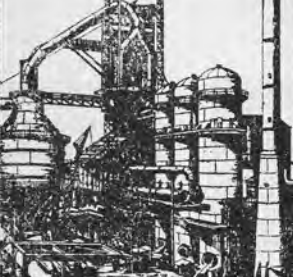
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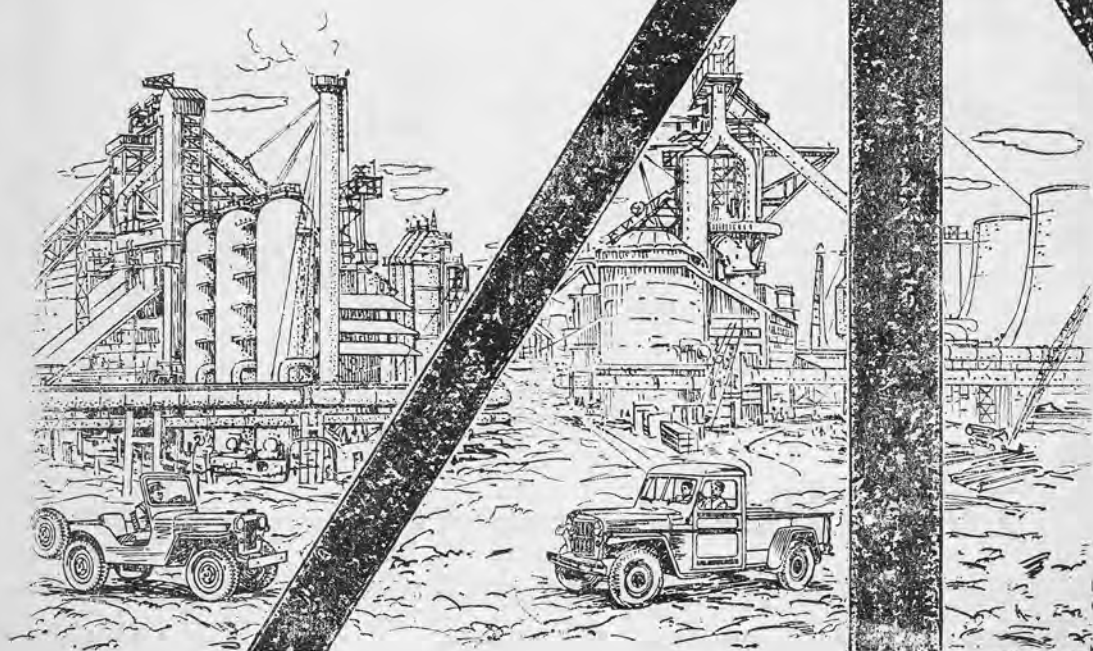
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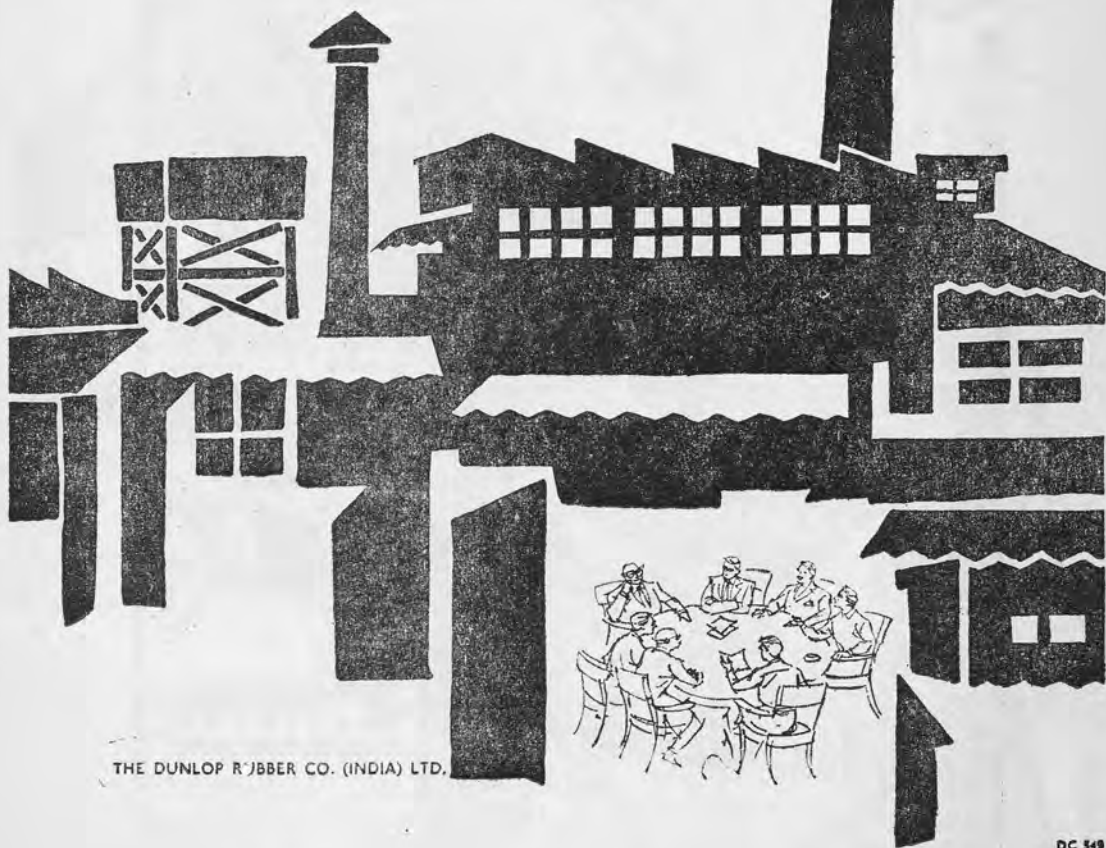
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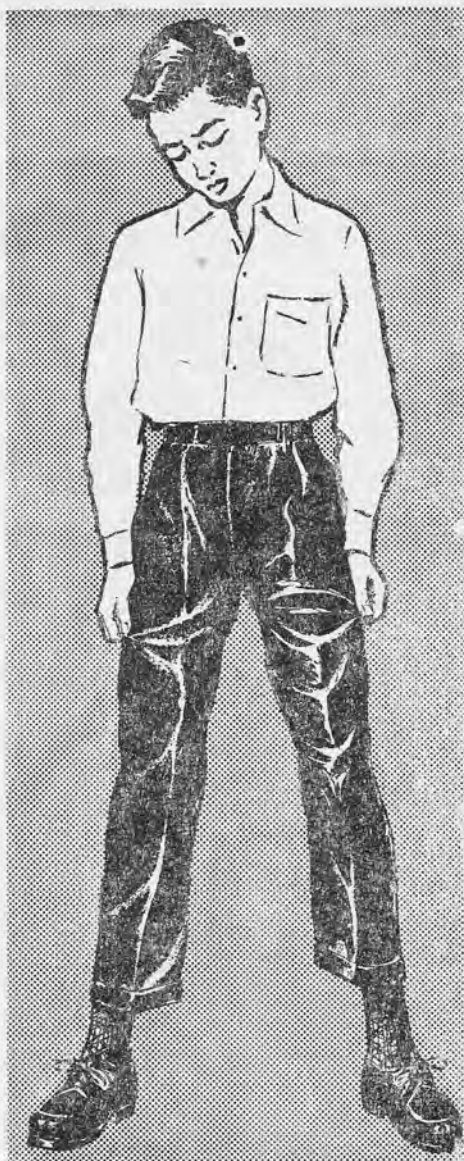
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C A D B U R Y M E A N S Q U A L I T Y

Tradition and Mass Culture*

By MANES SPERBER

TRADITION

1

BOTH the concept of tradition and the word itself are of comparatively recent coinage. In primitive societies and during the earliest stages of civilization there is never any mention of tradition in our sense of that word. The sum total of inherited content and form do not, then, appear in any way as an inheritance from the past, but rather as a perpetual present of uninterrupted duration — that is to say as a *timeless* continuity.

Apart from the religious field, tradition only becomes recognizable as such either when its domination over men's minds is shaken, or when social and moral continuity is threatened.

Whenever a ruling caste or class is in danger of being overthrown by some new force, that caste or class invariably proclaims the sanctity of the tradition which it says, it has been specifically chosen to protect.

Whenever a younger generation resists the pressures of authority and claims the right to choose its own path according to its own will and its own experience, the older generation always denies this right in the name of tradition, either of general, religious, national or family tradition or a combination of two or more of these.

2

The consciousness of an illiterate society is the creation, in large measure, of the memories of old men. Such a gerontocracy

presents both content and form in the guise of dogma, and the authority of the elders corresponds to the power of that dogma.

When the past with its glories, its crimes, its lessons and its warnings is preserved solely in the memories of the survivors, an attitude is usually created according to which the passage of time is as meaningless as the movement of water in a bowl. A magical, animistic society does not know death as we know it, and it misunderstands procreation. This is a further explanation of why it then happens that despite the alternation of day and night, despite the revolution of the seasons, time itself remains motionless, enclosed within itself like a locked room.

Simultaneously a pre-agricultural, nomadic economy offers scant opportunity for the emergence of that generation of rebels which we call youth. Almost as soon as they have reached the age of ten the children of such a society know and can do almost everything that must be learned. With no further transition apart from the initiation ceremony they thereupon enter the adult world.

In this connection it should be remembered that the idea of the young constituting a special generation only appears in developed civilisations, when the childhood years no longer suffice to teach them all that they must learn in the way of socially required knowledge and manual skills in order to fulfil their adult role. It is beyond dispute that an industrial society gives the longest childhood to its offspring, even those of unprivileged parents.

3

As group memories (those of the family, the tribe, the people, etc.) become assured of permanence by technical, impersonal

* Paper presented at the Berlin Conference of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in June 1960, translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon.

means, so did human beings begin proportionately to experience time in motion and as a motive force. The handing down of written records in the form of epics, annals and chronicles permitted subsequent generations to become for the first time historically conscious though such awareness was originally mythical, at least in part. It is true that this served to rationalise and strengthen the desire for tradition, but at the same time it exposed the values handed down to critical comparison and thus created a sense of relativity.

During the first phase — when tradition was absolutely dominant — each generation regarded as its duty the maintenance and handing down of content and form exactly as those had been given to itself by its elders. In the ensuing phase — the birth of historical consciousness — the realization grew that each generation was not only the heir to, but also the creator of, traditions. It is at this stage that the first dialectical attempt to resolve what might be called an inherent contradiction is widely made: the son knows that he will be a father; the father has not forgotten that he is a great-grandson. (A fully matured historical consciousness in this primary form brings to light those motivations from which Greek Tragedy was later to develop, as for example in the Oedipus story).

4

The illusion of motionless time (or timelessness) remained unchanged for thousands of years, until at last it was succeeded, in what may already be described as the period of history, by the realization that time does move forward — even though that motion be solely one-dimensional and extremely slow. Only in periods when the course of public events is exceptionally accelerated, that is to say in time of destructive crises and radically new production methods, is a shocked and startled mankind faced with a new relationship towards the past and the experience through which it has passed. This develops into *the consci-*

ousness of living in a time-space. Spatial time embraces not only the past which has ceased to exist without completely fading away, but also what might be described as the *present past*, that is to say *living tradition* — and it simultaneously embraces the true present as well. The present is now lived through, experienced and understood as the threshold of the future, a moving threshold that flows constantly though with greater or lesser speed.

This consciousness of *time-space* began to develop and to spread ever wider in the age when the Western World, owing to the Renaissance, entered upon that phase of secularization which was to go on without respite. In the centuries that have ensued since that hazardous enterprise was embarked upon, Western culture has developed to an extent which would have been previously unimaginable. Despite a long succession of disasters, wars and senseless destruction, this blossoming, this eternal springtime of Europe's creative powers has continued, for some fifteen generations.

The repetition of unspeakable acts of violence, the measurelessness of the passions now let loose, none of this has prevented Europe from following, in all significant fields of action, its own law of moderation — particularly when it has been a case of developments pregnant with the future.

Although for hundreds of years the cities have been growing steadily — the process of urbanization was finally and irresistibly accelerated by the industrial revolution — most cultural values which had been able to come into existence solely thanks to the village communities of the past were spared. The city largely succeeded the countryside as skilful protector of all that was worthy of salvation from the folklore of the past. And it was the city-dwellers who showed mankind the path back to nature.

One such path is great music. Secular music succeeded religious, as instrumental music followed vocal. Such music drew into itself everything that, in the years to come,

was to fertilize the tonal art so immeasurably.

Another path was literature, particularly the narrative art. This absorbed and transformed the boundless treasures to be mined in the fears and hopes, the childish dreams and the insights of wisdom which fill the folk-tales, fairy-stories and parables of an earlier age. Similar developments occurred in other fields, i.e., the theatre, etc.

This process of refinement, preservation and transformation went hand in hand with the spread of compulsory education, the elimination of illiteracy, and the steady raising of material and cultural standards throughout all levels of the industrialised nations.

5

MASS CULTURE

The elements of mass culture and even the word itself were not unknown before the First World War, but to the critical observers of fifty years ago they presented a different aspect and had a different meaning from today's.

At the beginning of the century, the revolutionary Marxists in particular detected, within the masses, a creative historical factor to which they launched their appeal and which they invoked. They distinguished between the hysterical, thoughtless, brutal mob on the one hand and the mass of class-conscious proletarians on the other; and they believed that the latter were chosen to carry out the next stage of history according to a pre-conceived plan which formed part of a scientific theory of history. It was in this sense that Friedrich Engels spoke of the German working class as philosophy's legitimate heirs, sent to realize ideas which had hitherto served only to interpret a reality that needed to be changed.

Nowadays we know that the great conglomerations which the masses constitute are nothing more than what the soldiers call *une masse de manoeuvre*. The organization of persons has been replaced by the

organization object, which acts like a military unit, doing what it is told to do and refraining from what is forbidden it — and carrying out both these functions with an enthusiasm or a dislike, the intensity of which is precisely laid down according to the orders it receives.

There is another concept of mass which corresponds to a particular stage of industrial production: the standardization which only becomes viable when consumer goods are distributed and consumed in ever greater numbers within an ever decreasing period of time. It is this mass of consumers whose constantly growing demands give what is called mass culture its particular character. In order to understand this phenomenon more clearly it would be as well to examine some of the characteristics of mass-man (MM).

1). MM feels himself deprived, and therefore frustrated, if he cannot be sure of possessing each and every new commodity as soon as it is put on the market, whether this be a scientifically prepared toothpaste, an allegedly harmless cigarette, a new type of radio, a recently invented heating apparatus, a gramophone recording of the latest hit tune or a film that disseminates in glorious technicolour the charms of the newest film star. For MM, his social being is realised in so far as he shares in the end-products of industry. Although he earns his living by means of the work he does, he is psychologically more strongly conditioned by his place in the rank of the consumers than by the part he himself plays as a producer.

2). MM has simultaneously dropped out of time-space and — a painless regression — has re-entered one-dimensional time. His world and its contents are freed from the wrinkles of passing time; they are without shadows, and in this they resemble a face drawn by an artist devoid of talent. He is attracted almost exclusively by what is new, and the newer it is the greater the attraction. The only objects he desires are those which appear to be a flight towards the future: his dream, in 1960, is to own a 1961

television set, to be able to call a 1961 automobile his own. (Nevertheless it is apparent to the psychologist that this frantic neomania is in no way incompatible with misoneism, that is to say the fear of anything really new. In my essay *The Public and its Soul* — published in *The Achilles Heel*, London, 1959 — I showed how closely linked is MM's longing for the newest packaging with his unquenchable nostalgia for the oldest content, though this be given him with a repetition that might be expected to produce nausea).

3). Under socio-psychological analysis mass culture might appear to be an over-compensation for uncontrolled feelings of inferiority originating in a poverty which those emotions threaten to outlive. To wash in one's own bathroom, to ride in one's own car, to fill one's ever increasing periods of leisure according to one's own whims — all this is agreeable and useful. To MM all this means that he has moved out of the danger zone of social decline. It is not enough for him that he should have escaped from the slums, from degradation, from the humiliation of being dirty; he requires the certainty, which must be repeated each day, that he is henceforth borne upon the waters of a most marvellous river — a river that flows upwards.

"A new idea has been born in Europe: The idea of happiness!" Thus spoke Saint-Just, one hundred and seventy years ago. Without any shadow of doubt the idea which dominates industrialised mankind is not primarily that of happiness but rather what might be called the unending flight of time — time fleeing from itself. The present is not allowed to solidify for a single second — because for MM the only time is the future. In order to be worthy of that future, he believes that he must seize it; and he knows of only one way of doing this, namely by constantly increasing his wealth.

4). Like freedom, happiness is most intensively experienced in its negation and most clearly defined in negative terms. MM scrutinises himself with an almost hypo-

chondriacal zeal to see if he is sufficiently happy, and one, not infrequent, cause of his unhappiness is his conviction that he is not happy enough. Not to be happy is suspect, for this could be the danger signal of impending failure. In order to measure his own degree of happiness MM employs quantitative methods: he compares the number of means to achieve satisfaction at his disposal with the number of similar means in the possession of others. The sum total is invariably inadequate; his ceaseless flight into happiness remains a hopeless undertaking.

MM has much in common with the *parvenu*, but unlike him he has no wish to inherit the past; rather would he be the monopoly owner of the future. The past means nothing to him.

MM has one final characteristic which is worthy of notice; he wants to own everything exactly as does everybody else, yet at the same time he wishes to be utterly different from all the others. This desire to emphasize his own personality to the maximum exacerbates him all the more furiously, because he lives in the blinding circle of light cast by demi-gods of the sporting and film world etcetera. But he himself has lost his shadow; in his case this metaphor is extremely apt and revealing.

6

Each one of us, in differing degrees, belongs to various epochs; no one is conditioned solely by the age in which he himself happens to live. To give one example: a man born towards the middle of the Nineteenth Century will, in 1880, be a member of the younger generation, yet the roots of his being are sunk in his parents' world. By 1910, let us say, a man in his sixties will have lived through the wars of 1866 or 1870 and the Paris Commune. Nevertheless — and despite the fact that he will have witnessed the most significant transformations in science, economics and technology — he only half belongs to his own epoch. To put the problem in more

general terms, from the social-characterological as well as from the individual-psychological point of view every mature civilised human being has, until recently, contained within himself *two half-generations*: the second half of his parents' generation and the first half of his own.

The gigantic acceleration of historical development since the First World War combined with innumerable changes affecting every domain of our way of life as individuals has produced the following effect: for a man now in his thirties the contribution to his being that he receives from the past has decreased more and more in relation to the gigantic increase that he derives from the contribution of the last thirty years. And both appear insignificant in comparison with the boundless promise of what the future may have to offer.

The young people of today have scarcely any more the feeling of being heirs — and this at a time when all the past is accessible to the present as it never was before.

In the old days it seemed a certainty that paradise lay behind us; only the eschatologists proclaimed that the conditions which had long ago existed in paradise would, in some slow and distant revolution of the ages, come about once again. Yet only now does paradise seem to have been lost finally and forever: it no longer has a past in which to live, for our age has repudiated the past as a promised land.

7

The reproaches that are usually directed at mass culture are aimed at the wrong target, which should be the age itself. Cast out of time-space, compelled to live in one-dimensional time, human beings need the pseudo-culture of rapidly appearing and vanishing illusion, which will give them, each day and in the requisite quantity, the sheen of novelty, the dream of eternal youth, and which will simultaneously bring immaculate perfection into their homes—in

the guise of a film-star's beauty, a superman's strength, a superdetective's cleverness, and so on...

MM's daily needs are not merely for food and drink but also for a passion which he can consume anew each day: next day, as though nothing had happened on the day before, he is once again confronted by hunger and thirst.

I have spoken in another connection of the well-organised commercial exploitation of *frigid passions*, of the apparently inexhaustible curiosity that MM can concentrate upon the love affairs of persons whom he will forget the moment that the floodlights of publicity cease to illuminate them. This too is explicable in terms of the extreme superficiality of a one-dimensional experience of time.

Nevertheless... Atoms may be split, sputniks and luniks shoot upwards, radio and TV disseminate their particular sort of intellectual fog. Nevertheless, man in the deepest recesses of his being remains unchanged. The individual unalterably asserts his right, in Rilke's phrase 'to live his life in the expanding circle of endeavour that lifts him above objects.' An individual wishes to love and to exist in harmony with his world; and thanks to this world, it is not for himself alone that he exists, but for all those others with whom he has at first nothing in common save only his nameless, because unrecognised, loneliness.

It may be that the phrase "Mass Culture" will soon become unusable. It may be that we are here dealing with a purely transitory phenomenon, one that we have encountered on a bridge that is only in appearance without end, but across which the human beings of our decades may long have to wander before they reach the other bank.

We stand upon the threshold of truly great events: of a cultural development which will embrace all our globe's inhabitants, and which will no longer be imprisoned in the struggle against hunger and need that has always monopolized the energies of the majority — of those who are called the masses.

Science and the Humanities*

By NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE

IN India of the past, all forms of knowledge were eventually supposed to lead one to a realization of *Brahman*, the Supreme Absolute. The Vedas contain within them not only hymns and formulae for the worship of the shining ones, but such secular forms of knowledge as *Ayur-veda*, Medicine or the Science of Longevity, and *Dhanur-veda*, the Science of Arms or Warfare, were also looked upon as parts of the highest forms of knowledge.

In our times, there seems to have grown up a rather sharp cleavage between the Sciences on the one hand, and what are known collectively as the Humanities on the other. A scientific man brings to bear upon the problems of life an attitude which is different from that of the artist. The scientist depends on observation and experiment, and he plods his way laboriously from one working hypothesis to another, towards a form of generalization which covers all facts known to him. The scientific man believes that he reaches nearer and nearer truth by means of this process.

In contrast, the artist seems to reach the heart of things by a kind of intuitive process. Or, perhaps the chain of thinking through which he attains the truth is so condensed, or it is of such a unique, personal nature that his narrow mountainpath can hardly be converted into a broad road over which many can travel.

The artist, moreover, has another aim. He not only perceives truth but also clothes it in a form in which he makes it accept-

able to other human beings. His audience is affected by the feeling or emotions with which his own realization of a truth is clothed. It is emphasis on these emotions which makes a man an artist and not a scientist.

What has been said so far is perhaps no more than a common place truth known to everyone. But my purpose is to draw attention to the distinctnesses with which the scientist and the artist, whether the latter is a literary man or painter or sculptor, are usually regarded by the ordinary man. Yet, when we look at it a little more closely, the apparently wide gulf between the two seems to narrow down considerably.

Some practical proposals have been made in recent times in order to bridge the gulf which has grown up between the two. It has been proposed, for instance, that in the education of the scientific man there should be introduced a certain element of the classics or humanities. The scientist should have a fair acquaintance with the arts and philosophies which have been the heritage of mankind from an age long before science gained its present dominant position. Scientists have the habit of flying away towards the abstract. And one of the ways in which this tendency has been partially toned down is by emphasizing the need of application of science to human welfare. This desire to weigh science down partially has not, however, served to humanize science or the scientific mind. For the applied use of abstractions in science have led as frequently towards the possibility of destruction as towards the enrichment of human life. A mechanistic solution of adding some ballast to the scientist's mind by way of a patchy acquaintance with the

* Inaugural Address by Professor Nirmal Kumar Bose at the Seminar on *The Place of Science and Humanities in Higher Education* in Bombay on 26 December 1960.

performance of artists and philosophers does not seem to help very much. And this is perhaps for the simple reason that such information or knowledge does not usually become really integrated into the scientist's life and thought. Frequently, it tends to remain separate and unusable in one's intellectual storehouse.

On the other hand, there is the problem of the artist himself. Whatever the particular technique of the artist and philosopher may be, each seems to seek a deeper and apparently truer view of life which he seeks to communicate to his fellowmen. The philosopher or religious man of every category also seeks to fulfil himself by an enjoyment of the mysteries of life and of the universe. And as he ascends in this path, he occasionally reaches a range of abstractions which is above the common human level. The danger of snapping the bridge between him and common humanity becomes augmented as his experiences grow in intensity and in depth. And it has been proposed by some that the artist should keep within his intellectual storehouse a certain measure of scientific knowledge. Otherwise he would tend to cut himself adrift from what is happening in the contemporary world, and thus eventually find himself in isolation from his fellowmen.

It has appeared to the present speaker that both of these mechanistic means of bridging the gulf between the scientist and the artist, on the one hand, and common humanity on the other, and again between the first two, does not hold very much promise of success. Knowledge gained second-hand, i.e. that which does not grow out of one's own life-experiences or is unrelated to it, tends to be unavailing when a crisis threatens life. Perhaps, therefore, some way has to be found in which the supreme aspects of a scientific man's experience and those which can, on the other hand, be gained through the so-called humanities, can become really integrated with one another. I maintain the hope that a seminar of the present nature is eminently worth while, for in it the purpose is to define the

nature of the problem and explore the possibility of bridging the apparent gulf between the Humanities and the Sciences by means of education. All effective action is preceded by exploration. And if the latter task is accomplished with some measure of success in the present seminar, I am sure, it will have eminently justified the labour expended upon it.

There is, however, one point to which I beg to draw your attention. This is a suggestion which could perhaps be made from the specifically Indian point of view. One of the favourite themes of Hindu tradition has been that the Absolute Truth is never wholly realized by a person as long as he is clothed in the human frame. A man remains subject to various impulses and desires which warp his view of Reality. All men thus build up their own world-view, and try to live accordingly. The logic is, if all views of truth are partial instead of being whole, then why should there be conflict in the sphere of thinking even if there may arise resistances in the field of action, as varying courses of action spring from different fields of experience.

Gandhi held that every man should live according to his own light. His light may dictate for him a course of action in which he should oppose the action of another. But instead of inflicting punishment on one who differs from him, the man of truth should invite punishment on himself for what he holds to be true. According to Gandhi, or perhaps the Hindu view of life as exemplified by the lives of Shankara or Ramakrishna, all partial views of truth should be respected; but when opposition in action becomes necessary such opposition should be informed by non-violence or love, the intention being to convert the opposite by taking on oneself suffering as a consequence of steadfast devotion to one's truth and not by the infliction of suffering upon others for their different views.

This may be called a characteristically Indian way of showing respect for partial views of truth other than one's own. And along with it, the scriptures held on to

another rule, namely that one should persist in one's own *dharma* and not imitate that of others. For such imitation even when well-intentioned leads inevitably to destruction.

The third view current to which I may be permitted to draw attention is the rule that one should never be satisfied with one's partial view of truth. He should ever travel onwards. *Charaiveti* is the advice given in the Vedas: 'Move onwards'—for that is the only way in which one can overcome the limitations of one's small world-view, of one's temporary *dharma*, the house that one has built on the way. When one marches forward without intermission, he loses the refuge of all houses built on the way and becomes a 'homeless' one. And it is also said of such a man that as he travels more and more towards a realization of Absolute Reality, he becomes freer and freer of attachments—attachment to life and the desires which spring forth from them, attachment even to the need of human welfare—for the responsibility of human welfare no longer rests with him. The pilgrim thus marches onwards on a path of which the end is not known.

You will pardon me if I have made a digression into the Hindu way of spiritual pilgrimage. Perhaps it is less of a Hindu way than is usually imagined. Perhaps all pilgrims to truth have to tread the same way, no matter what path they choose to follow. And it is here that I would like to end with an observation which has a bearing upon the purpose of the present seminar.

One who follows the discipline of Science and one who is wedded to the so-called Humanities may appear to be in a kind of conflict between themselves today. An attempt at building a mechanical bridge between the two might be made by, let us say, a changed programme of university or adult education. But, as we have said, such acquired second-hand intellectual equipment does not adequately succeed in watering the plants of life.

Why should not the philosopher or literary man be left free to pursue his own

way of life to its logical extreme? And similarly also, why should not the scientist be left free to pursue his search for the Absolute, instead of being tied with a weight of utilitarianism upon his legs so that he might not run wholly astray?

If these two classes of men respect one another's ways of life, if they have a regard for partial views of truth other than their own, why should they not try to grant one another the freedom which they think is good for themselves? If the scientist *does* something which appears wrong from the philosopher as humanitarian's point of view, there are civilized ways of non-violent resistance which do not strike at the root of inner spiritual freedom.

And if in the world there is opposition of this nature between the philosopher and humanitarian, on the one hand, and the scientist, on the other, if and when such resistance becomes inevitable, then there will be a completely changed atmosphere in which the whole of humankind can breathe and live a little more freely in peace.

The scientist will then pursue his highest phases of truth with the same awe and sense of mystery with which the philosopher or artist regards the world, and yet not give up his basic dependence on techniques or procedures which have helped him so far. The artist and philosopher, on the other hand, will not accept his own world-view with no questioning. He will not accept as valuable anything which is thrown up by his mystic or intuitive experiences. Even when he orders his life by such a supreme set of values as is associated with humanism, he will not cease questioning, and even at that stage, ask the final question 'Why?'

I remember when someone argued with Gandhi about a step which must be taken in politics, Gandhi asked his interviewer the question why it was inevitable. The reply was that otherwise the community concerned would die. They must live. Gandhi quietly flung back the question, 'Why?' And to that there was no answer.

My purpose at present is to say no more than this that even the humanitarian may raise these final questions with regard to his world-view, just as the scientific man does in respect of any hypothesis which he temporarily builds up while on his way. If the humanitarian can weave into his life this habit of taking nothing as finally settled, if he does not flinch from raising questions even in these last reaches of his journey, and if the scientist can tone his icy enquiries with the glow of wonder and humility with which the philosopher stands before his world-view, then the bridge which we have been seeking to build by mechanistic means will perhaps be more satisfactorily built. It will be a bridge between spirits, in which each *incorporates* completely what is valuable from among the other's assets.

What is more is, if both admit in humility that the ground on which they stand gives them no more than a partial view of truth, then differences and difficulties are likely to be minimized. If, again, what has been said in the books recording the results of

spiritual pilgrimage in India be true, then the philosopher and scientist will become better and better men, as they rise above their small likes and dislikes, and at last there will be nothing to distinguish one from the other.

All rivers flow eventually into the ocean. But it is not necessary that one river should take to the course of another. What is needed is that each should never tarry on the way, but move on and take all the consequences of such spiritual journey. Each in its separate course would become progressively broadened and deepened until it loses its separate identity by becoming one with the ocean.

In the seminar which we are inaugurating today, the common purpose is well defined. Our journey in the few forthcoming days will be in common pilgrimage. And it is our hope and prayer that, in the task of spiritual exploration, we will come closer to one another not only as persons, but also bring closer together the countries or disciplines which we separately represent.

"The older I grow, the more I am convinced that freedom cannot escape from the many dangers which menace it and cannot be definitively won by mankind except by a constant effort to subordinate everything to justice and brotherly love."

JACQUES MARITAIN

The Study of Man*

By MICHAEL POLANYI

IN the days when religious dogma controlled all knowledge, religious dogma was a source of many errors. Now that the scientific outlook exercises predominant control over all knowledge, science has become the greatest single source of popular fallacies. This is not to denigrate science. Scientific genius has extended man's intellectual control over nature far beyond previous horizons. By secularizing man's moral passions, scientific rationalism has evoked a movement of reform which in the last hundred and fifty years has improved almost every human relationship, both public and private. A rationalist concern for welfare and for an educated and responsible citizenship has created an active mutual concern among millions of previously submerged and isolated individuals. Scientific rationalism has indeed been the main guide to intellectual, moral, and social progress since the idea of progress first gained popular acceptance about a hundred and fifty years ago.

But unfortunately the ideals of science are nonsensical. Current biology is based on the assumption that you can explain the processes of life in terms of physics and chemistry. And of course physics and chemistry are both to be represented ultimately in terms of the forces acting between atomic particles. So all life, all human beings, and all works of man including Shakespeare's sonnets and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* are also to be so represented. The ideal of science remains what it was in the time of Laplace: to replace all human knowledge by a complete knowledge

of atoms in motion. In spite of much that is said to the contrary, quantum mechanics makes no difference in this respect. A quantum mechanical theory of the universe is just as empty of meaning as a mechanical theory.

This is the heart of the matter. This is the origin of the whole system of scientific obscurantism under which we are suffering today. This is why we corrupt the conception of man, reducing him either to an insentient automaton or to a bundle of appetites. This is why science denies us the possibility of acknowledging personal responsibility. This is why science can be invoked in support of totalitarian violence; why science has become the greatest source of dangerous fallacies today.

* * *

I have said this so often that I tend to forget that to most people such talk must still sound fanciful or at least wildly exaggerated. So let me show you some examples of the absurdities imposed by the modern scientific outlook. Listen to three authoritative voices denying the existence of human consciousness. (1) 'The existence of something called consciousness is a venerable hypothesis: not a datum, not directly observable...' (2) 'Although we cannot get along without the concept of consciousness actually there is no such thing.' (3) 'The knower as an entity is an unnecessary postulate.' These three statements were made respectively by Hebb, Kubie and Lashly at a Symposium on Brain Mechanism and Consciousness in 1954. It is not that these distinguished scientists really believe that consciousness does not exist. They know for example that pain exists. But they feel obliged to deny the existence

* This is a slightly revised version of Professor Michael Polanyi's opening address before the Bombay seminar on *The Place of Science and Humanities in Higher Education*.

of consciousness for it eludes explanation in terms of science, and so as scientists they must deny its existence in the interest of science.

You meet the same situation in the study of society. Anthropologists must try to describe social groups in strictly scientific terms. So most anthropologists will insist on carrying out their analysis of society without mention of good and evil. A distinguished anthropologist has represented the unspeakably cruel murder of supposed witches, as a cultural achievement. 'Some social systems—he writes—are much more efficient than others in directing aggression into oblique or non-disruptive channels. There is no doubt that witchcraft is Navaho culture's principal answer to the problem that every society faces: How to satisfy hate and still keep the core of society solid.' Another anthropologist has described head-hunting as fulfilling an essential function to the societies in which it is practiced. 'The religion of Eddystone Islanders' writes Gordon Childe, 'provided a motive for living and kept an economic system functioning.' Eddystone culture only proved wrong in this view because head-hunting kept down numbers, and so made technical progress superfluous, eventually leaving the islanders a prey to British conquerors.

For this kind of scientific anthropology social stability is the only accepted value and becomes therefore the supreme social value. Yet all the time we know, and the anthropologists know it like everybody else, that the stability of evil is the worst of evil. They ignore this vital fact only for the sake of scientific detachment. The more absurd their attitude, the more it adds to their reputation of scientific severity.

The roots of this perversion go deep. The rebellion of scientific rationalism which overthrew religious authority was based on the appeal to facts against dogma. Positivism merely pursued this movement to its logical conclusions by repudiating metaphysics along with dogma. The Viennese school of philosophy carried out this pro-

gramme by rejecting as metaphysical any statements about the world that are not verifiable, or at least falsifiable, by experience. This view discredits all ethical statements. For if you say that it is wrong to bear false witness, you say something that cannot be proved or disproved by any facts. No conceivable occurrence, no measurement or observation, can decide whether any action is moral or immoral, just or unjust, good or evil. Hence to call something immoral, unjust or evil has no empirical meaning; and it appears doubtful then whether it has any other meaning than the kind of exclamation one may utter when biting at a worm inside an apple or when shouting 'boo!' to stop others from doing things which you find disgusting, or for any other reason want to prevent from being done.

Admittedly, this conception of moral judgment is felt to be unsatisfactory. For whenever we utter moral condemnation or approval, or else seek guidance in a moral dilemma, we always refer to moral standards assumed to be generally valid. And we revere men like Socrates or Gandhi who faced death to uphold such standards. Hence the later disciples of philosophic positivism are engaged now in great efforts to save moral standards from being cast out as altogether unfounded. But in vain. So long as science remains the ideal of knowledge and detachment the ideal of science, ethics cannot be secured against sceptical doubt.

In earlier ages philosophers could keep their gravest doubts among themselves; Hume brushed them aside for a game of backgammon; his great successor Kant still thought that there was no danger of philosophic scepticism ever gaining popular influence. But ours is an age of philosophic mass-movements. Any glance at my bookcase or at this morning's newspaper reveals the same corrosive passion for destroying man's moral image of himself. Two little English books were written simultaneously in 1942 one entitled *The Abolition of Man*

the other *The Annihilation of Man*; the first by C. S. Lewis, the second by Leslie Paul. C. S. Lewis takes a school-book on English as a specimen of the debunking of moral and esthetic sentiments by the teachings of our time. Lewis acknowledges that this debunking had started after the first world war with the purpose of saving men from being swayed by nationalist propaganda. But he warns that the dishonouring of traditional ideals will merely divert man's moral passions into baser channels. Leslie Paul's book bears out this view. He quotes the following lines of Oswald Spengler by which he acclaimed Hitler in 1934: 'Man is a beast of prey. . . . would-be moralists. . . are only beasts of prey with their teeth broken. . . remember the larger beasts of prey are *noble* creatures. . . and without the hypocrisy of human morals due to weakness.' Observe the argument: (1) man is a beast (2) his hypocrisy is revolting (3) beastliness alone is honest and noble. You may think this moral approval of brutality to be a German vice. But Simone de Beauvoir hails the glorification of crime and lust by the Marquis de Sade as great moral pronouncements; and then identifies these teachings of crime and lust with the exposure of bourgeois ideologies by historical materialism. So the French Marxist writer transmutes bestiality into moral rebellion even as the Nazi historian does. We see here how scepticism drives men's moral sentiments underground, whence they re-emerge combined with sadism as a creed of salvation by violence. Fascism thus converted patriotism into a cult of brutality, even as Marx has converted Utopianism into a science. Our age is racked by the fanaticism of unbelievers.

This is what C. S. Lewis meant by the Abolition of Man; it is what I had in mind when saying that science is the greatest source of dangerous fallacies today. The question is: Can we get rid of all these malignant excrescences of the scientific outlook without jettisoning the benefits which

it can still yield to us both mentally and materially?

In this talk I shall suggest that we should try to mend the break between science and our understanding of ourselves as sentient and responsible beings, by incorporating into our conception of scientific knowledge the part which we ourselves necessarily contribute in shaping such knowledge. I shall proceed by a critique of the exact sciences in order to displace quite generally the ideal of detached observation by a conception of personal knowledge.

Laplace's ideal of embodying all knowledge of the universe in an exact topography of all its atoms, remains the heart of the fallacies flowing from science today. Laplace affirmed that if we knew at one moment of time the exact positions and velocities of every particle of matter in the universe, as well as the forces acting between the particles, we could compute the positions and velocities of the same particles at any other date whether past or future. To a mind thus equipped all things to come and all things gone by would be equally revealed. Such is the complete knowledge of the universe as conceived by Laplace.

This ideal of universal knowledge would have to be transposed into quantum mechanical terms today, but this is immaterial. The real fault of the kind of universal knowledge defined by Laplace is that it would tell us absolutely nothing that we are interested in. Take any question to which you want to know the answer. For example, having planted some primroses today, you should like to know whether they will bear blossoms next spring. This question is not answered by a list of atomic positions and velocities at some future moment on May 1st, 1961. It must be answered ultimately in terms of primrose blossoms. The universal mind is utterly useless for this purpose unless it can go beyond predicting atomic data and tell us whether they imply the future blossoming or the

failure to blossom of the primroses planted today.

Never mind for the moment whether we could actually infer something about primroses, or about anything else that we may be interested in, from a topography of atomic positions and velocities. It is enough to realize in the first place that Laplace's representation of the universe ignores as it stands all our normal experience and can answer no questions about it. I shall show that this shortcoming of the Laplacean scheme is due to a misunderstanding of the very nature of experimental science.

Consider the use of a geographical map. A map represents a part of the earth's surface in the same sense in which experimental science represents a much greater variety of experience. To use a map to find our way we must be able to do three things. First we must identify our actual position in the landscape with a point on the map, then we must find on the map an itinerary towards our destination and finally identify this itinerary by some landmark in the landscape around us. This map reading depends on the skill of the person using the map. No map can read itself.

Turn now to the exact sciences which Laplace had in mind when defining universal knowledge. The map is replaced here by formulae like the laws of planetary motion and we find that these are applied once more in three stages. First we make some measurements which yield a set of numbers, representing our experience at the start; from these numbers we then compute by the aid of our formulae, a future event; and finally we look out for the experience predicted by our computation. Both at the beginning and at the end we identify numbers with observed events and this is a kind of map-reading for which we must rely once more on our personal skill.

People miss this point when they speak of the exact predictions made by the mathematical sciences. Take for example astronomy which was very much in the mind of Laplace when he formulated his ideal of universal knowledge. You might

think that Newton's laws predict the exact position of the planets at any future moment of time. But this they can never do. Astronomers can merely compute from a certain set of numbers which they identify with the position of a planet at a particular time, another set of numbers, which will represent its position at a future moment of time. But no formulae can foretell the actual readings on our instruments. These readings will rarely, if ever, coincide with the predicted numbers as computed from Newton's laws, and there is no rule—and *can be* no rule — on which we can rely on for deciding whether the discrepancies between theory and observation should be shrugged aside as observational errors, or be recognised on the contrary as actual deviations from the theory.

Even the most modern instruments are affected by this uncertainty. There is ample evidence that even by using these highly automatised recorders, we cannot exclude a personal bias that might affect a series of readings. So even the most exact sciences must rely on some degree of personal skill and personal judgment for establishing a valid correspondence with — or a real deviation from — the facts of experience.

And we may conclude quite generally that no science can predict observed facts except by relying on an art, the art of establishing by the trained delicacy of eye, ear and touch, a correspondence between the explicit predictions of science and the actual experience of our senses to which these predictions shall apply.

You may feel that I am attributing undue significance to a small and perhaps altogether negligible co-efficient in the structure of science. But this is like excusing the house-maid's baby on the grounds that it was so small. It is the principle that matters, and in fact, the slight gap between theory and instrument readings will turn out to be but the thin end of a wedge — and of a very bulky wedge indeed.

Look at the building which compose a modern university. You see rows upon rows of laboratories and dissection rooms, and

you see a whole array of teaching hospitals. Students of chemistry, biology and medicine spend a good half of their time in these places attending practical classes. All this time is spent by them in an effort to bridge the gap between the printed text of their books and the facts of experience. They are training their eyes, their ears and touch to recognise the things to which their text-books refer. They are acquiring the skills for testing by their own hands the objects of which their text-books speak. There can be no question here any longer of shrugging aside as a marginal factor the purely personal judgements by which the theoretical body of science is brought to bear on experience. Text-books of chemistry, biology or medicine are so much empty talk without the personal knowledge of their subject matter. A distinguished medical consultant's, or surgeon's, excellence is not due to his more diligent reading but to his skill as a diagnostician and healer, a skill acquired by his practical experience. His professional distinction lies in a massive body of personal knowledge.

Remember also that the fundamental concepts of the biological sciences are drawn from every day experience in which exact measurement plays no part. The existence of animals was not discovered by zoologists, nor that of plants by botanists. We learn to distinguish living beings from inanimate matter long before we study biology and we continue to use our original conception of life within biology. Psychologists must know from ordinary experience what intelligence is before they can devise tests for measuring it scientifically. It was ordinary people, knowing the sufferings of sickness and the joy of recovery, who set medical science its task.

It is true that the progress of science is ever moulding and modifying our everyday conceptions. But when this is allowed for it still remains true that there is a vast range of everyday knowledge conveying delicate and complex conceptions, which serves as guide to biology, medicine, psychology and to the manifold disciplines

which study man and society. And this knowledge is transmitted by adults to the child as he grows up, in the manner of a practical art, in the very same way as a student is taught scientific skills and expert knowledge at the bedside and in the laboratory.

This brings out squarely the general principle which limits the scope of the exact sciences of which the Laplacean vision is the extreme idealization. Most of the questions in which we are interested are of the same kind as that about the blossoming of newly planted primroses. Answers to these questions must be given in terms of *personal knowledge* available to the layman, as corrected and expanded by sciences relying in their turn on the *personal knowledge* of experts. Laplacean predictions would convey none of this personal knowledge. To claim that a world-wide topography of atoms represents universal knowledge is indeed to contradict the very principle by which a mathematical theory can bear upon experience. Hence, if the Laplacean vision, or a corresponding ideal of the exact sciences, succeeded in establishing themselves as the total of man's knowledge, they would impose complete ignorance on us.

We must revise therefore our ideal of science by accrediting skills and connoisseurship as valid, indispensable and definitive forms of knowledge. And this I believe would open the way to a far reaching relaxation of the tension between science and the non-scientific concerns of man. We shall see this by enquiring into the essential structure of knowing as an art.

A striking feature of knowing a skill is the presence of *two different kinds of awareness* of the things that we are skilfully handling. When I use a hammer to drive in a nail, I attend to both, but quite differently. I *watch* the effects of my strokes on the nail as I wield the hammer. I do not feel that its handle has struck my palm but that its head has struck the nail. Yet in another sense I am highly alert to the feelings in my palm and fingers holding the

hammer. They guide my handling of it effectively, and the degree of attention that I give to the nail is given to the same extent in a different way to these feelings. The difference may be stated by saying that these feelings are not watched *in themselves*, but I watch something else by keeping aware of them. I know the feelings in the palm of my hand *by relying on them for attending the hammer hitting the nail*. I may say that I have a *subsidiary* awareness of the feelings in my hand which is merged into my *focal awareness* of my driving in the nail.

We may think of the hammer replaced by a probe, used for exploring the interior of a hidden cavity. Think how a blind man feels his way by use of a stick, transposing the shocks transmitted to his hand and to the muscles holding the stick into an awareness of the things touched by the point of the stick. We have here the transition from practical to descriptive knowing and can see how similar is the structure of the two. In both cases we know something focally by relying subsidiarily on our awareness of something else.

Let us confront this conclusion now with the fact that there is one single thing in the world we normally know only by relying on our awareness of it for attending to other things. Our own body is this unique thing. We attend to external objects by being subsidiarily aware of things happening within our body. The localization of an object in space is based on a slight difference between the two images thrown on our retina, on the accommodation of the eyes, on controlling the eye motion, supplemented by impulses received from the labyrinth, which vary according to the position of the head in space. Of all these things we become aware only in terms of our localization of the objects we are gazing at and in this sense we may be said to be subsidiarily aware of them. We may say in fact that to know something by relying on our awareness of it for attending to something else, is to have the kind of

knowledge of it as we have of our body by living in it. It is a manner of being.

Our subsidiary awareness of tools and probes can be regarded then as a condition in which they form part of our body. The way we use a hammer or a blind man uses a stick, shows that in both cases we shift outwards the points at which we make contact with things that we observe as objects outside ourselves. While we rely on a tool or a probe, these instruments are not handled or, scrutinised as external objects. Instead, we pour ourselves into them and assimilate them as part of ourselves.

We may generalize this to include the acceptance and use of intellectual tools offered by an interpretative framework and in particular by the text books of science. While we rely on a scientific text, the text is not an object under scrutiny but a tool of observation. For the time being we have identified ourselves with it and so long as our critical faculties are exercised by relying on this text we shall ever continue to strengthen our uncriticized acceptance of them.

There is no mystery about this. You cannot use your spectacles to scrutinise your spectacles. A theory is like a pair of spectacles; you examine things by it and your knowledge of it lies in this very use of it. You dwell in it as you dwell in your own body and in the tools by which you amplify the powers of your body.

This conception of knowledge by indwelling will help to forge the final link between science and the humanities. But before we approach that point we must yet enlarge our scheme of personal knowledge to include the kind of everyday knowledge we have of plants and animals, of life and death, of health and sickness as well as the kind of expert knowledge which students of biology and medicine acquire in practical classes. We shall achieve this by observing that the two kinds of awareness which we found interwoven in the use of a hammer—or a probe—are present in the same way in our own

awareness of a set of particulars received as a whole.

Take the case of a practical skill. It consists in the capacity for carrying out a great number of part movements with a view to the achievement of a comprehensive result. The same applies to skilful knowledge, like that of a medical diagnostician; he too comprehends a large number of details in terms of a significant entity. In both kinds of skilful knowing we are aware of a multitude of parts in terms of a whole. The two kinds of skilful knowing are actually always interwoven: a skilful handling of things must rely on our understanding them—and on the other hand—intellectual comprehension can be achieved only by the skilful scrutiny of a situation. The kinship between the process of tool-using and that of perceiving a whole has in fact been so well established already by gestalt-psychology that it may be taken for granted here without further argument.

The characteristic structure of all personal knowledge will come out even more vividly when we realise that all knowing is action—that it is our urge to understand and control our experience which causes us to rely on some parts of it subsidiarily in order to attend to our main objective focally. As we shall watch the operation of this urge we shall see emerging another important feature of personal knowledge; it will appear that all personal knowing is intrinsically guided by impersonal standards of valuation set by itself to itself.

Take first the process of mastering a skill. In this case the emphasis of our knowing lies on producing a result. The effort of acquiring knowledge and of skilfully applying this knowledge may be then said to be guided by a purpose. It is in the light of this purpose that certain things are made to serve us as tools and that certain movements of our body are skilfully co-ordinated. The economical and effective achievement of this purpose sets a standard to our skill. It is by striving for the fulfilment of this standard that we pick up in practice, usually without any focal

awareness of doing so, the elements of a successful performance. Thus the striving by which we extend our person in achieving a skill is in the nature of a purpose.

When on the other hand, the emphasis of our knowing lies in recognising or understanding a thing, the effort of acquiring such knowledge may be said to be guided by our attention. A biologist, a doctor, an art dealer or a cloth merchant, each acquire their expert knowledge in part from text books but these texts are of no use to them without the accompanying training of the eye, the ear and touch. Only by attentively straining their senses can they acquire the right sense or feel for identifying a certain biological specimen, or a case of a certain sickness, or a genuine painting by a certain master, or a cloth of a distinctive quality. By such training the expert develops an exceptional fastidiousness which enables him to act as valuer for certain objects.

So every act of personal knowing sets up a standard of excellence. While the athlete or the dancer putting forward their best are acting as critics of their own performances, experts are the acknowledged critics of certain things. And when a person is acknowledged as an expert, if he is believed to know whether such things fulfil the standard of good specimens of their own kind.

Thus the observer's participation in the act of knowing leads to a point where observation assumes the functions of an appraisal by standards which he regards as impersonal. Even courts of law will rely on their capacity to appreciate the presence of a degree of ingenuity in a new device and on this appreciation they will base the granting of a patent. And mathematics can be said to exist as a science only if we trust ourselves with the capacity for appreciating the profundity and ingenuity of certain processes of inference.

We are now ready for the final step which combines personal indwelling with an appraisal according to standards accepted as universal. See how a naturalist

appreciates a healthy plant or animal by a standard to which he attributes universality. And how he appreciates in the same way the coherent behaviour of animals and their intelligent performances. Our appreciation is based here on entering into another individual's purpose and action. Feats of intelligence can be observed only by identifying ourselves with the person whose intelligence we appraise. Our capacity for understanding another person's action by entering into his situation and of judging his actions from his own point of view thus appears to be but an elaboration of the technique of personal knowing the elements of which we had first identified in the way we read a map, or hammer in a nail, or grope our way in the dark by using a stick.

This conclusion fulfils at least part of my programme. We see that the shortcomings of the Laplaceian ideal of science must be remedied by acknowledging our personal knowing as an integral part of all knowledge accepted as such, and that this amendment bridges the gap between the natural sciences and the study of man. Having recognised personal participation as the universal principle of knowing and having determined the structure of this knowledge, we have come to recognise that our evaluation of human actions from the point of view of men as sentient, intelligent and morally responsible beings is a legitimate extension of scientific knowledge.

We may then go further. We have seen that our personal knowing operates by an expansion of our person into a subsidiary awareness of particulars merged into our attention to a whole and that this manner of living in the parts results in our critical appraisal of their coherence. We may also accredit therefore our living within an historical situation and our acceptance of a certain role in it as legitimate guides to our responsible participation in the problems presented by these situations. Science no longer requires then that we study man and society in a detached manner but restores

us instead to an acceptance of our position as human members of a human society.

The transition from observation to appraisal has been reached by following up the knowing of increasingly complex and delicate things. I believe that this is the path along which the widest contacts can be established between the exact sciences and other domains of the human mind, but I must yet mention a shorter route leading from observation to appraisal, which is found, rather surprisingly, within the exact sciences themselves. I am referring to the system of geometrical crystallography.

Here we have a theory which applies to the facts of experience without making any unambiguous predictions about them and offering instead a systematic framework for the appreciation of any possible facts. Crystallography predicts that there are 230 geometrically different types of atomic lattices underlying all crystals. It determines all possible types of symmetry and distinguishes between higher and lower grades of symmetry. All this would remain true even if no specimen of any crystal could ever be observed in fact. Yet actually the theory has been validated by a wide area of experience. It has controlled the collection, description, classification and structural analysis of an immense variety of crystals. And this has established crystallographic theory as part of the exact sciences, and has done so without ever exposing the theory to the hazards of refutation by the facts of experience. For the theory merely prescribes a process of appraising the regularity of any solid specimen in the light of the standards set by itself. Our confidence in such a system of appraisals increases of course with the number of instances in which it has been found distinctly apposite to experience, but it is not in the least weakened by the much larger number of instances to which the system does not apply.

To sum up. The line of thought which I have pursued in this paper suggests that in order to reconcile science with the true nature of man we must first revise our

conception of science in accordance with the true nature of science. Science does not require that we study man and society in a detached manner. On the contrary, the part played by personal knowledge in science suggests that the science of man may rely on an extended use of personal knowing.

A personal knowledge of man may consist in putting ourselves in the place of the people we are studying and in trying to solve their problems either as they see them or as we see them. That opens the door for our entry into man's personality in its whole moral, religious and artistic outlook, as the bearer of an historical consciousness, a political and legal responsibility. It introduces us through an extension of scientific enquiry into the whole sentient, creative and responsible life of human concerns.

A system of ethics or a code of laws can no longer be regarded as unscientific in a derogatory sense because it predicts nothing

that could be true or false, for science is seen to accredit us with the capacity for authentic appreciation of other values than the truth or falsity of a statement. As we know order from disorder, health from sickness, the ingenious from the trivial, we may distinguish with equal authority good from evil, charity from cruelty, justice from injustice.

This may sound a faint answer to my rousing challenge. But let me recall that it was the small voice of philosophic scepticism which has eventually swollen to the roar of modern philosophic mass movements. In any case, our responsibility as thinkers and teachers is to think and teach. If it is true that science has become the greatest single source of dangerous fallacies today, our task must be to revise the scientific outlook so that it should once more inspire rather than corrupt men's thoughts. In our age of vast responses, it may not take very long for such a change in philosophy to exercise its influence throughout our culture.

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EDITOR

Science and Humanities*

By ABU SAYEED AYYUB

I BELIEVE the intellectual life of the whole of western society is increasingly being split into two polar groups. . . . Literary intellectuals at one pole — at the other scientists, and as the most representative, the physical scientists. Between the two, a gulf of mutual incomprehension — sometimes hostility and dislike but most of all lack of understanding. . . . This polarisation is sheer loss to us all, to us as people, and to our society. It is at the same time practical and intellectual and creative loss, and it is false to imagine that those three considerations are clearly separable.' In such words Sir C. P. Snow deplored the chasm that lies between our Two Cultures — which was the caption of his Rede Lectures (Encounter 69 and 70). These lectures provoked a great deal of interest and some excitement in England and in many other western countries; quite a few eminent literary and scientific men took part in the controversy. Repercussions were felt even in eastern Europe. If the awareness of the gulf between the two cultures is not so keen in India and no discussion of the issue has appeared so far in the Indian press, that is because of the two cultures one, if not quite 'missing' (as Julian Symons said in Encounter 72), is certainly rather embryonic in this land. What I mean is that the cultivation of science and even more the crystallisation of the scientific attitude is still in its early and formative stage in India, and is confined to a tiny minority of our countrymen — tiny even as compared

to the group amongst whom the literary attitude has taken shape. Nonetheless, we see before our eyes an India set upon rapid industrialisation and excited by its big technological schemes. All this naturally presses the demand for a proportionately quick expansion of scientific and technical education. Within a decade the new generation will show a marked change of tint on its cultural canvas from literary to scientific, and in about that time we can expect the deep divide between the two cultures and the problems consequent on it to loom large on the Indian scene. This seminar is an anticipation of that phase, and we hope will stimulate thoughts on those problems *before* they come on us in their full gravity — not *after*, as in the case of C. P. Snow's lectures dealing with the Western scene.

C. P. Snow's diagnosis of the cultural malaise (which might be characterised as a case of split personality of the cultured community) is followed by a prescription of the remedy: 'There is only one way out of it all; it is of course by rethinking our education.' The following pages are an attempt at rethinking our education on somewhat different lines and by an Indian. I doubt though if setting the problems on the Indian scene would make much of a difference. A small difference in time has been noted earlier. What other differences appear will be left to appear naturally, unconsciously. This thinker at least will not make any conscious efforts to think nationally, for he believes that the principle of nationalism and patriotism is being overdone, particularly in the cultural field.

The purpose of education is — put baldly and squarely — two-fold: first, to teach us an art, craft or skill — manual or mental —

*This article was too long in the completion to be placed before the Bombay seminar on *The Place of Science and Humanities in Higher Education*. A report on this seminar by David McCatchion appears elsewhere in this issue.

by which we can produce some marketable commodity, some kind of good or service which we can exchange for money, that is, for other goods and services which we need for ourselves. This is vocational education, a very important and indispensable part of education, no doubt, but about this part I have nothing to say at the moment. The other purpose of education is to enable us to produce something not outside but inside of us — a state or attitude of mind and also a behavioural pattern which we are wont to designate by the term 'culture'. We can quarrel endlessly and split many a fine hair in attempting a precise and generally acceptable definition of this term. I shall not do that, but try to indicate in a few words what culture means to me. The Shorter Oxford Dictionary's definition, namely, that culture is 'the training and refinement of mind, tastes, and manners,' is not inadequate, at least as a starting point. In more old fashioned and rather grandiose language, we could also have said that 'culture' means the cultivation of the eternal verities, of truth, beauty and goodness, or of knowledge, art and morality. The point of putting the purpose of education in this rather roundabout fashion is to emphasise that it is not merely the acquirement of knowledge in its current narrow sense, but at the same time the cultivation of taste, that is, learning to appreciate art and beauty. This should be, but unfortunately is not, a truism.

Culture, and therefore the purpose of education, also includes the development of our moral faculty; that is perhaps the most important part of education. But about moral education so little is known — I mean known with sufficient generality and clarity as to be capable of being discussed fruitfully — that I must leave it out as beyond my capacity. It is also beyond the topic laid down for discussion in the present seminar.

Coming to the cultivation of 'mind and taste' or of 'the intellectual and aesthetic faculties', I should like to point out that these are not such sharply distinguished

and independent cultural activities as the definition apparently suggests. Professor Polanyi has argued in his significant little book *The Study of Man* that like the creation of a work of art, the construction of a theory in physics or biochemistry involves a deeply personal and passionate participation of the scientist, and that the ideal of a detached, dispassionate, de-emotionalised science is false. It might also be urged further that equally false is the ideal of the fine arts based on emotions alone, free from the exercise and involvement of the intellect. And by the role of intellect in art I do not mean its role in the development or innovation of artistic technique only; I mean its participation in the very matter of art. Furthermore, the intellect, in my opinion, participates in art in its proper or highest function, that is, as an instrument of knowledge and a vehicle of truth. All art, or at any rate, all great art lays claim to universality, which, to my mind, involves a claim to truth. Artistic truth is different from scientific truth but is truth nonetheless, for art too is a reflection of reality albeit on the slightly curved mirror of the artist's personality. Great art has an element of great knowledge in it, though the validation of that knowledge is not a function of the artist, or rather, he has his own unique way of validation. The appreciation of *Hamlet* involves more than merely emotional participation, it involves the sharing of a whole experience and attitude. The tragedy says something to us and we understand what it says, though we cannot say it in our own words (as we can in the case of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason); and we are convinced of the truth of what has been said though no proofs have been offered or any future confirmatory experiments or experiences even implied. I am entirely opposed to the currently fashionable bifurcation of language into the non-referential, emotive and subjective language of expression on one hand, and the referential, descriptive and objective language of statement on the other, or, as I. A. Richards puts it, into the pseudo-statements of

poetry and the statements properly so-called of science.

According to Richards, an event of momentous significance in our cultural history took place round about the middle of the last century. He has named it "the Neutralisation of Nature, the transference from the magical view of the world to the scientific." The expression 'magical view' is used rather loosely to mean any *Weltanschauung* which makes it possible to emotionally handle the universe with ease, which gives scope for man's love and hatred, hope and despair. Such a magical view, though it is supposed by those who cherish it to be based on knowledge or at least to contain an element of knowledge, is in Richards' opinion entirely bereft of knowledge or truth; what it contains is only 'pseudo-knowledge' and 'pseudo-truth'. This conclusion is arrived at by the simple device of defining knowledge and truth so as to make them the scientist's monopoly. What worries Richards is that whereas these 'pseudo-statements' — about God, about the universe, about human nature, the relations of mind to mind, about the soul, its rank and destiny — pseudo-statements which are pivotal points in the organization of the mind, vital to its well-being, have suddenly become, for sincere, honest, and informed minds, impossible to believe, . . . the knowledge which has killed them is not of a kind upon which an equally fine organization of the mind can be based.

This is an acknowledgement of considerable significance to my argument. It is clearly admitted that the 'magical view' — to avoid bad names, it should be called the poetical, or more broadly, the humanistic view of the world — can give us a fine organisation of the mind and coherence of emotions which the scientific view cannot. This is indeed 'one of the great new dangers to which civilisation is exposed.' Richards' way of getting out of this dangerous predicament is rather strange. In one word, 'the remedy is to cut out pseudo-statements free from belief, and yet retain them, in this released state as the main instruments by

which we order our attitudes to one another and to the world.'

Unfortunately, this remedy, whatever other merits or demerits it may possess, just will not work. If we retain our humanistic view but cease to believe in it (that is, treat it as make-believe, or in the words of Richards, as a set of 'pseudo-statements') then they *will not* 'serve as the main instruments by which we can order our attitudes to one another and to the world.' Religion without belief is of course nonsense. So is metaphysics; but then Richards and his school are only too happy to discard all philosophy prior to Wittgenstein with the exception of Hume as meaningless ('meaning' having been carefully defined so as to make everything outside of empirical science either meaningless or tautology). What about poetry? It did not strike Richards that poetry 'cut free from belief' turns into a merely decorative pattern of words and images — Sartre of course boldly asseverates that poetry is nothing but that (vide his *What is Literature* pp 4-9). Making verbal arabesques of a particularly intricate and original type may gratify the poet (we are all pleased when we have done something unusually difficult), and it may confound, astonish or entertain the reader; it may also cater to his vanity as a high-brow. But there can be none of the feeling of sublimity, the deep emotional stirring, upliftment and purification that we have been wont to feel for the great epics, tragedies and novels of the world, written before writers and readers had had the benefit of Dr. I. A. Richards' remedy for the contemporary cultural crisis. In fact the degeneration of modern literature under the influence of modern criticism such as Richards' has been offered in the C.P. Snow controversy as one of the reasons for the scientist's indifference to poetry. Says J. H. Plumb: 'But for the last twenty or thirty years the literary culture offered to the young scientist, or young historian for that matter, has been too trivial for much of his attention' (*Encounter* p. 69). The doctrine of two types of truth and know-

ledge and of two methods of validation has not been laid low by Richards' scoffing remarks about them. Remedy must, I believe, be still sought in that direction, but it is not a direction which can be pursued just now without entirely changing the subject matter of this essay.

It is not so difficult to challenge the currently fashionable critical doctrine which denies all elements of knowledge and truth (as in Richards) or even meaning (as in Sartre) to poetry. When statements are in fact made (even if they are called 'pseudo-statements') as they are in all poetry except in the more bizarre kinds of surrealist verse, then some reference to the outside world is contained in it however obliquely, and therefore some kind of belief in them becomes difficult to avoid. When the poet says, 'all the world is a stage', we do not of course believe in the literal truth of the statement, but do we not believe in some non-literal, that is, metaphorical, truth, implied by it?

Music obviously is more recalcitrant to the kind of view about art that I am advocating. It is the non-objective or non-referential art par excellence, a pattern of sounds containing no sense, a set of 'things' rather than of 'signs' (to use Sartre's vocabulary). It is often compared to pure mathematics. Prof. Polanyi speaks of mathematics as 'conceptual music' and of music as 'sensuous mathematics', the point of comparison being that both are enjoyable structures bearing no reference to anything beyond themselves.

First as to mathematics. Can we really state without qualification that 'pure mathematics presents us with a vast intellectual structure built up *altogether* for the sake of enjoying it as a dwelling place of our understanding.' (Polanyi — *The Study of Man*, p.38. Italics added)? Historically, mathematics did not begin as an *a priori* intellectual construction which later on happened to find some application to experience. It began as a practical science of counting and measuring, and at a later stage of development came to be purified

of its empirical elements. Gradually and only recently mathematics has come to be treated as purely logical structure raised on arbitrarily selected postulates and definitions. Even so, these structures retain some resemblance to known real structures and the potentiality of being indentified as the structure of some hitherto undiscovered aspect of reality. A brilliant example of such a potentiality coming to fruition was the application of Gaussian geometry to physical space in the neighbourhood of gravitating masses by Einstein in 1915. Our understanding is always eager to peep out of the dwelling place of its intellectual structures into the real world beyond. Pure mathematics, one might say, is hypothetical or potential physics or at any rate much of its value resides in that potentiality. As an exercise of the pure intellect a chess problem is if anything more exciting and satisfying than a mathematical theorem. Nonetheless, much greater weight is rightly attached to the latter than to the former. This high valuation stems from the notion that the significance of mathematical theorems extends far beyond themselves as enjoyable structures of the pure intellect — extends not only in the direction of potential utility but, what is more important, in the direction of possible truth.

In music likewise I feel that we are not altogether out of touch with the real world, not wholly confined to a pattern of sounds signifying nothing beyond themselves. Consider, for instance, a piece of religious music, a symphony by Mendelssohn. The religious feelings that it evokes are surely not directed, at least not confined, to the structure of notes heard, though they are borne by it and may not exist or even be conceivable independent of that particular harmonic and melodic pattern. A gay or sad musical composition puts us in touch with all the gay or sad situations of life that we have experienced and may possibly experience, or something underlying these. It again is a potential mould of emotional structure (not intellectual, as in the case of pure mathematics) into which some real

aspect of the world may be fitted. It is only apparently, not really, self-existent or self-complete.

Clive Bell, after confessing that he cannot derive from music 'that pure aesthetic emotion' that he gets from visual art, deplores that 'incapable of feeling the austere emotion of art, I begin to read into the musical forms human emotions of terror and mystery, love and hate, and spend the minutes, pleasantly enough, in a world of turbid and inferior feeling.' I do not doubt that aesthetic emotions are finer and purer and of a somewhat different genre than the emotions of life; what I would insist on is that like the emotions of life they too are directed to something. And that something is not just the quality or form of the sensuous pattern which we usually call the work of art. Clive Bell of course maintains that the aesthetic emotion has for its sole object the pure form of the artistic composition. But significantly enough, he calls it 'significant form.' I said 'significantly' because it leads him to ask the question 'significant of what?', and in answer to propound the 'metaphysical hypothesis' that the artistic form is significant 'of the God in everything, of the universal in particular, of the all-pervading rhythm'. This means that even in the purest of all the arts, music, although we do not attend to the commonly perceived character of things, we nevertheless become emotionally aware of the essential or 'latent' reality of things. After this, what more could I ask from the most redoubtable art-for-art's-sake in support of my view that in all art there is an essential element of knowledge, without which its full value cannot be accounted for?

Support from the Thomist French philosopher and art critic, Jacques Maritain, and our own poet Rabindranath Tagore (nurtured in the Upanisadic tradition in which the same word *Kavi* means both poet and seer) is of course more readily forthcoming. For Tagore, 'everything around us is real, yet we do not see reality in its immediacy, in its purity. It is only in artistic creation

that reality comes before our consciousness unveiled, and we see it face to face.' (*Sahityer Pathe*, addendum). Maritain, like Tagore, insists that there is such a thing as 'poetical knowledge', that it is 'knowledge through emotion', and that 'when we participate in the poet's emotion, we do not participate in his feelings but in his spiritualised and intentional emotion, in his emotion as *coming to see*'. For both Tagore and Maritain, there is 'a kind of inherent knowledge that is immanent and consubstantial with poetry, one with its very essence'. (*Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*, Meridian, p. 81).

II

Having argued so far that art too is a form of knowledge, a contemplative response to the world, I must, so to speak, dialectically negate myself now. The view that I have arrived at, which in fact is my point of departure for the discussion that I want to contribute to this seminar, is that all our cultural activities — outside of the moral sphere — consists of a deepening of our consciousness of the world around us — the inanimate, animate, human (above all human), and possibly divine, world. But we apprehend the world in two distinguishable and contrastable ways — which I shall designate as humanistic knowledge and scientific knowledge. The contrast is sharp enough when we take two extreme examples of these two different ways of our world-consciousness, such as poetry and physics. But in the intermediate regions there is no wide gulf separating the two; one shades off and gradually merges into the other.

These two kinds of knowledge or understanding are not quite equivalent to the dichotomy which is expressed by the German words 'Naturwissenschaften' and 'Geisteswissenschaften' — often translated as the sciences of nature and the sciences of the spiritual activities of men. In the latest issue of the journal *Universitas* Prof. Joseph Meurers the eminent German astro-

nomer writes 'we can divide men into two categories. There are those who are committed from the start to man and all that is his. They are interested principally in literature and art, in history, in what man does and says, in his inner problems. Nature has little appeal to them and they scarcely desire to know it The others are enthusiastic about nature and its conquest. It is their desire and their bent to know how nature is put together'. (*Universitas*, Vol. 3, No. 4, p. 330) It is strange for Prof. Meurers to speak of those who are committed to art and literature as people for whom 'nature has little appeal'. What about Wordsworth, Tagore and Turner and their devotees? And are not the neurologists and gynaecologists (hundred per cent natural scientist though they are) 'committed from the start to the study of man and all that is his'? Ofcourse, Wordsworth et al, absorbed as they were in nature were not bent upon knowing 'how nature is put together'. My point is that it is not so much the subject matter in which they are interested which distinguishes these two categories of men as their different ways of being interested, and the different forms in which they desire to comprehend what they are interested in: very roughly we can say that the poet and the painter know even mountains and rivers under the form of spirit, whereas the gynaecologist and the neurologist know even man under the form of matter.

It is true that one of these ways of knowing is more appropriate to one kind of subject matter, and the other way to the other kind. The scientific way of knowledge is obviously more suited to physical objects and events, and the humanistic way to man and his institutions and activities. Nonetheless, we can, and fruitfully do, study man by the scientific method too. It is pointless to deny all credit to the physiological and depth psychologists and to the Marxian economists and historians. It is more to the point, however, to remember that their success has been, and cannot but be, only partial; also that their scientific study of

man and history not only falls short of the whole truth but turns into a caricature of it if presented with arrogant self-assuredness as all that there is to know about man. On the other hand, though the poet and the painter have their own ways of apprehending the cloud and the nightingale, the human figure and character and situation, and though this apprehension is quite valid within its sphere and charged with great significance for all of us, it would be no less absurd for any one to claim that such knowledge is the only knowledge or all the knowledge that one need have of nature and of man, or even that this poetical insight (a more appropriate word here than 'knowledge') is in some mystical sense a higher form of knowledge than science. We who are neither poets nor scientists have no objection to and can smile gently at the poet rating his activity higher than the scientist's, and the scientist rating his activity higher than the poet's. For us both are important expressions of man's spiritual self-realisation.

I have said that it is not so much the subject-matter studied which differentiates the humanistic studies from science as their methods of approach. Some characteristics of these methods may be briefly mentioned here: (1) Humanistic studies are interested far more in individuals, in unique events and objects whereas scientific knowledge is principally directed to the quest after generalities; (2) the former method brings into focus the whole and always tries to interpret the parts in terms of the whole, whereas the latter method is focussed on the parts in terms of which it interprets the whole; (3) the former is seeking for the meaning, significance and value of things, whereas the latter tries to avoid these categories and is solely preoccupied with their laws of behaviour; (4) the former kind of knowledge involves a considerable degree of participation or involvement of the knower (historian or poet) in the process of knowing and in the object known, whereas the latter kind of knowledge involves a sustained effort to eliminate the personality of

the knower (physicist or astronomer) from the objects of his enquiry. One may add to the list, but these will suffice for the present.

Prof. Polanyi points out in his *Study of Man* that these differences are differences of degree rather than of kind — which may be readily granted. In fact my statement of the differences did not lose sight of that. But I should like to urge that, on the one hand, when we compare physico-chemical knowledge with poetical knowledge, the difference in degree is so great as to amount almost to a difference in kind. On the other hand, while admitting that the difference in degree between biological knowledge (commonly accepted as science) and historical knowledge (commonly classified as humanities) is small and one may almost be said to shade off into the other, even here I would prefer to say that though biological studies and historical studies as a whole show shading or over-lapping characteristics, *within* biology itself there is a marked contrast between the mechanistic and the vitalistic approaches (neither of which can be summarily ruled out), just as within history itself there is marked contrast between the materialistic, i.e., economically deterministic, approach of Marx and the idealistic and organic approaches of Hegel, Spengler or Toynbee. In short, while I do not deny similarities, the important thing for me is the difference and contrast between science and humanities.

Perhaps it is necessary for me to justify my putting so much emphasis on the difference between the two types of our comprehension of and response to the world when a man of Michael Polanyi's eminence as a scientist and philosopher insists that all human experience can be studied by essentially the same method and has 'sketched out a path which would lead smoothly from the exact sciences to the study of man.' The chief element on which Prof. Polanyi relies for bridging the gulf between science and humanities is the personal participation of the knower in the process of knowledge — in the field of science no less than in the field of humanities. Both are impelled by

the passion to discover some hidden reality in or behind the appearances, both are attracted by an ideal of perfection or beauty. These propositions are unexceptionable, nonetheless I shall venture to point out that both the nature of the impelling passion and of the beauty sought differ markedly as we pass from science to humanities. The scientist's pursuit of knowledge is not dispassionate, but his passion is to discover a reality whose character or constitution is not in any way coloured by his passions. The artist, on the other hand, does not hesitate to dye deep his world with his passions. The artist's participation in his knowledge or 'intuition' — if one prefers that word — makes his quest the quest for a personal reality. It is true no doubt that his personality overflows the precincts of his individuality, else his creations would have meaning only for himself and could not be validated in anybody else's appreciation. But he speaks to those only whose personality-structure has a somewhat close resemblance to his own, he speaks to the *sahridaya*. The scientist claims universality in a more forthright fashion. This claim, in my opinion, is not based on the ground, as Polanyi says, that 'when you believe that your discovery reveals a hidden reality, you will expect it to be recognised equally by others' (*The Study of Man*, p. 36). The artist—even the surrealist poet and painter—has a similar belief; the lover too in his own way believes that he has discovered some hidden and supremely valuable reality in the person of his beloved which is not a creation of his fancy. The scientist's claim to universal recognition has a different ground, viz., that he has been able to set down certain criteria or tests of reality which can be rejected only at pragmatic peril, at the peril of being outdone and outpowered. Those who accept these criteria can always beat in the race for material wealth and power those who deny them; they can, at will even blow the scientific heathens to kingdom-come. Recognition of scientific truth has a compulsive force behind it which no other

truth has', which is the reason why there is no agreeing to differ in science or accepting differences as basic or final—as there must be in the field of humanities.

The difference in the nature of the impelling passion is closely connected with the difference in the nature of ideals of beauty set before himself by the scientist and the humanist respectively. For the scientist, the choice between two theoretical structures is not primarily guided by the consideration as to which is imaginatively or emotively more satisfying, but by the prime and overriding concern for prediction and verification. He must choose that theory which even if less elegant, permits a greater number of verifiable predictions to be made out of it; he must discard any theory, however beautiful otherwise, which leads to a single prediction contradicted by the experimentalist.

In humanistic studies, on the other hand, the method of prediction and verification loses its importance and its utility. For the artist it has no meaning whatsoever. Even the historian indulges in predictions at his peril. The Marxist historian no doubt is addicted to predictions, but nothing has jeopardised his claim to recognition as a sound historian more than this unfortunate habit. The increasing immiserisation of the proletariat with the development of capitalism, the imminent collapse of the capitalist system due to its internal contradictions, and the withering away of the State with the destruction of class society, are amongst his confident predictions which have come to grief. The Marxist historian is on much safer ground when interpreting the past—which is but another demonstration of the truth that history is part of the humanistic studies, not of science. To be more precise, history itself, has two parts (as I have pointed out before), one scientific, the other humanistic. The weighing of evidence, the dating of archeological remains, the discrimination between what really happened and what is only believed to have happened, is a matter of science, and needs strictly scientific methods. On the

other hand, the choice and interpretation of relevant facts, the understanding of historical events and personages, falls beyond the scope of science and scientific method. It is a matter of insight and inwardisation, of sympathetic imagination, of a proper sense of values. Such interpretative historical work depends for its success upon the power of the historian to persuade his readers to accept his point of view. There is no compulsive biological pressure behind the historian's point of view as there is behind the physical scientist's. In my opinion a good historical work is much closer to an epic novel than to a scientific treatise on band spectra or pneumococci.

Whitehead, another great philosopher-scientist—perhaps the greatest of them all—was not only convinced of the wide gulf between the scientific and the humanistic attitudes, he was acutely distressed by the conflict between them. 'Surprise is often expressed that a Chinese can be of two religions, a Confucian for some occasions and a Buddhist for other occasions. Whether this is true of China I do not know, nor do I know whether, if true, these two attitudes are really inconsistent. But there can be no doubt that an analogous fact is true of the West, and that the two attitudes involved are inconsistent. A scientific realism, based on mechanism, is conjoined with an unwavering belief in the world of men and of the higher animals as being composed of self-determining organisms. This radical inconsistency at the basis of modern thought accounts for much that is half-hearted and wavering in our civilization.' (*Science and the Modern World*, Pelican Books, p.94). Nonetheless, Whitehead deplores the fact that in literature the scientific outlook is in general simply ignored. 'So far as the mass of literature is concerned, science might never have been heard of. Wordsworth and Shelly are representatives of the intuitive refusal seriously to accept the abstract materialism of science'. The growth of science and the decay of romantic poetry seem to have proceeded *pari passu* in the 19th century. 'Tennyson is the mouthpiece

of the attempts of the waning romantic movement in the second quarter of the nineteenth century to come to terms with science. By this time the two elements in modern thought disclosed their fundamental divergence by their jarring interpretations of the course of nature and the life of man. Tennyson stands in his *In Memoriam* as the perfect example of the distraction which I have already mentioned. There are opposing visions of the world both of which command his assent by appeals to ultimate intuitions from which there seems no escape.' (Ibid. p.96).

Whitehead is anxious to emphasise the jarring character of these two basic attitudes towards and interpretations of the world, because in his own philosophy he has attempted to resolve the conflict by reorientating both interpretations, particularly the scientific. The success of Whitehead's magnificent attempt may be questioned, and, if nothing else, the excessive obscurity of his philosophy of organism stands in the way of its wide acceptance or even influence. But it cannot be doubted that the conflict between the scientific and humanistic attitudes has stimulated the most brilliant metaphysical speculations of this century, just as the facile and narrow-minded reduction of humanistic studies to scientific terms has resulted in the most barren philosophies of the last few decades, e.g., behaviourism, dialectical materialism and logical positivism. One hopes that the equally facile interpretation of science in humanistic terms ended with Hegel, though I am not so sure if the chief weakness of Whitehead's metaphysics did not lie in its conscious or unconscious Hegelian heritage.

Like Tennyson, I am convinced that the opposing visions of the world presented in science and in romantic poetry (as well as in other branches of humanities) 'command our assent by appeals to ultimate intuitions from which there seems no escape'. Our world consciousness, our fulfilment as beings endowed with rational and spiritual faculties, remains hopelessly incomplete

until we have learnt to respond to and comprehend the world of man and nature in both these divergent ways. I need not repeat that by this I do not mean that it is essential for each one of us to know to the best of his ability both man and nature; I believe that it is necessary to know man externally and abstractly as a scientist does, as well as inwardly and concretely in the manner of a historian or a dramatist. Equally it is necessary to know and learn to respond to nature in the two different ways in which the artist and the scientist responds. Not that everyone has to be an artist and a scientist at once; the great majority of us cannot aspire to be either. What I mean is that everyone should, as part of his education, gain access to some branch of science as well as to some branch of the humanities.

III

The problem of two cultures and the difficulty of communication between their adherents does not worry me as much as it does C. P. Snow. What should cause greater worry, in my opinion, is the existence of half cultures on both sides. A poet or a historian, however great he might be as poet or as historian, and however exemplary his culture be in that particular sphere, suffers nonetheless from a lack which should not be allowed to pass unnoticed today. It is more generally recognised that a scientist who has no taste for any of the arts and no awareness of history or philosophy is an exemplar of an incomplete culture, despite his excellence and usefulness in some branch of science or technology. I would of course not go so far as Julian Symons who refused to grant the scientists any culture at all on the ground that 'they are not merely incapable of creating works of art themselves, but with a few exceptions they live in a world where art does not exist'. Symons forgets that culture is cultivation of taste as well as of the intellect, and whether he means to deny that mathematical physicists have cultivat-

ed their intellect or to make culture synonymous with only the cultivation of taste, he is equally wrong. We can say that we have little use for 'fully' cultured men, whereas we have great need of specialists, of men who can make some fruitful contribution to their special fields of work. Much or nothing can be said against this. What for instance is there to say against those who rate utility above culture, which is after all a luxury? What was there to say against the eminent Nazi who is reported to have proclaimed: 'When I hear the word culture, I reach for my revolver'.

Let me consider this point separately for the *creators* of science and the arts on the one hand, and for the *appreciators* of these spiritual activities on the other. By far the great majority of us must naturally be content to be only appreciators. For such people the argument based on the necessity of specialisation loses its point, or at least much of it. Speaking for myself as one of these people, I am not interested in art for art's sake, or in science for the sake of science. By this I do not mean that I am interested in art only as propaganda or in science only as technology. What I mean is that I appreciate art as a way of appreciating the universe in which I live; and I am interested in understanding science as a way, a very different way no doubt, of understanding the same universe. Either discipline is perfect within itself, but is a response to and an appreciation of only half the perfection (or imperfection) of the world. To pursue only one of these ways is to look at mount Everest only from one side; magnificent though the view be, it still is one-sided. I would therefore much rather spare some time and energy from thoroughly familiarising myself with the minutiae of one of these perspectives in order to catch a glimpse of the other.

As for the *creators* in the scientific or humanistic fields, they must speak for themselves. In technology, I dare say the more intensive and therefore the narrower the specialisation the better. But haven't we have had enough of technology, at least

in the physical sphere? I am told by competent authorities that the present technological advancement of the Western world is enough to feed and clothe and give a moderate amount of material comforts to many times the present population of the world if only we possessed political sense equal to a tenth of our technical competence. Nobody would be any the worse except the war-mongers if technological research came to a standstill (its application in the underdeveloped countries must of course go apace) except in the sphere of human physiology and biochemistry for some time more until we have got rid of the still unconquered diseases. In theoretical research especially of the most advanced kind, I should guess—and appeal to the experts for confirmation—that time spent on acquiring some knowledge of philosophy and history would not be waste of time for the theoretical physicist or biologist. And it is needless to argue that every one should acquire some competence to appreciate at least one of the arts.

What about the artists? An eminent man of letters in Bengal, Buddhadeva Bose, is of the opinion that knowledge of science is not only superfluous for a poet, it would be positively harmful to him. For he believes that the scientific mind, the mind that observes pointer-readings, classifies, analyses and calculates, is altogether different from, and so different as to be a hindrance to, the poetic mind, the mind that works through imaginative flights and intuitive flashes. I admit the difference, nonetheless I do not see how the expansion of the poetic mind beyond its customary frontiers can harm it. It did not harm Leonardo da Vinci or Goethe or Valérie; and I believe that it contributed not a little to the richness and sinuousness of the creative mind of our best Bengali poet after Tagore, Sudhindranath Datta, who was a keen reader of at least non-technical books of science. And why should poets and painters, extremely sensitive to the beauty of nature, choose to keep their eyes for ever turned away from another aspect—and a

wonderful aspect—of natural beauty which is revealed in science? I may call to witness the president of this seminar and a scientist of international reputation, Michael Polanyi: 'Even physics, though based on observation, relies heavily on a sense of intellectual beauty. No one who is unresponsive to such beauty can hope to make an important discovery in mathematical physics, or even to gain a proper understanding of its existing theories' (*The Study of Man*, p. 38.)

It has been pointed out, for example by J. H. Plumb (*Encounter* 71), that people have different temperaments, and different gifts, and so a catholicity of culture which will embrace both science and the humanities should not be expected of most people. This objection too, I think, holds good mainly in the creative field. It would be idle to expect a gifted poet to contribute important research papers on nuclear physics, or a Nobel laureate in biochemistry to write lyric poetry like Yeats. But that does not mean that anything connected with physics or chemistry should be out of bounds for all poets and for all time to come, or that good scientists may not understand and enjoy good poetry. In his rejoinder C. P. Snow has put down his expectations (which I share) pithily and correctly: 'They should be able to say 'I see' across the gulf.

Michael Polanyi's comments on C. P. Snow's lectures were important though somewhat unexpected. He does not put the blame for the present cultural divide between science and humanities on too much specialisation on either side; this division of labour, he thinks, 'is indispensable to the advancement of all our modern culture'. According to him 'our task is not to suppress the specialisation of knowledge' but to achieve harmony and truth over the whole range of knowledge'. He attributes the lack of harmony to the growing irrationalism of science. 'Scientific obscurantism has pervaded our culture and now distorts even science itself by imposing on it false ideals of exactitude,

Whenever they speak of organs and their functions in the organism, biologists are haunted by the ghost of 'teleology'. They try to exorcise such conceptions by affirming that eventually all of them will be reduced to physics and chemistry'. And so the claims of science must be revised: 'our first task must be to emancipate the biological sciences, including psychology, from the scourge of physicalism; the absurdities now imposed on the sciences of life must be eliminated' (*Encounter* 72). We have seen that thirty-five years ago Whitehead had gone a step further and had protested against 'the scourge of physicalism' within physics itself.

I am afraid there is no emancipation from these scourges. In spite of Leibnitz and Whitehead, physicalism has remained the only successful working hypothesis in physics; and in the biological sciences it promises to continue to provide an exceedingly fruitful ideal (vide Sherrington—*Man on his Nature*). Even in psychology it has highly important contributions to make through advances in neurology and cybernetics. Neither mechanism nor teleology are ghosts to be exorcised; they are conceptions of fundamental importance on which our two opposing methods of understanding the world are built.

The basic dichotomy between the scientific and humanistic approach to the facts of the world is, I believe, inescapable, and must be frankly recognised. Attempts to humanise the sciences or mechanise the humanities are not only fruitless but often harmful. The assumption that truth must necessarily rest in the complete harmony of views may itself be a ghost that needs to be exorcised. I am much more in sympathy with the Jaina doctrine of *Anekantavada*—the multiplicity of standpoints and the basic divergence between them. At least the divergence between the scientific and the humanistic standpoints appears to me to be an essential characteristic of the human situation, and should be accepted as such. Wholeness of culture does not consist in vain attempts to reduce one to

the other, nor both to the same pattern, but in embracing both. Man is the great amphibium—in more than one sense.

IV

I believe I have said enough in support of my contention that our culture remains incomplete if it remains confined only to one sphere—either of science or of humanities. Not that I believe I have convinced those who were not already convinced; but this is all that I have to say from the theoretical side. The necessity of specialisation is of course not being denied; my plea is only for a broader foundation of general university education on which it is to be based.

And now to come to practice. But on the practical aspect of the question I have little to say. First of all, I am not an educationist, and it is a question for the practical educationists to discuss and for them to put forward their considered schemes. Secondly, I thought we must give priority to the theoretical side for we should first be convinced that our educational practice in the universities suffers, apart from other grave defects, from the basic shortcoming that it is bifurcated into science and humanities at a stage when it should not be, that is, at the recipient stage of studies. It is only at the creative or contributory stage—which does not obviously begin till the stage of post-graduate research work—that this bifurcation becomes necessary and fruitful. My purpose was to put it to educationists that such an educational reform is really called for, and leave it to them to devise methods.

I am of course aware of the obvious difficulties. A B.Sc. course consisting of three science subjects with honours in one, and a B.A. course consisting of four arts subjects with honours in one—which is the practice in most of our universities—is already too heavy a burden for our eighteen-year-olds to be loaded further with extra courses in science or humanities, as the case may be. Nor, with our deplorably low standards,

dare I suggest that we should diminish our existing B.A. or B.Sc. syllabi to make room for additional subjects. What is to be done then, assuming that we are convinced that something should be done along the line indicated above?

Not being a practical man I shall make a very impractical—absurd, if you like to use that word—suggestion, and shall forthwith withdraw it as soon as a less absurd, that is more practicable solution (assuming of course that there is a problem) is forthcoming. The suggestion, baldly and boldly put, is this: Let arts courses be abolished, and all university education be turned into science education with humanities as only an additional but compulsory pass subject in the three years B.Sc. course, comprising a paper in literature, one in philosophy and one in history. School education, which we hope will soon be compulsory for all, will be a mixed education consisting of science and humanities subjects in more or less equal proportion upto the last year of school. After school, those who want to finish their education and enter life will be permitted to do so; they may join a farm, factory or office of their choice and ability. Some will prefer to go in for professional or vocational training to seek venues of more remunerative and responsible employment. They will join colleges of technology, medicine, law or some kind of polytechnic institute. Only a few will choose to go in for university education. In any case, only those who have a keen desire and some obvious aptitude for this kind of education should be admitted to the universities. After the three year degree course they may take up a job, or go in for vocational or professional training in order to find better employment.

In the universities, the students will be given a predominantly scientific training, as I have said, with humanities as only one of their their pass subjects. This rather odd suggestion has the following reasons behind it: 1) Although in my opinion full education must comprise both science and humanities, it will obviously be inadvisable

and impracticable to burden the students with too many subjects for their degree course. 2) Since a choice has to be made, I choose science because it is much more difficult for most people to self-educate themselves in science later, whereas it is quite easy after leaving the university to do advanced studies in history, literature or philosophy all by oneself with only some occasional guidance from university teachers or other experts, but no class teaching. The one pass subject in humanities is meant just to introduce the student to the higher spheres of humanistic studies, and to put him in touch with some specialists in humanities who will guide him during his university career and after. 3) It is comparatively easy to make a convincing case for the proposition that higher education in science only is very incomplete education and needs to be completed with some knowledge of the humanistic subjects. The humanities, on the other hand, have enjoyed so much more prestige from time immemorial that it would be almost impossible to convince a Classical Greats scholar who knows nothing of any science that he has had a very incomplete education. And even if he could be so convinced, he would (as has been pointed out) find it most difficult to take to science and study a book on nuclear physics or biochemistry all by himself, whereas this is not the case for his opposite number in science. I would therefore put

the emphasis on science at the stage of university education, and urge that in our public speeches and writings we carry on an incessant propaganda for the indispensability of the liberal humanities for the proper education of man.

It is true that today by far the great majority of our science graduates remain narrow-minded scientists to the end of their lives, if they remain in the educational line; otherwise they even forget what science they had learnt in their college and turn into business executives or office-clerks. My point is that they could without difficulty — if only they wanted to — broaden their minds after ceasing to be students by spending part of their leisure time on one or other branch of the humanistic studies. I am assuming of course that with the spread of technology and the onset of automation much more leisure will be available for all. In fact the problem for most people might soon be how to spend their leisure, not how to obtain it. Modern technology would have failed of its main purpose if it does not succeed in turning all classes into the leisured class with only 3 or 4 hours of compulsory labour. As for the desire for advanced liberal education (elementary liberal education having been imparted in the schools), how else can we generate it except by planned and energetic educational propaganda? Let us not despair before we have tried.

National Self-Examination

By HERBERT TINGSTEN

IN certain remote districts conceptions still exist which we may term village and parish characteristics; the members of the small community ascribe to themselves and to neighbouring local groups, the outsiders, the possession of certain definite psychological traits. As for the provinces the collective psychology is more developed. Many Swedes can be assumed to have a clear idea of at least some ten provincial characters; we speak of the Gotlander, the Dalecarlian and the Scanian as if they were three individual persons with markedly different characteristics. In respect of the citizens of a state, the nations, generalisation is carried still further. The most elaborate and diversified descriptions of the nature of the Swedes, the Germans, the French and the Russians are constantly offered in travel literature, journalism and works with scientific claims. In recent decades it has also become common practice to seek to determine racial characteristics. It is assumed that certain definite races exist and that their physical differences correspond to psychological variations, after which attempts are made to map the latter. Endeavours have even been made to establish a psychology of continents, where it is claimed that the Asians, the Europeans and the Americans are marked by special traits of character.

In the following I propose to deal with the conceptions of national characteristics only—and only from one specific aspect. Attempts at creating a national psychology have probably been made by all peoples in all ages; they can be encountered among savages as well as among the highly developed civilized nations. National psychology, however, did not become of significant historical and political interest until

the nineteenth century, when it was often made the basis both of historical research and political ideologies. One starting-point for the debate is a doctrine of the development (evolution) of the nations, which assumed importance in connection with the reaction against the French Revolution, and which can be traced back to a number of various philosophies: Rousseau's ideas of the *volonté générale* of the fully developed nation—the faith in progress, the historical school and romanticism in Germany, the concept of nationality. According to this doctrine the nations appear as clearly distinct units, the original dispositions of which are manifested in their historical development. A national character is thus traced behind the course of historical events, determining these events; it is assumed that every state is governed by an inherent necessity which manifests itself in its particular social system and culture. This conception has been in the centre, firstly for political traditionalism and secondly for modern man's general view of life.

A concept of national character, clearly distinguished from older ideas, has on the whole been generally accepted in modern scientific debate. It is not denied that there are certain differences between the nations but these differences are asserted to be superficial characteristics of habit and behaviour. From this, it follows that national characters, in as far as one still considers oneself permitted to talk about such, are not thought to originate from any basic dispositions but from historical conditions, the experience and traditions of the people. Character, thus, does not determine history but vice versa. A nation can therefore change character; a new regime, a war, an internal conflict may cause other traits than

those earlier displayed to dominate. It is doubtful on these premises whether it is permissible to use the term 'character'; according to general usage the word character implies certain basic qualities which to some extent, at least, are independent of the surroundings. American writers usually employ the term 'behavioral patterns' for qualities and tendencies of this kind.

For obvious reasons national psychology is one of the subjects which appeal, and which stimulate intellectual sloppiness. A real examination of the problems presents extraordinary difficulties. However, any reader of books, or traveller, is tempted to form a view on the nature of the various peoples. Such views are based on scattered observations, some statements made by the innumerable travellers and conversationalists who have already been active in this field; an historic event, a statesman, a writer, or even a casual acquaintance made in a train, are made to serve as a criterion of a general appreciation. Time and again it has been pointed out that the popular notions about various peoples are constantly changing. During the 17th century the English were thought of as the unsettled, capricious and immoderate European nation; later a completely reversed picture was accepted. During the 19th century the French were regarded as the revolutionaries and decadents of the West; later it became fashionable to talk of the French as conventional, tradition-tied, petty bourgeois. Very often the national psychologists base their observations on a particular social group; it is thus in fact this group and not the nation which is characterized. Uninhibited generalisations based on a certain historical course of events is, however, the principal method of characterisation.

Here I shall deal with one very restricted question only, and even that incompletely. I shall discuss some instances of national self-description in as far as they concern firstly the traits considered basic for the nation in question and secondly for the nation's attitude to other peoples. Only in

respect of a few countries have I been able to find extensive material. This material is of course in no way exhaustive; statements about the national character of a people can be found in writings of the most varied nature and I shall chiefly support myself on statements which I have encountered during reading—for other purposes than the present—of political literature and during studies of well-known works on national psychology. As it would be easy to be arbitrary in the choice of sources in a case of this kind, I wish to emphasize that I have not encountered any national self-characterisation conflicting with those reported here; on the other hand, I have omitted a number of statements agreeing with those quoted here.

Swedish:

In an 'Encyclopaedia for Children' published in Stockholm in 1803 the question was asked: 'What are the customs and the temperament of the Swedish nation?' The answer was: 'This nation was formerly raised above all others for its valour, its invigorating way of life, its honesty and love of freedom, of king and country. One would wish that these traits of its character had not yet lost their former strength and purity. However, low selfishness, envy between various classes of citizens, a taste for luxury, ardent liquors and foreign customs are traits in the national character which unfortunately have been observed to increase rather than decrease'. In many respects these assertions are typical of what has been thought in Sweden of the Swedish national character and what many peoples have said to be representative of the character of their own nation. The nation is raised above other nations and is marked in the first place by courage and love of liberty; often the fine qualities of the nation are alleged to have been more clearly evidenced in the past. Among the faults are envy, internal strife and a weakness for foreign customs.

A number of declarations concerning the Swedish character published in a series of

'Publications issued by the Association of Swedish Language Teachers' proves that these ideas have a long standing in our country. Even as early as in the 18th century, writers have lamented over the Swedish people's love for everything foreign. The views of the earlier writers were coordinated into a complete and systematic pattern by some more recent national psychologists. From many points of view the most remarkable of these is Heidenstam's essay 'On the Nature of the Swedes' in 1896. With its brilliance of style, its vastness of concept and its factual contradictions and bizarre nature it can be said to be the ideal-typical expression of national self-characterization. Similar writings exist in many countries, but as far as I know there is nowhere anything of this class.

The essay is based on a belief in the grandiose and remarkable uniqueness of the Swede. However, this is manifested not least in the fact that the Swedish character is contradictory and thus contains conflicting qualities, each one of which is intensified to the extreme. 'Whilst it has often been possible to characterize our neighbours in a few words, the psychology of the Swedish character is so full of contradictions and so varied that none has succeeded in bringing together the colours into a consummate picture... The extremes are intertwined like the deserts and the vineyards in Canann... cupidity and extravagance, worldly wisdom and recklessness, sublimity and self-conceit—all is there side by side'. In spite of his great and richly varied character the Swede lacks self-assurance and has an exaggerated admiration for all that is foreign and alien. The Swedes are 'the most cosmopolitan and modernised of the Teutonic race... Sweden does not foster talent but strangles it with its timorousness, envy and bureaucracy. The rot of self-depreciation is spreading widely. In no corner of Europe does the love of country lie so dead behind hollow words as it does here... The outside world has been elevated to the position of supreme example,

and yet we all know how superficially a foreign eye must needs view our inner life, and particularly its manifestation in art and literature.' In other connections we learn that the modesty of the Swede lends to this character a very special mark of nobility. 'The Swede fears nothing so much as being caught with presumption. In the whole of the modern world there is no more noble and more attractive racial trait than this national self-irony. How modest and at the same time proud such self-denial appears at the side of the other nations' glorification of what is theirs. This kind of introspective eye is opened only in a noble and ancient civilization...'

The second famous example of Swedish self-characterisation is Gustav Sundberg's 'The Swedish National Character' (1911). This work was originally published as an appendix to a report on emigration and its immediate purpose was to investigate the traits of the Swedish national character which could be assumed to stimulate emigration. Ostensibly the work therefore appears as a criticism against Swedish mentality. The guiding theme is that the Swedes lack true national feelings. They disparage all that is Swedish and admire what is foreign. There is in Sweden an interest in everything foreign 'which in all ages has made the Swede inclined to overestimate what comes from abroad and underestimate what is his own. This has in many cases proved disastrous for our people and has prevented a full development of Swedish national individuality'. The Swedes quarrel among themselves; they are envious and grudging towards each other. But where foreigners are concerned they are submissive, generous and self-sacrificing. There are many proofs of this: we have practically never waged a war of aggression, we have given in to Norway, we avoid awarding the Nobel Prize to Swedes. The Swedish character is contrasted with that of the Scandinavian neighbours; the Danes in particular are alleged to be marked by a self-assertion which is at the same time subtle and brutal. The critical tone in the

dealing with the Swedish character, however, cannot hide the basic thought that in actual fact we are an exceedingly fine people, a gifted, noble and superior people, a nation of aristocrats. Courage, kindliness, organising ability and vivid imagination are qualities expressly ascribed to the Swedes.

It is highly probable that Sundberg's work—and particularly his allegations about the lack of self-assertion of the Swede—has had a considerable influence on the conception of the Swedish character. In a single year five thousand copies of his book were sold. In all, thirty-two thousand copies have been published, and the book has long been out of print (the last edition was published in 1921). It has thus been one of the foremost best-sellers in the Swedish book market. Few works of non-fiction have been issued in such large editions. On the whole, reviews were enthusiastic. Even in recent years this work has often been quoted as an authority giving sufficient support for a particular judgment.

German:

In 1932 Friedrich Schulze-Maizier, a German professor of literature, published a work on German self-criticism in the light of recent German literature. The object of the work was to elucidate certain essential aspects of the German national character, supported by pronouncements made on the question by prominent writers. The results arrived at by the author can best be summarized by quoting the headings of the four main chapters: 'Individualism and Obstinacy', 'Between the Fatherland and Humanity', 'Idealism as a Danger', 'German Self-contradictions'. The first heading speaks for itself. Under the second heading the attraction of the German to cosmopolitanism is emphasized together with his admiration of that which is alien and foreign. Thus attention is drawn to 'a false superfairness of many Germans, who whilst eagerly acknowledging the achievements of foreigners depreciate the value of their own people.' In the third of the chapters mentioned it is

pointed out that the German inclination towards idealism may impede practical action directed towards the achievement of certain advantages. Here, too, mention is made of the dangers of far-reaching self-criticism; it may lead to treason against one's own, to sceptical self-denial and to self-effacement. It should be noted that at the same time as he emphasizes the idealism of the Germans, Schulze speaks of 'the German soul so contradictory and so rich in conflicting qualities'. In the final chapter on German self-contradictions emphasis is laid on the particularly problematic German character marked by strong contradictions.

Schulze supports his views on an extensive collection of material, very largely consisting of pronouncements made by philosophers and writers at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century such as Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Fichte and Arndt. His evidence may be supplemented by the collection of quotations submitted by Sombart in his 'Vom Menschen', published in 1938. Only a few typical quotations can be cited here. Goethe: 'The Germans...follow their own inclinations, each one trying to be a law unto himself, the German does not worry about others because each is imbued with the idea of personal liberty...' Arndt: 'The German...is a cosmopolitan (Allerweltmensch), to whom God has given the whole world as his home'.

The views on the character of the Germans which Schulze finds in German literature and makes his own, seem to prevail in German self-analysis. In the following I shall supplement the evidence with references to writers who are not quoted by Schulze or by Sombart (with one exception). They represent the German debate during the last 50 years—a period to which these writers have paid fairly little attention.

Bismarck in various connections described the Germans as independent and obstinate, quarrelling among themselves, marked by a low degree of self-consciousness and a great admiration for what is foreign.

He said that he did not know any country where 'the general national feeling and the love of common fatherland had been such insignificant obstacles in the way of the exaggerations of party passions... This state of mind which can be termed at pleasure either egoism or feeling of independence has been proved by German history as a whole.' He spoke of the 'nightmare, which even up to modern times has suppressed our national feeling: (the idea) that a Frenchman and even more so an Englishman by birth and nationality is a finer being than the German and that approval by the general opinion in Paris and London is more reliable proof of our own value than our own opinion.' Similar pronouncements are found in the works of other prominent writers of that period, in the writings of a representative novelist like Fontane as well as in the works of a representative politician like Naumann. Nowhere does the whole group of conceptions we are concerned with here, appear so conspicuously as in the works of Heinrich von Treitschke, who in all probability was one of the most influential political writers of that time.

According to Treitschke the Germans are endowed with brilliant qualities; they are strongly self-conscious, tolerant and mild, democratic in a deeper sense (contrary to Englishmen and Frenchmen); together with the Italians they are the most idealistic people of the world. They are characterised by their attraction to the broadly humane and the universal. They suffer, however, from a weak national feeling and exaggerated respect for others. A certain egoism and even a certain presumption are necessary qualities in a people, but this trait is completely absent in the Germans. 'The Germans are always running the risk of losing their national unity (Volkstum) because they have too little of this massive pride... We have no national prejudices which no-one must injure; not even a fatherland considered holy in conversation... The majority of the Germans are born cosmopolitans who always have to

exert themselves to modify their eternal recognition of the foreign genius so as to be able to think of themselves some time. This strange quality of the German people ought to be termed self-effacing (Selbistlos'). Other peoples are equipped quite differently. The Englishmen and the French men have many bad qualities, it is true, and many historical crimes on their consciences, but they are nevertheless sure of themselves and nationally active. Treitschke stresses the national conceit of the English and 'the the national mind of the French, which cannot be too much admired...'

A number of witnesses representing different political camps and different spheres of activity have confirmed essential points of Treitschke's analysis for the benefit of later years. Paul Rohrbach, one of the foremost nationalistic propagandists of the Wilhelmine era, wrote that the German people suffers from strong internal inhibitions which weaken its natural striving towards national expansion. Individualism encroaches upon the feeling of unity and the internal discord is stronger than the will to external self-assertion. In England, the nation which Rohrbach regarded as Germany's rival in world politics, the situation is stated to be quite different. This idea played an exceedingly important part in the national propaganda during World War I. Wilhelm Wundt, the philosopher, exhorted the Germans to rid themselves of the weaknesses 'which in a double sense are national faults of character: firstly because they are more typical of the Germans than of any other people and secondly because they injure the nation as such.' These weaknesses are 'the blind imitation of all things foreign and the denial of all that is our own'. Thomas Mann talked about the universalism and internationalism of the German national feeling as a general feeling for mankind. He emphasized that 'acting in an un-German or even anti-German manner is practically part of the German feeling for mankind; that according to authoritative views an inclination for

cosmopolitanism corroding the national feeling is inseparably united with German nationality; that one may perhaps have to lose one's German identity in order to find it; that a higher feeling of German nationality is perhaps not possible without an addition of alienism; that precisely the typical Germans were Europeans who felt the limitation to the purely German as something barbaric'.

In respect of national self-criticism, National Socialist literature proceeded from traditional conceptions. Hitler complained about the lack of feeling of the Germans for the greatness of their own country and their exaggerated struggle for objectivity. The outcome of World War I was considered the result of German disunity. From their youth the Germans should be brought up 'to acknowledge the right only of their own people' so as to create the same firm national feeling as other countries have. In the first National Socialist propaganda book written by a German to appear in Swedish, it is explained: 'There is indeed hardly any people in the world which is so willing in the depth of its soul to obliterate itself nationally as the German with its fanatical striving for objectivity and its merciless self-criticism. All such things as uniforms and marches and cheering are nothing but the over-compensation of a deep feeling of uncertainty. . . . There is at any rate no other people as pre-disposed to internationalism as the German'. After this follows a most energetically presented nationalist programme, including the Central European block of states, led by Germany, which was dreamt of by the German government and general staff during the first World War.

French:

In French self-characterisation we encounter exactly the same observations as in the German. The statements on the German nation made, for instance, by Treitschke and Thomas Mann would, if translated into French and applied to the

French people, it seems, be enthusiastically recognised and acknowledged by the French critic. Like the Germans the French consider themselves marked by internal tensions, contrasts and conflicting tendencies, they are extreme individualists and therefore prone to internal strife and envy, they are too appreciative of foreign things and depreciate their own, their national feeling is basically a kind of cosmopolitanism.

It is difficult to characterise the French people, because they possess, and possess to a particularly high degree, the most varied qualities: this is a basic thought. Among frequently quoted expressions of this thought are some statements by E. Montegut (1958), the literary critic: 'France is a country which superficially is the easiest but in the deepest sense the most difficult to adjudge. The truth is that France, the country of contradictions, is at the same time boldly creative and stubbornly conservative, revolutionary and traditionalist, utopian and dominated by habit. It is the country where the institutions are most short-lived in fact and most long-lived in memory. . . .'

In the same way Tocqueville asserts that the French people is 'full of contrasts' and at the same time inclined to go to extremes in anything. Sometimes the habitual trait, sometimes the creative, dominates; on certain occasions the French seem to be the most rebellious and on others the most obedient of all the nations. Many writers, to whom I shall revert later, have in other respects and in greater detail followed the same line of thought, thus ascribing to the French the most conflicting qualities in respect of a large number of character traits.

There is agreement, however, on the individualism and love of liberty of the French. These traits are so universally emphasized that every work mentioned here can be cited as an example. This view is usually the guiding motive in French works on French politics. The love of freedom and the intellectual indepen-

dence of the French are compared, particularly by nationalist writers, with the obedience and herd impulse of the Germans. 'The German type manufactured in 65 million copies', Charles Benoist wrote, 'reacts automatically and as a herd, is humble to all those in a superior position because of birth rank or wealth, he is disciplined even when he revolts and is more obstinate than any other being in wishing to remain what he is and to continue with his way of life'. The unity of the Germans and their blind obedience make them dangerous to the divided and individualistic French.

The superiority of the French in comparison with other people, and their inability to recognise it, is exceedingly strongly emphasised by Charles Maurras, the leader of modern nationalism. The Frenchman is the patrician of Europe, he represents intelligence as well as the sense of duty and generosity. In the relations between Frenchmen there are, however, dangerous tendencies towards envy and conflict. In his relations to other people, however, the Frenchman is generous and exaggeratedly open to influences and is therefore easily deceived. English and German dramatic art, literature and philosophy have been acknowledged with admiration and imitated. 'We have lost our national feeling in favour of the Nordic peoples'. Another representative of the nationalist line, André Bellessort, discusses 'the regrettable mental condition of the Frenchman which enables him to find a gloomy pleasure in depreciating and underrating himself'. The same idea can be found in the works of an intellectualist and cosmopolitan like Ernest Renan. France is the salt of the earth, but the French do not understand their own worth. Contrary to Maurras and Bellessort, Renan finds that the inclination to self-criticism is the proof of the greatness of France. 'The most glorious quality of the French people is that more than any other people they can see their own faults and criticise them. In this respect we resemble

Athens, where the intelligent amused themselves by slanderous their own city whilst praising the institutions of Sparta'.

Alfred Fouillée, the philosopher, published in about the year 1900 two works, one of which deals with the French national character. The other gives a survey of the characteristics of all European peoples. As far as I know, these writings are the most comprehensive studies of racial psychology ever made by a French author. They are frequently quoted and can be assumed to have had a certain influence on the conceptions of the character of various peoples. I shall here merely discuss the analysis of the French people. In all essentials it leads to the same results as the expositions already dealt with. With all his individualism and other contrasting qualities, the Frenchman works towards the realisation of universal human ideals, he works for mankind. 'The Frenchman believes in the indispensability of his country to mankind itself, within which France represents a universal and human rather than a special interest. Therefore he believes in the future of France.' The naive illusions about the brotherhood of nations cause the French to shut their eyes to the rivalry between the nations and to pursue an idealistic and sentimental policy. For this reason they are easily deceived by others. 'We have therefore been cheated by Italy, by Germany, by all nations who were all too pleased to let us retain our exaggerated belief in mankind in order to safeguard, build up or further develop their more or less greedy nationalism.' France has wasted her strength on helping other nations to liberty.

Systematic attempts were also made to elucidate the French national character in some works published after World War I. Gustav Lanson, the literary historian, in 1927 published some writings dealing with 'The French Ideal in the Literature between the Renaissance and the Revolution', mainly based on lectures given at Sorbonne during the first World War. He found that contrary to the German the French ideal is 'universal', not 'particular'. Man is placed

above the nation; this is typical of France. From this it follows that 'the French ideas are not of such a nature that France would derive advantages from them. What is French in our ideal is the freedom from egoism, the universalism; cosmopolitanism is a national trait.' Dealing with Sageret, another writer, he explains that unlike other nations the French have shown in their history and still demonstrate that they possess the most varied and partly conflicting qualities. This makes it difficult to state the precise character of the French genius. 'At the same time there is a spiritual unity, characterised by the supremacy of intelligence. Compared with other national types the Frenchman is a person who has general ideas.' The universalism of the French compels them to fight for the rights of all suppressed peoples and they find it easy to understand the feelings and ideas of other peoples. 'We gladly accept the arguments of other peoples even if they conflict with our interests.... In France the enemy always has eager advocates and our patriotism, once so proud, is not excited—not even if we are insulted—if our judgment compels us to doubt the righteousness of our cause....'

Finally, a most exhaustive study of 'the French genius' is given in work published in 1936 by a scientist, a member of the Institute Paul Gaultier. The French people are marked by an intelligent sensibility, which separates them from other peoples and gives them a basic unity. They do not distrust other peoples and are therefore easily outwitted. They do not seek aggrandisement at the expense of others. On the contrary they help others to freedom. The English on the other hand are indifferent, and the Germans oppose liberation movements outside their own country. The national feeling of the French is rather a feeling for humanity. 'The patriotism of the French is so strong and so altruistic... that it naturally develops to a point where it encompasses with the same love not only their own country but all civilized peoples, indeed the whole humanity.' Precisely for this

reason the French are easily deceived—'the French easily believe that like themselves others too are inspired by good-will and wish for the happiness of all mankind. They do not understand that other peoples are not participants in the unique calling which has fallen on France, to act for the most noble tasks.'

As regards other peoples it should mainly be emphasized that the attempts towards a racial psychology which have come into my hands indicate that self-characterisation everywhere presents the same pattern. The interesting political ideology which served to support the Austrian dictatorship of the 1930s was based on the idea of the particularly cosmopolitan, tolerant, unselfish and pacifist nature of the Austrians. As reference was frequently made to earlier writings it seems probable that such views were well rooted in that country. Similar ideas can also be found in some modern English works. Thus stress is laid on the contrasts in the English national character, the individualism and love of freedom of the English, their tolerance and ability to understand others. The Spanish writer Madariaga states in his famous work on national psychology that Spain spans a particularly wide register of human feelings. 'The Spanish character abounds with conflicting tendencies. It is hard and humane, resigned and rebellious, energetic and individual... It includes expressions of all the tendencies to be found in the human microcosm.' In pan-slavonic literature, the Russian in particular is said to be more universally human than any other people; his nationalism is an expression of this universal disposition.

* * *

The attempts at characterising one's own people, or at national self-examination, which have been dealt with here, without exception present the same main features. The nation to which the national psychologist belongs is difficult to characterize because of its contradictory and conflicting, often exceedingly highly developed quali-

ties. Very often it is hinted that somehow the nation is a miniature image of mankind and that its unique character is due precisely to this fact. One's compatriots are individualistic and freedom-loving, internally divided and envious. Their national feelings are weakly developed, they are too tolerant, mild and passive. Foreign countries are admired and imitated, whilst one's own is depreciated. In comparison to other peoples, who are unified, determined and aggressively national, one's own people is faced with great and undeserved difficulties. Its basic problem is the combination of superior qualities and weak self-assertion. In spite of less eminent qualities the foreigners are more self-assertive and more successful.

One is easily tempted to assume that such ideas are based on a common literary model, or that, at any rate, international influences have been of importance. There is, however, no direct reason to believe in such a connection. The majority of the writers quoted seem to have been totally ignorant of the literature on national psychology elsewhere, and their expostulations are coloured by a joy of discovery which at least makes conscious influence improbable. It appears that on certain essential points national self-analysis must of necessity lead to the same results.

It is probable that national self-analysis can be looked upon as merely some kind of

extension of personal self-examination, taken to a certain point. The similarities are obvious. Self-praise is coated with a varnish of self-criticism. Complaints are made of exaggerated sensitivity and introspection, internal inhibitions and lack of self-assertion, and it is regretted that a person with such extraordinary merits is too sensitive to assert them. One's own ego, the problems of which are known, unlike those of others, seems divided and contradictory. One's weaknesses are acknowledged, but actually on closer observation they seem to carry a mark of nobility. The others, the outsiders, appear to be well-integrated, free from complexes and finesse of character, full of strength and determination, equipped with thorough plans for the gaining of far-reaching objectives. The well-known uncertainty of one's own ego is contrasted with the dreaded assurance of others.

It is obvious that the attitude accounted for is apt to motivate and inspire nationalist tendencies. One's own weakness and sensibility represents a moral superiority. One boasts of not being a boaster. One is self-satisfied with one's own self-depreciation. When one reacts against the foreigners one represents, not only a higher moral standard, but also sides with the uncertain, the complicated, and the weak against the determined, simple and strong. When, in spite of one's gentleness, one finally goes into battle, it is with a good conscience.

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Saving Human Values in Tribal Life and in Tribal Education

By E. DE MEULDER, S.J.

(This is a Christian missionary's view of tribal problems in India. The editors of *QUEST* would expect readers to express their reactions.)

I

The Right Vision of Man and Life

IN the thoughtful welcome-address, delivered on the occasion of the Fourth Conference for Tribal Areas at Koraput in April, 1957, Dr. Harekrishna Mahatab, Chief Minister of Orissa, quoted a rock-edict of Emperor Ashoka, which is found 150 miles distant from Koraput in Tribal Orissa and which refers to the 'Pratyantavasino', meaning the Tribal Population.

Here is the text:

'The Tribal population will ask: How does the Emperor look upon us? Tell them that the Emperor looks upon them as he looks upon his own children and in their welfare lies the welfare of the Emperor and of his children. The Emperor wishes them to adopt the path of Sadhdharma, true civilization.'

This is the message inherited by Free India and embodied in her great constitution.

Taking his cue from this profound statement, Dr. Mahatab laid stress on the fact that Tribals are human beings just as all other men in India and must therefore be treated as such.

This is a theme which needs stressing again and again if social workers have to forge ahead in the training of Adibasi men and women for ever richer citizenship and for national leadership.

There are three great sister races in

Chhota Nagpur and Santhal Parganas—the Mundas, the Santhals, the Hos, who call themselves respectively Horo, Hor and Hos which means men, not under-developed men, not 'Banjatis' but men par excellence. By birth within their community, Tribals join the race of men (Horo Jati), those men are fully aware that they have been enrolled in the great race of men by the very fact of their birth. The worst insult you can give to an adibasi is to insinuate that he is an inferior human being, a 'Banjati', a jungli as he is referred to by some of the higher castes. This man (Horo) cannot conceive himself ever again to cease to exist or to lose his personal identity by transformation into another personality or by transmigration. (See F. M. Hermans SVD-Hinduism and Tribal Culture, and anthropological verdict on the Nyogi Report).

In any system of education, the quantity, qualification and the training of the teaching personnel are matters of primary importance. More important is the right vision of man and of life.

In spite of high class technical training, teaching in Nazi Germany or in Stalinist Russia was a huge failure because teachers had the wrong vision of man. Two years ago, in South Africa, I found well-built schools and Universities with a highly qualified staff but with the ghost of Apartheid stalking through the class rooms and through the souls of men. The Calvinist

doctrine of Predestination* was greatly responsible for these crimes against man.

Similarly in India, Tribals and Harijans have been segregated from the bulk of the nation, due to the wrong conception of men. Most Harijans are old tribals. The Karma and Samsara theory have made them what they are. Depressed classes in India are mostly composed of old tribes who have been enrolled at some time or other into the caste system.

According to Verrier Elwin "Hindu tribes like Gandas and Pankas and other subtribes of the Great Gond tribe, like Pradhana, Ojhas, and Negarches are now regarded as impure, whilst the aboriginals who retained their independence claim to be Kshatriyas". Grigson in his monograph on the "Maria Gond of Bastar" has referred to cultural transition. He writes that a large number of persons, returned as members of the Hindu functional castes, the graziers, potters, fishermen, weavers, blacksmiths and others are in reality members of the primitive tribes, speaking their language and only 'differentiated from them by their occupation. There is nothing in their appearance to distinguish these persons from aboriginals of the State, they follow their religions whether enumerated as such or as Hindus.

Here again, it is the wrong vision of men that has been responsible for the yoke of untouchability being imposed on former free tribal people. A revival of Human Values is needed in numerous villages to put an end to Untouchability. Mr. Jagjivan Ram, Union Railway Minister, inaugurating the 16th Annual Conference of the 'Bharatiya Depressed Classes League', said the problem of the untouchables was social, economic and religious and as such, has to be tackled on all three fronts simultaneously. New Values will have to be established in Society, some of the fundamentals of (Hindu) religion will have to be

changed and a radical change in the present economic set up has to be made in order to solve this problem. The longer the solution was delayed, the worse it would be for the country. Secondly, Mr. Jagjivan Ram said, the status of the individual should not be decided by birth but by his qualities. The system, wherein an educated pariah was considered inferior to an illiterate Brahmin, must go. Changing the values of (Hindu) Society, would mean attacking the fundamental theory (of Hinduism that) of Karma and re-birth. Stating that the movement against untouchability was not a sectarian or communal movement, Mr. Jagjivan Ram said, "Untouchability was aimed at the liberty of the individual. India was subjugated in the past because power rested with a small coterie of people, while vast millions did not share it but slaved for the so-called advanced classes: sharing of power by millions of people was the sure guarantee of the nation's freedom. Untouchability was very much alive and kicking. There are hundreds of thousands of villages in the country where drinking water wells are not available for use for Harijans and Harijan boys are not admitted into Primary Schools".

II

Allies and Opponents of the Tribal People

Historically speaking the three great allies of the Tribal people have been (1) Free India, (2) The Christian Revival in India, and (3) The sense of self-reliance and of freedom of the Tribals themselves.

The opponents of the Tribal people have been, even in recent times:— (1) The Census Officer, (2) Half baked or one-sided anthropologists, (3) The propagandists of an out-moded caste system and (4) Rural capitalism and communism.

Let us consider them in turn.

1. The Census Officers have simplified the problem of integration of the Tribals into the Indian Nation by liquidating them

* a kind of Blind Fate, wherewith a cruel God from all eternity, made you saint or sinner, black or white, damned or saved, Brahmin or Untouchable.

in their census, and by incorporating them into their caste-system. Whole tribes have disappeared that way in Madhya Pradesh and some neighbouring States, between the Census years of 1921, 1931 and 1951.

Concerning Hinduism among the Uraons, the Census Superintendent has the following remarks: "The only difficulty was, as in previous Censuses, to obtain a correct return of those following Tribal religion. On the one hand, events of recent years had led to a political movement to claim all Gonds and many other primitive people as Hindus. On the other hand, there is a marked tendency among some tribesmen to return themselves as Hindus, whatever form of religion they may be following, with the idea of gaining social uplift. In Udaipur, the Uraons indignantly repudiate any suggestion that they are Hindus, and yet in Jashpur, the Statistics for this tribe show equal numbers following Hinduism and Tribal religion. Fluctuations in the figures of earlier Censuses show how much the proper classification of Tribal religions has depended upon the whim of the enumerator."

Scheduled Tribes, however, differ from the other two groups in two aspects:—

- a) Tribals are not Hindus.
- b) The notion of caste, generally speaking, is alien to the notion of Tribes.

Census figures have often given a distorted picture of the Tribals. The Census of 1951 has suppressed between 60 to 70 lakhs of Tribals and only 19,000,000 have been recorded for the whole of India.

The Census has also ignored the tribal religion. Out of the 19 million tribals (which ought to be 26 millions) only 1½ million are recorded as following the tribal religion. All the rest are inscribed as Hindus. To a certain extent some of the tribals are Hinduized. But in the main, they remain monotheists; they know nothing about karma and samsara; their witchcraft and spiritworship are their solution to the problem of evil, and not karma or samsara; they are neither pantheists nor polytheists; they do not appeal to the Hindu scriptures;

their festivals are not of the Hindu calendar; they do not employ the services of the Brahmins et cetera.

The caste concept differs entirely from the tribe concept. Although interdining and inter-marrying are prohibited between members of different tribes yet the taboo among them has an entirely different meaning. The Hindu concept of caste implies the notion of hierarchy from the highest castes of the Brahmins to the lowest recognised castes and beyond but in a downward direction through the hundreds of divisions and sub-divisions of the untouchables. Among Hindus the concept of caste is hierarchical and vertical from highest to lowest. Among tribals the notion of a hierarchy is absent. Tribal customs and taboos are meant to preserve the identity of the group without locating that group as one of the rungs of a ladder standing upright. The adivasi takes pride in this notion. In fact, the term caste is misleading and should never be applied to tribals, as, unhappily, the Hindi term 'Jati' is only too often applied. The division into tribes is horizontal and not hierarchical.

2. Anthropology is the Science of the 'Anthropos' viz. man. As a science, we all respect it and expect solid research from it. The Jesuit Society has had distinguished anthropologists in the field, such as, Father J. Hoffman, S. J., author of the *Encyclopedia Mundarica*, also late Teilhard De Chardin, one of the greatest anthropologists of this century. As long as scientists keep out of politics, stick to their subject and have no axe to grind, they are great people, but anthropology may at times, become a dangerous subject in the hands of people, imbued with racial or religious prejudice (as they were in Nazi Germany) or claiming practical monopoly of leadership in matters of Tribal Welfare. At the Tribal Conference at Jagdalpur in March, 1955, Lt. Col. G. R. Gayre, of the Department of Anthropography, University of Saugor said: 'It seems self-evident that the type of studies which is required while welcoming of course all the specialised work of

these social anthropologists who have studied individual sides of the social lives of the peoples, must be designed to achieve a composite picture of the tribes as they are as a whole. This can only be done by integrated studies carried out by workers from a wider field than those of the schools of social anthropology and for that reason the work now being undertaken in the Bastar District by the University of Saugor is conceived on much broader principles than is generally the case.'

And L. M. Srikant in his address as Chairman of the Second section of the Indian Conference of Social Work, Hyderabad in December, 1953, had the following to say:

'I have found the Christian Missionaries working in Assam, in Bihar, and in Madhya Pradesh converting the tribals not only into Christians but into citizens assimilating many influences of civilization and losing much of their distinctive traits thus belying the apprehensions of the Anthropologists' (Page 365).

In spite of India's Constitution, there is a growing fear in India of not giving the proletariat their rights. Cheap labour is needed by certain hypercapitalists. Could certain anthropologists come to their help? In Africa Darwinism was a stunt which proved very useful to the slave-traders and their capitalist concerns.

The Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest was warmly welcomed by the whites as an argument supporting and confirming their policy of expansion and aggression at the expense of the 'inferior people'. As Darwin's theory was made public in the years in which the great powers were building their colonial empires, it helped to justify them in their own eyes and before the rest of mankind, that slavery or death brought to 'inferior' human groups by European rifles and machine guns, was no more than the implementation of the theory of the replacement of an inferior by a superior human society. In international politics, racism excuses aggression. Darwin's biological thesis was

first welcomed and later simplified, or, rather distorted and adapted into so-called social Darwinism on which they based their rights to their social economic privileges. Herbert Spencer applied to Sociology the concept of 'survival of the fittest' and the same idea was used to defend Nietzsche's doctrine of the 'superman' with whom the 'fittest' was equated. Science however, has knocked out this political tribe of Anthropology and the UNESCO has made a statement which is banned in South Africa for very good reasons. This statement signed by the greatest scientists of the world has been published under the title 'Race and Modern Science'. The following ideas occur in this statement.

In the matters of race, the only characteristics which Anthropologists can effectively use as basic for classifications are physical and psychological.

According to present knowledge there is no proof that the groups of mankind differ in their innate mental characteristics, whether in respect of intelligence or temperament. The scientific evidence indicates that the range of mental capacities in all ethnic groups is much the same.

Historical-psychological studies support the view that genetic differences are not of importance in determining the social culture differences between different groups of Homo Sapiens, and that the social and cultural changes in different groups have, in the main, been independent of changes inborn in constitution. Vast social changes have occurred which were not in any way connected with changes in racial type.

There is no evidence that race-mixture as such produces bad results from the biological points of view. The social results of race mixture whether for good or ill, are to be traced to social factors.

All normal human beings are capable of learning, to share in a common life, to understand the nature of mutual services and reciprocity and to respect social obligations and contracts. Such biological differences as exist between members of different ethnic groups have no relevance to pro-

blems of social and political organisation, moral life and communication between human beings.

Lastly, biological studies lend support to the ethic of universal brotherhood, for man is born with drives towards cooperation and unless these drives are satisfied, man and nations alike fall ill. Man is born a social being who can reach the fullest development only with his fellows. The denial of any point of this social bond between man and man brings with it disintegration. In this sense every man is his brother's keeper.

3. The caste system is opposed to the Tribal system. No amount of adaptation can ever explain away the defects of the caste system. The greatest of India's reformers and patriots have hated it. Chhandogya Upanishada (V. 10G) and Purusha Sukta of the Rig Veda tell the story of caste which is the story of man's enslavement.

All great Indian reformers have been hammering at caste with all their might. 'Untouchability is a crime against God and Manu,' said Mahatma Gandhi (and yet he believed in caste by birth). For a long time it was the accepted belief among certain sections of Hindus that Chaturvarnya was divinely ordained and that Varna Samkara or the mixture of castes was the greatest of social evils — it is more or less true that all Hindu Dharma-Shastras take caste for granted. Theoretically, untouchables are outside the caste system and are called the fifth caste (Panchamas). Tagore spoke of this social organisation as 'walls which shut out the sunshine of thoughts and the breath of life' (Quoted from K. D. Penkhar in Hindu Society at the Crossroad).

Dr. Rammanohar Lohia, the Socialist leader denounced casteism and said India would lose her freedom if it was allowed to continue. India was conquered by foreigners, not because the country was divided into different principalities, but because the masses were so fed up with the caste system

that they did not care who ruled over them, he said.

Dr. Lohia said India was not making any progress because the leadership in all walks of life was provided by the higher castes. Their population was hardly five or 10 millions. If they continued to rule over the caste majority of the people, India could never hope for progress.

In the *Quarterly Review*, Arnold Toynbee has stated that democracy could not be understood without religious ideas. And that Egalitarian Democracy was greatly the fruit of a Christian conception of Society.

4. Communism and Capitalism, single or combined are among the greatest opponents of Tribal India, as they are of Free India as a whole. The landlords of England combined with the landlords of India in order to arrange the notorious Permanent Settlement of Bengal by which tax collectors of the previous regime were made overnight into land-owners. By this signature, Lord Cornwallis expropriated millions of peasant-proprietors from their ancestral fields. Tribals stand or fall with their lands. Most tribals in India have been crucified between two thieves, Capitalism and Communism. Both have been guilty of robbing the lands of the peasant proprietors all over the world. But freedom-loving tribals are bound to discover the snares of communism as well as they did for capitalism.

III

Conclusions

Tribalism represents the most democratic social organisation in the whole of India. In order to build up democratic India, do not detribalize the tribes (in order to integrate them into the Indian nation) but rather re-tribalize the whole of the Indian nation, and the whole of the world, into a family of tribes with equal rights and with equal opportunities. The concept of a great Indian nation postulates the suppression of the caste system and presupposes a new

society in which tribes, old and new, will be incorporated into a new horizontal framework of national reconstruction which will replace the present vertical system of social inequality.

Shri Kishanlal Malaviya made a plea for a rationalised approach to the problems of adibasis and Harijans in the Madhya Pradesh Vidhan Sabha. Did he mean a more national approach? According to Shri K. L. Malaviya in *Hitavada*, April 24, 1960, Government was not achieving any tangible result in spite of the huge amounts of money spent on Harijans and Adibasis. People in the know are not surprised. Instead of continuing the ruinous policy of opposing Christian endeavour, as laid down by the Shukla-Nyogi Regime, Government should put its own house in order and should discontinued the narrow-minded communal and anti-national policy of fighting Christian mission with Government money. 9/10ths of the Christian Adibasi Welfare workers including the Bishops are tribals themselves. On the plea of fighting Christian mission, Government is stabbing in the back thousands of innocent Adibasis children and their parents who freely choose to send those children to the mission schools. Why should all new schools be opened opposite existing mission schools while immense areas of Adibasis are deprived of any school whatever? Why should mission school be crippled, deprived of recognition and of funds? They are your allies, not your opponents. They are national institutions.

The type of education, imparted to tribals should avoid the extremes of under-development and of overdevelopment. Basic schools as they actually exist in the

country (not as they exist on paper) have become India's most expensive educational institutions imparting third class education to the proleteriate. Is it done with a purpose?

Basic schools are not good enough for the Adibasis if they are not good enough for the non-adibasis of the same nation. Any school, that in letter or in spirit upholds the caste system or practises any type of segregation (schools for adibasis only and for Harijans only), is antinational and should be reformed. Tribals and Harijans want to study in schools where non-adibasis too are welcome. It is interesting to note that Dr. Verrier Elwin has changed his former opinion on the matter of segregating the tribals from the non-tribal world. Education must have a national aspect and schools must cater for both tribals and non-tribals. On the other hand, education should prepare tribal students for life. Education should not detribalise or denationalise the students from tribal areas. The danger of joining an idle or upstart-middle class, estranged from tribe and nation, being neither East or West, is a real danger for the Tribal students. But this is a danger not only for the tribals but also for the non-tribals. The human problems involved have been well analysed in 'The Neurosis of India's Intelligentsia' by Sampurnanand and in the 'Autobiography of an unknown Indian' by Nirad C. Choudhary. Real education should prepare the tribals for a full life of service of the tribe, of the nation, and of the world of the 20th Century.

All partial cultures must contribute to the whole of Indian culture across all boundaries of province and countries.

POETRY

?

Behind Time

who pulled me from my mother's womb

and holds me tight in his palm

behind Time

lies the question:

curved serpent with an apple.

SIGURDUR A. MAGNUSSON

THIS CITY

This plebian city has known the ecstasy of rains
In its dry bones,
And I have seen the steel frame
Of a mason's dream melting
Into the soft drizzle of an idle day.

This tired city has woken
With songs of the sun
And forgot its horror of hopes
In the cool melody of coloured rays
And I have seen its trees
Growing tense in their rhythm of life.

But for me tired and dry
As the city's soul
And old and preserved as its body
Rains are fierce
With deluge of floods
And the sun's rays
Are deafening cries
In the mad pursuit of joy and calm.

This howling city will feel
The impact of silence at night
And hear the mysteries of the wind
And the stars, but I shall seek
Death of memory in the pursuit of joy.

AMARESH DATTA

FOR ALL WHO SUFFER

Last night before the hour of sleep,
 With God my Father I walked awhile
 And spoke to Him as children speak
 To one they love and trust. He smiled
 At me and touched me on the chin
 With such a warm and gentle touch
 That I felt my heart leap out to Him
 And whispered: 'Father, love me much.'
 And then He placed His hand in mine
 And said: 'My child, I'll lead you on
 Towards a hill where stands the sign
 That few would care to gaze upon.'
 I felt His comfort make me whole,
 For in God's love all men complete
 The hidden splendour of Man's soul-
 To follow always at His feet.
 Throughout the night I let Him lead
 Until it seemed that dawn would break
 And that the morning sun would bleed
 Within the waters of the lake.
 And yet before the disk arose
 All towns and lakes were left behind.
 We crossed the ancient peaks of snow
 And hurtled through the shell of time,
 Till some great anguish filled the skies.
 'My child,' He said, 'be not afraid,
 For pain is part of paradise
 And I am both the wound and blade.'
 He pointed me a darkened hill
 And there I heard an angry mob
 Shout: 'Crucify Him, crucify Him,
 Crucify the Son of God.'

Last night within the time of sleep
 I thought I had the strangest dream.
 It seemed to me I watched God weep
 And seek for men on whom to lean.

JEREMY NELSON

SHORT STORY

"Where Waters Meet"

By RAJA PROCTOR

THE enlarged spleened, G-string girt fisherboy flashed large white teeth, grinned and spoke all-together, all at once. My scowl of impotence, put on for the n'th time, had no effect. I turned my back on them and walked away abruptly.

The thought of getting back to the Information Office at Colombo, the thought of those eagle crested walls—stars and stripes in every corner—the posters and pictures behind long glass windows, compelled me to try again. When I came back to the fisherboys, their eyes were agleam with amusement, and their frank faces spoke what apprehension held back on the tips of their tongues:

Queer guy! Daffy isn't he?

Perhaps, their bulbous nostrils also discerned the fumes I generated this morning—after-a-night-before.

I picked on the smallest, a bristly headed, naked boy with a finger in his mouth.

'Show me a place to cast, to fish,' I mimed and pleaded.

'There!' he said, removing the finger he had in his mouth and revealing a gap between large front teeth. 'Watersmeet!' he added, and smiled like the moon. A bigger lad thrust forward and explained in English:

'The ribber, the laagoon, the sea, mit at watersmit.

'To fish,' he cast a professional eye over my rubber dinghy and its inert outboard motor, then spoke with an eye cocked at the distant rain clouds. 'For you, to fish?'

'No!' he decided against it, 'not at watersmit! But, the village on the ribber; above the village church. At church, you fish.'

They swarmed behind me into the dull grey lagoon, shoved me off and cheered as my outboard kicked at the first pull.

'No watersmit! No watersmit for you!' they warned as I got underway.

As I started to fish, the monsoon clouds started to spread overhead. I landed a twelve-pound grey mullet. A stiff breeze began to nag at my collar, the lagoon began to thrum with ripples. As I landed the next mullet, the first fat rain drops plummeted down on me.

I raced for the shore, beached the dinghy and made the church just ahead of the deluge. The slanting rain drove me into the side chapel. My eyes took time to settle in the gloom. At the far end of the side chapel was an octagonal concrete pillar with a statue. I moved closer in. It was the statue of St. Anthony and at his feet were two honey-brown, half-pint bottles.

'For flowers!' I said to myself and climbed the steps to the base of the statue. The verdigrised gold foil on the bottle-necks were intact. I picked up the bottles. They were full, unopened. The water washed labels read, 'Ceylon Arrack'.

'Arrack at the feet of St. Anthony!' I chuckled and sniffed the bottle tops. The unpleasant reek of arrack was unmistakable.

'No, it can't be, can't be!' I said aloud. 'Not in a Catholic church!'

'It is, believe me!' the white cassocked priest came through the door on my right.

'It's hard to believe, but it's true,' he said in a voice that extended the hand of companionship. 'You're wet, come in and dry yourself.'

He lit an oil lamp, turned up the wick and threw me a towel. The room was as

cosy as a ship's cabin, it had everything a man required, was compact without being close. He placed the lamp on a crude, four-square table and motioned me to sit down opposite him. Under the lamp his fresh, smooth, face and clear cut features radiated the vitality of good hard living; a sloping forehead and round blue eyes poked with sincerity.

'I'm English, been here twenty years,' he answered my unasked question.

'The arrack on the altar! A vow?' I asked. His flat, uneven lips buttoned up awhile considering the question, relaxed as he made his decision.

'It's a story of a big, strong man,' he pushed back the chair, stood up and spoke as he lit a kerosene oil stove and placed an aluminium kettle over its humming blue flame. Outside the rain and wind lifted as though in anger. 'A big man and a small boy. Father and son. A story of devotion.' He came and sat before me again. Something seemed to baulk him, he hedged, mumbling, 'Where can I begin... where should I?... How!...'

'You see,' he appealed to me, 'I know these people well; but Parris, his wife Rua, his son Robo,' he clasped his hands before him. 'I knew them too well. I know their thoughts, their feelings, every action and reaction. You see, they are like my children.'

'Oh,' he broke off, sheepish at being carried away, 'I make you impatient.'

'Go on,' I said.

'The fishing village down the lagoon,' he started off again uncertainly, 'do you know it?' I shook my head. This seemed to give him a handle, his voice lifted with confidence.

'It is bigger than the other fishing villages. It has a boutique, a Sunday market place, a tavern.' He smiled tolerantly, 'Fishermen must have a tavern, a church, both help them to live.' I laughed aloud, it seemed to snip the thread of his thoughts. He gathered himself again and went on.

'Parris could beach an ocean-going outrigger single handed. He could last twenty-four hours at sea without food or water,

The fishermen called him 'The Bear' because of the mat of hair on his chest, and his long arms that swung loosely at his side. But his weatherbeaten face, spidery with crowsfeet round milk, black eyes touched you with the incongruity of utter helplessness.

He married Rua, a slip of a girl with a waist a western model would give her eye-teeth for, and quiet, smouldering eyes. They called her 'The Dove'. The Dove and The Bear, their version of Beauty and the Beast. They had a son Robo, and he grew up just like the sons of other fishermen, without fear, full of frolic.' The priest paused, his fingers strayed to the base of the lamp.

'Then, it happened.' The priest leaned over to one side to avoid the lamp and catch my eye. 'It was the will of God,' he said forcefully, 'he allowed it to happen so that out of pain and suffering a greater love could be recreated.'

I said nothing, did not even nod agreement. He paused, confused. My unconcern perhaps, made him sense the heretic in me; he stared down at the palms of his hands awhile, then continued:

'Parris used to drink no more, live no less rowdily than any other fisherman. One day he took Robo out fishing. The boy's left foot jammed between two out-rigger canoes when they came alongside each other at sea.'

'I took them to hospital. I brought them back from hospital. Robo's left foot was amputated above the ankle. All the way back Parris kept offering to carry him, but the boy insisted on using his crutch and limping home. Rua said nothing all the way back.'

The priest's eyelashes flickered and his face tightened. 'It was after this that I started to teach Robo. You see, a cripple is of no use in a fishing village. The boy was eager to learn; but for a boy of his age, his background, he showed an extraordinary desire to learn the meaning of life. Death! Suffering! Fate! Faith! These were the problems that troubled him. I explained them to him; the deeper I went the more dis-

turbed I got, for this boy who spoke with his eyes seemed to understand more than I had explained."

The kettle began to hiss, the priest broke away and produced two cups from a wall cupboard and poured out tea.

"Do you mind? Would you join?" I held out my hip-flask to him.

"It's a bit cold in here," I said. He shook his head, "But please go ahead, it is cold in here!" he said. I swigged down two gulps and toyed with the cup of tea.

"The boy never went fishing again.

"Parris suddenly ceased to bother about him or Rua. He started to drink heavily. The boy's problems now constantly centred around this. It worried me, and I started to pray for the family, for Rua ceased coming to mass.

"One night Parris was carried home in a drunken coma. That night the boy heard his mother weep for the first time, the stifled, bitter weeping of a woman out on a ledge. Next morning while the boy was washing his face outside the hut, he heard his mother's tight, decided voice say, 'Why? Why? Are you hurting us this way? Haven't we enough sorrow to bear! Haven't you caused enough pain?'"

"You do not need us any more. When you return from fishing, you'll find us gone".

"The shock to that sensitive boy must have been tremendous. He told me he ran away from the hut till exhaustion brought him down. Then, realising that Parris would go fishing and that he might not see him again, the boy hobbled along the lagoon bank towards the hut to intercept him.

"They met and walked in silence, Parris carrying the long steering oar laced with fishing tackle, the boy shunting himself along on his crutch. Now and again he sought his father's face. The watery red vesicled eyes glazed with hurt and the effects of the night's drinking, must have driven the words from the boy's heart to his mouth:

"Why? Why? Do you drink—so much?" he asked, a quiver on his lips. Parris said

nothing, but his hand went out and rested on the boy's shoulder.

"Why?" the hand on the boy's shoulder must have stirred hope. He pressed for an answer.

"Why? Have you lost something? Do you think that nobody wants you?" Parris just walked on saying nothing. A flock of gulls wheeled over them and shot seawards, mewling plaintively.

"I'm going fishing with you!" the boy jerked out with sudden violence. Parris stopped, steadying him on his crutch, and looked down into the boy's face. The boy was tensed, and his eyes appealed dumbly. Parris said nothing as he turned away, but the hand on the boy's shoulder tightened, giving him an assurance.

"They entered the fishing village together and went down its main sandy track. Robo began to pant and talk excitedly about the day's fishing, about the prospects of a good catch. As they drew abreast the danger-red arrack tavern, the boy must have felt the weight of his father's hesitant step. He switched to high pitched complaint:

"There's no rice in the hut! No vegetables! Not even dry provisions! A whole week and you have brought nothing!" he tugged at Parris' hand, levering frantically on his crutch, moving him past the tavern.

"They bought provisions on credit; and as Parris humped the gunny sack on to his shoulder, three drunken fishermen staggered out of the tavern.

"Parris! Parris!" they hailed him.

"Our friend Parris, we drank with you last time!" they lurched towards him.

"Let's celebrate! Let's celebrate! Drink with us today! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Did you see the catch we brought in? Ho! Ho! Did you see it? Did you see it?"

"Come on, come on!" they thumped his back and nudged him along to the tavern.

"The fishing! The provisions!" the boy screamed and clung to his father's hand. He watched his father hesitate and pathetically lick his dry lips. The fishermen broke his grip, forcing them apart.

"My leg! Oh, my leg!" the boy collapsed

on the ground, his lame leg bent under him. "They pushed me! They pushed! My leg! Oh my leg!" he whined. The drunken trio grew suddenly silent, warned by the flash of hostility in Parris' eye. He brushed them aside, picked up the boy and hurried to the boat.

Parris stood by the boat, undecided, panting like a dog on a hot day, his Adam's apple twitching. The renewed singing of the drunken trio drifted down on them.

Father and son read each other's eyes. "No!" pleaded the boy as his father's eyes turned shifty. "No! My leg, I can't, I can't take the provisions. My leg, I can't, I can't!" he insisted.

Parris looked around him, gasping, his face twitching. The singing of the drunken trio grew louder and louder; with a savage growl he turned and ran in the direction of his hut. The boy sank down on the sands and wept.

The singing alerted the boy again. He was on his crutch, hobbling around the boat, checking on mast and sails, tightening up knots, bailing out rain water. The sounds of singing drifted away, he scanned the sand dunes anxiously.

Fear leapt like a gas jet in his eyes, he looked down at his lame leg and beat the sides of the boat with his fists. The three drunken fishermen stood atop a sand dune. They were between him and his father.

"Fa-ther! Fa-aa-ather!" he screamed as they surrounded him again. He saw them urging and coaxing him. He saw too the tallest fisherman brandish a bottle, his father's head tilt back, the bottle at his mouth.

"Father! Fa-aa-ther!" he called, but the wind snuffled his call.

They were round him, embracing him, hugging him. He saw his father break away and come down the sand dune to the boat. The boy stopped calling, tumbled out of the boat and hobbled to him.

"Ready!" asked Parris.

The boy's face was a grimace holding back tears, his father carried a half-pint bottle of arrack in his left hand, another half pint

was stuck in his waist band under his black serge coat.

"Come on! Come on! Don't you want to come! We must go down with the tide." The buoyancy in his voice dug like a spike, he quickened his hobble.

Parris tossed the half-pint in his hand on to a coil of rope amidships. The boy got in and sat in the bows of the boat. Single-handed Parris heaved and slid the dugout down to the water. He leapt in and steered it with the long oar over the stern as it ran with the tide.

The boy turned and sat facing his father, he began to bait the hooks and coil down the lines. Under lidded eyes he watched his father lick his dry lips, his free hand stray to the bottle at his waist.

"I want to fish at Waters Meet!" the boy demanded suddenly. Parris' eyes narrowed with concern, his fingers toyed with the bottle neck.

"Why?" he asked.

"Why not!" the boy defied him.

"It's... it's difficult; open to the heavy rollers from the sea, and," he lifted his head, "I don't like those clouds over there. A squall is brewing!" his finger nail started to prise the gold foil on the bottle neck.

"You're afraid!" the boy spat in his face.

"A coward!" the boy hung his head to hide his trembling lips and tearfilling eyes.

"It's good to be afraid sometimes," said Parris, his fingers falling away from the neck of the bottle.

"You're frightened!" the boy forced all the venom he could into his voice. "You're frightened because you are weak! A drunkard is weak, he cannot trust himself any more."

"Parris' eye fell on the half-pint bottle nestling on the coil of rope. He drew in the tongue that darted to lick his lips and rapped:

"We will fish at Waters Meet!"

The boy hid his tear-filling eyes.

They hoisted sail together, the short, broad, dirt-brown sail bellied in the wind and drove the boat down to the swirling eddies at Waters Meet. Both hands on the

oar, eyes on the sail, the eddies, Parris guided her to where river and lagoon met the sea. The sweat started to run in streams down the side of his face.

"They trailed lines over the side and Parris zig-zagged across the mouth. The long, low rollers from the sea kept buffeting them. The arrack bottle rolled out of the coil of rope and began to thump the sides of the boat. The boy picked it up and wedged it among the coils.

"Parris fought a seer and the boy gaffed it. The boy caught four red mullet.

"I don't like that cloud. Let's go into the lagoon mouth. We can anchor there," said Parris.

The boy searched his father's sweat beaded face and twitching lips. His eyes drifted to the gold foiled neck of the arrack bottle at his waist.

"No! No!" his voice carried a demand and a plea. He began to bait more hooks. "There's fish here! This is our chance! Keep zig-zagging!" he urged.

"I'm tired! Thirsty! I've been at the oar three hours!" Parris complained.

"Don't give up father! Don't! Please, please father, father please."

His quivering plea nonplussed Parris. He followed the boy's eyes as they switched covertly from the arrack bottle in the coil of rope to the bottle at his waist, then meet and guiltily avoid his eye.

"And, as the boy once again demanded to stay on at Waters Meet, the thought whispered around him, *Keep sailing! Keep hands, eyes, mind occupied. Keep it—away from the bottle.*

The whisper began to beat in his head, it became a hammering. Emotion rose in an engulfing wave, stifled and receded.

"My son, my son," he began to slobber as it crystalized before him.

The buying of provisions to avoid the tavern! The cry of pretended hurt to keep him away from the drunks! The reason for fishing at Waters Meet — to keep him away from the half pints! "Yes, yes my son," he choked and struggled for control. Then with a face bright as a star, he said, "We'll

sail my son, we'll sail. Till we catch all the fish in...in..." The sudden gust of wind caught him unawares, heeled the boat over. The brown sail exploded like a pistol shot and ripped. The boat righted itself as the squall descended. The rollers from the sea turned to breakers and the slanting rain drove like needle points.

"Bail my son! Bail! Bail!" Parris cried out above the howl of the rain and the wind. He clung to the oar holding her head to the sea.

"Ship the mast and pass it aft!" he yelled. A breaker smashed over the bows and smothered them.

The boy inched his way amidships, brought down the bamboo mast and pushed it out to him. Parris passed it between his legs and sat on the mast.

"Lie down amidships, in the bottom of the boat," he shouted. The boy obeyed blindly. Dig your elbows and legs into the sides of the boat!

Another gust of wind swept the slanting rain horizontal, white horses reared everywhere.

"It'll hold you. Stay with the dugout. Stay with the dugout," he cried.

"Father! Father!" the boy sat up shouting, wild-eyed, sensing tragedy.

The rain came back with the falling wind, blanketing his sight. A breaker crashed against the dugout, blinded him and swept aft. He saw his father's hand motioning him to lie down, then the rain and the sea swallowed him.

*

*

"I was in the village when a returning fisherman towed the boat in. He had found it drifting unattended in the eddies at Waters Meet. The boy remained in the state in which he found him, shocked, numbed, refusing all attention, concentrating all effort on clinging to an unopened, half-pint of arrack.

"Parris?" I asked them; I tried to send them out in search again.

The fishermen shrugged their shoulders and growled resentfully in loud asides.

"Damned fool! Fishing in Waters Meet! Serves him right!"

"Taking a cripple out to sea!"

"Must have drunk himself stupid! Thank God the boy's alive!"

"How drunk can a man be to drown his only son?"

"His body must be up the lagoon now! Serves him right! The drunk!"

Their asides reached the boy, his eyes came alive again.

"Now, no!" he mewed for their attention. "He didn't drink, didn't drink! Wasn't drunk! He wasn't going to drink!" He saw them nod un-understandingly with eyes that questioned the half-pint bottle in his hands. He tugged at his mother's cloth and begged of her to believe.

"My father didn't drink! Didn't drink! You know that!"

"You know, that!" She dumbly stroked his head and held him close.

Seeing me he struggled to his feet and hobbled across:

"Tell them, tell them!" he begged. "He wasn't drunk! He wasn't going to drink. He didn't drink! Didn't drink!" his voice lifted to an urging scream when he read the doubt in my eyes.

"See! See! The bottle is full! Full! Unopened!" he held the bottle aloft awhile, then collapsed at my feet hugging the bottle to his chest.

I sent all the fishermen and fisherwomen about their business, organized a party to recover Parris' body and suggested to Rua she come with Robo to the church till the search party returned.

"She agreed and late that afternoon, the three of us walked along the lagoon back to the church."

"Outside the church I noticed fresh footprints, but thought nothing of it. At the entrance I saw a bamboo mast with a tattered brown sail and a tangle of rope. As I picked it up, I heard a paen of hope ring out: 'Father! Fa-aa-ther! Fa-aaa-ther!'

I live in the hope of hearing that cry

again," the priest said, and paused with head cocked as though listening for it to come again. He went on with a disappointed shake of his head:

"The boy broke away from us, stumbled and fell, picked himself up and raced into the church followed by his mother."

"I found Parris on his knees before St. Anthony."

"At first it was two blubbering bodies locked to each other, then it was three. They went down on their knees together. Parris was like a savage devotee before a pagan deity, unopened half-pint bottles of arrack held high like battle pennants, dedicating them to St. Anthony, vowing to come for them the day another drop of arrack wet his throat."

The rain had ceased, a chill breeze swept into the room making the lamp flames gutter.

"How long has it been there?" I asked.

"Six years," he said standing up. "Come," he said, "let me take you to your boat, you must get back before it's dark."

The rain clouds had vanished and the evening sun burst through scattering streamers of crimson glory in a yellow sky.

The outboard kicked into life and as I moved away, the lone, white-cassocked figure on the beach waved to me. I waved back and at that moment a crave clutched the pit of my stomach. I went for the half pint under my jerkin. The figure on the beach was still waving to me.

"Why? Why?" I asked myself, "Can't Waters Meet happen to me?"

"Married! Three children! Well paid! Yet alone, on a lagoon, fishing. Always alone! My constant companion a half-pint flask."

"Damn!" I cursed and swigged from the flask.

I turned to the lagoon bank but the priest had gone. The warnings of the fisher boys roamed in my head.

"No Watersmit! No Watersmit!"

"No Watersmit for you!"

I choked, recovered and swigged down the rest of the flask.

The Scar

By GOPI GAUBA

HE looked at her. She answered his look waiting for the question that arose inside him like a huge wave and showed so clearly on his face.

'Why to you?' he asked.

He towered before her as she sat on the floor leaning against the chair he had left abruptly when the thought, the horrible stinking thought had entered his mind. He looked at her sideways, his body towards the window, his eyes intent on her face, the way villains looked in cheap films.

'I am not a villain', he said. 'I am asking you a straightforward question: why to you?'

She felt a great desire to laugh. She was amused by this high melodrama. But his voice, his eyes stopped her. They said: No getting away from me, my girl, better answer straight.

'Answer me straight', he said.

'I don't know', she replied. 'I couldn't tell you'. And she looked at him full into his eyes, unblinking and confident. But inside her an unfamiliar fear began to creep in, like mist from the river across the muddy stretch, like stink from the gutter under their window. Misunderstandings, she thought, how did they come about? Innocent people get hanged too. Fear grew and grew. But she was innocent, she said to herself, she had done nothing.

Then he sat down, facing her.

'Why not to me?' he asked. Look, I am trying to be just. Let me not utter things that should cause you pain.

'I do not wish to hurt you, to give you pain', he said.

'We were happy only a minute ago,' she said.

'Were we?' he countered. 'I thought we were lamenting his death.'

He still looked at her, a fixed glazed look on his face, as if he was trying not to understand too much, trying, trying to be calm, cool, just. He made an effort to be reasonable.

'He was my friend', he said. 'We grew up together. This.....' and he swept his arms across the room, 'this is my doing, not yours.....' She interrupted him softly. She said: 'Your father's because you married me.'

'.....because I chose art and he would have me peddle hosiery!'

He replied swiftly, raising his voice, 'Bholu and I grew together, you never came into it. Or did you?'

She raised her eyes to him and said nothing. So you are silent, he thought. You do not wish to give yourself away. This new feeling that I feel, it is a roaring fire, a green-eyed monster choking me.

'I am not jealous', he said.

She looked across the room, at their badly distempered wall, their effort to dress this room in bright handloom colours. Fear stayed tight inside her. Where did this ugliness come from, she asked herself? Bholu, his childhood friend is dead. I feel sad because he was a loyal friend and it is good to be alive, it is good to feel the warmth of the sun, to eat and feel the contentment of food inside, to talk and laugh and listen to music, to love and in love hold a man in my arms and to be held and cherished.... The fear came in gusts because this ugliness could grow. She floundered in a helpless speechlessness and fear took an immense leap lest she was helpless against a dam breaking and the happy, gloriously happy

years of their married life be swept away. What shall I say to convince him, she thought, how shall I speak the truth except speak it? She moved her lips.

'Speak up', he said.

She looked at him and again made a wild, helpless gesture at his harshness. Then she said gently, very gently:

'What do you want me to say?'

'Tell me.'

'Tell you what'

I must be calm, he thought. What does one do, what does one say to a wife whom one suspects of infidelity, this woman I have loved more than the beat in my heart.

'I have loved you so much', he whispered with his eyes closed.

She heard the half sob in the whispers but she neither looked up nor answered. And I too, she cried to herself wildly, hysterically, her heart screaming with love for him. She longed to fling herself at his feet, to shout a thousand denials, to assure him of her love and innocence. Please. Please, do not spoil it. I have been faithful to you, in body, spirit, gesture. But your very question, the way you look at me, the very fact you question me, and do not believe me. She slid her legs across the floor and the silent hysterics drained out of her leaving her limp, no longer caring, past caring. To hell with everything, she thought. Go, ruin all, take away all. If you will not believe my word what is there left of our love. What good is my word, what good is our love if there is no belief, no trust.

'I am ashamed', she said, 'that you ask at all. How do you want me to explain?'

'How indeed!'

Anger flared up in her, driving out fear, pushing it recklessly away.

'Alright then!' she retorted angrily. She repeated her incomprehending gesture. Inwardly she cared, she cared terribly.

'Is it so difficult?' he asked cuttingly.

'You sit like an inquisition!' she threw at him.

'And I have every right!' he answered her quickly, also angrily.

'How do you think I like it, my old friend and my wife...?'

A scream rose within her. She too could shout, but she forced her voice down. She controlled it, sat on it till it came out refined, gentle, soft.

'What about your wife?' she asked. 'If your old friend left us his money, how is it my fault? Did I ask him? Did I tell him we were poor? He saw that for himself.'

Nonsense, utter nonsense, she thought and he thought it too; it showed on his face. Why leave the money to *her*, why not to him? It made no sense, except.....

'The fact you are trying to explain', he said.

Derision sat so ill on him. She turned away from him, she hid her face because it was about to break, and the hurt was like a veil across her eyes. Pride, anger, fear, love fought within her. She longed to soothe him, to take his tortured face in her hands and kiss the trembling ashen skin of his cheeks. God, Oh God, she moaned silently, what is happening to our unquestioned love of many years, the straight, honest, sunny love, unshadowed.

'I do not know what to explain to you', she said. Do they use a different language?

'I am trying not to be angry,' he said. If only I could blow up like a bomb and she blew up too. But I must keep my temper, by sanity. He sighed. 'You force me to ask you details', he continued. She felt the impact of his words and her heart began to pound. She waited and looked at him so tortured and crazy-eyed. A glass broken carried cracks for all time. Be careful, darling. You have gone crazy with this doubt in you, how it has corroded you, how you torture yourself. But for your sake, for our sake, be careful.

I must be careful, he thought to himself. I love her, I love her so much I will destroy myself but I cannot destroy my love for her. I do not want to destroy her. She is precious, she is very precious to me.

'Did you,' he began and now fear suddenly came into him. Anger left him, even his gnawing desire to know, to find out

how far, if at all. It left him completely, like water drying on a piece of cloth under a blaze of heat. He was brittle with fear. Rather a doubt with its possibilities than a confirmation. Once a yes he began to tremble. She saw it and she softened towards him, inwardly she melted with the pain of his pain. She saw him waver. If only you could open your arms to me, the way you do, wide and strong and wanting. No darling, she breathed, do not ask questions, only believe. Those who believe, the phrase rose to her lips. Believe me, my beloved, I have thought of no man but you, you my husband. Do not destroy it, I beg of you.

It hurt him to say it and he loathed himself, but he forced it out of himself, he squeezed it out like he would the sting of a scorpion.

'Nothing?' he asked evenly.

'No!' she replied fiercely, then gently as if explaining to a child. 'Years ago when we both attended the drawing classes and I began to model for you he asked me to marry him, before you did. You know we three were mostly together, you brought him along everywhere. Then after you left your father, he kept coming. Then one day.

.....
He turned away and behind his eyes which stared so glassily he went momentarily blind. No, no, no, he screamed within himself, don't tell me.

'Then?' he asked coldly, calmly, his chest rising, hurting him in his lungs.

'Then one day he told me to give up this poverty, to run away with him so you could go back to your father and ' she burst into tears. Out. Out at last, this poison of years, the ever-recurring poison each time she saw Bholu and he looked at her with veiled fire in his eyes. There were days she could bear it no longer but for him, her husband whom she loved so deeply and who adored and trusted his friend so implicitly. She bore it because he was their only link with the world they had left.

'Mind you', he said, 'I do not accuse you, but how can a man, unless a woman. . . . ' You kept this from me, he thought looking

at her as she still wept—you kept secrets from me. You revelled in the love of two men. I am tormenting myself more than her, why don't I stop?

'Yes' she said through her tears. 'A man can'. Then wiping her tears angrily, as if she degraded herself by taking the only recourse left to women, she burst out:

'But I don't see. There was nothing at all and the way you go on, like a common butcher or something. . . . '

He got up and again he seemed to tower before her. Now the added injury of a wavering belief, of doubts that would suddenly torment him, of suspicions that would for ever lurk like gargoyles in half shadows.

'And you kept silent!' he flung at her unable to keep the bitterness from his voice.

She looked up at him silently and her eyes filled quickly again. For you, my beloved. For you because you loved your friend and trusted him and believed in him. If I had told you I would have killed something in you. For you, my darling, because you came home hungry and your paintings would not sell and he took us out and you loved that so much.

'Still', he said turning away, burdened afresh by her silence and her quick tears, 'it makes no sense. Why to you even then?'

Money. What good money with the taste of ashes in his mouth. Tears stung him behind his eye-lashes. Without looking at her he went to the other room, to try to sleep, forgetting and if remembering too hurt and confused to care, their habit of many years, from the night of their marriage, however tired, frustrated and fagged out, of going to the bedroom hand in hand like two good little children of one mother.

She sat on. And then at last it came to her. Her breathing stopped with the shock of it and in that one instant of this furious, blindingly furious understanding she momentarily died. She got up and tottered into the bathroom. She put water on her burning face and took long draughts of breath to still the trembling in her. Their friend was dead, dead and dissolved into the face of this earth and yet what a sure hit, how

utterly callously successful sometimes the dead can be.

What do I do now? she asked herself, feeling the fear of floods closing on them. Was their love so flimsy, so without hope and resurrection? Perhaps it will never be the same but if I can explain to him why his friend made this gesture, surely we have the intelligence to understand that it was some sort of confession from a tormented soul, torn apart between two loves, loyalty to a friend and desire for his friend's wife, a love that he carried within himself like a secret wound that branded him guilty. Living he had gone on hoping. Unable to keep silent any longer and condemned to eternal silence he has chosen this odd way

of expressing it. Will you understand this, my beloved, or will you turn your face away? You must accept it and forgive it, or are you past understanding, past forgiving?

Blinded, mute and agonized, she groped in till she found him. Incoherent and beside herself she held on to him and raised his face. She looked into his swollen eyes, for he too had wept and was pale and drawn round the gills. She saw two think wrinkles on the sides of his mouth. Silently he took her into his arms and together they rocked into their new finding of each other.

'Our first scar', she said holding him, 'a heavy price for growing up.'

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REPORTAGE

Report on the Seminar 'The Place of Science and Humanities in Higher Education'

(Under the joint auspices of QUEST and the University of Bombay)
Bombay, Dec. 26, 27, and 28, 1960.

By DAVID MCCUTCHION

PROFESSOR POLANYI'S presidential address, which may be read elsewhere in this issue, was disconcerting for two reasons. Firstly, his uncompromising attack on scientific optimism ran contrary to the general disposition of his audience. Secondly, it gave the Seminar an initially philosophical orientation, and forced participants (some under protest, loud or muttered) to examine fundamentals. It was ironical that Prof. Polanyi, after listening to Professor N. K. Bose's advocacy of *svadharma* (that a man should pursue the way of life which best suits his temperament, and that ultimately all paths, whether based on intuition or observation, lead to the same goal), should declare that this address made him feel more at home in Bombay than in Oxford! For the majority of the seminarists, especially the most articulate, were far from sharing Prof. Bose's conviction. Most of them, from Radical Humanists to physicists, economists and technicians, regarded the scientific method as an indispensable tool in their struggle for order and meaning amongst the conflicting tendencies in which India is at present involved. Opposition to science is too bitterly associated with die-hard traditionalism and obscurantist politics!

Dr. V. R. Khanolkar, the eminent cancer

specialist, and Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University, who was Chairman of the inaugural session, stressed that a university must train not merely for vocational proficiency, but also for social responsibility and 'the enjoyment of a rich and happy life.' No one could afford to remain ignorant of science, since 'all progress depends on science,' but at the same time engineers, for instance, should receive training in social worth. Everybody accepted that education should teach the whole man, bring out individuality, produce a balanced personality, etc. Principal A. B. Shah quoted Ortega Y Gasset's contention that higher education should fit a man to live 'at the height of his time', freed from 'the drossy residue of other times.' It must develop such qualities as '... respect for the non-conformist, initiative, willingness to question authority, ... recognition of the significance of man's inner life...' But it was to the scientific method ('the pattern for all intelligent conduct,') that Principal Shah turned as a defence *against* authoritarianism. And the majority of participants agreed that whatever else was included in the general education syllabus, the methodology of science came first.

It would be wrong to suggest that nobody accepted Prof. Polanyi's thesis: on the

contrary, Dr. Devaraja, for instance, explicitly supported him in debate, and Prof. Amlan Datta, Editor of *Quest*, after thanking the distinguished speakers of the inaugural session, condemned power which is divorced from moral awareness and alienates man from the universe. All experience must be subjected to 'the spirit of man'; it can never be the aim of education to teach 'mere manipulation'. But none of the seminarists shared Prof. Polanyi's sense of urgency. Fortunately Prof. Polanyi brought more than just conviction to his thesis — he brought reforming zeal. In his preliminary remarks at the first seminar discussion, he reaffirmed his belief that 'a reconsideration of curricula is not the decisive response to a situation of tension.' The gulf must be bridged in thought first — 'creative thought'. He agreed with Prof. Bose and Dr. Khanolkar that 'the flash of discovery' is the point where the natural sciences and arts meet: in developing a new theory of knowledge based on the process of discovery rather than of verification, we must investigate 'the structure of discovery' and realise the role of intuition ('for want of a better word') in judgement. Initiating the discussion of Prof. Polanyi's paper, Prof. Sibnarayan Ray took up the defence of rationalism. As a humanist he sympathised with Prof. Polanyi's concern for human values, yet was hard put to accept his critique, still less his assumption that stressing personal participation in the act of judgement would solve our problems. On the contrary, it is just this element of personal error in human judgements which makes science so important: for science is trying to abstract something which all may accept — this 'modest but useful task' cannot be served by any other method. Whereas an emphasis on personal knowledge involves two dangers. First, by insisting on differences rather than on common notions, it will impede communication and encourage 'isolated self-sufficient microcosms' (mystics and yogis at the extreme). Second, intuitive knowledge, especially if supported by a persuasive style and personality, will arrogate univer-

sal validity and refuse to submit to test and argument (as in the case of Gandhi). Prof. Ray thought that science was a *corrective* to arrogance! How else but by discussion and admission of error can we meet complete moral relativism? To assume transcendental authority merely complicates the issue, for God contradicts himself in many voices (one for Moses, another for Jesus; one for the rishis, another for Manu). Somehow we must arrive at values acceptable to all.

Briefly replying, Prof. Polanyi insisted that 'a misguided ideal of exactness', with its accompanying premise that everything is given and nothing can be changed, was adversely influencing all teaching of sciences and much of arts—especially in America. He poured scorn on the belief that science can predict, and all the 'misguided energy' wasted on this account (mathematical theories of decision-making, demand curves, and the like). He then accused Prof. Ray of a tendency to 'conventionalism in ethics', which would deny our admiration for the exceptional individual—the prophet and martyr. Dr. N. K. Devaraja agreed with Prof. Polanyi's thesis: the foundation of ethics lies in certain 'preferences' inherent in being human, and these preferences operate as much in the scientific as in any other sphere. Scientists cannot be objective because they have no knowledge of the pure fact—all facts are modified by their instruments and approach: they *prefer* certain formulations to others. Therefore scientists should be less dogmatic: 'the deliverances of the moral and aesthetic consciousness are as worthy of respect as the deliverances of the senses.' Prof. Gangadhar Gadgil wondered whether Prof. Polanyi was altogether fair in attributing to scientists the belief that their conceptual schemes have universal validity: these schemes are only accepted so long as they work. The importance of personal knowledge was fully acknowledged in his own subject—economics. But he thought the personal element entered into creative writing 'in an altogether different manner'—for instance,

as an artist he accepted his personal response to the passage of time, but as a scientist he must reject it. Prof. A. K. Saran insisted at some length, with quotations from Kierkegaard and Wittgenstein, that there can be no personal responsibility independent of a living tradition; he justified *svadharma*. And thereupon the session broke up for tea.

After refreshment Principal A. B. Shah resumed Prof. Ray's defence of the scientific method. It is highly efficient provided we have a sufficient number of facts and an adequate grasp of their relationships. Not only does it determine knowledge, but it can also help us to found ethics—not by discovering values, but by testing alternative theories and deciding priorities. It does not give us certainties, but 'there is no other method.' Prof. Polanyi intervened to say that he was misunderstood. He did not deny the validity and usefulness of science, but was concerned with the anomalies attendant upon science. Principal Shah's 'friendly and intimate' view of science ignores the stringent critique to which it subjects human values (denying consciousness, etc.). Such anomalies are sometimes projected 'on a colossal scale', as when introspective psychology is replaced by animal behaviourism. Under the influence of cybernetics, in spite of the genius of *Gestaltpsychologie*, the tendency is gaining ground to conceive man as a robot. He admired the perfection of the exact sciences in their study of 'sticks and stones', but at the best it was all 'very dull'.

But Mr. A. N. Kothari still denied, as Principal Shah had done, that scientists could be held responsible for popular fallacies, because they of all people most take error into account: scientists *test* fallacies. And scientists are well aware of the different levels of understanding dependent on different objectives. Prof. Hans Simons took up this point: when a scientist denies consciousness, it is for a specific purpose to which consciousness is irrelevant. Man has the capacity for holding several contradictory assumptions or types of awareness at

the same time (hence his capacity to be neurotic?), and must learn to apply them according to the context—for instance, detachment, which is essential in some circumstances, is false in others. When mechanical methods of assessment are used in human situations, the result may be misleading (as in the failure of computing machines to predict the U.S. elections consistently), or disastrous (as in the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima). But a man like Einstein manages to combine both scientific detachment and warm-blooded commitment. Training in the capacity for right preferences is essential: Prof. Simons did not think tradition a sufficiently convincing base. Neither did Prof. Sribharayan Ray: we all agree that education is concerned with growth, which is change in a desired direction, but who is to say which direction is desirable? It's no good just following the tradition into which you're born: we must employ the methods of science—comparison of intuitions, conventions. Only thereby can we check the parochial assurance of small sects and *svadharma*. Prof. Saran briefly defended *svadharma*, and the Chairman, Mr. Dongerkery, announced that the feast of reason would now give way to lunch at *La Bella* restaurant.

The afternoon session turned to practical issues. Principal Shah put forward as compulsory for all students a general integrated course in the major theories and methodology of science (which could be made as 'liberating' as any 'liberal' subject), and compulsory allied subjects before intensive specialisation. In view of the understandable reluctance of universities to embark on radical innovations affecting all colleges, he advocated pilot schemes to be worked out by individual colleges, and orientation courses for teachers during the long holidays. Prof. Simons eagerly agreed that general education should teach less content and more method. At present it is merely 'the conveying of accepted bodies of knowledge for acceptance'; this kind of indoctrination is no guarantee of demo-

cracy! The student must be taught to question knowledge, form opinions, make judgments. General education will be 'doomed to fail' if it continues to be geared to the examination, an extra grind merely for a degree merely for a job. The planned use of manpower must precede planning for education, with restricted admissions. And then the question of teachers: it's not just a matter of two hours a week added on to the existing load, but of giving up twice as much time and at least a year's preparation. Affiliated colleges *must* make independent progress, and internal assessment replace the rigid external examination. Other speakers thought Prof. Simons was adopting too utopian a stand-point. As Mr. Dongerkery, Vice-Chancellor of Aurangabad University, pointed out (supporting his arguments from wide experience and referring to his tour of American universities), it is necessary to make a start 'no matter what kind of general education it is'. The question of teachers arose—Dr. B. D. Nag Choudhury thought they were reluctant to give the time and effort necessary for extra-curricular courses. Dr. S. K. Muranjan suggested a five years teachers' training course to convert the 'educated barbarians' which are the usual products of our M.A. courses into educated men fit to teach. Brigadier S. K. Bose, Director of the Indian Institute of Technology at Powai, also complained of the difficulty of finding first class teachers even in science, let alone general education. All the brightest children are now going in for technical training, and since the abolition of Inter-Science, his Institute has been receiving them direct from school. How can they be grounded in humanities? What subjects should be taught? For a start, English, logic, economics and the history of economics are compulsory; the rest is extra-curricular with no exams, no necessary percentage of attendance, and prizes for incentive.

Prof. Sibnarayan Ray rose to clarify the situation. He summarised the conclusions so far: (1) experimental schemes in selected institutions; (2) concentration on training

of teachers; (3) courses initially extra-curricular. He reiterated that methodology should be the first concern of general education. He had met a fourth year botany student who had never been taught the reasons for the classifications he had learnt. Does the mathematics student ever ask why two plus two equals four? We take the dating of the Ajanta frescoes for granted, without realising how questionable are the hypotheses on which it is based. Knowledge without methodology is 'simply a burden'. At the same time the inter-relatedness of the different disciplines should be taught: seminars should be held with various specialists giving partial answers to the same questions. A second course of studies (with slides and demonstrations) should give a picture of the universe and man's place in it, and some knowledge of comparative civilisations (as at Chicago), anthropology, social sciences, history, etc. There should be no exams, no role-calling—just occasional assessment by interview. Pressure of time? More than three times the work could be done if it were taken seriously. There must be a stricter principle of selection based on the first year of the course. Principal Shah endorsed much of this, but emphasised the apathy and ignorance that all reform is up against: the attitude implied by 'Anyway, the U.G.C. will give us money!' He recalled a representative at the Vice-Chancellor's Conference at Srinagar who had said: 'The word 'integration' was bandied about in discussion—I don't know what integration means, but they want it, so let's have it.' But Principal Shah did not agree that some start was better than no start: our approach must be tentative. Whereupon the delegates adjourned to get ready for a dinner arranged by the Congress Lyceum at which His Excellency the Governor of Bombay spoke on the place of science and humanities in higher education. Professor Polanyi, proposing thanks, thought that in no other country in the world would officialdom show such flattering acknowledgement of intellectual and academic deliberations.

The remaining two sessions of the Semi-

nar largely pursued the lines of practical enquiry laid down the previous afternoon, repeating the main ideas in varying terms, and occasionally bursting out against official obtuseness. For, as the Chairman of the morning, Dr. M. Ratnaswamy, remarked in conclusion, everything depends on who will be the next chairman of the U.G.C.—‘If it’s a politician, we are lost!’ Opening the discussion, Dr. Ratnaswamy deplored the encouragement of science to the neglect of other studies: our so-called working knowledge of English is ‘not so good as a workman’s knowledge of English!’ He violently opposed elaborate and detailed syllabi, which led to the cramming of dictated notes. He thought that a critical discussion of certain books (Jeans, Darwin...) might best teach methodology, while a critical study of particular classics would inculcate the humanist spirit. But Dr. Nag Choudhury believed that science can be communicated as a *culture* as human as any other. For there is no sharp line where one discipline ends and another begins: they ‘shade into’ each other. By exploiting their inter-relatedness, apprehension can be carried much further at the academic level. Students should never be introduced abruptly to alien subjects, but only via the expansion of their own: hence general science courses for science students. And he thought the methodology and history of science should be taught to humanities students too.

Dr. Devaraja denied Dr. Nag Choudhury’s contention that there is a basic similarity of method between the physical sciences and social and human studies: the one deals with the spatio-temporal, the other with the psychic—‘There are no quantitative generalisations in human sciences.’ Dr. Devaraja then read his paper distinguishing between the values of ‘civilisation’ (adjustment to physical conditions) and ‘culture’ (refinement of the human personality). Science contributes to both, but has no means of assessing ‘the beauty and worth in human life’. Unfortunately specialisation in science is necessary (there is no

other way of making new contributions, or perceiving the limits of enquiry), but it must be combined with ‘a compulsory course in the philosophy of values’ comparing all the kinds of evidence and validity, and emphasising the plurality of methods and their relevance only to particular fields.

Among various clarifications demanded of the two previous speakers, Dr. Muranjan wanted to know what Dr. Devaraja believed to be the values that have prevailed in this country. Dr. Devaraja replied that India had a great tradition in arts, philosophy and religion, but had neglected social knowledge, ethics, politics and mathematics: no French revolution and no science. To which Dr. Muranjan (denying he was a Marxist) grimly proposed that the Indian tradition had moved from ignorance to inequality and from inequality to cruelty. This is because it was based originally not on the *promotion* of knowledge, but on the *prohibition* of knowledge—restricted to the upper castes, an instrument of exploitation. Prof. Polanyi observed a similar narrowing of moral approach in the Mediaeval Roman church, which concentrated on personal salvation and ignored social evil. Hence the liberating role of scepticism, which released a flood of reforming zeal. But in India a largely static society is being subjected to the rapid superimposition of successive phases which in Europe took centuries, so that scepticism risks denying the foundations of liberalism before it achieves them. With this Prof. Polanyi was launched again on his major theme—the corrosion of human values by the scientific attitude, the rationalisation of morality (as in Freud), the obsession of the European mind with goodness as hypocrisy and brutality as honest and true (as in Nietzsche). We are dupes of men whose interests are not ours. Men will fight for their conscience, but who could fight for a super-ego? Are these ideas to put into young minds?

This challenge was waived for the moment, but subsequently taken up by Prof. Ray: ‘Scepticism is a challenge to

entrenched authority.' The whole effort of modern Western thinkers has been to discover the foundations of ethics in human nature: they are seeking the *roots* of the super-ego. Prof. Polanyi rose and leaned across the table, soft-spoken but determined: 'Where does Freud seek the roots of the super-ego? Tell me where? Which book?' — 'Erich Fromm is seeking the roots of the super-ego!' — 'Ah, Erich Fromm...' And Freud was seeking sanity, having seen insanity, pursued Prof. Ray, and Camus — he sought humanism via nihilism, and his humanism is so much the better founded as a result. The student must be confronted with a variety of value systems, so that he may choose his own — true authority grows from within. Earlier Prof. Ray had pointed out that there is no such thing as a technique for finding out what is valuable; there are only *embodied community values*. We should start with facts — Ajanta, Shakespeare... — nobody denies *their* value. A course of comparative culture would also be an enquiry — not just acquaintance with Jesus, Buddha and so forth, but examination (also entering into the spirit). At lunchtime Prof. Polanyi, mild and insistent as ever, felt that Prof. Ray had not fully understood his point of view.

After lunch, Prof. Polanyi, Chairman of the closing session, spoke of the limitations of a university and the importance of extra-academic education. 'The most vital ideas of our time,' which Principal Shah, quoting Y. Gasset, had wanted the universities to foster, do not for the most part originate in the universities, except in the case of science. University faculties only write *about* literature, history, law, music... Artistic initiative is extra-academic. The university is too narrow, and risks killing literature by teaching it. You can piecemeal add to the structure of science, but arts require a vision of the whole which the meticulous examination of fragments does not permit. His experience of organising seminars had shown him that academics are suspicious of outside encounters with people whose thought does not attain their

own standards of rigour and accuracy. But students, who are seeking 'a meaning for life in a secular perspective', ask more general, fundamental questions than universities are fit to handle. For this reason student activities (societies, debates, etc.) are 'the life-blood of a university.' Good libraries, bookshops (Oxford a 'paradise' in this respect), theatres, etc. are as essential as lectures. Perhaps the best a university can give its students is 'an idea of greatness' — the power of reverence for great masters.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to concrete proposals. Prof. Simons laid down his *desiderata* for general education (though doubting whether India was at all ready for any such educational revolution): practical experimentation must accompany all theoretical discussion of education; general education should be the major emphasis of the pre-university first year course; one teacher should determine the course, and teach nothing else: no overlapping of courses; freedom from the rigidity of central control; assessment by examination — not extra-curricular; no textbook. One thing was certain: general education does not take place simply by 'osmosis' (rubbing shoulders). Prof. Gadgil proposed that general education should be pursued both at individual 'pilot' colleges free to work out their own methods and syllabi, and in affiliated colleges. But the descriptive, comparative courses outlined by Prof. Ray are 'utterly unsuitable', involving too much data. We should seek to give no more than 'some ideas to work with in everyday life,' for which history and economics are the most suitable subjects. Other interests should be developed through extra-curricular courses: public figures who *are* in contact with 'the most vital ideas of our time,' may be invited to give supplementary lectures and answer questions. We might also try to create a group of elite students, isolated for special attention, who would draw up the level of the entire college.

Subsequent speakers largely accepted these positions — with their own additions and reservations. Prof. Amlan Datta was

accorded half an hour to survey the ground covered, after which he thanked the organisers and participants—especially Prof. Polanyi 'without whose presence our deliberations would have lost much of their momentousness.' The Seminar had been a refreshing experience in contrast with those innumerable Conferences and Meetings (so ineluctable a part of administration) at which theories and ideals are permuted in a way which would never suggest they ultimately refer to action. It was evident that most if not all of the participants looked upon their work as a challenge, and were thrashing out problems which were real. An air of purposefulness, dedication and serious investigation was apparent throughout. Such men would stand up to vested interests, outdated habits and the obtuseness they condemned. Inevitably a certain optimism of philosophical outlook buoyed up this confidence. Not only did it lead them to reject Prof. Polanyi's rather pessimistic implications about human nature and reason, but it led them away from the more pessimistic aspects of the situation they were dealing with. The student in India today is exam-obsessed to a degree which makes all but a very few quite impervious to the wider aspects of education. They

are just not interested; they ask one question only: will it get me a job? Furthermore, the sheer weight of oral tradition and the habit of memorising what *others* have said, constitutes a formidable resistance to learning to think for oneself. A cultural revolution is involved. In their enthusiasm for self-determination, some of the seminarists overlooked the controlling importance of cultural tradition: the majority of students, presented with cultural alternatives, would simply not choose any, or choose instead the alternative of Hindi film and rock and roll. The question of aptitudes was also tacitly taboo: it was largely assumed that a student can be taught almost anything, provided the right method and a good enough teacher can be found. The problem of restricting entry might have been dealt with in some of the detail devoted to framing courses: nobody really doubts that this is basic, but many are too democratic to say so. For similar reasons the formation of elite traditions, such as lie behind so many of the greatest European schools, was overlooked. But without optimism and confidence, *nothing* can be done. Not the least merit of this Seminar lay in its conviction that something can and will be done.

DISCUSSION

Indian Writing in English

A Reply to Mr. Jyotirmoy Datta

By P. LAL

BEFORE I settle down to a discussion of the points raised by Mr. Jyotirmoy Datta in his broadside against Indians writing creatively in English, I should like to record a sense of real regret at the tone of his article. Healthy discussion cannot exist in an atmosphere of innuendo and lampoon: if we must argue, let us respect each other's bona fides and discard the unpleasant (and, when you come to think of it, unnecessary) gimmicks of catchpenny journalism. Facts elevate, opinions only corrupt; and giving an ounce of sympathy does greater wonders than demanding a pound of flesh.

Mr. Datta gives four reasons — he describes them as reasons — why the Indian writer in English (his codeword: IEW) 'chooses' to write in English. These are preceded by a few interesting (but not always, it seems to me, related or coherent) remarks in general about such writing. It is better that we clear up the preliminary confusion before we proceed to the hard core of Mr. Datta's thesis.

(1) In the first paragraph Mr. Datta draws a distinction between chaffinches and nightingales (a 'gem', he says, he discovered in 'that ocean deep, Whittaker's Almanack, 1960'). No nightingale can or should sing like chaffinches, he suggests, and vice versa, but 'by changing places chaffinches

could go one up in the social ladder of birds.' This is surely hitting below the belt, for it implies that the Indian writes in English because he is a climber. Some, of course, are climbers; most, bless them, are just plodders. The slightly malicious imputation sets the tone of what follows — and it spoils, I think, one's case if all the time one casts doubts on the intentions of one's adversaries. This kind of googly is not cricket.

(2) Mr. Datta proceeds to remark: 'The Indo-English writers seemed to say that it was not enough for English to be one's own language, one had also to prove that it could be this or that which served the cause of Indian unity and world culture before one could write in it.' I cannot admire either the syntax or the sentiments of this sentence. The Workshop's principles and views must be very poorly expressed indeed if such a gross misinterpretation is possible. We have never tried to 'prove' anything about English, but we have tried to use it and later think about how we have used it, how it has affected our readers, and how best we can use it in future. The Workshop is neither a factory nor a laboratory: just a group of people who do things because they have certain beliefs, and who like to examine what they (and others) have done, so that the quality of their writ-

ing might benefit from judicious doses of sympathetic criticism.

(3) 'I fail to see how one could switch on later to another language,' says Mr. Datta in connection with what he describes as the 'choosing' of English for the purpose of creative writing. 'I admit no possibility of choice.' One wishes it were quite so easy really. Mr. T. S. Eliot, to an interviewer in *Paris Review* recently, confessed that he once faced a choice. 'That was a very curious thing which I can't altogether explain ... I hadn't written anything for some time and was rather desperate. I started writing a few things in French and found *I could*, at that period ... That went on for months. The best of them have been printed ... I had at that time the idea of giving up English and trying to settle down and scrape along in Paris and gradually write French ... I don't think one can be a bilingual poet. And I think that the English language has more resources in some respects than the French ... I've probably done better in English ...'

How one chooses is another matter. For the first time in India the possibility of such a choice being *real* and *meaningful* in terms of creative writing has concretised as a result of a fortuitous blend of historical circumstances. One might disagree with that, but to say that a choice cannot exist won't do. 'You pays your money and you takes your choice; aint freedom grand?' And if you loses your money, well ... Time's pretty ruthless anyway: look what it has done to Barrett Browning, the idol of the nineteenth century, and is doing to the *Gitanjali* translations in the West.

(4) 'Bengali is a more developed language than, say, Pustu? Bah! No language is more developed than another for writing good poems.' I am tempted to say 'Wah-wah!' and 'Shabash!' to this pretty splutter of good old-fashioned spleen, but we must not descend to the level of irrelevance (or, worse, irreverence). But humbly, very

humbly, I should like to suggest that a language shows its mature quality in terms of the emotional spectrum it can successfully communicate without blurring the nuances of refined feeling. There are always over-reachers who will take up crude dialects and inject them with a range of subtleties that dazzles even a sophisticated reader. Such geniuses are rare; most of us have to make-do with what we have and, as the Workshop letter to QUEST said, we are lucky 'to have English rich.' This is not to say that it is the *richest* — there is no such language. New dimensions are always being added, new directions constantly being given. Our belief is that English 'has proved its ability as a language to play a creative role in all-India literature.' Beliefs impel actions; and we shall continue to believe in this as long as we write in it. If Mr. Datta believes that English is *not* more developed than Swahili or Pustu for the purposes of creative communication in the context of the contemporary literary milieu, that, in other words, it cannot communicate—other factors being equal — a wider range of ideas and sentiments and appeal to a more cultivated sensibility than Swahili or Pustu can, why, he is entitled to his belief as much as we are entitled to ours. But for God's sake, let's both of us hold our tongues, and get down to work — and to love — and to everything that's connected with this 'damned business of writing,' as Pound called it, where one has to use one's heart all the time.

(5) Mr. Datta commiserates with the Indian writers in English because they are 'bastilled by 360 million people' (this needs correction: population's up by another 60 million since the last Census). They are "Joycean heroes", he declares, 'they chose the most terrible sort of exile.' We don't think this is true: India is still a pretty big country, and the world still bigger. But which creative writer isn't 'bastilled'? Don't Bengali publishers bring out poems in 500

copies an edition, and think themselves lucky if it sells out? *The Criterion*, under Eliot's discerning editorship, never collected more than 800 subscribers; Auden's *Poems*, as Julian Symons notes in *The 30's*, appeared in an edition of 1000 in 1930, and it took three years to exhaust the lot. Not very encouraging sales by any standards, but modern culture being what it is, what better can we expect? The alternative is sponsorship and dole. Give us state subsidy, and we won't be bastilled any more. But that isn't the kind of patronage one goes in for. Let Mr. Datta note that the creative writer does not think of how many people are going to read him when he begins writing. He writes; and that's that.

(6) Finally — so far as the preliminary confusion is concerned — Mr. Datta makes certain allegations which are, to say the least, mystifying. He feels that 'a poet or a novelist did not choose a language; if anything, it was the language that chose him.' Some language, that! — but Mr. Datta presumably means that a creative writer is born and nurtured in a specific linguistic milieu, or, as he puts it, 'I cannot imagine writing in any language which I do not hear from living lips.' He alleges further that most Indian writers in English 'knew an Indian language better than English,' and that certain expedient, even artistically dishonest, reasons (enumerated below) made them take up English. I have met many Indian writers in English, some with established reputations, others not, and I can assure Mr. Datta that only the hacks and quacks adopt English as their 'chosen' language of they know an Indian language better — they are the rejects, the sad exhibits of the profession, misfits, failed-creative-writers-turned-journalists, guilty things surprised who nibble at sour grapes. The real writer in English not only thinks, but makes love in English. English is at the tips of his senses.

These misreadings and misconceptions

form the prologue to Mr. Datta's enumeration of the four *real* reasons why some Indian have chosen to write in English. First, the Indian writer in English deliberately aims at what he describes as an 'all-India' audience and hopes to capture an 'all-India' flavour by virtue of writing in English, 'since Bengali literature is Bengali-slanted, and Gujrati literature Gujrati-based.' Secondly, he is 'contemptuous of most of the Indian languages' because he does not consider them 'developed' enough to be able to write creatively in ... Mr. Datta mentions a Workshop member telling him 'that it was all right for me, a Bengali, to say that an Indian need not write in English ... but those who spoke the less developed language were forced to write in English. Can anyone blame me for being shocked?' (What is shocking is the twist given to what is really an innocuous remark, as I shall just show). Thirdly, the 'one overwhelming reason I have avoided mentioning so far' ... the supreme reason, 'in fact. Money. Dollars. Oodles of it. 'I have heard that an IEW got \$2500 for a single novel in English. An even luckier IEW got as much from *The New Yorker* for writing 10,000 words of filth about India ... Imagine how much he will get for his entire garbage bin! To one like me who is paid no more than 25 rupees (not dollars) even if he manages to get into *Desh* — and that is princely for a new writer — the amounts that IWEs get are astronomical.' Finally, the fourth reason: the Indian writer in English is being dishonest to himself because he writes not out of inner compulsion but for utilitarian (and other sordid) reasons. Mr. Datta proposes a test: maroon the writer on a desert island, and let us see what language he writes in. 'Whichever language he writes then is the true language of his soul.' The implication of course is that the Indian writer will not use English but his mother tongue. But in tests such as this, where hypothesis and

fancy gallop on the backs of gay dolphins, the knife cuts both ways, and it's a fifty-fifty chance anyway. There is no answer really, unless we trust the honest voice; and Mr. Datta will be 'surprised' – and 'shocked' – to find that all *creative* writers in English who matter will plump for English. I stressed in the very beginning the importance of bona fides in a controversy of this nature. Mud-slinging, muck-raking, suspicions, envies, sour grapes and bitter lemons; these will take us nowhere.

The creative writer in English in India takes his stand on certain principles. Some of these were embodied in the form of a manifesto appended to the Introduction to *Modern Indo-Anglian Poetry*, which Raghavendra Rao and I edited two years ago. It is absurd to suggest that we aim at an all-India audience and think we only can provide the 'all-India flavour.' It just so happens that English is, at present, a pan-Indian elite language. That involves certain responsibilities – and is in its own way rewarding and encouraging. But we do *not* write in English because it is a pan-Indian language of the educated; we write because we cannot write as well in any other language. We are not 'contemptuous' of Indian languages. God forbid, even if Mr. Datta doesn't. Their development is taken for granted, their contribution is mightily significant. Critical standards in these languages are, sometimes, lacking, deplorably so; but that is another matter. We are speaking of creativity. There are many plots to till; English is one. We have chosen it; or, if Mr. Datta would prefer a pretty chiasmus, it has chosen us. If we are left free to cultivate this little garden, we'll be most delighted. But mockery – the hose-pipe flooding our bougainvillaea, the locusts settling on our brinjals – we do not like. We care for sympathy and encouragement: and if these can't be given, just leave us alone, for heaven's sake. We can look after ourselves and our art.

We do not all get \$2500 for 'a single novel'. Some do. The Sahitya Akademi has awarded prizes to various works in the Indian languages, but ignores English. Publishers outside India are more helpful; and we don't sniff at money when it comes. Besides, even in India, the English language papers and magazines have higher rates of payment than their vernacular counterparts. This is the result of a historical situation. It may well change. If it does, if English loses its position as an elite language, and we start getting the 'princely' sum of Rs. 25 for an article or story, we'll take that in our stride too. One doesn't quarrel all the time, and mope, and self-pity. One just goes ahead, doing what one values; if the money comes, good; if it doesn't, that's just too bad. We are not the first to have sat in tea-shops while the tempest hurled, and cursed our fate for what we got. And if Mr. Datta is so cruelly kind as to maroon us—he has bastilled us anyway—on an island, we'll write sad lyrics on the sand, alas in English, and send out carrier pigeons and/or parrots loaded with free verse (in English), even if they get shot en route.

About this there should be no doubt—we write in English because we feel we are 'doin' what just comes natcherly'. In our letter to *Quest*, which sparked off this controversy, we had said that 'the writer is not an ambidexterous man, who can switch from one language to another at will. Many factors combine to make him write in the language he does write in. Zofia Ilinska is Polish, but writes in English; Koestler writes only in English now, though he is Hungarian; and Nabokov's decision is another on the list. What should matter is the quality of writing turned out, not the hows and whys of the choice. What I can suggest, therefore, is that we discard pettiness and petulance, and stress good faith and honest purpose.

REVIEW ARTICLE

A Leader of the Renaissance in Maharashtra

By D. K. BEDEKAR

THE essays collected in this symposium* were originally written in 1848-50 by Mr. Gopal Hari Deshmukh (1823-92), who is better known by his pen-name 'Lok-hita-vade', (literally, 'a well-wisher of the people'). British rule was established in Maharashtra in 1818 and Deshmukh belongs to the first generation of the modern Maharashtra intelligentsia. He was one of those few persons in that generation who studied the social situation obtaining immediately after the advent of British rule. He fully perceived the impact of this unique historical event. He exhorted the intelligentsia to understand the new situation objectively and to strive for certain basic social, economic, and political reforms.

The essays are a good source of data, pertaining to the social and economic situation in Maharashtra in 1848. They are, moreover, of great significance to a student of social change in India because the ideas and attitudes, expressed in these essays, form as it were a datum-line to which the conceptual frameworks of persons belonging to succeeding generations of Maharashtra intellectuals may be referred.

The complex movement of social thought and activity in Maharashtra, since 1818, can also be studied as a part of the similar comprehensive phenomenon in India. In this context, it may be noted that Bengal

came under British rule in 1772, the year in which the great pioneer Raja Rammohan Roy was born. It may be said, then, that the modern intelligentsia of Maharashtra came on the scene and joined the issue almost half a century after the beginning of a new process of which the first impacts were borne by the Bengal intelligentsia. The British were also learning their lessons during this half century. The intelligentsia in Maharashtra was, therefore, confronted with a situation, in which certain ideas had already taken root and matured for almost five decades.

The datum-line provided by Deshmukh becomes very helpful in view of the situation outlined above. After 1857, the year of the wide-spread 'sepoy' Rebellion as well as of the establishment of universities in Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, there were rapid and often violent and abrupt changes and also sharp conflicts, within the movement of thought and action in Maharashtra. These changes and conflicts can be studied well if one holds on to some firm and clear reference point in the preceding period. Deshmukh in these essays provides such a convenient point for almost all the concepts developed in later periods.

His background and education

Before we proceed to discuss the basic concepts evolved by Deshmukh, it will be helpful to have his brief biographical

* A Collection of Essays, by G. H. Deshmukh

sketch. He was born in 1823 in a Brahmin family. His father was a high official during the earlier Maratha rule. Thus the family enjoyed the high status of caste as well as of office. Deshmukh received his elementary education in a traditional school. From 1841 to 1844, he studied the English language, history and mathematics. In 1852, he entered Government service and worked in responsible posts upto 1880. After his retirement from service in 1880, he was very active till his death in 1892 in various popular organizations and continued his literary activities.

The essays reviewed here were written by Deshmukh at the early age of twenty-five. The range of topics and the method of treatment adopted by the author shows that though he seems to be acquainted with the views of important British scholars in various fields he chooses his own subjects on the basis of close observation of the contemporary scene and states his views in a direct and clear manner. As an observer, he is thorough and unbiassed, while his mind is bold and far-seeing in formulating social concepts. We shall illustrate this in the subsequent discussion, but it may be observed here that Maratha intellectuals in the later period soon developed a heavy erudite style and their writings were loaded with Sanskrit and English quotations. Both in the matter of diction and in that of presentation of views, the essays reveal the direct and forceful personality of a true pioneer.

This contrast between Deshmukh's prose style and that of later writers of Marathi prose deserve here some notice. The rise of modern Marathi prose dates from 1820. Up to 1836, the new writers were mainly busy in translating English and Sanskrit works. In the next period, from 1836 to 1857, Marathi prose writers appear to have gained a new confidence and inner urge for creative expression. Jambhekar, Dadoba Pandurang, Mahajan and Deshmukh belong to this period. After 1863, the study of Marathi ceased to be a part of the curriculum of the Bombay University and the

university-trained Marathi intelligentsia became largely indifferent to their mother-tongue. The general effect of this on the prose style of this later period was unfortunate and as stated earlier the style tended to become heavy, ornate and remote from the spoken Marathi language.

The prose style of the earlier, i.e., pre-1857, writers like Deshmukh had the quality of spontaneity and simplicity, which arose out of a real fusion of their thoughts and their expression. It was not as if they wrote in a simple prose for the common people, because these were then illiterate and their only readers were the few newly educated persons. In other words, the source of the quality of simplicity in Deshmukh's writings was not so much an urge for wide and easy communication as the inner compulsion for new, direct and forceful expression. This again explains why this style was deemed unsuitable by writers of the subsequent period. In the controversies of the later period, a heavy, polemical and scholastic style was necessary, both for communication, expression and general effect. The combatants in the later conflicts being persons, who had mastered only English and Sanskrit during their university days, the style of their Marathi prose writing was greatly influenced by these two dominant languages. The natural evolution and maturation of Marathi prose, relying as much on its own strength as on English and Sanskrit, was thus largely hindered and the scars of these unfortunate events may even now be seen in contemporary Marathi diction.

Deshmukh's Main Social Concepts

The rise of the modern intelligentsia marks the first phase of the growth of social consciousness in India after the establishment of British rule.¹ The nascent stage of

¹ In his essay on *The Self-Discovery of Social Groups*, Karl Mannheim says that 'The rise of the intelligentsia marks the last phase of the growth of social consciousness'; but this remains valid for the long-drawn-out process of the emergence of

social consciousness, first dimly acquired by this new group, was in the form of awareness of itself and of its importance in the total social process. The other groups in Indian society were evaluated by the new intelligentsia from its own special position in society. As such the pioneers of the early generation were concerned most with the problem of education.

In the essays under review we have almost one-third of the total space (116 out of 375 pages), occupied by the author's exposition of the problem of education. He has analysed the content of traditional Hindu learning and declared, in clear and often trenchant terms, that ancient learning is narrow, out-dated and inferior to modern (i.e. western) education. His attack on the priestly caste is mainly on this ground. In Deshmukh's time, the Brahmin priests were the 'educated' leaders of public opinion. Their knowledge of history, geography, morals, etc., was acquired through the religious literature of the Hindus. This body of knowledge was never challenged, until the beginning of the British rule. Deshmukh has patiently analysed the contents of this body of culture and also the methods of education practised by this priestly class. He has criticised both these in the light of modern concepts of education.

The significance of this rejection of old Hindu learning and advocacy of modern learning by Deshmukh needs some consideration here, because, as we shall explain later, the succeeding generations of Maharashtra intelligentsia, wholly brought up in

western learning, could not understand the significance of Deshmukh's attack on old learning and accused him of bias against the Brahmin caste. But the main target of his attack was not the caste privileges of the Brahmins, but their unique body of culture and learning.

If we read carefully through Deshmukh's essays on education, we can see that he is aware of a new 'intellectual process', which is different from, and even opposed to in some respects, to traditional Hindu knowledge. The latter was in tune with the stable pattern of Hindu social life, while the new 'intellectual process' was secular and democratic in consonance with a new competitive social order.

The contrast between the old and the new process of acquisition, transmission and organisation of knowledge is well brought out by Karl Mannheim in his essay on the contemporary (European) intellectual. He says, 'In European history the substance of education changed with the laicization of learning in the period of humanism and, even before, in the restricted culture of chivalry. The sociological aspects of this incipient secularism have not been sufficiently emphasised; and we cannot comprehend the subsequent changes without clearly recognizing their origin in a relatively simple social shift. The key to the new epoch of learning lies in the fact that *the educated no longer constitute a caste or a compact rank*, but an open *stratum* to which persons from an increasing variety of stations gain access. No longer can any unitary view of the world become regnant, and the authoritative habit of thinking in a closed scholastic system gives way to what we may call an *intellectual process*.²

Deshmukh has grasped the essence of this new 'intellectual process' and emphasises the secular, non-authoritative and democratic character of new education, and contrasts these with the old learning of the Brahmins. In one essay, he points out, 'It is popularly assumed that possession of some innate qualities is enough for the

modern social institutions in Europe. In India, however, modern education, along with modern industry, trade, communications, etc., were abruptly ushered in with the establishment of an alien European rule. The sequence of group-maturation was therefore often different in this country, and this phenomenon has to be taken into account in a study of the Indian intelligentsia. See, for quotation from Mannheim, *The Sociology of Culture*, The International Library of Sociology and Social Culture, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1956, p. 101.

² Mannheim Karl, *op cit.* p. 117.

acquisition of knowledge. . . . Actually, one has to strive for the acquisition of learning. People also think that learning is just the acquisition of something useful for livelihood. Many persons learn the English language with such an end in view. They also then get a job. People then say, 'You have now got a job! You need not learn anything anymore! People are thus ignorant about the true nature of wisdom and knowledge. The traditional methods of reasoning have been rejected in the modern period and the modern sciences are based on methods and laws of proper thinking. These sciences can be studied by us only through the English books. I must declare most impartially that these treatises on the sciences are a thousand times better than books in Sanskrit. Our Scriptures are in Sanskrit and we must study them in Sanskrit, but for scientific knowledge we must not rely on Sanskrit. For such knowledge, we must read either an English book or its translation. Wisdom is hard to acquire. We must read a lot, ponder many things and must listen to numerous discourses.'³

'The priests are very unholy because they repeat things without understanding their meaning and profanely reduce knowledge to such repetition. The Pundits are worse than priests, because they are more ignorant and also are haughty. They possess knowledge of the old Sanskrit texts and they are full of wrong concepts and ignorant ideas. But they hold fast to them and firmly believe that there is no knowledge beyond these ideas. If they are told about something besides their own knowledge they reject it as false. They even feel that the authors of the ancient texts were divine personages and they consider it unholy for anybody to write a new book.

'They never condescend to write in one of the spoken languages, because they despise them. They even like to keep the ancient texts in their loose-leaf form. But

the spoken language is of the people and books must be written in these languages. The Pundits do not like this to happen because they fear that then the lower-caste people and the foreigners may be able to read them. They debase true knowledge by such behaviour.

If you tell them that measures need be taken to educate the very low castes, they may die of shock. The common people were till now ignorant and believed implicitly in the magic potency of the words of the Brahmins. But the times have changed. It is good that people now can see for themselves.

Who are the Brahmins and in what respects do they differ from us? Have they twenty hands and do we lack something in us? When such questions are now asked the Brahmins should give up their foolish concepts; they must accept that all men are equal and everybody has a right to acquire knowledge.'⁴

From the above, it will be clear that Deshmukh had grasped the concept of the new 'intellectual process' in all its implication. He exhorts his countrymen to realize that 'knowledge is conquest'. The word 'conquest' in this epigram is worth noting because it is substituted for the word 'power', (in the current phrase 'knowledge is power'), by Deshmukh. This substitution is perhaps due to the fact that in those days people were discussing the reasons which enabled the British to conquer the Hindu rulers. The popular and traditional view was that Fate had declared that the British should be the conquerors. Deshmukh expressed the view, in many of his essays, that the British conquest was due to their superior knowledge and their superior social system.

It may be worthwhile to point out here that the British rulers were in two minds about the advisability of introducing western education in India and there arose a sharp controversy between the 'Anglicists' and the 'Orientalists'. The former party urged that all instruction of the higher kind

³ The Essays, p. 41.

⁴ The Essays, pp. 44-45.

should be given through the English language and should be in accordance with modern ideas. The latter, while admitting that what was then taught as science had no right to that title, wished to maintain the study of the oriental classics in accordance to the methods indigenous to the country. Both the parties broadly and prominently admitted the claims of the vernacular languages. Among the Orientalists were many distinguished officers of Government, and for some time their views prevailed in the General Committee of Public Instruction. But the minority gradually became more and more powerful; and when in 1835 the two parties were so evenly balanced that things had come to a deadlock, it was Macaulay's advocacy of English education that turned the scale against the Orientalists.⁵ The victory in 1835, of the cause of modern education may be attributed to the efforts of pioneers in Bengal, who struggled for twelve long years against the Committee of Public Instruction, (appointed in 1823), 'which established the Calcutta Sanskrit College (in 1824) against the wishes of a numerous body of Native memorialists, with Raja Rammohan Roy at their head, who prayed that the College might be for English, and not for Sanskrit teaching.'⁶ These pioneers were also helped in their efforts by foreign missionary bodies in India, and by progressive opinion in India and in Britain.

But, even after 1835, the cause of modern education was making difficult headway, particularly in Maharashtra because Elphinstone followed since 1822 a policy of not alienating the high caste Hindus by advocacy of modern education. It was only in 1843, when Perry became President of the Board of Education in the Bombay Presidency, that educational policy here received a definite modern orientation,⁷ which

was resented by the traditionalists. In this context, one can properly assess the valuable contribution made by Deshmukh in this respect by placing before his contemporaries the real significance and urgency of rejecting traditional learning and accepting new education. Deshmukh came on the scene in support of the new trend and vigorously in opposition to its detractors. Even after the retirement of Elphinstone in 1827, his policy remained in force.

We can now pass on to another concept which informs all writings of Deshmukh on social, economic and political matters. This concept may be indicated by the word 'self-determination'. This word or its Marathi equivalent had not acquired currency in 1848, and naturally, we do not find Deshmukh using this word. But, he emphasised the right of every individual, every group and every nation to act independently in its own interest. As a social reformer he advocated widow-re-marriage, which was strictly prohibited in the Brahmin caste. He argues that as a human being the widow has a right to seek her own happiness and the family of the deceased husband has no right to curtail her freedom. His attitude in respect of other social reforms is also not based on mere compassion and charity but on the principle of the right of self-determination of every individual.

In respect of economic reform, Deshmukh advocates the principle of self-reliance on the part of Indians, and exhorts them to produce every commodity that the British imported in the Indian market. He says, 'In the situation now obtaining, you may ask me 'how can our people be happy?' I would say the happiness of our people will increase only as British trade and employment in India will decrease. People should exert themselves to acquire knowledge and technology and become wise like the British. They must learn and practise the trades which the British are practising.'⁸

In his political essays, he follows the same line of thought and boldly projects the picture of a free and democratic Indian

⁵Report of the Education Commission, 1882, pp. 8-9.

⁶*Ibid.*, p. 16.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 13.

⁸*The Essays*, p. 336.

State in the following words: 'The fetters which bind our people will vanish. Indians will go to the four corners of the earth for trade, will acquire knowledge, and will be happy because they will learn to manufacture cloth and other things. People will be wise and therefore say to the British, 'Let us have our parliament as you have in your country'. People will get into this parliament and will ask then for equal rights. They will be in majority and the British will have to concede the demand. Then the Britishers will remain here only as traders. So the Britishers will revert to the position which they had originally. Our people will run the parliament and enjoy Swaraj or self-rule.

When people will be strong, they will still be grateful to the Britishers, because they acquired knowledge from them. But, the moment the Britishers will start making trouble or impose new laws, the people will free themselves as the American people did. People will say to the Britishers 'Go to your country. We know now how to rule ourselves and we do not want your domination. You may come as traders and we shall offer you the same protection that we offer to our citizens, but you shall have no privileged position.

. All this will happen, because all past history is a witness to it and, therefore, one feels confident that this is the truth.⁹

It will be seen from the above that in social, economic and political matters, Deshmukh was guided by the same principle of self-determination. His firm belief in it was based on his knowledge of European history and more so on his belief in the equality of all men.

This belief in the equality of all men was shared by all educated and radical thinkers in Deshmukh's time. There was also the belief in the essential rationality of man, which was widely accepted in Europe. We find that Deshmukh, writing in 1848, was largely influenced by the political and social theories of Rousseau, Hobbes and others.

In his essay on the rise of the State, from a hypothetical state of nature, he has partly followed Hobbes and explained the rise of Kingship and of the ruling castes, while he follows Rousseau when he accounts for the division of labour amongst the numerous castes in India.

In conclusion, it may be said that 'The Essays' form a very valuable reference point for comparison and evaluation when one is studying the works of authors belonging to later generations of Maharashtra intellectuals. In fact, the essays form only a small part of Deshmukh's total literary output and it may be fruitful, for one who wants to study the growth of social ideas in Maharashtra, to go carefully into all his writings, particularly, those dealing with village administration and caste structure in Maharashtra. The present edition of 'The Essays', classified in convenient topics and with carefully prepared notes and an introduction by the editor, Dr. N. R. Inamdar, is a valuable contribution of source material to the study of Maharashtra intellectuals and serves to introduce the student to an important social thinker of the last century.

We have discussed so far Deshmukh's concepts of education and of self-determination of the individual and the larger community. Behind these, we have his general view about the essential and innate rationality of human beings. It is also possible, from the essays, further to indicate Deshmukh's general concept of society. For him the concept of 'society' is not merely aggregative. In this respect, while affirming the worth and freedom of the individual, he held with equal emphasis that the ideas of individuals and the ideational complexes of groups are moulded by the total social environment. In one essay, for instance, he pointed out, 'people under despotic rule observe that a cook of today would tomorrow be seen as a grandee and the grandee would be seen as a beggar. He, who is merely lucky, would get everything. It was really a great misfortune to have to live under such a lawless rule. In fact, from observation it also becomes clear that this

⁹ *The Essays*, p. 289.

is the main reason why Hindus entertain their ideas about Fate. If a rule of equal opportunity is established, and individuals get promoted for their worth, then it will be a state of law. Then no person will speak of the vagaries of Fate. So long as there is a rule of lawlessness men will believe in Fate.¹⁰

It is Deshmukh's view that a social order based on equality, law, and co-operation between all persons for social advancement is desirable and that such an order can be established. Here we find him emphasising the role of leadership in social dynamics. As observed earlier, Deshmukh had projected an Indian democratic state, free from British tutelage. He has stated in many of these essays that the people must learn to look upon their own Nation 'as if the Nation is their mother who cares for their welfare and deserves their devotion.' He adds in one place that this unification of the people and their advancement towards a modern culture is possible only if there is leadership. He says, 'There are today a few individuals who have ideas about the welfare of the people and the nation.....

They should start their work of social (and) religious reform.... There is no reason to fear the orthodox priests and Pundits. The worst they can do is to excommunicate the reformers from the caste. But what is caste? When a large group of people hold together it is a caste and a single individual becomes an out-caste..... But the laws of social conduct must be dynamic. Therefore those who desire the welfare of the nation may only consider whether the large body of people will come to their side. On this count there is no need anxiety. If we start the movement of reform, people will follow us.'¹¹

Thus, it may be seen that Deshmukh held a dynamic view of society, in which the small minority, with qualities of leadership, can effect a desirable change in social ideas and behaviour. The subsequent history of the social movement in Maharashtra shows that Deshmukh's integrated conceptual framework, in which the individual and the community were dynamically linked together, was not fully grasped by his successors. This, however, enhances the importance of a fuller study of the ideas of this pioneer thinker.

¹⁰ *The Essays*, p. 18.

¹¹ *The Essays*, p. 159.

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Talking About Books

By SADHAN KUMAR GHOSH

SIR C. M. BOWRA, the greatest humanist critic of this generation, reading 'My English Journey' in manuscript compared it to the work of Henry James. It is not for me to elaborate this point, but Henry James was a passionate pilgrim all right, and something of the excitement he felt about his spiritual home can be recaptured from *The English Hours* published by Heinemann. Like all passionate pilgrims, Henry James loved England, 'warts and all'. He savoured London like an epicure, he sauntered through it like a habitué. Yet his is not a cooing admiration and his portrait of the 'mind of Mayfair' living in the hope of a new divorce case links him to Maugham and Angus Wilson. But he remains a Great Lover of England, doting on the minutiae of the English landscape—the uproar of Piccadilly, with the rattle of handoms; Rotten Row, Du Maurieresque with orange peels, mounted policemen and ghosts of past cavalcades; the almost treeless, but lush grassy expanse of Green park ('The London parks are the drawing rooms and Clubs of the poor'); the interior glow of Paul Mall Clubs on foggy winter afternoons: climbing up Hampstead hill from Swiss Cottage, strolling on the heath, lost between the Scotch firs and the red sunset. He achieves a Pre-Raphaelite precision, in his recital of England's beauties. He loved London as passionately as Lamb or Johnson or Frank Swinnerton but his evocation of pastoral Britain—the leafy lanes of Warwick, the golden brooms and mighty ferns of Ilfracombe—are no less enchanting. His ear for the intonations and cadences of England's inner life was unerring.

Fredric Willis's *A Book of London Yesterdays* published by Phoenix House and Ivor Brown's *London* published by Newness are also testaments of the magic of London. Fredrick Willis's is the more nostalgic book and one thinks of other famous auld lang syners of London—Thomas Burke and H.M. Tomlinson—as one reads it. The late Mr. McQueen-Pope was an auld lang syner, too, though he missed chiefly the old centres of amusement. Willis recalls very much more than that. It is significant that both Willis and Ivor Brown get a lump in the throat in recalling that

forgotten song, 'Let's All go down the Strand'. Forgotten like that song are the best-sellers of those days—the Marie Correllis, the Hall Caines, the Elinor Glyn. Willis is old enough to recall the horse-buses, and the badinage of the drivers. Tucked away behind Trafalgar Square is a little tavern called 'The Two Chairmen' the sole link between the London of to-day and a haunt of the horse-bus drivers. It is natural that Willis should miss the low prices and high spirits of yesterday's London. More important than his nostalgia is his wisdom. He recalls that prices were low, but so were incomes. But he sorely misses the music-hall songs of Vesta Tilley and Marie Lloyd for which there is no modern substitute. He misses, too, the vanished Bohemia and 'Do you remember? Can I forget?' is the leading motif of this memory rumaging book.

Ivor Brown's book is more topographical and somehow a little different from what one might expect of the author of 'Wintering in London'. No one can fully explain, though some can convey the magic of London. To Ivor Brown the magic of London is a winter magic. The aroma of a city alters with the seasons and its best scents are winter scents, just as the country scents are richest in the spring and summer. Here, however, he is chronicling the delights of present-day London. These include the Royal and the L.C.C. parks and the eating-houses and restaurants to suit all palates and pockets. I myself had a succulent lunch with Ivor Brown at the famous Garrick Club. John Lehmann, in one of his books, makes frequent mention of lunches with his arty friends at the 'IVY'. This restaurant, says Brown has a special appeal to people in the news and to those who read the news or want to be in the news. (Snobs, in other words). Ivor Brown's knowledge of the international restaurants, particularly the Indian and Greek restaurants near FitzRoy Street and the Spanish and Polish restaurants near Hampstead is immense. Like a truly wise man, he does not fuss about beauty. Beauty, he knows, like happiness is a by-product and is achieved when activities are free and spontaneous. He conveys the

glamour of London and even *aficionados* would be, thrilled by much in the book.

The dust lies thick to-day on *The Book of Snobs*, but to think of snobs is to think of Thackeray who knew them inside out and did not pull his punches in dealing with them. *The New Book of Snobs* published by Museum Press is a modern variation on that ceaselessly fascinating theme. Tom Girtin takes a shy at the wine snob who adds lime juice to lager and at pubs where it is 'smarter' to use the public bar (Apparently the saloon bar is not chic). Philip Hope-Wallace, writing on the theatre snob has little to say about those who feel it de rigeur to rave about Shellagh Delaney's play or Beatrix Lehmann's acting though he admits that culture is miserably split into highbrow and lowbrow camps, indignation on the one hand, regretfully guilty indifference on the other, even the potentially healing telly a bone of contention. And then, of course, there is literary snobbery or bookish one-upmanship as Stephen Potter and his Yeovil group would call it. Literary snobbery (witness Camus, Sartre, the Existentialists, the dramatists Beckett, Ionesco, Genet) comes from Paris. Not the French Capital but the international city. And literary snobbery is a matter of having an innings. Someone must be out, in order that someone else may be in. It is a general rule that the snob avoids large and noble talents. Food snobbery is not limited to the vulgar, Ritz customer but now takes the subtle form of a simulated admiration for English food, particularly steak-and-kidney pudding. The snob is a liar, an exhibitionist, an admirer of mean things and his one concern is to keep up with the Joneses. 'To hell with the Joneses' will be one's reaction to the 'New Book of Snobs'.

Nicholas Bentley has inherited the unbought grace of prose from his father, E. C. (or Clerihew) Bentley. His quality as a miscellanist was shown in his *A Choice of Ornaments*. In his autobiography, *A Version of the Truth* also published by *Andre Deutsch*, he reveals the same reticence about himself and the same passionate concern about life's numerous oddities. In a way, this too, is a choice of ornaments, for he gives us a miscellany rather than a chronicle of his varied experiences. They are varied, though not outré and include his experiences as a circus clown, his early days as an artist, his ringside view of the advertising ramp and his work as a fireman during the Blitz. I regret that in his touching and beautiful account of his father, he makes no mention of his fine Autobiography 'Those days', Bentley's

temperament rules out acute nostalgia. He distrusts people who live on recollections enriched by wishful hindsight. For Bentley, there is no time like the present, and consequently the motif of 'A Version of the Truth' is provided by one of his favourite and forgotten philosophers, Nathaniel Bigg: 'The tricks and stratagems of mortal memory will surely outwit. . . . Take heed, therefore, in judging of the recorded past, that it be savoured cum grano salis'.

Peter Green is a novelist and the biographer of Kenneth Grahame. His *Essays in Antiquity* published by John Murray would surprise those who did not notice what superb prose Mr. Green writes. Here, apparently, is the explanation. Mr. Green is one of the best of the amateur classicists in England. Only the late Ronald Knox and Mr. Rex Warner could be mentioned for a possible comparison. Mr. Green has however persuaded himself that something is seriously amiss with the teaching of classics in England. That is not the impression I received from Sir C. M. Bowra. Sir Richard Livingstone assures me in a recent letter that the study of the classics is actually looking up. But this does not detract from either the earnestness or the brilliance of Mr. Green's literary philippics. Humane studies must not be reduced to the level of an exact science. Gilbert Murray long ago recognised that, though A. E. Housman did not. Some of Mr. Green's individual essays are both scholarly and brilliant. Among these one must include the essay on Roman satire. I had always thought of Martial as a clever epigrammatist but had not noticed that his mask is the reporters' and that he seldom offers a moral judgment. It is comforting also to know that Juvenal with his universal eye for unchanging human corruption is the writer for this age. Then, there is Mr. Green's intelligent discussion of historiography which owes much to Collingwood and Popper. Mr. Green provides a revaluation of Herodotus and Thucydides. The Chapter on translation is stimulating, and since it has been written after Theodore Savory's book, has a special aptness. The judgments, alas are not equally valid and I resent as much the strictures on Gilbert Murray and the apologia for T. S. Eliot. Can it be that Mr. Green though writing fine prose, lacks a poet's ear? He is fortunate, in any case, that Swinburne died just over half-a-Century ago. He who had ticked off the great Benjamin Jowett over translations from the Greek would have put Mr. Green and Mr. T. S. Eliot in their proper places. I do not agree with some reviewers who suggest that Mr. Green is angry and taking it out

on somebody. But I should have been happier, if this fine book had been a little mellower. As it is these essays constitute a passionate plea for the Greek awareness of transcendental values, the strong muscular Roman sense of order. We no longer need the dead myth of perfection, the glory and the grandeur: 'enough for them to recognise that the great human failings are perennial, as Thucydides saw so clearly and that changing values may topple idols even from the securest niche'.

For Evans's *The Language of Shakespeare's Plays* published by Methuen is a classic in its particular field. The very level-headedness of Prof. Evans places his book above the more recent and more specialist works of Miss Mahood and Rosamond Tuve. His references to earlier workers, particularly Prof. Spurgeon and George Rylands are generous and he has acknowledged his debt to the great work of Prof. Wilson Knight. Shakespeare's addiction to language is first seen in *Love's Labour's lost* and *Holofernes's* reference to *imitari* shows that Shakespeare was familiar with the classical literary discussion. The language of the history plays presents no single or consistent picture, though imagery and rhetoric are more frequent and the symbolism of the Garden scene in *Richard II* is a significant one. Myth and romance and English scene—the wild thyme, violets, oxlips and all—are fused in the language of the *Midsummer-Nights' Dream* in a manner which is not repeated again. The middle comedies mark a development in comic language, not in the passages of sentiment and romance. Dogberry makes a stronger impression than Hero or Claudio. Even in *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare's supreme achievement in Romantic Comedy, new linguistic patterns are not evolved. In *Hamlet*, seemingly the most metaphysical of the tragedies, it might well be argued that 'Shakespeare's power lay rather not in revealing new experience but in bringing to the expression of the common wisdom of humanity a strength and magnificence of style, so that what is most ordinary seems something new and uniquely experienced'. The bare, austere and remote language of *Troilus and Cressida* the most time-haunted of the plays is in true keeping. Great concentration of imagery is achieved in the cosmic Tragedies—*Macbeth* and *King Lear*. Shakespeare unites all the images, so that ultimately the tragedy rests in the mind as if it were a single poetic image. The distraught speeches of Lear have to be studied closely and then one notices the unity underlying the seeming diversity. The language of the last plays, particularly *The*

Tempest, reveals a freedom from the early exuberance and the later arduous and endurances. *Vale* is the note of these plays, a gesture that the end-of-the road has been reached.

The death of Una Ellis-Fermor in 1959 was a sad occasion for the academic world. She has left five books, apart from her irreplaceable edition of *Tamburlaine*. Her *Jacobean Drama* (like her other books, published by Methuen) will always remain a tremendous achievement. She had nothing in common with the cataloguing, unscholarly, uncritical historian like Allardyce Nicoll and she saw the underlying unity of Jacobean drama. The sense of exaltation was over. There was a sense of crisis and of impending fate and of preoccupation with death. The spiritual uncertainty may have sprung in part from the spreading of Machiavellian materialism. Tragedy became satanic and tragedy-comedy, with Beaumont and Fletcher became incurably romantic. (Fletcher's definition of tragedy-comedy in the *Address to the Reader* prefixed to the first edition of the *Faithful Shepherdess* indicates that this was not the original intention). The mood of Jacobean Tragedy is sophisticated, satirical and conflicting. Most of the Jacobean dramatists not only lacked Machiavelli's experience, they missed the main motive of *The Prince!* 'Iustum enim est bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma ubi nulla nisi in armis spes'. It followed that the outer and the inner worlds were split into two. The visible no longer reflected the invisible world. Webster's famous words, 'While we look up to Heaven, we confound knowledge with knowledge' sum up not only the content of his own tragedies but indicate the common outlook of Jacobean drama.

To the Jacobean, Seneca was not a horror pedlar, as he had been to the Elizabethans. Seneca was a stoic whose 'sentential' made a deep impression upon them. In Wilson's Knight's magnificent phrase, Jacobean Drama is an Embassy of Death but 'since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is it to leave betimes?' 'It is only the stoic endurance of the Jacobean dramatists that may be called truly tragic. Webster comes near to Euripides' view of man doomed to destruction by the gods. The woods are decaying and falling, the civilisations are ripe for a toppling. Tournear's plays convey this enveloping atmosphere of evil. The revulsion from this spectacle of universal decay also resembles Seneca's own; 'O nos dure sorta Creatos'. The characteristic answer is not Webster's but Ford's who shows us the conversion of the seven deadly sins, not their overthrow. When he looks up to the heavens, he does not fear con-

founding knowledge with knowledge. The stars shine still; the stars look down—and that is enough.

John Speirs, his association with '*Scrutiny*' notwithstanding and one which he should live down, is a very sober critic. His earlier work on 'Medieval English Poetry; The Non-Chaucerian Tradition' was very comprehensive. His *Chaucer, the Maker* published by Faber and Faber emphasises Chaucer's originality rather than his sources. He claims that with *Troilus and Criseyde* and the *Canterbury Tales* Chaucer inaugurates the English novel. Incidentally, G. K. Chesterton first made this claim many years ago but Chesterton, of course, is not a favourite of the English Critical Establishment. The *Canterbury Tales*, Speirs claims, is the Human Comedy of the Middle Ages. Nevill Coghill, in his unforgettable way, and D. S. Brewer have stressed this, too. But the linking of the Chaucerian depth to a tone of grateful acceptance of life and a scandalous carelessness in relation to eternity is Speirs's contribution.

S. N. Behrman's *Conversation with Max* published by Hamish Hamilton is a misnomer. The book should have been called 'A Book of Delights'. The incomparable Max and the unforgettable Nineties — Yellow Book, Cafe Royal and all — come to life as never before. His was truly the last civilised voice. His talent was exquisite but as he pointed out 'no man who can finely grasp a big theme can play exquisitely round a little one'. Perfectionism disappeared when Max Beerbohm died.

I greatly relish the conversation retailed by Behrman about Oxford novels. The best according to Max was Compton Mackenzie's '*Sinister Street*'. 'It gives you actual Oxford experience'. This happens to be my favourite too and when I dined with Sir Compton Mackenzie at his Drummond Place, residence in Edinburgh, I drew his attention to this — and of course Max's Zuleika Dobson. An 'angry young man', reviewing this delightful book strikes a cantankerous note: 'How did Beerbohm manage to go on living in Rapallo? An obsession with failure, with setting one's aim safely low, emerges clearly from this portrait of one who never risked coming clean about himself on any but minor issues.' This callow calumny may be safely ignored for Charm will survive adnass, and A. V. Laird and Zuleika Dobson will long outlive all the gadabout Jims—lucky and unlucky.

'Swinburne' said Max Beerbohm in a famous passage, 'was a singing-bird who had found no nest'. That he should not have found a good editor yet, is perhaps more to be regretted. The

beautifully produced Swinburne; a *Selection* published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson is edited by Dame Edith Sitwell, than whom few persons could be more unworthy. She has either not read or profited from 'The Romantic Imagination'. She may have just heard of Sir Harold Nicolson or Humphrey Hare. Her own summary, slapdash, snap judgments are naive and can cause only a wry amusement. Nonetheless, the lovely book is a good buy. Elsewhere, one may learn of the influence of Marquis De Sade and the effect of the rebuff of 'Boo' on the *Triumph of Time* or the significance of *Lesbia Brandon*. It is enough to have *Itlylus*, *Atalanta in Calydon*, the *Sapphics* and the *Sea-swallows* in one lovely volume. For this, let us thank with brief thanksgiving whatever gods — or publishers — may be.

Truth, it has been said will come out even in an affidavit, though not in autobiography. Fortunately, this is not true of what may turn out to be the best autobiography of recent years — Lionel Fielden's *Natural Bent*, published by Andre Deutsch. It is miles better than *Cider with Rosie* or Julian Symons's *Thirties* — good books according to their lights — and it is unthinkable to compare it with the still-born autobiographies of Richard Church. Fielden has never made experiments with truth for it comes natural to him, and a keen sense of humour lends point and piquancy to his recorded candours. A random example will suffice: 'Over lunch, convalescent, I said to Sir Bhupendranath: 'But what really made you choose me? 'Perhaps I had a *Crunch*'. 'Hunch'. 'Hunch, yes'. 'I don't believe it. Why, you only saw me for two minutes''. The V.I.P.s of modern India might feel a little chastened if someone like Fielden were to knock off their bad English and amour-propre with similar efficiency.

As is well-known, he created and gave a name to the A.I.R. But this has been only an interlude in an exciting life. It is not surprising that rut-stuck, routine-repeating, tradition-toting officials, including Viceroys and Cabinet Ministers, found him unpredictable and unreliable. Mediocrity has its own argot and patois and can never make anything of outstanding brilliance. Fielden's many-sided brilliance and sheer freedom from the ruts and conventions made him inexplicable to the Parmoors and Linlithgows. They got no change out of him.

Only in one respect he seems to me to be either showing off or putting on an act. He makes much of his supposedly little use for love. Neither this statement nor his exhibitionist homosexuality ('I

don't believe that, in the Paolo and Francesca sense I was ever truly in love. I was quite often in lust. I preferred my own sex to the opposite one; whether that was ineradicably born in me, whether it was the result of war or whether it arose from a fear of emotional entanglement, I don't know' ring quite true. Well, we don't know either but one can guess. The passage which looks like a pastiche from T. E. Lawrence (*The Mint and Seven Pillars of Wisdom*) is an overstatement. Or so the internal evidence suggests.

Fielden derives some of his strength and energy from having eliminated sex from his life. No doubt this has created a vacuum and a sort of loneliness, which is part of the fascination of the book.

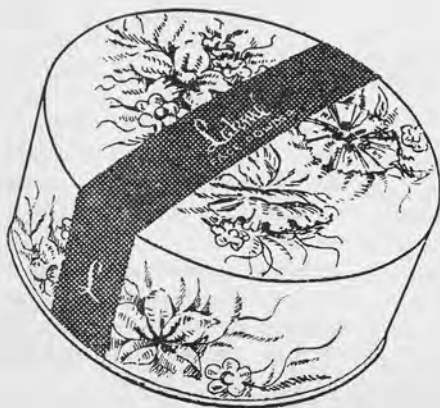
Fielden found the British Raj Kiplingesque, ridiculous—and said so. The Congress leaders liked that. They did not like him so much when he was just as outspoken about their shortcomings. These, of course, are the penalties of outspokenness, as George Orwell also found. Perhaps, because of this a note of unhappiness has crept into the last Chapter. 'Fu reclamais le Soir; il descend: le voici'. The backward glance at life vanishes, the forward promises only darkness. Writing from an Italian garden, with cypress and pine, mimosa and oleander tumbling away to the fertile plain the river Serchio meandering through lush meadows, Fielden recaptures a little serenity. The Housmannish sadness goes and the starlit sky reconciles him a little to man's destiny.

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BOOKS

Poetry

CREATURES AND EMBLEMS by Kathleen Nott (Routledge and Kegan Paul 12s.6d.)

POEMS by Dom Moraes (Eyre and Spottiswoode 10s.6d.)

TWO new books of poems from well-known practitioners of the art amply illustrate that there is still 'a hope for poetry.'

Kathleen Nott who has also written three novels and a brilliant book of criticism 'The Emperor's Clothes' has, in this her third book of poems, shown a wider range and a more sure and mature sense of style. She is equally good at describing love or lemmings. Her description of natural landscape is effective. This for example on Taormina

'This is the island of never really shade,
But graves where the dull suns the
oranges

Made noon at midnight: of the cutting
opaque

Black cypresses rearing against the
moted mists

Which revolves and smoulders and
smokes between ravines

And black tarantulas' arms of lava
clawing sea.'

Another poem 'What a piece of work' is most interesting

'What a piece of work he is, whom every
age

Sets out on a new sterile promontory
Man Hamlet jerking on his apron-stage

Locked in for the night. This poems a
spyhole commentary.'

The last stanza of this poem is excellent
'Fire! Fire! and Tyger, Tyger! What the
hammer

What the chain and what the blazes?
Not so much burning bright,

As being the heart in ambush, to enamour
The curious forests of returning night.'

Most of the poems have a melancholy undertone and the whole note is sombre, but very absorbing.

Dom Moraes in his second book, of poems has shown great skill and charm. He is simple and direct and extremely melodious. His poem 'A letter' is very illustrative of this. It has been pointed out by another reviewer that Mr. Moraes is perhaps a little too fond of certain words which occur again and again in his poems such as 'stone' and 'bird'. This is certainly true but his poems are by no means repetitive and all of them are very appealing.

This from 'Voices' is good

'Upstairs or downstairs

Is not our concern

Deep in your armchairs

Burn, boys, burn

Drowned sailors clutter

The hovels of the sea

It's no great matter

They can't drown me'

'French Lesson' too is interesting. The last two lines are

'Je comprends, comprends tout' 'you
keep telling my hands,

'Mais moi, je ne comprends, ni toi, ni
moi-meme'

Mr. Moraes too is felicitous in his description of Landscape, as this extract from his poem 'From Tibet' will exemplify

'But I must ride with Das,

A small man quick with hope

Toward the invaded pass

Up the lichen rusted slope

Cloud fastened, ice-ribbed, where

A few hawks shriek and stare.'

Mr. Moraes seems to have incorporated the best of East and West and successfully presented each to each.

It will be most enjoyable to have more poems from Miss Nott and Mr. Moraes, both extremely different, but each in their own spheres genuine and good writers.

M.E.

"LAKE SURFACE" AND "RIPPLED SHADOW": by Keshev Malik

IN Keshev Malik we have India's Angry Young Man. A significant Poet, with a quality of expression that ranges from a Beatnik-like approach of Kerouac or Gregory, to the down-right earthiness of a Lawrence.

While the poems in *Lake Surface* and *Rippled Shadow*, neither scan nor rhyme; and disregard completely, with a few exceptions, the technical balance required to disciplined poetry, they are definite contribution towards a new intellectual frontier.

However as an anthology or a collection of poems there seems to be a lack of purpose in most of them. The Poet obviously is an intellectual Rebel, but what exactly is he rebelling against, whether it is the industrial system, or society or himself is not very clear. It would be well for the Poet to ask himself *Quo Vadis* or *Whither Goest Thou*?

While he has the power of individual expression, and some of his thinking is expressed in beauty and grace, he leaves the reader unsatisfied, there is no conclusion or solution to his problems.

In the Poem *Lake Surface*, the initial impact is good. The Poet gazes at the Lake Surface in its natural surrounding: you visualise the play of colour and light. The reflection of the Poet on gazing at the Lake Surface, his inward torment, where he peers through the surface, and sees what he wants to see, and not what is really there, is confusing. His guilt obsession, mars the *Lake Surface* and spoils the mood that was engendered by the first verse, that was symphonic in grace and expression.

The lake surface ranges
From silver to lead
The blank glass changes
and reflects,
The swans seem asleep
The geese weep or rest:
Always the shades move east west
Its still.

'Portrait' is a poem that starts strongly and finishes almost meekly.

Like most of us in a quandary the 'Portrait' reflects our sense of frustration at our inability to express ourselves, to descend on the World, with emphasis, in spite of our own short comings.

A beautiful expression and lines like;

'More in him than he can tell
More in the world than he may know.'

Lose their rhythm when the same verse ends with lines

'His thoughts act like ulcers, the lovely
World swells as an ache.'

It is in his shorter poems 'The Stranger' and 'The Blind', that he really expresses himself. These poems have but one single thought, and being short, do not lose their impact by meaningless meanderings.

There is power and meaning in these lines.

'The Stranger' 'Hearing the breathing of Gods
In the recesses of Rocks

'The Blind' 'His spirit rages
Rages to seize the light.'

In 'Earth and the Spaces', described as a Dialogue, there is a departure from the conventional.

Here are two mighty elements, discoursing on man and what he faces. The dialogue is unique. Man apparently is divided, he has a sense of vision and yet is dumb and confused in his thinking. The dialogue covers a wide range of man's problems and misgivings of love and death. The dialogue ends on a very inconclusive note.

'Rippled Shadow' as a collection is more purposeful, here is the Indian mind, viewing the east and the west which makes an interesting blend. More power and centralised thinking is revealed in these poems. R. S. is modern. The incidents, the people, the situations are meaningful and very understandable, in our day to day experiment of

living. R.S. is spontaneous and exhilarating in parts. The reader cannot help but be carried forwards on the waves of the Poets depth and emotional feeling.

'The Nomad' is expressive. It reveals the almost sub-conscious movement of Man, by a series of uncontrollable nudges of fate.

'The Etruscan Grave' is like Keats in a Modern context, very reminiscent of 'On looking into Chapmans Homer.'

In 'Noahs Ark', the Poet has made an effort to scan and rhyme. While not academic poetry, it has an extremely rhythmic cadence.

'Portraits' I really like. It is a revelation of the Lonely Western Man. Almost as if it were written by the author of 'The Lonely Crowd'. His fears, misgivings, rebellion against constituted authority, and his final escape into the anonymity of the crowd are extremely well expressed. It is almost as if the Poet worked on a series of social and psychological surveys on human motivation, with a social scientist—most revealing indeed.

ERIC KANGA

Biography

CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION by Wolfgang Leonhard (Collins, London. pp. 428. 25s.)

DESPITE many unusual features, this is essentially one more personal story of an ex-communist, one more exposure of how the communist mind works, one more revelation of communist attitudes to the non-communist world. How long, O Lord, how long? Think of a vast, powerful force insisting on total subordination of the individual to central authority embodying final truth, and driven along by the urge to world domination, with or without war. If such a force exists, it makes nonsense of neutralism, co-existence and all the rest of that twaddle. If it does not exist, if the communist bloc consists of several peace-loving nations who have decided to progress according to certain principles, which they have a right to hold, then of course we should keep

clear of any conflicts between these nations and others with a different outlook. Independently and cautiously, maintaining the best of relationships with both blocs, we should steer our own way towards our selected goals.

Briefly and crudely put, these are nevertheless the terms in which an Indian who reads such a book as *Child of the Revolution* ought to see its connection with official political thinking in this country. He cannot afford to take a merely academic interest in it. For forty years the evidence has been piling up to suggest what Leonhard's book only confirms, though it is original on several counts. Warnings have been showered upon the rest of the world from many who have studied and visited that secretive camp, and some who have belonged to it. They have told of the preparations perennially going on there for infiltration, interference and subversion of other nations. The plans, the trained persons, the institutions of training, the command of unlimited resources, the dogmatic belief in a historic destiny and the energetic determination to fulfil it, are all there.

Even those who have never doubted all this, will be amazed and grimly fascinated by Leonhard's description of the Comintern School. He was sent for training there as a Kremlin agent at the very time when Hitler's troops were occupying large parts of Russia in the full flush of the invasion. The men required for future political execution of Moscow's plans in other countries quietly continued to receive their baptism in a dehumanised ideology even when the Fascists were knocking at the gates of Moscow. What malignant faith and diabolic foresight! The indoctrination of these very special cadres was so thorough-going, that on arrival at the School even their names were changed, their previous lives were treated as non-existent. This blacking out of personal identity was not merely in relation to the outside world but also among themselves. No student could reveal his real name and background even to those with whom he lived and worked, whose deepest

political convictions and objectives were the same as his. Even the staunch opponents of communism have not always fully grasped the extent of its pathological developments. What could be more conspiratorial than the system described in Leonhard's book?

In due course the author went with ten others, including Ulbricht, to Germany. In Moscow an office had already been set up of the "National Committee for Free Germany". It was to be so broad-based a movement that room would be found in it even for National Socialists. The black, white and red flag was chosen because it was popular with the officers' corps of the Wehrmacht. Leonhard worked for the Socialist Unity Party, which secured less than 20% of the votes in the elections of 1946 but which eventually established a communist regime in East Germany. In the meanwhile came the quarrel with Tito's Yugoslavia. Leonhard believed in the possibility of different national roads to communism, so he went there in sympathy with its stand against Stalin. He was still a communist at that time, but he had become anti-Stalin. With the exciting story of his escape, the book comes to an end.

Child of the Revolution is therefore a chronicle of life under communism written as a communist, with only those doubts, surprises and unpleasant incidents included which were experienced *en passant*. Nothing reversed the direction for the author or made him deviate from the straight line of his Marxist experiences. In describing both that line and the environment in which he pursued it, he remains faithful to the image of the only reality with which he was familiar. The rest he presents exactly as he saw it when it happened, as temporary distortion, as offences against reason in the name of reason for a higher reason, as necessary horror which appears all around him, and dangerously near him, but does not overcome the resistance of his upbringing. That horror included the disappearance of his mother in one of the great Stalinist purges, when he was a child. She spent

twelve years in various Soviet prisons and concentration camps.

Leonhard's picture of communist life from within, as he lived it, growing from boyhood to man, conforms broadly to the picture which is already widely known. It is unique in the two aspects which Edward Crankshaw defines so precisely in his introduction. The first is that Leonhard did not defect because his God had failed but because he thought He had been betrayed. Leonhard thought he was a better theologian than Stalin, but he believed in Stalin's God. That he knows better as he writes the book is obvious, though there is no breast-beating and distortion. Secondly, *Child of the Revolution* gives a picture of the Soviet Union "from the point of view of the communist elite."

Politically-conscious Indians should ponder over that picture. Khrushchev's Russia is not Stalin's Russia but have communist aims and methods changed fundamentally? Is not the Friendship University the updated form of the Comintern School, in tune with the ethos of the present time? Unfashionable questions in neutralist, co-existing India, but rising urgently from a reading of *Child of the Revolution*. I could not help thinking only of these questions and was unable to enjoy the book's great merit as human drama, which is outstanding. Drama is all very well for the spectator but for the participants it often spells only suffering and death.

NISSIM EZEKIEL

THE NATURAL BENT by Lionel Fielden
Published by Andre Dentsch 25s.

WHEN an autobiography evokes admiration and dislike, and perhaps a sense of pity, for its author it signifies that such a life history is very much out of the common rut. Mr. Lionel Fielden has been termed by a critic 'a maddeningly perverse eccentric.' In *The Natural Bent* his fluent, excitable record of a tempestuous career, he flaunts his perversity and repeatedly crosses the reader's vision

with a defiant gesture. He is obviously a very difficult person and intermittently extremely dislikable — arrogant when in power and whiningly morose in defeat. His life — much of which was spent in the army and in the file-ridden realms of bureaucracy (both gravidly anathema to him) — is a strange mosaic which evolves from war service at Gallipoli to a job in the League of Nations, from existence as a near-gigolo in the South of France to an influential desk at the B.B.C. and a thwarted period as Director of All India Radio at its inception. This Indian phase of his career enabled him to trail his coat before Viceroys and provincial Governors and his topsy turvy, vividly phrased reactions make amusing reading. ('Rule India with a rod of iron and a tremendous swagger and India liked it: love India genuinely and humbly and India loved you: but put on pinstripe trousers and write judicially and impartially on files and India knifed you—rightly. Or pretend, like me, to be awfully nice and broad-minded, and India made you know in the end, with some discomfort, that you were sitting on a lonely fence') Perhaps there is too much pretence in Mr. Fielden's philosophy. He undoubtedly thought the British Raj 'Kiplingesquely ridiculous' but did he genuinely enjoy that lonely fence-sitting at Wardha with the Mahatma? Was there any need for the 'ache of loneliness' to be with him always during his five years in India? Possibly Mr. Fielden's fretful, porcupine-like defensive mechanisms are due to an inferiority complex. 'If you write yourself down decisively as a failure in life, you must have something to bolster the ego: behind the wheel of the Rolls I felt I could spit on humanity.' Too much spitting on people and procedures has left Mr. Fielden in a somewhat woebegone and salivaless state. He feels that his life has been 'the tale of an irresolute flunkey'. It is true that spears have been against him in many ways — a philistine, fox-hunting father, ill health, the unfulfilled urge to be an artist of talent, and the loneliness arousing from his self-confessed homosexuality. Yet on the whole,

he emerges from this autobiography as a man of brilliance and intellectual integrity, with a sort of clouded charm—an attractive misfit and from whom it is not possible to withhold a measure of admiration. His book according to a publisher's reader, is 'a study in perversity and you cannot find a book on perversity.' Mr. Fielden has done so, with zest and a liberal salting of masochism. S.M.

MAY THIS HOUSE BE SAFE FROM TIGERS by Alexander King: Heinemann: Price 21s.

HERE is an uproariously funny autobiography which is calculated to lighten sorrow and dispel cares and anxieties. The author, Alexander King, was for several years editor of 'Life' magazine, and his first book of reminiscences entitled 'Mine Enemy Grows Older', hit the top of the American best-seller list and stayed there for many months. It is not surprising that this further instalment has followed suit, for King combines exhilarating and hilarious Brooklyn wit and humour with an almost Proustian nostalgia for the Austria of his birth, which manifests itself in enchanting and magical vignettes of the Volksgarten in Vienna and the sympathetic rendering into English of the works of his favourite Austrian Poet, Peter Altenberg.

Alexander King has roamed the globe fairly extensively and in the course of his wanderings has come across some of the weirdest and most eccentric characters. His outrageous anecdotes about them are all invested with his own particular brand of salacious humour which is almost irresistible. He has also been happily married four times.

From the start readers know what to expect. Here is the explanation of the title:—

'My friend Norman Prelick happens to be a Zen Buddhist at the moment.

He used to be a Communist once.

It figures.

But suddenly, a couple of years ago, he saw the true light and since then he's been thoroughly illuminated.

At any rate, every time this character comes to visit me and finally gets ready to leave, he stops in the doorway, folds his hands Hindu fashion, lowers his fourth-dimensional eyelids and says:

'May this house be safe from tigers.'

He does this every time.

The other day, when his senseless little orison had fallen on me again,

I said to him, 'What is the meaning of this idiot prayer you're always uttering over me every time you leave here? What the hell does it mean, anyway?'

Norman looked surprised and even a little hurt, and finally he gave off the familiar long-suffering sigh of the frequently misunderstood.

'What's wrong with my prayer?' he said.

'How long have I been saying it to you?'

'Oh, about three years, on and off.'

'Three years,' he said. 'Well—been bothered by any tigers lately?'

Perfectly correct.

So since it is surely one of the most effective benedictions I have encountered, I've decided to share this powerful and potent spell with the rest of the world.'

Alexander King barely weighed three pounds at birth and since there weren't many incubators around in those days, they just wrapped him from head to foot in some absorbent cotton wool and put him in a frying pan and placed him in a moderate oven and for the next three months he was basted with olive oil every twenty minutes and turned over each time so that he did not get too well done on any side! Alexander King has come a long way since then and his reminiscences are full of rich episodes and quaint experiences. One of the strangest instances was when King played midwife to a veiled Arab lady in Tunisia, among the ruins of Carthage, who could not speak a word of English and only a few words of French. As he says, 'The good lady, obviously a devout Mohammedan, had terrible difficulty in talking to me in her travail, because despite her suffering she was desperately trying to keep her face veiled from my infidel gaze. . . . Here was this poor suffering mammal, racked with insane birth spasms, and while I was practically creeping up her uterus all that the dizzy doll was really worried about was

that I might catch a forbidden gander at her tattooed face.' The situation was further complicated because King severed the umbilical cord with a knife instead of biting it through as was the custom of her tribe. A day later the husband came brandishing the same knife and threatening King's life for flagrantly trifling with the spiritual and physical welfare of his offspring. Only the presence of mind of a friend saved King from disaster by explaining that it was against Alexander's religion to follow the custom as King was a vegetarian!

Even when describing such hackneyed and corny characters as a prostitute named June with a heart of gold who supports her small infant (A coffee-addict) and her widowed mother, the author manages to instil a great deal of abrasive humour into the situation. His descriptions of the brothel where the twenty youngish looking girls pair off and gyrate to the loud strains of the William Tell overture, are funny in the extreme.

There are a host of other people like Rose O'Neil, the creator of the Kewpie doll, about whom King writes a profile for *The New Yorker* and over which he tangles with the editor Harold Ross; Beryl Kipnil the sculptor whose masterpiece represented a male turnip weeping; The nymphomaniac Baroness von Freytag Lornighofen, a poetess with three front teeth missing, and several other characters who though they sound too eccentric to be true, actually existed. In fact 'May This House be Safe From Tigers' is a riot from start to finish. It is embellished with comic cartoons and profiles by the author.

INDIRA TALYARKHAN

Politics

THE REVOLT OF THE MIND by Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray; (Praeger, New York).

A CASE History of Intellectual Resistance behind the Iron Curtain by Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray; Frederic A. Praeger. New York.

It is not usual for a reviewer to start with a review of reviews of other books. This odd departure is relevant in our case. I am reviewing a book that graphically describes the growth and climax of intellectual resistance to the Communist Regime in Hungary. Although I feel that the book could have been a good deal better than it is (about that later), there can be no doubt about the basic justification for the book. The Hungarian Revolution will remain for ever a historical event of supreme importance as the first large-scale insurrection against a Communist regime, an insurrection initiated not by reactionary or anti-socialist forces (these may have come to the surface later) but by the faithful adherents and supporters of the regime itself. The book is therefore not only a monument to the courage and heroism of a small group of people many of whom perished in the final catastrophe, but a clinical report on the suppression of creative activity of any kind, the mechanisation of responses and expression, and the slow but irresistible 'revolt of the mind'.

Now, our friend Mr. John Smithard who reviewed a book on the Nagy Trial in No. 28 of *Quest* will argue that the book is a waste of effort because (a) it is too expensive for the 'man in the street' who could learn from it, (b) because the confirmed Communist would not believe a word of it in any case and (c) because the good right-thinking intellectual knows all about it already. And then—we have had the Congo and Algeria and Laos and Cuba and Berlin again, so who cares for the Hungarian Revolution anyway? Mr. Siddhartha Sen, reviewing a book on the deported national minorities in the Soviet Union in the same issue of *Quest*, takes an even more cynical point of view. For him this 'mud-slinging' proves nothing except that if historical necessity so demands you can wipe out nations. The end justifies the means (and this in the land of Gandhi). Then why abolish the H-Bomb, why do anything for the progress and improvement of the human race if the individual does

not count, if the single personal fate of a man or a group of men is expendable. What is all this killing and liquidating for if, in the end, all you get is an efficient production machine in which there is no place for human beings (but perhaps Mr. Siddhartha Sen's understanding of human beings differs from mine).

It is obvious that the brain-washed, iron-clad-minded, bible-faithful left-wing intellectual in countries outside the Iron Curtain is as inaccessible to historical truth as his 'captive' comrade behind the Curtain. Anything that does not support the *current* policy of the Party is fascist, imperialist, reactionary, deviationist, revisionist (please-strike-out-what-does-not-apply) propaganda and therefore unworthy of reading or study. My advice, therefore, to the smug, the cynical and the bible-faithful is -don't bother to read on and don't read the book I am reviewing.

The authors introduce themselves with a rather touching bit of self-confession reminiscent of Iron-Curtain jargon: "... worse than Communists. They were Stalinists (*how frightfull rev.*). They not only believed in the system, but also fanatically supported it." "They had become Communists because they had believed that they had found in the theory of Communism the sacred ideals for a changed society and because moral indignation caused by the injustice and the poverty and the crimes of fascism had driven them straight into the Communist camp." (p. 266). In the end they rebelled against the injustice and the poverty and the crimes of the Party. The heroes of the book are the Communist writers in Hungary, those intellectuals who were politically convinced and confirmed and organised in various professional bodies to serve the ends of the regime. They continued to believe in the regime and its perpetrator Rakosi in spite of the obvious ruin of the nation, the destruction of a once flourishing agriculture and the shameless exploitation of the Hungarian working-class by their new masters and their Kremlin overlords. These

faithful intellectuals believed, like Mr. S. Sen, that all these quite terrible developments were historical necessity. The Party knows what is right and even if a few unpleasant things happen in the course of the execution of Party policy, that is not really important and should not be criticized. To do so is a sign of remnants of petty-bourgeois sentiments, and any man accused of that must tremble. But the Rajk trial (Rajk was a victim of the Titoist witch hunt) and the eventual return from prison—years later—of other victims of this persecution made the intellectuals sit up and think. The prisoners who came back had grim tales to tell. Most of them had experiences in Horty's and in Rakosi's jails and they said the latter were more inhuman by far. But what really and finally shook the believers were the sudden twists and changes in Party policy following those of the Kremlin. These honest intellectuals could not accept in the long run that yesterday's crime was today's merit or vice versa, nor that truth was a thing that *ought* to be true without necessarily being true. And so the disillusionment began and spread and found voices, fearful and cautious first, powerfully demanding later on. And in the end the rulers had to change course and Rakosi went, was replaced by Gero who was no better, till the people demanded the return of Nagy whose humanism was known. By then the people had a taste of honey, the exhilarating feeling of being men again with a mind and an opinion and the freedom to use them. This cut at the very roots of the system and it had to be rescued with the ultimate in barbarity and terrorism.

The gradual process of the enslavement of the creative artist and writer has been described before. Czeslaw Milosz did it in the 'Captive Mind' for Poland and Alfred Kantorowicz for East Germany. It always begins with a period of enthusiasm when the ruling sentiment is the joy of liberation from fascism, war, terror and destruction. The rebuilding begins and the new regime invites the intellectuals to help in building socialism, offers them glorious opportunities

of participation in what appears to be the most wonderful task ever put before the intellectuals, rescues them from the Ivory Tower existence which many had found insufficient. The writers begin to go out among the people and discover new worlds, they submit to Party discipline and study Marxism and Party history (of course only that history of the Party which was currently official and therefore gospel truth). They turn into willing tools of the regime, helping it to make the people see even the worst of circumstances in the pink glow of hopeful idealism. 'Social Realism' was their lodestar till they found out that realism was not meant to be the experience and expression of objective reality but the embellishment of current Party slogans. The dictates of Zhdanow who shaped Stalin's post-war cultural policy ran in Budapest as much as in Moscow.

The writers assert themselves gradually. The better they are as artists the greater the danger they present to the regime. Nothing convinces and persuades better than quality. The high priest of Communist literature in the Government criticizes the prize winning novel 'The Answer' by author Tibor Dery (now in jail) as follows: '... the fact that the book is good only aggravates the situation. What makes the novel particularly dangerous is its high literary level'.

Issue is joined on the question whether the writer has the right and the duty to write the truth as he sees it, as the people see it, and whether he can and must criticize when things turn bad and people lose not only the last vestiges of prosperity but also the last remnants of their freedom to the tyranny of the petty officials who carry out the policy from above. The Party says no. The writers get angry and in the end begin to act.

Towards the end of June 1956, the Petofi Circle, the leading group of writers, arranges a public debate. Six thousand people turn up, an unheard of thing. The meeting lasts for nine hours. Tibor Dery expresses for the first time what hardly

anybody had dared to pronounce so far. '...as long as we direct our criticism against individuals instead of investigating whether the mistakes spring from the very system—the very ideology—we can achieve nothing but the exchange of evil for a lesser evil. The mistakes in question are structural mistakes...' But there is still the belief in many that the Party can be reformed, that mistakes can be reversed, that with Nagy in leadership the road to social justice and prosperity is wide open. Rakosi, the Stalinist, is removed by direct intervention from Moscow, and in October the Hungarian Revolution bursts.

This is not only a 'good story', but a great epic of human endeavour and the struggle for liberty. The trouble with the book is that it treats its theme mainly as a good story. It is a chatty narrative and adopts all the tricks of illustrated-paper journalism. The style and concept of the book are not worthy of the subject. Not that I suggest a dry-as-dust documentary with all the dates, facts and figures and all the evidence and documentary proof, but I would have preferred something more incisive, more precise, more hard-hitting. The book is far too long and one feels that the authors' self confessed 'love for that battle' and possible inheritance of 'the involved, longwinded Party manner' spun out the pages.

And yet—a book to read to do honour to the brave, to keep oneself reminded of the daily battle for freedom and to be warned.

R. V. LEYDEN

Travel

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT by Arthur Koestler: Hutchinson, price 25s.

ARTHUR KOESTLER has travelled many roads. He started his adult life as a student of science in Vienna. Then he became foreign correspondent and later science editor to a chain of newspapers in pre-Hitlerite Germany. Exiled from the Third Reich he changed from fact to fiction

and for the next twenty years was a widely read and forceful political novelist. "Darkness at Noon" may be remembered as being his most successful novel. Changing his medium of expression once again; Koestler reverted back to science with a new book, 'The Sleepwalkers', which attempted a history of man's changing vision of the universe. He then spent two years travelling extensively in India and Japan to gather material and prepare himself for writing this present book. The main reason for presenting this somewhat lengthy background, is to give the reader an idea of the author's credentials for examining in such detail what he considers as being the essential living faiths of two eastern countries at opposite ends of a spiritual spectrum. Koestler's intention, at the beginning of his search, is to find out whether the East is spiritually more secure than the West and whether the West can benefit from this.

In India, Koestler visits four contemporary 'saints' and then has a critical look at Hatha Yoga. The first saint is Vinoba Bhave a Karma Yogi. His next visit is to Krishna Menon Atmananda a Jnana Yogi. He then goes to the Sankaracharya of Kanchi, also a Jnana Yogi with a strong inclination towards bhakti-union through devotional worship. His last subject is a woman, the kittenish Anandamayee Ma who relies on shakti or the earthly manifestations of divine power which usually have an erotic tinge. All classifications and one adjective in these descriptions are Koestler's own. Having dealt with the saints, the author has a look at Hatha Yoga and finds neither miracles nor links with the supernatural. In other words hard physical discipline and the most complicated bodily contortions, fail to return the spiritual penny. Finally he gets to see the most approachable Prime Minister in the world and is mildly indignant with Mr. Nehru's pink Utopia.

The scene then shifts to Japan and the two main items for comment are the un-western Japanese reactions to certain stock situations, a feature remarked on by more

than one tourist since Japan admitted westerners, and the 'hoax' of Zen. In passing from one to the other, the author takes a critical look at the 'wired within' deportment of young ladies and the 'footling' fatuity of Noh plays. Despite many drawbacks Koestler prefers Japan to India and feels if he was exiled from Europe as he was from Germany, Japan would be the country where he would like to live even though he would be a 'bug-eyed traveller from Mars among the slit eyed citizens of Saturn'. It is not clear if this last sentence is constructed for its onomatopoeic effect or it has some deeper significance.

What is the author's summing up of his spiritual search at two ends of an eastern rainbow. Direct quotations seem to be the most effective way of putting across his views. He feels 'both India and Japan seem to be spiritually sicker, more estranged from a living faith than the West' and "to look to Asia for mystic enlightenment and spiritual guidance has become as much of an anachronism as to think of America as the Wild West'. He feels that European evolution has followed a logical trend whereas in the history of Asian cultures, the emphasis has been more consistently on one side only—on the intuitive, subjective, mystical, logic — rejecting side. In fact he returns from his spiritual voyage 'impoverished rather than enriched' and despite the many drawbacks his race and religion have given him, thanking a Western God for letting him be an European.

Comment is difficult for faith is such a personal matter and not an objective dissertation on comparative philosophy. It really is for each reader to go it alone and in doing so he can have the consolation of knowing that Arthur Koestler's views are as personally honest as he can make them while his credentials for expressing them are valid. The book will produce a tremendous impact on any Asian reader. Even if he disagrees with the author he will scratch his head about a working philosophy where an English educated civil servant can suddenly shave his head to ward off the evil

eye or a business tycoon running a sophisticated industry on the most modern lines can rip up his stomach because of an error in etiquette. As for Koestler himself, his next task might well be to examine Judaism, Christianity and perhaps Islam, for despite his happiness at being an European, to one Asian, at any rate, he seems to be an angry old man in search of God.

'SANJOY'

Economics

INDIAN TRADE UNIONS — A SURVEY:

By V. B. Karnik published by Labour Education Service. Price Rs. 15.00

THE wage and welfare aspect of trade union work is important. But far less so than its impact in reshaping the traditional structure and sources of power. Where the trade union movement has been strong and effective it has succeeded in broadening and deepening the form and philosophy of modern democracy. It is accepted as an equal participant in the general discussion of the objectives and priorities of national endeavour. For without its consent that endeavour would be all but impossible. The price paid for obtaining its consent is determined by the possible consequences of its dissent. The respect that the movement commands depends on its will and ability to act once it has dissented. An elementary concern for its survival could be the only restraining consideration in the ensuing conflict. There is thus an ever-present possibility of conflict. It is dangerous, therefore, for the trade union movement to be respectable before being strong.

The Indian trade union movement is now forty years old. Though younger than the movements in the industrialised West it is now old enough to make its continued adolescence incongruous and inexcusable. One may even be tempted to use a stronger word than adolescence for the leaders of the movement who have grown old with it and have given it the pathetic illusion of

advance in retreat. Even after the impressive advances of trade unionism by advocacy the Indian workers' real wages are less than what they were more than twenty years ago. When all the gains of social security are enumerated and accounted for the workers' share in the total cost though big in size has shrunk in proportion. The addition to the number of industrial workers is far faster than the addition of houses for them so that not even one out of ten workers has a house to live in. The size and pace of new industrialisation make the present trade union movement look puny by comparison. The growth in the power and resources of the owners of industry, both public and private, has been so phenomenal that the demands of the trade union movement are, as in the petition era of its birth, treated as the prayers of the poor. It is ironical that in the face of the yawning inequality the trade union movement is asked to show cause why the industrial worker should get more than the under-employed landless labourer. That the Indian trade union movement should still continue to hope to benefit from such an irrelevant dialogue is a measure of its loss of faith in its objectives and methods.

Of such a movement Mr Karnik has written a survey. All of us in the Indian trade union movement have so much to answer for what has happened and what has failed to happen that we baulk at the analysis. There are very few as competent as Mr Karnik to do it. His involvement in the movement has been long and intimate and his politics of the less passionate variety. One would have been justified in hoping that his survey would be an essay in introspection. It is no small disappointment that it has remained a chronicle,—a chronicle of dates and events looked at from the coloured glasses of a participant. Occasionally the colour is a shade too much. Otherwise the book carries the imprint of a neat mind. Equally evident is Mr Karnik's neat scholarship in his careful search of facts and in their pleasant and intelligent presentation. Every phase of the trade union move-



INDIA

The Most Dangerous Decades

SELIG S. HARRISON

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Nehru

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PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT

JOAN V. BONDURANT

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India Quarterly

Princeton 282pp. Indian edition Rs 10

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

ment, from the early efforts to the abortive strike of the central government employees, has been examined with an eye for detail simultaneously with a perspective of the national scene. The picture of the Indian trade union movement, as it emerges from the book, underlines the fact that if the movement in the past was moulded by the imperatives of the national movement it will in the future be equally subjected to the imperatives of the national economic development. Politics in the Indian trade union movement, however one may bemoan the fact, will always be spelt in capital letters. If it has to constantly consort with politics the trade union movement might decide to be powerful itself rather than be on probation before those in power either in the industry or the Government. That seems to be the moral of the book. For a book in hard cover Mr Karnik could have eschewed the sneering jargon of a pamphleteer in his references to the Communists.

MAHESH DESAI

Fiction

A BURNT-OUT CASE by Graham Greene Published by Heinmann, price 16s.

IT would be difficult for such a masterly craftsman as Graham Greene to write even a mediocre novel, yet his latest book *A Burnt-Out Case* is to some extent a disappointment. One feels that the author, having gone to a remote riverine outpost in the Congo, felt compelled to weave a story, using the jungle setting as a tapestried background to his theme. The result is a brilliant evocation of this background; the moist, esurient menace of the forest, the prevalence of death-dealing insects, the torpor and ubiquitous emptiness of the green solitudes—all these come to life fearfully and oppressively, with the assured skill of a Hudson or a Conrad. But the heart of the story remains misty and unsubstantial. Querry, the pivotal figure, a famous Belgian architect and renegade Catholic who has lost faith in himself and

his vocation—apparently due to an excess of wine, women and false acclaim—attempts to get away from it all and ends up, as far as he can put himself away from civilisation, in a leproserie run by a Catholic Mission. Mr. Greene aims at an analysis of his spiritual conflict but never succeeds in bringing the man to life. If the reader were told more fully of Querry's past, the structure of *A Burnt-Out Case* would be immensely strengthened. The symbolic analogy of mutilation and cure—of the mind as opposed to the body—scarcely carries conviction when the subject is so wraith-like. In direct contrast, the subsidiary characters in the story are vital and memorable, particularly the agnostic Doctor Colin at the Leprosy, Parkinson the gutter-Press journalist, and Rycker, the gaunt, middle-aged Belgian trader who suspects Querry of seducing his child-wife. Rycker is an outstanding creation, a quite horrible amalgam of lechery and religiosity. In his portrayal of the priests at the Mission, Mr. Greene indulges in many pleasantly wry generalisations on Catholicism.

It is easy to forsee the melodramatic climax to *A Burnt-Out Case*: Querry's death is perhaps the only moment when the man really exists. From the technical viewpoint *A Burnt-Out Case* suffers from a plethora of similes; there are sometimes a dozen to a page. Many of them are apt and striking ('her words came quickly and unintentionally like the spurt of a wound', 'a smile like a liquirice-stick, dark and sweet and prehensile.') but others are too self-consciously wrought and merely meretricious. Mr. Greene should cure himself of this tendency to simile-itis.

S.M.

SCENES FROM MARRIED LIFE by William Cooper Macmillan, 16s.

JOE LUNN, at the age of forty, had always found himself either wanting to marry someone who would not marry him, or not wanting to marry someone who would. He was a Civil servant, spending his office hours interviewing scientists and

writing or correcting the proofs of his latest novel, while his leisure time was engaged, pleasantly enough, in occasional amatory dalliance with a girl called Sybil, and daily lunches and discussions with Robert, his best friend, who was a far more successful writer than himself. In fact Joe was a contented and confirmed bachelor until Robert decided to get married and, ever the one to take decisions for the pair of them, decided Joe should marry too. Joe was thrilled but dubious — how, he enquired, should he set about it, this final step, he who had so recurringly avoided it? “By an act of will,” said Robert in his most portentous tones, and added “Like all the best revolutionary concepts, so simple, so obvious....”

It never occurred to Joe to question his friend's weighty pronouncements and, as he took stock of the situation and thought of the loneliness of solitary middle age looming bleakly ahead of him, he felt that Robert was right as usual and marriage might be a comforting institution after all. Then he met Elspeth, a charming young school-teacher, and as he danced with her he knew that this was the girl for him. She was not particularly beautiful but that did not worry him, for he was not looking for a face that would launch a thousand ships, only looking for a face that would launch just his ship. Robert, too, graciously approved of the marriage and, in his own way, gave her a warm commendation, “Someone odd enough to interest you, and equable enough to make you a good wife,” said he.

Marriage instantly solved the problem of loneliness, and though other problems arose he found he always had Elspeth eager to share them and to help him. His recently published book did not sell and, through the wayward malice of an old friend, the book he had just completed, the best he had ever written, got into trouble with the Home Office for obscenity; and finally, with Elspeth pregnant, he had the threat of losing his job. But Joe being resilient and this being, above all, a happy book,

it ends on a note of almost bubbling gaiety. Joe had made a magnificent discovery. “I was in possession of the most important piece of knowledge, which seemed to energise my whole being with light and warmth. It sent my body striding along the twilight street, and my imagination circling among the peaks of Art. I could have seen it written in stars across the night sky....”

You want to know what it was? It was:
MARRIED LIFE IS WONDERFUL.”

B. A.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE by Noel Coward: Heinemann, 18s.

VIEWED from any aspect, Government House in Samola looked like a gargantuan mauve blancmange. Nobody knew why it had been painted mauve in the first place, or why it had always been painted mauve since; when the news broke that the Queen and Prince Philip were going to arrive in a warship for a three day visit, it was but the work of a moment for the painters and decorators to rush to Government House and erect the scaffolding preparatory to painting it once more. Mauve, of course.

The news of the Royal visit caused Samola, a British possession, to throw itself into a frenzy of preparations, including an ambitious Water Pageant in one of the beautiful coves, where the Ladies Church Choir, moored in a raft a few yards from shore, planned to sing an oratoria to the visitors, accompanied by a regimental band. With the Monsoon already overdue, the Water Pageant promised to live up to its name.

In the midst of these loyal activities, the arrival of Eloise, the lovely and amoral Duchess of Fowey, to visit her latest lover, Bunny Colville, added considerably to the confusion. Eloise was ostensibly the guest of Grizel Craigie, a planter's wife and the narrator of the story, but Bunny had other plans for her, including an unofficial honeymoon at his isolated house on the South

Shore. Fate stepped in and dealt the romantic lovers a shattering blow, for within a few hours of their re-union, Bunny went down with chicken pox. His handsome face becoming as mauve as Government House, owing to a heavy coating of calamine lotion, he naturally refused to allow Eloise to see him. This saddened the beautiful Duchess — but only briefly; she was soon caught up in a round of parties, some of them strange indeed, given for her by the hospitable and eccentric local residents, and managed to rally from the blow.

Noel Coward's effervescent novel of the West Indies is set in agreeably lush surroundings. It forms a pleasing contrast to the recent oppressive spate of books dealing with life in backstreet bedsitters, with unwashed women in unmade beds talking endlessly of suicide in flat, mad monotones to their lovers who, all unloving and melancholic to a man, slump hopelessly beside them, clutching empty gin bottles. The local layabouts in the island paradise described in "Pomp And Circumstance" have no moral scruples either, but aided by a background of their beach houses and bank balances, enjoy life with unquestioning verve and never fall into the trap of entangling the spiritual with the physical.

B. A.

DON'T TELL ALFRED by Nancy Mitford.
Published by Hamish Hamilton, pp. 248. 15s.

NANCY MITFORD is a celebrated and extremely facile writer, and whether those two attributes are entirely complimentary or not, she is still the author of one of the finest light masterpieces of biography to appear in our times, that of Madame de Pompadour. However, now when Miss Mitford has turned her glib and stylish mind back to social comedy, a boring novel, *Don't Tell Alfred*, has emerged. If anyone except Miss Mitford had written this book, I would call it not only boring but pretentious. *Don't Tell Alfred* reads as if she hadn't really wanted to write it, anymore than the reader, at least this reader, hadn't

really wanted to read it. I suspect that Miss Mitford has next to her desk a discard file of ideas, and for this book she has opened it, reached in, and cleaned it out.

Don't Tell Alfred is the story of that Lady Wincham, whom we have met more happily before, and whose husband, Alfred, is now suddenly and mysteriously appointed the British ambassador in Paris. Into this situation come tribulations. Her Zen-converted son appears with an English wife and a Chinese baby. Her social secretary has a fatal attraction for all French dignitaries and a native incapacity for any known language. The ivy covering the thin story consists of vignettes of embassy life abroad, the irritation of a scandal columnist for those in public life, various attitudes and follies of Frenchmen in high posts, and commentaries on the countryside, psychoanalysis, French *moeurs* and English customs, age and youth, and the like. Nothing, neither the story nor the filling-in, is either profound or light, just in-between—half humor, half pompousness.

I have for a long time felt that the English, if I may generalize in the way that Miss Mitford allows herself, think that somehow they are evolving up the ladder of intelligence if they laugh generously at themselves. As much as the absence of the ability to ridicule one's countrymen (along with those of the rest of the world, *bien sur*, —Miss Mitford studs her dialogue with foreign words, too) leads to a depressing heaviness in much literature today, it is nonetheless wearing to have everything forced into Miss Mitford's world of attempted funniness—a world, in essence, not of humor but of snobbism and narcissism. Everyone is titled, posted high, rich, or old tie (in this case also, unfortunately, old hat), and despite the fact that the writer's technique is to try and make you laugh at it all, I found the undercurrent of complacent contentment in one's station-in-life sad.

Miss Mitford has not only a reputation but a large audience. Perhaps there are people who will find a sort of homesick delight in reading about life over there in

France (when the English undertake it); perhaps even, there are those who will enjoy a sense of how the other or upper half lives. But I for one can not imagine

anyone finishing this book. I gave up on page 175, although the book jacket blurb tells me the conclusion is riotous.

FAUBION BOWERS

OUR REVIEWERS

S. M. Former editor of the Illustrated Weekly and well-known author and critic.

M. E. Lecturer in English and Principal of a college. Interested in contemporary literature.

Faubion Bowers — Noted American critic and journalist. Contributes to the New Yorker, The Saturday Review, Harpers etc.

Eric Kanga — Business man who writes poetry and articles in his spare time.

R. V. Leyden is well-known in artistic and literary circles as a connoisseur and critic.

Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER and MELVIN J. LASKY

SMALL wonder that ENCOUNTER has been called the finest review of its type in the world! Month after month it brings its readers outstanding new work (60,000 words in each issue) by leading international authors — Bertrand Russell, Lionel Trilling, W. H. Auden, Arthur Koestler, Joseph and Stewart Alsop, Raymond Aron, R.H.S. Crossman, Ignazio Silone, A.J.P. Taylor, to mention only a few.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'THE INDIAN INTELLECTUAL'

Dear Editors,

Going through 'Sanjaya's' comments upon my 'Counter-Statement' on the Indian intellectual (*Quest* 28), I could not but wish that he had at least read what I had written before he started criticising me. Words do have the embarrassing habit of sometimes signifying the opposite of what one meant; but Section III of my essay, the beginning of Section VI and footnotes 2, 4, 7 and 8 should make it quite clear that (a) I am no blind votary of the past; (b) that I have no basic antipathy to British culture; and (c) that poverty and misery exercise no special charm for me.

I certainly never regretted Prof. Shils' being a foreigner—only an outsider could have observed us with his accurate objectivity. But trouble arose when, after recording the characteristic traits of the Indian intellectual, Shils went on to explain and interpret them, and I could not but be sorry that he had spent so little time among us, thereby depriving his study of that quality of *inwardness* that needs something more than observation: *intimacy*. I never meant to challenge the validity of Prof. Shils' account (it is not the 'rightness' or the 'wrongness' that matters in such social studies, but the depth of insight); but I doubted that just as his statement that modern Indian literature was 'just too poor' (one which he, incidentally, never substantiates), did not really explain the Indian intellectual's indifference to his own literature, so too references to social conformity, poverty or the lack of modern 'traditions of creativity' did not account fully for the malaise of the Indian intellectual that Shils observed—for who, if not the intellectual himself, was responsible for ensuring literary excellence, for making necessary social reform and for developing new traditions? Besides, why did Indians tend to think in terms of the categories of 'English' and 'Indian' instead of right and wrong? and why was it that India today was 'not an intellectually independent country'?

To complete Shils' obviously incomplete perspectives I suggested in my 'Counter-Statement' that three other factors (perhaps of a more basic nature) should be taken into account along with

what Shils had said: First, I argued, many of the Indian intellectual's problems today were the result of an inevitable Industrial Revolution; second, these were greatly aggravated by the way in which British rule had impinged on us culturally, the evil residing (and I must emphasise this) *not in British culture per se, but in the unfavourable conditions in which we fell under its shadow*; and third, that a further complication arose from our failure to find any readily available ideology, or mode of social action, consonant with our attitudes to life and suited to modern technological needs.

What seems to have troubled 'Sanjaya' is not what I said (for this central argument has quite escaped him—his interest being rhetorical rather than analytical), but my use of the words 'spiritual' and 'tradition'—terms which for the Angry Young Men of our generation have almost assumed the status of archetypes, hanging fire and working off quite independently of the context in which they are used. May I assure 'Sanjaya' that I am as acutely aware of the need for change as he himself (if not more), for (if I may quote myself) 'to stop would be (for us) instant disaster': it is only through movement that life realises itself. But though 'something must be done and done immediately,' I would add that we must not forget that ultimately all sound psychological development is based, not on a rejection of one's personality, but on its initial (yet not uncritical) acceptance and steady subsequent transformation. May I here also point out to 'Sanjaya' what I thought should have been obvious: the concept of 'tradition' is not a static one. It grows, develops, changes; foreign elements may be grafted upon it transforming it out of all recognition, but the base must needs be of native stock. When it ceases to shed dead foliage or grow new shoots, it ceases to be itself, degenerating into the choking weed of mere *convention*—a process of decadence that must account for the ills of Indian society noted by Alberuni or observable today. When I referred to 'social conformity, poverty and oligarchy' oppressing our people at certain moments even in the past, I never suggested that they were desirable. What I said was that they did not then create that

sense of a stalemate which according to Shils they create today—implying thereby the inadequacy of his explanations.

And, finally, a word about 'ethnocentricity'. 'Sanjaya' must, I think, be congratulated for considering that I regard it as unnatural in spite of my clear statement that 'There is in all men an egoistic tendency, and what is true of individuals, is true also of a people...' It is this faith in oneself as a group that makes collective living and purposive action possible; and a nation may be justly proud of sharing its treasures with others; it not only fosters human brotherhood but makes further cultural development possible. What one regrets about British rule is not what we learnt from them—it has been, and will be, of inestimable value—but the unnaturalness of modern conditions of imperialism (for which you cannot blame this side or that) which led us to learn from them often to the prejudice of what was ours: languages, arts and sciences. I wonder if such a situation ever arose during what 'Sanjaya' calls India's phase of 'cultural imperialism' for (judging by photographs) if we recognise in every line of a Burmese statue

or a Javanese temple the Indian stimulus, we also feel that its working out is native, the result having a dynamism of its own. Such synthesis, I repeat, becomes possible only when the traditions involved 'meet on a footing of equality at some level or the other'. The consequence of our emotionally rather one-sided contact with the British is the blind adulation of orthodoxy or the equally blind rejection of tradition (of which 'Sanjaya' displays more than a trace) that confound us today. We must first wean ourselves from our present irrational attitude to the West: *then alone shall we truly begin to learn from it and a synthesis become possible.*

That the organic view of life and society implicit in what I have said is nothing novel I acknowledge with unabashed satisfaction; but if it be no more than 'clichés', let me remind 'Sanjaya' that not only Indian philosophy, but equally the modern sciences of psychology, anthropology and biology are overflowing with them.

Sincerely yours,
VINOD SENA

THE NAGY AFFAIR

Dear Sir,

Each number of your magazine contains articles of considerable value, and it is with the greatest interest that I read the copies that come to my attention. However, I cannot but deplore the brief review of 'The Truth About the Nagy Affair'—a book I know well—which appeared on page 103 of your most recent issue.

Mr. Smithard, the author of this review, is introduced to your readers as 'a very talented amateur actor and producer (who is) keenly interested in the arts'. His opinion of the book in question is 'that there seems to be no reason whatever for this expensive, difficult and out-of-date propaganda'.

I am, regrettably, ignorant of the reasons for which this 'talented amateur actor and producer' was moved to concern himself with a book devoted not to the arts, i.e. the object of his keen interest, but to an important political problem. The members of the editorial committee emphasized in their introduction to the volume—'we hope... that in exposing the truth about the Nagy affair, we will help to throw light on certain points in an important chapter of contemporary history' which would hardly seem to indi-

cate that their purpose was the publication of a piece of propaganda, but rather a serious document based on irrefutable facts, which will aid the work of future historians.

As for Mr. Smithard's charge that the book is 'out-of-date', it should be mentioned that the original edition, the French, was off the press four months after the verdict pronounced in Budapest, a fact which constitutes a veritable tour de force. But in the last analysis, the publication date of a volume of this kind is of secondary importance; for even today, new information, new documents on the Dreyfus Affair or on the causes of the First World War are being published. Therefore it is safe to assume that the tragic events of 1956, whenever and however they may be recalled in print or otherwise, will never be 'out-of-date'.

For Mr. Smithard such publications as this are perhaps useless, and it could be that the sums spent on them would be better used in the production of amateur theatricals. Perhaps the next thing we shall hear from Mr. Smithard is a demand that all institutions devoted to the documentation of contemporary history be closed down; for their publications too are costly, and their public limited.

Nevertheless, I feel that your collaborateur should be informed that 'The Truth About the

Nagy Affair', first in its French, then in its English, German, Spanish and Hungarian editions, aroused great interest in Europe and the United States, not only in the press but above all in circles of the political left and among historians of considerable note.

I do not mean to imply that the editors of this book are completely indifferent to Mr. Smithard's

opinions or its value. On the contrary, it is in fact quite gratifying to learn that 'a very talented amateur actor and producer' should become suddenly interested in political literature, even if his first attempts on this subject are not a great success.

Very sincerely yours,
THOMAS SCHREIBER

INDO-ANGLIAN WRITERS

Dear Sirs,

May I register my re-action to Shri Jyotirmoy Datta's comments on Indo-Anglian writers in *Quest* No. 28? My only credential is that I have been, in a small way, an Indo-Anglian writer. Though I find myself in general agreement with Shri Datta's position, I must say that I deplore the manner in which he presents his case. I suspect that the current controversy between the Indo-Anglians and their critics cannot be understood unless its emotional context is taken into account. Speaking from my own limited personal experience, I feel that behind the elaborate theoretical poses struck by both the sides, there is a very human conflict of strange frustrations and jealousies. I hope I don't sound priggish! I have known quite a few Indian writers in the Indian languages, who nourish rather odd ambitions to write in English, and with this goes a sense of frustration that they may never be able to do it. Of course, sure enough, I know some Indo-Anglians who feel no less frustrated because they cannot write in their mother-tongues. The point I want to make is that sour grapes are not all on one side.

I suppose that not many would take objection to Shri Datta's sensible view that a true writer, in the last analysis, is moved by motives higher than the merely mercenary. Yet, one may ask how many writers in any language can be that indifferent to money? Shri Datta may (and let us all admire him for it) be content with Rs 25, though he might get more if he willed. However, many non-Indo-Anglians are content with Rs 25 simply because they know that they can get little more! Hence I do not see why the poor Indo-English writer should be specially saddled with the mercenary motive. It is a pity that Shri Datta whose views are so acceptable should sneer a little too much at the IEW! This would have the quite un-

fortunate effect of straining the already strained relations between the IEW and the NIEW.

While Shri Datta is right in relating creative writing to a living language, I am not sure if he isn't oversimplifying matters. Unless carefully qualified, this would degenerate into an argument for mass-literature, that is, literature for the consumption of the masses. I have some difficulty in following his statement on Goethe that 'No one was a better European because no one was a truer German.' Does it mean a complete identification between being European and being German? I thought that this could mean either that Goethe was the most German among European writers or that he was the most European among German writers. In both cases, his Europeaness cannot be simply assimilated to his Germanness.

I do not presume to defend Sri Lal from Shri Datta's strictures. Shri Lal, I take it, can take care of himself. I may be allowed to express a few passing doubts regarding Shri Datta's understanding of Shri Lal's position. I feel almost certain that Shri Lal will not hold dogmatically to a position which he held during a friendly and informal discussion. Even so, I think that Shri Lal is right in the sense that the only contact right now available between different regional languages is English. Hasn't Shri Datta heard of narrow prejudices and destructive contempt between writers from different regions? Certainly one can argue that some Bengalis, some Assamese or some Punjabis write some sort of English, while far fewer of them could do so in an Indian language other than their own. Of course, I do not refer here to the quality of such English writing. Finally, to hell with all quarrels, and let the Indo-Anglian go his own cursed way and the non-Indo-Anglian go his own cursed way. Let them create first, leaving the wrangles to pseudo-pundits and nosey journalists!

24th Feb. 1961,
Dharwar

Yours sincerely,
K. RAGHAVENDRA RAO

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MANES SPERBER, ex-Marxist, distinguished philosopher sociologist, is on the Executive Committee of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE, eminent anthropologist, is one of the leading Gandhian intellectuals in India.

MICHAEL POLANYI, scientist and philosopher, needs no introduction to readers of this journal.

HERBERT TINGSTEN is an eminent Swedish writer.

E. DE MEULDER, S.J., Social worker in Bihar and takes a keen interest in Tribal Life in India.

RAJA PROCTOR from Ceylon, has served in the navy for nearly two decades now, writes short stories and has appeared in print in three continents.

SIGURDUR MAGNUSSON, one of the younger generation of Icelandic poets, recently visited India after several years in Greece.

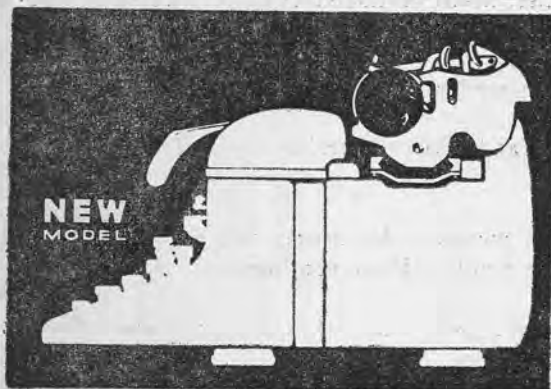
GOPI GAUBA is a free lance writer and has contributed extensively to Indian and foreign periodicals.

D. K. BEDEKAR, a keen student of Philosophy, former marxist and communist and well known Marathi writer.

JEREMY NELSON from Australia and **AMARESH DATTA** are already known to regular readers of **QUEST**.

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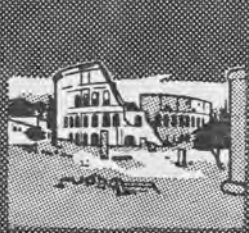
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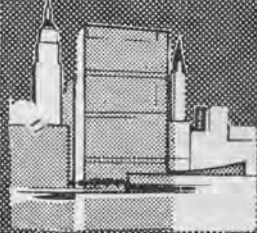
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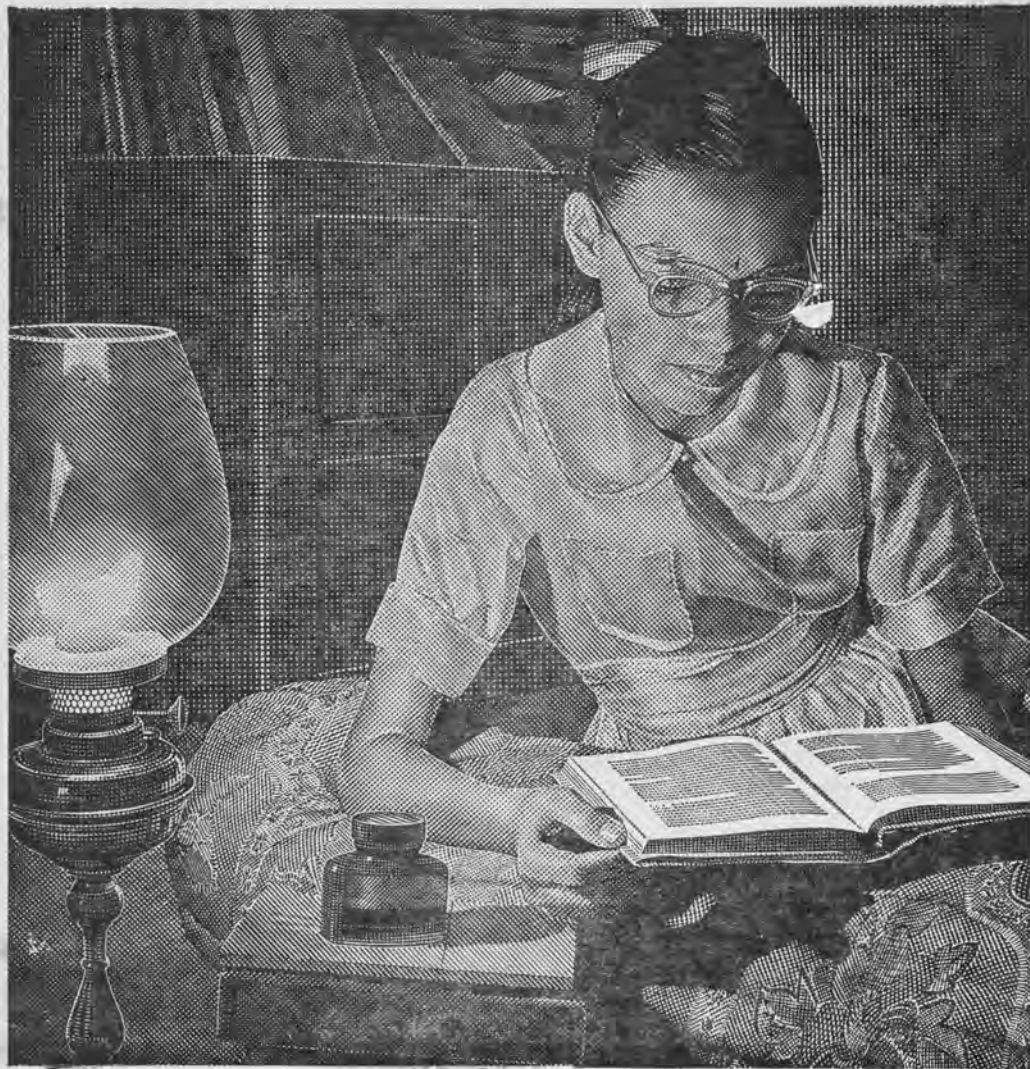
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Rising standards of living are finding their way into the remotest village and are coming within the reach of people with quite modest means. Consider Kerosine, for instance, which by bringing illumination to the humblest home is playing a part in this welcome development. By the end of the Third Plan, Burmah-Shell estimates

that demand for Kerosine will be around 2.9 million tons, or well over 800 million gallons a year. There can be no question that the first priority should be exploration and the production of indigenous crude oil; the second priority must be to expand refining capacity in India. Oil is essential to economic growth and Burmah-Shell believes that

for tomorrow's needs we must act today
